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GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Thirteenth.

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THE WORKS
OF
H E S I O D.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

THOMAS COOKE.

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DEDICATION.

TO HIS GRACE

JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLL AND GREENWICH, &c.

My Lord,

As this is the only method by which men of genius and learning, though small perhaps my claim to either, can show their esteem for persons of extraordinary merit, in a superior manner to the rest of mankind, I could never embrace a more favourable opportunity to express my veneration for your Grace, than before a translation of so ancient and valuable an author as Hesiod. Your high descent, and the glory of your illustrious ancestors, are the weakest foundations of your praise; your own exalted worth attracts the admiration, and I may say the love of all virtuous and distinguishing souls; and to that only I dedicate the following work. The many circumstances which contributed to the raising you to the dignities which you now enjoy, and which render you deserving the greatest favours a prince can bestow; and, what is above all, which fix you ever dear in the affection of your country, will be no small part of the English history, and shall make the name of Argyll sacred to every generation; nor is it the least part of your character, that the nation entertains the highest opinion of your taste and judgment in the polite arts.

You, my Lord, know how the works of genius lift up the head of a nation above her neighbours, and give it as much honour as success in arms; among these we must reckon our translations of the classics; by which, when we have naturalized all Greece and Rome, we shall be so much richer than they were by so many original productions as we shall have of our own. By translations, when performed by able hands, our countrymen have an opportunity of discovering the beauties of the ancients, without the trouble and expence of learning their languages; which are of no other advantage to us than for the authors who have writ in them; among which the poets are in the first rank of honour, whose verses are the delightful channels through which the best precepts of morality are conveyed to the mind; they have generally something in them so much above the common sense of mankind; and that delivered with such dignity of expression, and in such harmony of numbers, all which put together, constitute the *es divinum*, that the reader is inspired with

sentiments of honour and virtue, he thinks with abhorrence of all that is base and trifling; I may say, while he is reading, he is exalted above himself.

You, my Lord, I say, have a just sense of the benefits arising from works of genius, and will therefore pardon the zeal with which I express myself concerning them: and great is the blessing, that we want not persons who have hearts equal to their power to cherish them: and here I must beg leave to pay a debt of gratitude to one, who, I dare say, is as highly thought of by all lovers of polite learning as by myself, I mean the Earl of Pembroke; whose notes I have used in the words in which he gave them to me, and distinguished them by a particular mark from the rest. Much would I say in commendation of that great man; but I am checked by the fear of offending that virtue which every one admires. The same reason makes me dwell less on the praise of your Grace than my heart inclines me to.

The many obligations which I have received from a lady, of whose virtues I can never say too much, make it a duty in me to mention her in the most grateful manner; and particularly before a translation, to the perfecting which I may with propriety say she greatly conduces, by her kind solicitations in my behalf, and her earnest recommendation of me to several persons of distinction. I believe your Grace will not charge me with vanity, if I confess myself ambitious of being in the least degree of favour with so excellent a lady as the Marchioness of Annandale.

I shall conclude without troubling your Grace with any more circumstances relating to myself, sincerely wishing what I offer was more worthy your patronage; and at the same time I beg it may be received as proceeding from a just sense of your eminence in all that is great and laudable. I am,

My Lord,
with the most profound respect,
your Grace's
most obedient,
and most humble servant,

THOMAS COCKER

January 1728.

TWO DISCOURSES ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HESIOD.

ON THE LIFE OF HESIOD.

SECT. I. *The Introduction.*

THE lives of few persons are confounded with so many uncertainties and fabulous relations as those of Hesiod and Homer; for which reason, what may possibly be true, is sometimes as much disputed as the romantic part of their stories. The first has been more fortunate than the other, in furnishing us, from his writings, with some circumstances of himself and family, as the condition of his father, the place of his birth, and the extent of his travels; and he has put it out of dispute, though he has not fixed the period, that he was one of the earliest writers of whom we have any account.

2. *Of his own and father's country, from his writings.*

He tells us in the second book of his Works and Days, that his father was an inhabitant of Cuma, in one of the Æolian isles; from whence he removed to Ascra, a village in Bœotia, at the foot of mount Helicon; which was doubtless the place of our poet's birth, though Suidas, Lilius Gyraldus, Fabricius, and others, say he was of Cuma. Hesiod himself seems, and not undesignedly, to have prevented any mistake about his country; he tells us positively, in the same book, he never was but once at sea, and that in a voyage from Aulis, a sea port in Bœotia, to the island Eubœa. This, connected with the former passage of his father sailing from Cuma to Bœotia, will leave us in no doubt concerning his country.

3. *Of his quality, from his writings.*

Of what quality his father was we are not very certain; that he was drove from Cuma to Ascra, by misfortunes, we have the testimony of Hesiod. Some tell us he fled to avoid paying a fine; but what reason they have to imagine that I know not. It is remarkable that our poet, in the first book of his Works and Days, calls his brother *διος γένος*. We are told indeed that the name of his father was Dios, of which we are not assured from any of his writings now extant; but if it was, I rather believe, had he designed to call his brother of the race of Dios, he would have used *Διογενής* or *Διὸς γένος*; he must therefore by *διος γένος* intend to call him of race divine. Le Clerc observes, on this passage, that the old poets were always proud of the epithet divine; and brings an instance from Homer, who styled the swineherd of Ulysses so. In the same remark he says, he thinks Hesiod debases the word in his application of it, having spoke of the necessitous circumstances of his father

in the following book. I have no doubt but Le Clerc is right in the meaning of the word *διος*; but at the same time I think his observation on it trifling; because, if his father was reduced to poverty, we are not to infer from thence he was never rich, or, if he was always poor, that is no argument against his being of a good family; nor is the word divine in the least debased by being an epithet to the swineherd, but a proof of the dignity of that office in those times. We are supported in this reading by Tzetzes: and Valla and Frisius have took the word in the same sense, in their Latin translations of the Works and Days:

—Fratres ades (says Valla) generoso e sanguine Perse.

And Frisius calls him Perse divine.

4. *A judgment of his age and quality from fiction.*

The genealogy likewise which the author of the contention betwixt Homer and Hesiod, gives us, very much countenances this interpretation. We are told in that work, that Linus was the son of Apollo, and of Thoöse the daughter of Neprune; King Pierus was the son of Linus, Oeagrus of Pierus and the nymph Methone, and Orpheus of Oeagrus and the Muse Calliope; Orpheus was the father of Othrys, Othrys of Harmonides, and Harmonides of Philoterpus; from him sprung Euphemus the father of Epiphraides, who begot Menalops the father of Dios; Hesiod and Perseus were the sons of Dios by Pucamede the daughter of Apollo; Perseus was the father of Mæon, whose daughter Crytheis bore Homer to the river Meles. Homer is here made the great grandson of Perseus the brother of Hesiod. I do not give this account with a view it should be much depended on; for it is plain from the poetical etymologies of the names, it is a fictitious generation; yet two useful inferences may be made from it; first, it is natural to suppose the author of this genealogy would not have forged such an honourable descent, unless it was generally believed he was of a great family; nor would he have placed him so long before Homer, had it not been the prevailing opinion he was first.

5. *Of his age, from Longomontanus, and the Arundelian marble.*

Mr. Kennet quotes the Danish astronomer Longomontanus, who undertook to settle the age of Hesiod from some lines in his Works and Days; and he made it agree with the Arundelian marble, which makes him about thirty years before Homer

6. *From Herodotus.*

Herodotus assures us that Hesiod, whom he places first in his account, and Homer, lived four hundred years and no more before himself; this must carry no small weight with it, when we consider it as delivered down to us by the oldest Greek historian we have.

7. *From his writings.*

The pious exclamation against the vices of his own times, in the beginning of the iron age, and the manner in which the description of that age is wrote, most of the verbs being in the future tense, give us room to imagine he lived when the world had but just departed from their primitive virtue; just as the race of heroes was at an end, and men were sunk into all that is base and wicked.

8. *The opinions of Justus Lipsius, and Ludolphus Neocorus confuted.*

Justus Lipsius, in his notes to the first book of Velleius Paterculus, says, "there is more simplicity, and a greater air of antiquity in the works of Hesiod than of Homer," from which he would infer he is the older writer: and Fabricius gives us these words of Ludolphus Neocorus, who write a critical history of Homer: "if a judgment of the two poets is to be made from their works, Homer has the advantage in the greater simplicity and air of antiquity in his style. Hesiod is more finished and elegant." One of these is a flagrant instance of the random judgment which the critics and commentators often pass on authors, and how little dependence is to be laid on some of them. In short, they are both in an error; for, had they considered through how many hands the Iliad and Odyssey have been since they came from the first author, they would not have pretended to determine the question, who was first by their style.

9. *Dr. Clarke's and Sir Isaac Newton's opinions considered.*

Dr. Samuel Clarke (who was indeed a person of much more extensive learning and nicer discernment than either Neocorus or Lipsius) has founded an argument for the antiquity of Homer on a quantity of the word *καλος*: in his note on the 43d verse of the 2d book of the Iliad, he observes, that Homer has used the word *καλος* in the Iliad and Odyssey above two hundred and seventy times, and has in every place made the first syllable long; whereas Hesiod frequently makes it long, and often short: and Theocritus uses it both long and short in the same verse; from which our learned critic infers that Hesiod could not be cotemporary with Homer (unless, says he, they spoke different languages in different parts of the country) but much later; because he takes it for granted, that the liberty of making the first syllable of *καλος* short was long after Homer, who uses the word above two hundred and seventy times, and never has the first syllable short. This is a curious piece of criticism, but productive of no certainty

of the age of Homer or Hesiod. The Ionic poets, Dr. Clarke observes, had one fixed rule of making the first syllable in *καλος* long: the Attic poets Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, in innumerable places, he says, make it short; the Doric poets do the same: all therefore that can be inferred from this is, that Homer always used it in the Ionic manner, and Hesiod often in the Ionic, and often in the Doric. This argument of Dr. Clarke's, founded on a single quantity of a word, is entirely destructive of Sir Isaac Newton's system of chronology; who fixes the time of Troy being taken but thirty-four years before Hesiod flourished. Troy, he says*, was taken nine hundred and four years before Christ, and Hesiod, he says, flourished eight hundred and seventy. This shows Sir Isaac Newton's opinion of the age of Hesiod in regard to his vicinity to Homer: his bringing the chronology of both so low as he does, is to support his favourite scheme of reducing all to scripture chronology.

10. *A thousand years before Christ.*

After all, it is universally agreed he was before, or at least cotemporary with Homer; but I think we have more reason to believe him the older; and Mr. Pope, after all the authorities he could find in behalf of Homer, fixes his decision on the Arundelian marble. To enter into all the disputes which have been on this head, would be endless and unnecessary; but we may venture to place him a thousand years before Christ, without exceeding an hundred, perhaps, on either side.

11. *Some circumstances of his life from his writings.*

Having thus far agreed to his parents, his country, and the time in which he rose, our next business is to trace him in such of his actions as are discoverable; and here we have nothing certain but what occurs to us in his works. That he tended his own flocks on mount Helicon, and there first received his notions of poetry, is very probable from the beginning of his Theogony; but what he there says of the muses appearing to him, and giving him a sceptre of laurel, I pass over as a poetical flight. It likewise appears, from the first book of his Works and Days, that his father left some effects, when he died, on the division of which his brother Perseus defrauded him, by bribing the judges. He was so far from being provoked to any act of resentment by this injustice, that he expressed a concern for those poor mistaken mortals, who placed their happiness in riches only, even at the expence of their virtue. He lets us know, in the same poem, that he was not only above want, but capable of assisting his brother in time of need; which he often did after the ill usage he had met with from him. The last passage, relating to himself, is his conquest in a poetical contention. Amphidamas, king of Eubœa, had instituted funeral games in honour of his own memory, which his sons afterwards saw performed: Hesiod here was competitor for the prize in poe-

* In his chronology of ancient kingdoms amended.

try, a tripod, which he won, and, as he tells us himself, consecrated to the muses.

12. *From Plutarch, &c.*

Plutarch, in his Banquet of the Seven Wise Men, makes Periander give an account of the poetical contention at Chalcis; in which Hesiod and Homer are made antagonists; the first was conqueror, who received a tripod for his victory, which he dedicated to the muses, with this inscription:

Ἡσίοδος Μουσῶνς Ἑλικωνίῳ τῶνδ' ἀνέθηκεν,
Τῶν μιν νικησας ἐν χαλκίδι Σείον Ὀμηρον.

This Hesiod vows to th' Heliconian nine,
In Chalcis won from Homer the divine.

This story, as related by Plutarch, was doubtless occasioned by what Hesiod says of himself, in the second book of his Works and Days; which passage might possibly give birth to that famous treatise, *Ἀγρον Ομηρον καὶ Ησίοδον*, mentioned in the fourth section of this discourse. Barnes, in his *Preloquium* to the same treatise, quotes three verses, two from Eustathius, and the third added by Lilius Gyraldus, in his life of our poet, which inform us, that Hesiod and Homer sung in Delos to the honour of Apollo.

Εν Δελῶι τότε πρῶτον ὕμνῳ καὶ Ὀμηρὸς, μῦθε,
Μελπομένην, ἐν νηαῖσις ὕμνους ῥαψάντες αἰδοῖν,
Φοῖβον Ἀπολλῶνι χροῦσθαι ὅν τι κὶ Διῶν.

Homer, and I, in Delos sung our lays,
There first we sung, and to Apollo's praise;
New was the verse in which we then begun
In honour to the god, Latona's son.

But these, together with the contention betwixt these two great poets, are regarded as no other than fables; and Barnes, who had certainly read as much on this head as any man, and who seems, by some expressions, willing to believe it if he could, is forced to decline the dispute, and leave it in the same uncertainty in which he found it. The story of the two poets meeting in Delos, is a manifest forgery: because, as I observed before, Hesiod positively says he never took any voyage but that to Chalcis; and these verses make his meeting in Delos, which is contrary to his own assertion, precede his contention at Chalcis. Thus have I collected, and compared together, all that is material of his life; in the latter part of which; we are told, he removed to Locris, a town near the same distance from mount Parnassus, as Ascræ from Helicon. Lilius Gyraldus, and others, tell us he left a son, and a daughter; and that his son was Stephorus the poet; but this wants better confirmation than we have of it. It is agreed by all that he lived to a very advanced age.

13. *His Death.*

The story of his death, as told by Solon, in Plutarch's Banquet of the Seven Wise Men, is very remarkable. The man, with whom Hesiod lived at Locris, ravished a maid in the same house. Hesiod, though entirely ignorant of the fact, was maliciously accused, as an accomplice, to her brothers,

who barbarously murdered him with his companion, whose name was Troilus, and threw their bodies into the sea. The body of Troilus was cast on a rock, which retains the name of Troilus from that accident. The body of Hesiod was received by a shoal of dolphins as soon as it was hurled into the water, and carried to the city Molicria, near the promontory Rhion: near which place the Locrians then held a solemn feast, the same which is at this time celebrated with so much pomp. When they saw a floating carcase, they ran with astonishment to the shore, and finding it to be the body of Hesiod, newly slain, they resolved, as they thought themselves obliged, to detect the murderers of a person they so much esteemed and honoured. When they had found out the wretches who committed the murder, they plunged them alive into the sea, and afterwards destroyed their houses. The remains of Hesiod were deposited in Nemea; and his tomb is unknown to most strangers; the reason of it being concealed, was because of the Orchomenians, who had a design, founded on the advice of an oracle, to steal his remains from thence, and to bury them in their own country. This account of the oracle, here mentioned by Plutarch, is related by Pausanias, in his *Boeotica*. He tells us the Orchomenians were advised by the oracle to bring the bones of Hesiod into their country, as the only means to drive away a pestilence which raged among them. They obeyed the oracle, found the bones, and brought them home. Pausanias, say they, erected a tomb over him, with an inscription to this purpose on it:

Hesiod, thy birth is barren Ascræ's boast,
Thy dead remains now grace the Minyan coast;
Thy honours to meridian glory rise,
Grateful thy name to all the good and wife.

14. *Monuments, &c. of him.*

We have the knowledge of some few monuments which were raised in honour to this great and ancient poet: Pausanias, in his *Boeotica* informs us, that his countrymen the Boeotians erected to his memory an image with a harp in his hand: the same author tells us, in another place, there was likewise a statue of Hesiod in the temple of Jupiter Olympicus. Fulvius Ursinus, and Boissard, in his *Antiquities*, have exhibited a breast with a head, a trunk without a head, and a gem, of him: and Ursinus says, there is a statue of him, of brass, in the public college of Constantinople. The only original monument of him besides, now remaining, or at least known, is a marble busto in the Pembroke collection at Wilton. "What Fulvius Ursinus has published resembles that, but is only a basso relievo. From the manner of the head being cracked off from the lower part, which has some of the hair behind, it appears that both the parts are of the same work and date."

15. *His character.*

For his character we need go no farther than his Works and Days. With what a dutiful affection he speaks of his father, when he proposes him

as a pattern to his brother. His behaviour, after the unjust treatment from Perles and the judges, proves him both a philosopher and a good man. His moral precepts, in the first book, seem to be as much the dictates of his heart as the fruits of his genius; there we behold a man of the chastest manners, and the best disposition.

He was undoubtedly a great lover of retirement and contemplation, and seems to have had no ambition but that of acting well. I shall conclude my character of him with that part of it which Paterculus so justly thought his due: "perelegantis ingenii, et molissimâ dulcedini carminum memorabilis; otii quietisque cupidissimus:" of a truly elegant genius, and memorable for his most easy sweetness of verse; most fond of leisure and quietude.

ON THE WRITINGS OF HESIOD.

SECT. I. *The Introduction.*

Of all the authors who have given any account of the writings of our poet, I find none so perfect as the learned Fabricius, in his *Bibliotheca Græca*. He there seems to have left unread no work that might in the least contribute to the completing his design: him I shall follow in the succeeding discourse, so far as relates to the titles of the poems, and the authorities for them.

2. *The Theogony.*

I shall begin with the *Theogony*, or Generation of the Gods, which Fabricius puts out of dispute to be of Hesiod: nor is it doubted, says he, that Pythagoras took it for his, who feigned he saw the soul of our poet in hell chained to a brazen pillar; a punishment inflicted upon him for the stories which he invented of the gods. This doubtless is the poem that gave Herodotus occasion to say that Hesiod, with Homer, was the first who introduced a theogony among the Grecians; the first who gave names to the gods, ascribed to them honours and arts, giving particular descriptions of their persons. The first hundred and fifteen lines of this poem have been disputed; but I am inclined to believe them genuine; because Pausanias takes notice of the sceptre of laurel, which the poet says, in those verses, was a present to him from the muses; and Ovid, in the beginning of his *Art of Love*, alludes to that passage of the muses appearing to him; and Hesiod himself, in the second book of his *Works and Days*, has an allusion to these verses.

3. *The Works and Days.*

The *Works and Days* is the first poem of its kind, if we may rely on the testimony of Pliny; it being very uncertain, says Fabricius, whether the poems attributed to *Orpheus* were older than *Hesiod*; among which the critics and commentators mention one of the same title with this of our poet. Pausanias, in his *Beoticks*, tells us he saw a copy of this wrote in plates of lead, but without

the first ten verses with which it now begins. The only dispute about this piece has been concerning the title, and the division into books. Some make it two poems; the first they call *Erga*, works, and the second *Haîmērai*, days; others call the first *Erga kai Haîmērai*, works and days, and the second *Haîmērai* only, which part consists of but sixty-four lines: where I mention the number of verses in this discourse, I speak of them as they stand in the original. We find, in some editions, the division beginning at the end of the moral and religious precepts; but Grævius denies such distinctions being in any of the old manuscripts. Whether these divisions were in the first copies signifies little; for as we find them in several late editions, they are very natural, and contribute something to the ease of the reader, without the least detriment to the original text. I am ready to imagine we have not this work delivered down to us so perfect as it came from the hands of the poet, which I shall endeavour to show in the next section. This poem, as Plutarch in his *Symposiacks* assures us, was sung to the harp.

4. *The Theogony, and Works and Days, the only undoubted poems of Hesiod now extant.*

The *Theogony*, and *Works and Days*, are the only undoubted pieces of our poet now extant; the *ἀσπίς Ηρακλίου*, the shield of Hercules, is always printed with these two, but has not one convincing argument in its favour by which we may positively declare it a genuine work of Hesiod. We have great reason to believe those two poems only were remaining in the reign of Augustus. Manilius, who was an author of the Augustan age, in the second book of his *Astronomy*, takes notice, in his commendation of our poet and his writings, of no other than the *Theogony*, and *Works and Days*. The verses of Manilius are these:

Hesiodus memorat divos, div'umque parentes,
Et chaos enixum terras, orbemque sub illo
Infantem, * primum, titubantia sidera, corpus,
Titanasque fenes, Jovis et cunabula magni,
Et sub fratre viri nomen, sine fratre parentis,
Atque iterum patrio nascentem corpore Bacchum,
Omniaque immenso volitantia numina mundo:

* Dr. Bentley, whose *Manilius* was published ten years after the first edition of this discourse, gives *primos titubantia sidera partus*: the old copies, he says, have *primos*, and *partus* is supplied by his own judgment: but *primos partus* for *titubantia sidera* is not consistent with the genealogy of these natural bodies in the *Theogony* of Hesiod: an exact genealogical table to which I have given at the end of my notes to that poem. I must, with great deference to the superior knowledge of that learned critic, prefer the common reading *primum corpus*: Dr. Bentley's chief objection to this reading is founded on making *primum* to be understood first in point of time; therefore, says he, *quomodo vero sidera primum erant corpus, cum ante ille existerint chaos, terræ, orbis?* Very true; but *primum* must be taken as I have used it in my explanation of it.

Quinetiam rôtis cultus, * legeſque rogavit,
 Militiamque Soli, quos colles Bacchus amaret,
 Quos ſecunda Ceres campos, quod † Bacchus u-
 triumque,
 Atque arbuſta vagis eſſent quod adultera pomis,
 Sylvarumque deos, ſacratæque numina nymphas;
 Pacis opus, magnos naturæ condit in ulus.

Thus translated by Mr. Creech :

— Heſiod ſings the gods immortal race;
 He ſings how chaos bore the earthy maſs;
 How light from darkneſs ſtruck did beams diſplay,
 And infant-ſtars firſt ſtagger'd in their way;
 How name of brother veil'd an huſband's love,
 And Juno bore unaided by her Jove, [thigh,
 How twice-born Bacchus burſt the thund'r'er's
 And all the gods that wander through the ſky:
 Hence he to fields deſcends, manures the ſoil,
 Inſtructs the plowman, and rewards his toil;
 He ſings how corn in plains, how vine in hills,
 Delight, how both with vaſt increaſe the olive fills,
 How foreign grafts th' adult'rous ſtock receives,
 Bears ſtranger fruit, and wonders at her leaves;
 An uſeful work when peace and plenty reign,
 And art joins nature to improve the plain.

The obſervation which Mr. Kennet makes on theſe lines is, "that thoſe fine things which the Latin poet recounts about the birth of the gods, and the making the world, are not ſo nearly allud'd to any paſſage in the preſent Theogony as to juſtify the alluſion." An author, who was giving an account of an ancient poet, ought to have been more careful than this biographer was in his judgment of theſe verſes; becauſe ſuch as read him, and are at the ſame time unlearned in the language of the poet, are to form their notions from his ſentiments. Mr. Kennet is ſo very wrong in his remark here, that in all the ſeven lines which contain the encomium on the Theogony, I cannot ſee one expreſſion that has not an alluſion, and a ſtrong one, to ſome particular paſſage in that poem. I am afraid this gentleman's modeſty made him diſtruſt himſelf, and too ſervilely follow this tranſlation, which he quotes in his life of Heſiod, where he ſeems to lay great ſtreſs on the judgment of the tranſlator. Mr. Creech has in theſe few lines ſo unhappily miſtook his author, that in ſome places he adds what the poet never thought of, leaves whole verſes untranſlated, and in other places gives a ſenſe quite different to what the poet deſigned. I ſhall now proceed to point out theſe paſſages to which Manilius particularly alludes. His firſt line relates to the poem in general, the Generation of the Gods; though we muſt take notice that he

* For legeſque rogavit Dr. Bentley gives legeſque novandi, on the authority of no copy, but from a diſlike to the expreſſion of rogavit cultus and rogavit militiam; but, as the old reading rogavit is agreeable to my conſtruction of it, I am for keeping it in.

† For Bacchus utrumque Dr. Bentley gives Pallas utrumque; and in that ſenſe Mr. Creech has tranſlated it; which would be the more eligible reading, if Heſiod had treated of Olives. Bacchus utrumque is a fooliſh repetition, as Dr. Bentley obſerves.

had that part of Heſiod's ſyſtem in view where he makes matter precede all things, and even the gods themſelves; for by *divum parentes* the Latin poet means chaos, heaven, earth, &c. which the Greek poet makes the parents of the gods. Heſiod tells us, verſe 116, chaos brought forth the earth her firſt offspring; to which the ſecond line here quoted has a plain reference; and *orbemque ſub illo infantem*, which Mr. Creech has omitted, may either mean the world in general, or, by *ſub illo* being annexed, hell, which, according to our poet, was made a ſubterranean world. *Primum titubantia ſidera, corpus*, which is here rendered, and *infant-ſtars firſt ſtagger'd in their way*, are the ſun and moon; our poet calls them *Ἰλλων τε μέγαν, λαμπρὰν τε σελήνην*, the great ſun, and the bright moon; the Roman calls them the wandering planets, the chief bodies in the firmament, not the firſt works of heaven, as is interpreted in the Dauphine's edition of Manilius. The fourth verſe, which refers to the birth of Jove, and the wars of the giants and the gods, one of the greateſt ſubjects of the Theogony, the Engliſh tranſlator has left untouched. I am not ignorant of a various reading of this paſſage, viz.

"Titanæſque juviſſe ſenis cunabula magni,"

which has a ſtronger alluſion to the battle of the gods than the other reading, *ſenis cunabula magni*, meaning the ſecond childhood or old age of Saturn. The next verſe, which is beautifully expreſſed in theſe two lines,

How name of brother veil'd an huſband's love,
 And Juno bore unaided by her Jove,

plainly directs to Jupiter taking his ſiſter Juno to wife, and Juno bearing Vulcan, *ἡ φιλοτῆτι, μεγαίστη*, by which Heſiod means without the mutual joys of love. The ſucceeding line has a reference to the birth of Bacchus, and the ſeventh to the whole poem; ſo that he may be ſaid to begin and end his panegyric on the Theogony, with a general alluſion to the whole. The Latin poet, in his ſix verſes on the Works and Days, begins as on the Theogony, with a general obſervation on the whole poem: "Heſiod," ſays he, "inquired into the tillage and management of the country, and into the laws or rules of agriculture;" I do not queſtion but Manilius, in *legeſque rogavit*, had his eye on theſe words of our poet *Οὐτος τῶν ὀρίων πολιτῶν νόμος*, this is the law of the fields. What the Roman there ſays of Bacchus loving hills, and of grafting, has no alluſion to any part of the preſent Works and Days; but we are not to infer from thence that this is not the poem alluded to, but that thoſe paſſages are loſt; of which I have not the leaſt doubt, when I conſider of ſome parts of the Works and Days which are not ſo well connected as I wiſh they were. I think it is indubitable that Heſiod writ more of the vintage than we have now extant, and that he likewiſe laid down rules for the care of trees: this will appear more clearly, if we obſerve in what manner Virgil introduces this line,

"Aſcræumque cano, Romana per oppida, carmen."

This is in the ſecond book of the Georgics; the chief ſubjects of which book are the different me-

sheds of producing trees, of transplanting, grafting, of the various kinds of trees, the proper soil for each kind, and of the care of vines and olives; and he has in that book the very expression Manilius applies to Hesiod. Bacchus amat colles, says Virgil; *rogavit quos colles Bacchus amaret*, says the other of our poet, he inquired after what hills Bacchus loved.

I should not have used Mr. Creech and Mr. Kennet with so much freedom as I have, had not the translation of the one, and the remark of the other, so nearly concerned our poet; but I hope the clearing a difficult and remarkable passage in a classic, will, in some measure, atone for the liberties I have took with those gentlemen.

5. The Shield of Hercules.

We have now ascribed to Hesiod a poem under the title of *Ασπίς Ηρακλεις*, the Shield of Hercules; which Aristophanes the grammarian supposes to be spurious, and that it is an imitation of the Shield of Achilles in Homer. Lilius Gyraldus, and Fabricius, bring all the testimonies they can for it being writ by Hesiod; but none of them amount to a proof. Fabricius gives us the opinion of Tanaquil Faber, in these words: I am much surprised that this should formerly have been, and is now, a matter of dispute; those who suppose the Shield not to be of Hesiod, have a very slender knowledge of the Greek poetry. This is only the judgment of one man against a number, and that founded on no authority. I know not what could induce Tanaquil Faber so confidently to assert this, which looks, if I may use the expression, like a sort of bullying a person into his opinion, by forcing him into the dreadful apprehension of being thought no judge of Greek poetry, if he will not come in: I say, I know not what could induce him to assert this; for there is no manner of similitude to the other works of our poet: and here I must call in question the judgment of Aristophanes, and of such as have followed him, for supposing it to be an imitation of the Shield of Achilles. The whole poem consists of four hundred and four score verses; of which the description of the Shield is but one hundred and four score: in this description are some similar passages to that of Achilles, but not sufficient to justify that opinion; there are likewise a few lines the same in both; but after a strict examination, they may possibly appear as much to the disadvantage of Homer, as to the author of this poem. The other parts have no affinity to any book in the two poems of Homer. The poet begins with a beautiful description of the person of Alcmena, her love to Amphitryon, and her amour with Jupiter; from thence he proceeds to the characters of Hercules and Iphiclus, and goes on regularly to the death of Cygnus, which concludes the poem; with many other particulars, which, as I said before, have no relation to any part of Homer. Among the writings of our poet which were lost, we have the titles of *Γυναικων*, or *Ηρωιδων*, *Καταλογος*, and of *Γεναιων* και *Καταλογος*, or *Ηοιαι Μηναιων*: both these titles are likely to belong but to one poem, and to that

which Suidas mentions, the Catalogue of Heroic Women, in five books: that he composed such a work, is probable, from the two last verses of the Theogony, and it being often mentioned by ancient writers: we have an account of another poem, under the title of *Γενωγονια*, the Generation of Heroes. The favourers of the Shield of Hercules would have that poem received as a fragment of one of these; and all that Le Clerc says in defence of it, is, since Hercules was the most famous of heroes, it is not absurd to imagine the Shield to be a part of the *Γενωγονια*, though it is handed down to us as a distinct work; and yet it is but a fragment of it. Thus we see all their arguments, both for it being genuine, and a fragment of another poem, are but conjectures. I think they ought not to suspect it a part of another work, unless they could tell when, where, or by whom, the title was changed. It is certainly a very ancient piece, and well worth the notice of men of genius.

6. Poems which are lost.

Besides the pieces just mentioned, we find the following catalogue in Fabricius attributed to Hesiod, but now lost.

Παλαινισις, or *Τροικηαι Χριτωνος*. This was concerning the education of Achilles under Chiron; which Aristophanes, in one of his comedies, banners as the work of Hesiod.

Μελαιμπεδια, or *με τον Μαντιν Μελαιμπεδια*: a poem on divination. The title is supposed to be took from Melampus, an ancient physician, said to be skilled in divination by birds. Part of this work is commended by Athenæus, book 13.

Αστρονομια μεγαλη, or *Αστρον βιβλος*: a treatise of astronomy. Pliny says, according to Hesiod, in whose name we have a book of astrology extant, the early setting of the Pleiades is about the end of the autumn equinox. Notwithstanding this quotation, Fabricius tells us, that Athenæus and Pliny, in some other place, have given us reason to believe they thought the poem of astronomy supposititious.

Επικενθιος εις Βατραχον. This is mentioned by Suidas, with the addition of *σινι τρωμενον αυτω*, a funeral song on Batrachus, whom he loved.

Πεσι Ιδαην Δακτυλων. This was of the Idæi Dactyli, who, says Pliny, in his seventh book, are recorded by Hesiod as discoverers of iron in Crete. This is likewise in the catalogue of Suidas.

Επιθαλαμιος Πελειος και Θειδος: an epithalamium on the marriage of Peleus and Thetis; two verses of which are in the Prolegomena of Isaac Tzetzes to Lycophron.

Γης περιεδος. This book of geography is mentioned by Strabo.

Αιγινμος: a poem on one Ægimus. This, Athenæus tells us, was writ by Hesiod, or Cecrops; a wretch, whose name is now remembered only for being to Hesiod what Zoilus was to Homer.

Θησις εις τον αυτον καταλασις: the descent of Theius into hell. This is attributed to Hesiod, by Pausanias, in his *Βωotics*.

Επη μαντικα και εξηρησεις επι τισιν: on prophecies, or divination, with an exposition of pro-

digies, or portents. This is likewise mentioned by Pausanias.

Θεῶν λόγοι: divine speeches; which Maximus Tyrius takes notice of in his sixteenth dissertation.

Μεγάλα ἔργα: great or remarkable actions. We find the title of this work in the eighth book of Athenæus.

Κνυκὸς γάμος: the marriage of Ceyx. We have an account of this poem, both by Athenæus, and Plutarch, in his *Symposiacs*.

Of all these labours of this great poet, we see nothing but the titles remaining, excepting some fragments preserved by Pausanias, Plutarch, Polybius, &c. We are told that our poet composed some other works, of which we have not even the titles. We are assured, from diverse passages in Pliny, that he wrote of the virtues of herbs; but here Fabricius judiciously observes, that he might, in other poems, occasionally treat of various herbs; as in the beginning of his *Works and Days*, he speaks of the wholesomeness of mallows, and the

daffodil, or asphodelos. Quintilian, in his fifth book, denies the fables of Æsop to have been written originally by him, but says the first author of them was Hesiod; and Plutarch informs us that Æsop was his disciple: but this opinion, though countenanced by some, is exploded by others.

When we reflect on the number of titles, the poems to which are irreparably lost, we should consider them as so many monuments to raise our concern for the loss of so much treasure never to be retrieved. Let us turn our thoughts from that melancholy theme, and view the poet in his living writings; let us read him ourselves, and incite our countrymen to a taste of the politeness of Greece. Scaliger, in an epistle to Salmasius, divides the state of poetry in Greece into four periods of time: in the first arose Homer and Hesiod; on which he has the just observation that concludes my discourse: this, says he, you may not improperly call the spring of poetry; but it is rather the bloom than infancy.

GENERAL ARGUMENT TO THE WORKS AND DAYS.

FROM THE GREEK OF DANIEL HEINSIUS.

THE poet begins with the difference of the two contentions; and rejecting that which is attended with disgrace, he advises his brother Perseus to prefer the other. One is the lover of strife, and the occasion of troubles: the other prompts us on to procure the necessities of life in a fair and honest way. After Prometheus had by subtlety stole the fire clandestinely from Jove (the fire is by the divine Plato, in his allusion to this passage, called the necessities, or abundance of life; and those are called subtle, who were solicitous after the abundance of life), the god created a great evil, which was Pandora, that is Fortune, who was endowed with all the gifts of the gods, meaning all the benefits of nature: so Fortune may from thence be said to have the disposal of the comforts of life; and from that time care and prudence are required in the management of human affairs. Before Prometheus had purloined the fire, all the common necessities of life were near at hand, and easily attained; for Saturn had first made a golden age of men, to which the earth yielded all her fruits spontaneously: the mortals of the golden age submitted to a soft and pleasant death, and were afterwards made demons; and honour attended their names. To this succeeded the second, the silver age, worse in all things than the first, and better than the following; which Jupiter, or Fate, took from the earth, and made happy in their death. Hence the poet passes to the third, the brazen age; the men of which, he says, were fierce and terrible, who ignobly fell by their own folly and civil discord; nor was their future fate like to the other, for they descended to hell. This generation is followed by a race of heroes, Eteocles and Polynices, and the rest who were in the first and oldest Theban war, and Agamemnon

and Menelaus; and such as are recorded by the * poet to be in the Trojan war; of whom some perished entirely by death, and some now inhabit the isles of the blessed. Next he describes the iron age, and the injustice which prevailed in it. He greatly reprobates the judges, and taxes them with corruption, in a short and beautiful fable. In the other part of the book, he sets before our eyes the consequences of justice and injustice; and then, in the most sagacious manner, lays down some of the wisest precepts to Perseus. The part which contains the precepts, is chiefly writ in an irregular, free, and easy way; and his frequent repetitions, which custom modern writers have quite avoided, bear no small marks of his antiquity. He often digresses, that his brother might not be tired with his precepts, because of a too much sameness. Hence he passes to rules of economy, beginning with agriculture. He points out the proper season for the plough, the harvest, the vintage, and for felling wood; he shows the fruits of industry, and the ill consequences of negligence. He describes the different seasons, and tells us what works are proper to each. These are the subjects of the first part of his Economy. In process of time, and the thirst of gain increasing in men, every method was tried to the procuring riches; men begun to extend their commerce over the seas; for which reason the poet laid down precepts for navigation. He next proceeds to a recommendation of divine worship, the adoration due to the immortal gods, and the various ways of paying our homage to them. He concludes with a short observation on days, dividing them into the good, bad, and indifferent.

* I suppose Heinsius means Homer.

COOKE'S HESIOD.

WORKS AND DAYS*.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book contains the invocation to the whole, the general proposition, the story of Prometheus Epimetheus, and Pandora; a description of the golden age, silver age, brazen age, the age of heroes, and the iron age; a recommendation of virtue, from the temporal blessings with which good men are attended, and the condition of the wicked, and several moral precepts proper to be observed through the course of our lives.

SING, muses, sing, from the Pierian grove;
Begin the song, and let the theme be Jove;
From him ye sprung, and him ye first should praise;
From your immortal sire deduce your lays;

* The scholiast Tzetzes tells us, this poem was first called the *Works and Days* of Hesiod, to distinguish it from another on the same subject, and of the same title, wrote by Orpheus. How much this may be depended on I cannot say; but Fabricius assures us from Pliny, book 18. chap. 25. that Hesiod was the first who laid down rules for agriculture. It is certain, that of all the pieces of this nature which were before Virgil, and extant in his days, this was most esteemed by him, otherwise he would not have shewed that respect to our author which he does quite through his *Georgic*. In one place he proposes him as a pattern in that great work, where, addressing to his country, he says,

—tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes;
Afræumque cano, Romano per oppida, carmen.

Lib. 2.

For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days,
Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring,
And old Afræan verse in Roman cities sing.

DRYDEN.

He begins the *Georgic* with an explanation of the title of the *Works and Days*.

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram
Vertere, &c.

What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitly soil, and when to sow the corn.

DRYDEN.

for by *Works* is meant the art of agriculture, and by *Days* the proper seasons for works. See farther in my Discourse on the Writings of Hesiod.

To him alone, to his great will we owe,
That we exist, and what we are below.
Whether we blaze among the sons of fame,
Or live obscurely, and without a name,
Or noble or ignoble, still we prove
Our lot determin'd by the will of Jove. 10
With ease he lifts the peasant to a crown,
With the same ease he casts the monarch down;
With ease he clouds the brightest name in night,
And calls the meanest to the fairest light;
At will he varies life through ev'ry state,
Unnerves the strong, and makes the crooked strait.

Such Jove, who thunders terrible from high,
Who dwells in mansions far above the sky.
Look down, thou pow'r supreme, vouchsafe thine aid,

And let my judgment be by justice sway'd; 21
O! hear my vows, and thine assistance bring,
While truths undoubted I to Perseus sing.

As here on earth we tread the maze of life,
The minds divided in a double strife;
One by the wise is thought deserving fame,
And this attended by the greatest shame,
The dismal source whence spring pernicious jars,
The baneful fountain of destructive wars,
Which, by the laws of arbitrary fate,
Who follow, though by nature taught to hate;
From night's black realms this took its odious birth 32

And one Jove planted in the womb of earth,
The better strife; by this the soul is fir'd
To arduous toils, nor with those toils is tir'd;
One sees his neighbour with laborious hand,
Planting his orchard, or manuring land;
He sees another with industrious care,
Materials for the building art prepare;

Idle himself he sees them haste to rise,
 Observes their growing wealth with envious eyes,
 With emulation fir'd, beholds their store, 41
 And toils with joy who never toil'd before:
 The artist envies what the artist gains,
 The bard the rival bard's successful strains.
 Peres attend, my just decrees observe,
 Nor from thy honest labour idly swerve;
 The love of strife, that joys in evils, shun,
 Nor to the forum from thy duty run.
 How vain the wranglings of the bar to mind,
 While Ceres, yellow goddess, is unkind!
 But when propitious she has heap'd your store,
 For others you may plead, and not before;
 But let with justice your contentions prove,
 And be your counsels such as come from Jove;
 Not as of late when we divided lands,
 You grasp'd at all with avaricious hands;
 When the corrupted bench, for bribes well known,
 Unjustly granted more than was your own.
 Fools, blind to truth! nor knows their erring
 soul

How much the half is better than the whole, 60
 How great the pleasure wholesome herbs afford,
 How blest'd the frugal, and an honest board!
 Would the immortal gods on men bestow
 A mind, how few the wants of life to know,
 They all the year from labour free might live
 On what the bounty of a day would give,
 They soon the rudder o'er the smoke would lay,
 And let the mule and ox at leisure stray:
 This sense to man the king of gods denies,
 In wrath to him who daring rob'd the skies; 70
 Dread ills the god prepar'd, unknown before,
 And the stol'n fire back to his heav'n he bore;
 But from Prometheus 'twas conceal'd in vain,
 Which for the use of man he stole again,
 And, artful in his fraud, brought from above,
 Clos'd in a hollow cane, deceiving Jove:
 Again defrauded of celestial fire,
 Thus spoke the cloud-compelling god in ire:
 Son of Iapetus, o'er subtle, go,
 And glory in thy artful theft below; 80
 Now of the fire you boast by stealth retriev'd,
 And triumph in almighty Jove deceiv'd;
 But thou too late shall find the triumph vain,
 And read thy folly in succeeding pain;
 Posterity the sad effect shall know,
 When, in pursuit of joy, they grasp their woe.
 He spoke, and told to Mulciber his will,
 And, smiling, bade him his commands fulfil,
 To use his greatest art, his nicest care,
 To frame a creature exquisitely fair, 90
 To temper well the clay with water, then
 To add the vigour and the voice of men,
 To let her first in virgin lustre shine,
 In form a goddess, with a bloom divine:
 And next the fire demands Minerva's aid,
 In all her various skill to train the maid,
 Bids her the secrets of the loom impart,
 To cast a curious thread with happy art.
 And golden Venus was to teach the fair,
 The wiles of love, and to improve her air, 100
 And then, in awful majesty, to shed
 A thousand grateful charms around her head:

Next Hermes, artful god, must form her mind,
 One day to torture, and the next be kind,
 With manners all deceitful, and her tongue
 Fraught with abuse, and with detraction hung.
 Jove gave the mandate; and the gods obey'd.
 First Vulcan form'd of earth the blushing maid;
 Minerva next perform'd the task assign'd,
 With ev'ry female art adorn'd her mind. 110
 To dress her Suada, and the Graces join;
 Around her person, lo! the di'monds shine.
 To deck her brows the fair tress'd seasons bring!
 A garland breathing all the sweets of spring.
 Each present Pallas gives it proper place,
 And adds to ev'ry ornament a grace.
 Next Hermes taught the fair the heart to move,
 With all the false alluring arts of love,
 Her manners all deceitful, and her tongue
 With falsehoods fruitful, and detraction hung. 120
 The finish'd maid the gods Pandora call,
 Because a tribute she receiv'd from all:
 And thus, 'twas Jove's command, the sex began,
 A lovely mischief to the soul of man.
 When the great fire of gods beheld the fair,
 The fatal guile, th' inevitable snare,
 Hermes he bids to Epimetheus bear.
 Prometheus mindful of his theft above,
 Had warn'd his brother to beware of Jove,
 To take no present that the god should send, 130
 Lest the fair bribe should ill to man portend;
 But he, forgetful, takes his evil fate,
 Accepts the mischief, and repents too late.
 Mortals at first a blissful earth enjoy'd,
 With ills untainted, nor with cares annoy'd;
 To them the world was no laborious stage,
 Nor fear'd they then the miseries of age;
 But soon the sad reversion they beheld,
 Alas! they grow in their afflictions old;
 For in her hand the nymph a casket bears, 140
 Full of diseases and corroding cares,
 Which open'd, they to taint the world begin,
 And hope alone remains entire within.
 Such was the fatal present from above,
 And such the will of cloud-compelling Jove:
 And now unnumber'd woes o'er mortals reign,
 Alike infected is the land and main;
 O'er human race distempers silent stray,
 And multiply their strength by night and day:
 'Twas Jove's decree they should in silence rove:
 For who is able to contend with Jove! 151
 And now the subject of my verse I change;
 To tales of profit and delight I range;
 Whence you may pleasure and advantage gain,
 If in your mind you lay the useful strain.
 Soon as the deathless gods were born, and man,
 A mortal race, with voice endow'd, began,
 The heav'nly pow'rs from high their work behold,
 And the first age they style an age of gold.
 Men spent a life like gods in Saturn's reign, 160
 Nor felt their mind a care, nor body pain;
 From labour free, they ev'ry sense enjoy;
 Nor could the ills of time their peace destroy;
 In banquets they delight, remov'd from care;
 Nor troublesome old age intruded there:
 They die, or rather seem to die, they seem
 From hence transported in a pleasing dream.

The fields, as yet untill'd, their fruits afford,
And fill a sumptuous, and unenvy'd board :
Thus, crown'd with happiness their ev'ry day, 170
Serene and joyful, pass'd their lives away.

When in the grave this race of men was laid,
Soon was a world of holy demons made,
Aërial spirits, by great Jove design'd,
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good, or bad, below ;
Th' immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges
glide :

They can reward with glory, or with gold; 180
A pow'r they by divine permission hold.

Worse than the first, a second age appears,
Which the celestials call the silver years.
The golden age's virtues are no more;
Nature grows weaker than she was before;
In strength of body mortals much decay;
And human wisdom seems to fade away.
An hundred years the careful dames employ,
Before they form'd to man th' unpolish'd boy;
Who when he reach'd his bloom, his age's prime,
Found, measur'd by his joys, but short his time. 191
Men, prone to ill, deny'd the gods their due,
And by their follies, made their days but few.
The altars of the blest'd neglected stand,
Without the off'rings which the laws demand;
But angry Jove in dust this people laid,
Because no honours to the gods they paid.
This second race, when clos'd their life's short span,
Was happy deem'd beyond the state of man; 199
Their names were grateful to their children made;
Each paid a reverence to his father's shade.

And now a third, a brazen people rise,
Unlike the former, men of monstrous size :
Strong arms extensive from their shoulders grow,
Their limbs of equal magnitude below;
Potent in arms, and dreadful at the spear,
They live injurious, and devoid of fear :
On the crude flesh of beasts they feed alone,
Savage their nature, and their hearts of stone;
Their houses brass, of brass the warlike blade, 210
Iron was yet unknown, in brass they trade :
Furious, robust, impatient for the fight,
War is their only care, and sole delight,
To the dark shades of death this race descend,
By civil discords, an ignoble end ! [ed might,
Strong though they were, death quell'd their boast
And forc'd their stubborn souls to leave the light.

To these a fourth, a better race succeeds,
Of godlike heroes, fam'd for martial deeds;
Them demigods, at first, their matchless worth 220
Proclaim aloud all through the boundless earth,
These, horrid wars, their love of arms destroy,
Some at the gates of Thebes, and some at Troy.
These, for the brothers fell, detested strife !
For beauty those, the lovely Grecian wife !
To these does Jove a second life ordain,
Some happy soil far in the distant main,
Where live the hero-shades in rich repast,
Remote from mortals of a vulgar cast :
There in the island of the blest'd they find, 230
Where Saturn reigns, an endless calm of mind ;

And there the choicest fruits adorn the fields,
And thrice the fertile year a harvest yields.

O ! would I had my hours of life began
Before this fifth, this sinful race of man ;
Or had I not been call'd to breathe the day,
Till the rough iron age had pass'd away :
For now, the times are such, the gods ordain,
That every moment shall be wing'd with pain ;
Condemn'd to sorrows, and to toil we live ; 240
Rest to our labour death alone can give ;
And yet, amid the cares our lives annoy,
The gods will grant some intervals of joy :
But how degen'rate is the human state !
Virtue no more distinguishes the great ;
No safe reception shall the stranger find ;
Nor shall the ties of blood or friendship bind ;
Nor shall the parent, when his sons are nigh,
Look with the fondness of a parent's eye,
Nor to the fire the son obedience pay, 250
Nor look with reverence on the locks of gray,
But O ! regardless of the pow'r's divine,
With bitter taunts shall load his life's decline.
Revenge and rapine shall respect command,
The pious, just, and good, neglected stand.
The wicked shall the better man distress,
The righteous suffer, and without redress ;
Strict honesty, and naked truth, shall fail,
The perjurd villain in his arts prevail.
Hoarse envy shall, unseen, exert her voice, 260
Attend the wretched, and in ill rejoice,
At last fair modesty and justice fly,
Rob'd their pure limbs in white, and gain the sky,
From the wide earth they reach the blest abode,
And join the grand assembly of the gods,
While mortal men, abandon'd to their grief,
Sink in their sorrows, hopeless of relief.

While now my fable from the birds I bring,
To the great rulers of the earth I sing.
High in the clouds a mighty bird of prey 270
Bore a melodious nightingale away ;
And to the captive, thiv'ring in despair,
Thus, cruel, spoke the tyrant of the air.
Why mourns the wretch in my superior power ?
Thy voice avails not in the ravish'd hour ;
Vain are thy cries ; as my despotic will,
Or I can set thee free, or I can kill.
Unwisely who provokes his abler foe,
Conquest still flies him, and he strives for woe.
Thus spoke th' enslaver with insulting pride. 280

O ! Perseus, justice ever be thy guide :
May malice never gain upon thy will,
Malice that makes the wretch more wretched
still.

The good man, injur'd, to revenge is slow,
To him the vengeance is the greater woe.
Ever will all injurious courses fail,
And justice ever over wrongs prevail ;
Right will take place at last, by fit degrees ;
This truth the fool by sad experience sees.
When suits commence, dishonest strife the cause,
Faith violated, and the breach of laws, 291
Enfue ; the cries of justice haunt the judge,
Of bribes the glutton, and of sin the drudge.
Through cities then the holy demon runs,
Unseen, and mourns the manners of their sons,

Dispersing evils, to reward the crimes
 Of those who banish justice from the times.
 Is there a man whom incorrupt we call,
 Who sits alike unprejudic'd to all,
 By him the city flourishes in peace, 300
 Her borders lengthen and her sons increase;
 From him far-seeing Jove will drive afar
 All civil discord, and the rage of war.
 No days of famine to the righteous fall,
 But all is plenty, and delightful all;
 Nature indulgent o'er their land is seen,
 With oak high tow'ring are their mountains green,
 With heavy mast their arms diffusive bow,
 While from their trunks rich streams of honey flow;
 Of flocks untainted are their pastures full, 310
 Which slowly strut beneath their weight of wool;
 And sons are born the likeness of their sire,
 The fruits of virtue, and a chaste desire:
 O'er the wide seas for wealth they need not roam,
 Many and lasting are their joys at home.
 Not thus the wicked, who in ill delight,
 Whose daily acts pervert the rules of right,
 To these the wise disposer, Jove, ordains,
 Repeated losses, and a world of pains:
 Famines and plagues are, unexpected, nigh: 320
 Their wives are barren, and their kindred die;
 Numbers of these at once are sweep'd away;
 And ships of wealth become the ocean's prey.
 One sinner oft provokes th' avenger's hand;
 And often one man's crimes destroy a land.
 Exactly mark, ye rulers of mankind,
 The ways of truth, nor be to justice blind;
 Consider all ye do, and all ye say,
 The holy demons to their god convey, 330
 Aërial spirits, by great Jove design'd,
 To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
 Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
 And mark our actions, good, or bad, below;
 Th' immortal spies with watchful care preside,
 And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide.
 Justice, unspotted maid, deriv'd from Jove,
 Renown'd, and reverenc'd by the gods above,
 When mortals violate her sacred laws,
 When judges hear the bribe, and not the cause,
 Close by her parent god behold her stand, 340
 And urge the punishment their sins demand.
 Look in your breasts, and there survey your
 crimes,
 Think, O ye judges! and reform betimes,
 Forget the past, nor more false judgments give,
 Turn from your ways betimes, O turn and live!
 Who, full of wiles, his neighbour's harm contrives,
 False to himself, against himself he strives;
 For he that harbours evil in his mind,
 Will from his evil thoughts but evil find; 349
 And lo! the eye of Jove, that all things knows,
 Can, when he will, the heart of man disclose;
 Open the guilty bosom all within,
 And trace the infant thoughts of future sin.
 O! when I hear the upright man complain.
 And, by his injuries, the judge arraign,
 If to be wicked is to find success,
 I cry, and to be just to meet distress.
 May I nor mine the righteous path pursue,
 At int'rest only ever keep in view:

But by reflection better taught, I find 456
 We see the present, to the future blind.
 Trust to the will of Jove, and wait the end,
 And good shall always your good acts attend.
 These doctrines, Perseus, treasure in thy heart,
 And never from the paths of justice part:
 Never by brutal violence be sway'd;
 But be the will of Jove in these obey'd.
 In these the brute creation men exceed,
 They, void of reason, by each other bleed,
 While man by justice should be keep'd in awe,
 Justice of nature, well ordain'd, the law. 371
 Who right espouses through a righteous love,
 Shall meet the bounty of the hands of Jove;
 But he that will not be by laws confin'd,
 Whom not the sacrament of oaths can bind,
 Who, with a willing soul, can justice leave,
 A wound immortal shall that man receive;
 His house's honour daily shall decline:
 Fair flourish shall the just from line to line.
 O! Perseus, foolish Perseus, bow thine ear 380
 To the good counsels of a soul sincere.
 To wickedness the road is quickly found,
 Short is the way, and on an easy ground.
 The paths of virtue must be reach'd by toil,
 Arduous and long, and on a rugged soil,
 Thorny the gate, but when the top you gain,
 Fair is the future, and the prospect plain,
 Far does the man all other men excel,
 Who, from his wisdom, thinks in all things well,
 Wisely consid'ring, to himself a friend, 390
 All for the present best, and for the end:
 Nor is the man without his share of praise,
 Who well the dictates of the wise obeys;
 But he that is not wise himself, nor can
 Harken to wisdom, is a useless man.
 Ever observe, Perseus, of birth divine,
 My precepts, and the profit shall be thine;
 Then famine always shall avoid thy door,
 And Ceres, fair-wreath'd goddess, bless thy
 store.
 The slothful wretch, who lives from labour free,
 Like drones, the robbers of the painful bee, 401
 Has always men, and gods, alike his foes;
 Him famine follows with her train of woes.
 With cheerful zeal your mod'rate toils pursue,
 That your full barns you may in season view.
 The man industrious stranger is to need,
 A thousand flocks his fertile pastures feed;
 As with the drone with him it would not prove,
 Him men and gods behold with eyes of love.
 To care and labour think it no disgrace, 410
 False pride! the portion of the sluggard race:
 The slothful man, who never work'd before,
 Shall gaze with envy on thy growing store,
 Like thee to flourish, he will spare no pains;
 For lo! the rich virtue and glory gains.
 Strictly observe the wholesome rules I give,
 And, bless'd in all, thou like a god shalt live.
 Ne'er to thy neighbour's goods extend thy cares,
 Nor be neglectful of thine own affairs.
 Let no degenerate shame debase thy mind, 420
 Shame that is never to the needy kind;
 The man that has it will continue poor;
 He must be bold that would enlarge his store.

But ravish not, depending on thy might,
Injurious to thyself, another's right.
Who, or by open force, or secret stealth,
Or perjur'd wiles, amasses heaps of wealth,
Such many are, whom thirst of gain betrays,
The gods, all seeing, shall o'ercloud his days;
His wife, his children, and his friends, shall die, 430
And, like a dream, his ill-got riches fly:
Nor less, or to insult the suppliant's cries,
The guilt, or break through hospitable ties.
Is there who, by incestuous passion led,
Pollutes with joys unclean his brother's bed;
Or who, regardless of his tender trust,
To the poor helpless orphan proves unjust;
Or, when the father's fatal day appears,
His body bending through the weight of years,
A son who views him with unduteous eyes, 440
And words of comfort to his age denies,
Great Jove vindictive fees the impious train,
And, equal to their crimes, inflicts a pain.

These precepts be thy guide thro' life to steer:
Next learn the gods immortal to revere:
With unpolluted hands, and heart sincere,
Let from your herd, or flock, an off'ring rise;
Of the pure victim burn the white fat thighs;
And to your wealth confine the sacrifice.
Let the rich fumes of od'rous incense fly,
A grateful flavour, to the pow'rs on high;
The due libation nor neglect to pay,
When ev'ning closes, or when dawns the day:
Then shall thy work, the gods thy friends, suc-
ceed;

Then may you purchase farms, nor sell through
need.

Enjoy thy riches with a lib'ral soul,
Plenteous the feast, and smiling be the bowl;
No friend forget, nor entertain thy foe,
Nor let thy neighbour uninvited go.
Happy the man with peace his days arcrown'd, 460
Whose house an honest neighbourhood furround;
Of foreign harms he never sleeps afraid,
They, always ready, bring their willing aid;
Cheerful, should he some busy pressure feel,
They lend an aid beyond a kindred's zeal;
They never will conspire to blast his fame:
Secure he walks, unfully'd his good name:
Unhappy man, whom neighbours ill surround,
His oxen die oft' by a treach'rous wound,
Whate'er you borrow of your neighbour's store,
Return the same in weight, if able, more; 471

So to yourself will you secure a friend;
He never after will refuse to lend.

Whatever by dishonest means you gain,
You purchase an equivalent of pain.

To all a love for love return: contend
In virtuous acts to emulate your friend.
Be to the good thy favours unconfin'd;
Neglect a sordid, and ungrateful mind.
From all the gen'rous a respect command, 480
While none regard the base ungiving hand:
The man who gives from an unbounded breast,
Though large the bounty, in himself is blest'd:
Who ravishes another's right shall find,
Though small the prey, a deadly sting behind.
Content, and honestly enjoy your lot,
And often add to that already got;
From little oft' repeated, much will rise,
And of thy toil the fruits salute thine eyes.
How sweet at home to have what life demands, 490
The just reward of our industrious hands,
To view our neighbour's bliss without desire,
To dread not famine, with her aspect dire!
Be these thy thoughts, to these thy heart incline,
And lo! these blessings shall be surely thine.

When at your board your faithful friend you
greet,

Without reserve, and lib'ral be the treat:
To stint the wine a frugal husband shows,
When from the middle of the cask it flows.
Do not, by mirth betray'd, your brother trust,
Without a witness, he may prove unjust: 501
Alike it is unsafe for men to be,
With some too diffident, with some too free.

Let not a woman steal your heart away,
By tender looks, and her apparel gay;
When your abode she languishing inquires,
Command your heart, and quench the kindling
fires;

If love she vows, 'tis madness to believe,
Turn from the thief, she charms but to deceive:
Who does too rashly in a woman trust, 510
Too late will find the wanton proves unjust.
Take a chaste matron, partner of your breast,
Contented live, of her alone possess'd;
Then shall you number many days in peace,
And with your children see your wealth increase;
Then shall a duteous careful heir survive,
To keep the honour of the house alive.

If large possessions are in life thy view,
These precepts with assiduous care pursue.

NOTES ON THE FIRST BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

Ver. I. ARISTARCHUS, and some others, are for having this exordium left out, as not a part of the poem. Praxiphanes, a scholar of Theophrastus, says, he had a copy which begun from this verse.

As here on earth we tread the maze of life.

The reason which Proclus assigns for it not being writ by Hesiod, is, that he who begun his Theogony, with an invocation to the muses from Helicon, and who was himself brought up at the foot of that mountain, would never call on the Pierian muses. A weak objection, and unworthy a critic! the distinction is as follows. The muses are said

to be the daughters of Jove, that is, of that power by which we are enabled to perform. Pieria is said to be the birth-place of the muses, and the seat of Jove, that is, the mind, whence all our conceptions arise. Helicon is a place of residence to the muses, where they celebrate the praises of their father, and search into the knowledge of antiquity. In this work Hesiod instructs his brother in the art of tillage and morality, all which doctrines proceed from his own experience, his own natural sentiments, and therefore he invokes the muses from Pieria; his account of the Generation of the Gods, being received, partly from books, and partly from oral tradition, he invokes them from Helicon. Tzet. Here the Scholiast talks as if he did not doubt these lines being genuine.

Ver. 13. This exordium was certainly admired by Horace, who, in one of his odes, has elegantly translated this part of it.

Valet ima summis

Mutare, et insignem attenuat, deus,
Obscura promens.

I must acknowledge, after all, what Pausanias says, in his *Bœotics*, that this beginning was not in the copy which he saw in lead, is a great argument against those who think it of Hesiod: and Plutarch likewise, in his *Symposiacs*, begins this poem according to Pausanias.

Ver. 23. The words of Hesiod are these; "there is not one kind of contention only on earth, but there are two, which divide the mind." In the *Theogony* he makes but one contention, and that sprung from night, soon after the birth of the fates, and other evil deities, which are of the same parent. From contention sprung all that is hurtful to gods and men, as plagues, wars, secret bloodshed, slander, &c. The second contention, emulation, which was planted in the womb of earth by Jove, must be after the invention of arts; for before was no room for emulation. The contention first mentioned, was before the wars of the giants. Of that see farther in the notes to the *Theogony*.

Ver. 29. The truth of this will plainly appear, when we consider the necessity of many of our actions, which, though involuntary, are rendered necessary by the cause. By involuntary I do not mean without the consent of the will, because it is certain that must precede the action, but what we had rather we had no occasion to do.

Ver. 43. Hear Plato on this passage; his words are these: "And so it is necessary," says Hesiod, or according to Hesiod, "it should be among all of the same profession, that they may be filled with envy, and contention." Plato certainly mistakes the poet in this, when he imagines that Hesiod thinks it absolutely necessary for the better government of the world. All that he means is, he finds it so in nature; and, from our appetites natural to us, we cannot avoid it. The rest of the note by Mr. Theobald. Aristotle in his second book of *Rhetoric*, in the chapter on envy, quotes this passage of Hesiod, though he does not name the author, with this introduction, "because men

"contend, for honour's sake, with their rivals; and with all who have passions and desires like themselves, there is a necessity that they must envy such;" hence it has been said, *και κίραμος κίραμι ποτιν*.

Ver. 55. The sin of Peres was reckoned by the ancients one of the most heinous. Seneca begs he may know to divide with his brother, as if he esteemed it one of the most necessary duties of man. This custom of dividing the father's patrimony by lot among all the children, is likewise alluded to in the *Odyssees* of Homer, Book 14.

Ver. 59. What a noble triumph is this over the avarice and injustice of his brother, and the partiality of the judges! How much like a philosopher is this greatness of soul, in his contempt of ill-got riches! What a conquest has he gained, though he lost the cause, and suffered by the wickedness of his adversary! He not only shows himself a happy man, but teaches him by whom he is most injured to be so too. I have taken the liberty to add this line, which is not in the original, as an explanation of this famous passage of our poet, which, and no other, I am certain must be his meaning:

How blest'd the frugal, and an honest board.

The *μαλαχην* and *ασφοδilos*, the first of which we generally render in English the mallows, and the latter the daffodil, the names of which I have not translated, being of no consequence to the beauty of this passage. Plutarch, in his Banquet of the Seven Wise Men, commends as the wholesomest of herbs; he mentions the *αυτρημος*, which Le Clerc tells us is a part of the *ασφοδilos*: the same critic also observes, from Scaliger, that it appears from this verse that the ancients did eat the daffodil, or *ασφοδilos*.

Ver. 67. What the poet means by this, and the preceding lines, is, if we knew how few things are necessary for the support of life, we should not be so solicitous about it as we are; we should not spend so much time in agriculture, and navigation as we do. This expression of laying the rudder over the smoke, alludes to the custom of laying it to harden over the smoke at those times in which they did not use it. Says Grævius on this verse, it was customary to hang the rudders in the smoke, when the season for sailing was passed; by which they believed they were preserved from rotting, and kept solid till the next season. This we find likewise among the precepts in the second book of this poem.

And o'er the smoke the well made rudder lay.

Ver. 327.

Which rule also Virgil has laid down in his *Georgic*, in his direction for tools of husbandry:

Et suspensa fociis exploret robora fumus. Lib. I.

Ver. 69. Hear the Scholiast on this passage, on the invention of arts; men, says he, were at first simple and unexperienced; the art of agriculture, and all other, were entirely unknown; they knew not diseases, nor the pangs of death; when they

died they expired on the ground, as if they knew not what they suffered. They enjoyed the fruit of the earth in common among them. Then were no rulers: for all were lords of themselves: but when men grew *προμηθεῖς*, which is the signification of Prometheus, more cunning, more apt to contrive, they departed from their primitive temperance, and consequently their serenity. Then the use of fire was discovered, which was the source of all mechanical arts. *Τελει.*

Ver. 71. It is beyond dispute, that with the invention and improvement of arts, the luxury of men increased, and that diseases were the effects of luxury.

And the stol'n fire back to the skies he bore.

This passage of the fable, most of the commentators have left untouched, as not knowing what to make of it. I think it must allude to the decay of arts and sciences; which the succeeding verse will farther explain.

Ver. 73. By Prometheus is surely meant, as before, *προμηθεῖς*, wiser men, who were as forward to recover or revive lost arts, as to invent new.

Ver. 76. The original is *εν κοίλῳ νάρθηκι*; which expression is used again in the Theogony, verse 567 of the original, and 847 of my translation: there is a curious comment on this passage in Tournefort's account of the island of Skinosa, in his voyage into the Levant; which I shall here give as near a translation of as I can. "This island abounds with the *ferula* of the ancients; the old name of which is preserved by the modern Greeks, who call it *Narthecca*, from *Νάρθηξ*: it has a stalk five feet in height, and three inches thick: every ten inches it has a knot that is branchy, and covered with a hard bark: the hollow of the stalk is full of white marrow, which, when dry, takes fire like a match; which fire continues a long while, and consumes the marrow by slow degrees, without doing any damage to the bark; for which reason this plant is used for carrying fire from one place to another: our sailors laid in a large store of it: this use of it is derived from early antiquity; and may contribute to the explanation of a passage in Hesiod, who, speaking of the fire which Prometheus stole from heaven, says, that he brought it in *νάρθηκι*, i. e. in Latin *ferula*; this fable doubtless arises from Prometheus discovering the use of steel in striking fire from the flint: and Prometheus most probably made use of the marrow of the *ferula*, and instructed men how to preserve fire in the stalk of this plant."

Ver. 112. "The original is *ορμυς χρυσεῖους ἐσθλὰν χρυῖ*. They placed about her body ornaments of gold. A strict regard ought always to be paid to the original meaning of the ancient author; if a liberty is took by the translator, for the better embellishing the poem, it is proper to have a remark on that occasion. The danger arising from such an omission, is, that the reader who depends on the translation may be misled in facts; as from this passage he would take it for granted, diamonds were in the days

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of Hesiod, which does not appear from *ορμυς χρυσεῖους*. This observation will be good in "greater points" * How far I may be indulged in the liberty I have taken with this passage I know not; but I am sure this part of her dress contributes more towards the beauty of the whole, than a golden necklace, which Valla has given her in his following translation:

Aurea candenti posuere monilia collo.

Ver. 121. To pass over the poetical beauty of this allegory, let us come to the explication of it. To punish the crime of Prometheus, Jupiter sends a woman on earth. How agreeable in the whole is the story conducted! Vulcan first moulds her to form; that is after the use of fire was found out, of which Vulcan is called the god, by art men begun to embellish the works of nature: then all the inferior arts, which are meant by the other deities, conspire to render the beauties of nature still more charming. By these means the desires of men grew stronger and impetuous, and plunged them on to such excessive indulgence of their senses, as brought on them the miseries which the poet afterwards mentions.

Ver. 125. How admirable is the fable continued! Here is a virgin made of all the charms of art and nature, to captivate the eyes, and endowed with all the cunning of the sex to gain on the heart, for that is the meaning of her being sent by Hermes. Thus formed, *παν δωρον*, "having received a tribute from all the gods" to complete her, well may the poet call her *δύλον ἀμύχανον*, "a temptation that no art can withstand." Here Prometheus, that is the wise man, who foresees the event of things, warns his brother Epimetheus, that is, the man who is wise too late, to avoid the sight of such an assemblage of graces. Of Iapetus, Prometheus, &c. and the deities here mentioned, see farther in the Theogony.

Ver. 140. Pandora's box may properly be took in the same mystical sense, with the apple in the book of Genesis; and in that light the moral will appear without any difficulty.

Ver. 146. With what a sorrowful solemnity these lines run, answerable to the sense contained in them:

Ἀλλὰ δὲ μοῖρα λυγρὰ κατ' ἀνδρῶντες ἀλαλήλαι,
Ἀλὲν μὲν γὰρ γαῖα κακὴν, πλοῖν δὲ θάλασσα.

Some think the story of Pandora, and the account we have from Moses of the fall of man, were took from the same tradition. The curse, indeed, pronounced against Adam, in the third chapter of Genesis, is the same with this in the effect; but what weight this imagination may carry with it, I shall not undertake to determine. This story is imitated, and in several lines translated by Quillet, in his Callipædia, and by the late Dr. Parnell, in his poem, called, The Rise of Women.

Ver. 160. It is certain, from this passage, that, according to the system of our author in this poem, the golden age preceded the creation of woman, she being sent by Jupiter, who had then the

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government of heaven. And agreeable to this, is the description of the felicity of human state, before Epimetheus had knowledge of Pandora. We must observe, that this does not coincide with his account in the Theogony, where, after Saturn's revenge on his father, the Furies, Contention, and all the consequences of it, immediately appear.

Ver. 173. The notion of guardian angels has prevailed among many in almost all ages, and all countries. Passages of the like nature are frequent in both the Old and New Testament, and in Homer also; and, as Mr. Addison observes, Milton doubtless had an eye on this part of Hesiod, where he says,

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we
sleep. *Paradise Lost.*

I cannot help taking particular notice of the beauty and use of our author's doctrine of guardian angels; he makes them *παντα φεβόντες ἐν αἰαν*, "wandering all over the earth;" *φολασσασί τε δίκας, καὶ χρεῖα ἔργα*, "they keep an account of actions, both just and unjust." These sentiments grafted in the minds of the people, and received as a point of faith by them, would make them always on their guard; and there being *ἀνυπόβουλοι*, "the disposers of riches," would be sufficient to induce them to good actions. The making them the instruments of Providence, to reward men according to their merits to each other in this life, is a doctrine so amiable, that if the truth of it cannot be proved, it ought never to be publicly argued against. Here the poet endeavours to deter his brother from any future injustice, by telling him all his actions are recorded; and that according to their merits, he shall be rewarded.

Ver. 185. Men of the former age were made of the earth, and the first elements, therefore more strong of body than these of a mixed seed. The word *φυῶν*, here made use of for nature, is a metaphor taken from trees and plants. The verb is *φυῶν*, to plant, &c. *Ταῖα*. Not much unlike this is the account we have from Moses of the different generations of man in earlier times.

Ver. 206. All the commentators which I ever saw, seem to have entirely mistook the sense of this line; nor have Valla and Frisius entered into the meaning of the poet in their translations: the first translates *ἐκ μελίων*

Dryadumque creata
Sanguine

sprung from the blood of the dryads, or wood-nymphs: and Frisius has it "quercubus ex duris," from hard oaks. I shall use the comment which Mr. Theobald has furnished me with on this occasion, and in the same words in which he gave it to me.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ τρίτον ἄλλο γένος μερόπων ἀνθρώπων

*Καλκείον ποινῶν, ἢ ἀργυρῶν ὕδιν ὁμοίων,
Ἐκ μελίων, δεινὸν τε καὶ ὀμώρμον οἰσὶν ἀρκος
Ἐγὼ μίμλε σοιοῖν καὶ ὕβρις.*

I think I may venture to affirm, from the comments they have given it, that none of all the Greek commentators rightly understood this passage. I believe I may say the same of the Latin critics: Grævius, Le Clerc, and Hienfius, have passed the difficulty over in silence. Screevelius falls into the interpretation of the Greek scholiasts; and Guetius. it is plain, saw nothing of what I apprehended to be the meaning of the poet; because he makes an alteration of the text itself, changing *ἐκ μελίων* into *ἐκ τῆς μελίας*, *absonum inordinatum*: this, too, he borrows from one of the conjectures of Tzetzes; who first, together with Moscopylus and Proclus, tells us, that by *ἐκ μελίων* (for they all make but one word of it), the poet intends to inform us, that this race was made out of ash-trees, that is to say, of a firm and unperishable make: but was the same generation brazen and wooden too? It might much more reasonably been called the wooden age, if Jupiter had formed the people out of trees. Heli-d, I am persuaded, had no thought of obtruding such a generation on us: besides, as neither in the description of the golden or silver age, the poet has given us any account of what materials the men were formed, why should he do it here? In short, let us rectify the pointing of the whole passage, and take the context along with us, and a very little sagacity, I hope, will restore us the author's true meaning. I have a great suspicion the verses ought to be pointed thus:

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ τρίτον ἄλλο γένος μερόπων ἀνθρώπων

*Καλκείον ποινῶν, ἢ ἀργυρῶν ὕδιν ὁμοίων,
Ἐκ μελίων δεινὸν τε καὶ ὀμώρμον, οἰσὶν ἀρκος
Ἐγὼ μίμλε σοιοῖν καὶ ὕβρις.*

So *ἐκ μελίων δεινὸν τε καὶ ὀμώρμον*, will be "potent and dreadful at the spear." *Ἐκ μελίων* is the Doric genitive, instead of *ἐκ μελίων*. *Μελία* is not only the ash tree, but is metaphorically used by Homer, and other poets, for the spear: so Iliad 2. in the description of the Abantes.

*Ταὺ δ' αἰεὶ ἀόαντες ἐτόντο δοοὶ ὅππῃδεν κομῶντες,
Αἰκμηταί, μηκῶντες ὀρηκτῆσι μέλῃσι
Ὀωρηκῆς ῥηξεν δῆϊον ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι.*

Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair,
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air,
But with protended spears, in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corslets, and the brazen shields.

POPE.

The Scholiast on the place, explains *ὀρηκτῆσι* by the words *δορασὶν ἀπὸ στήθεος ὡς ἀπὸ γυνόματος*. "Ipears made out of the ash tree" so in our poet, *ἐκ μελίων δεινὸν*. I take to be no more than *δια τῶν μελίων*, or, *ὅτι τὰς μελίας δεινὸν* "terrible with spears." Both the prepositions are indifferently used, in the same manner, by the best prose writers, as well as the poets: so in Thucydides we have *ἐκ τῶν σπῶν*, for *δια τῶν σπῶν* by force of *arms*. It may not be unworthy a remark, and to strengthen this conjecture, that Ovid, who had an eye on Hesiod, in the description of the four ages, soon as he names

the brazen age, likewise distinguishes it by this propensity to arms.

*Tertia post illas succellit ænea proles,
Sæviior ingeniis, et ad horrida promptior arma.*

Ver. 208. Here the poet, speaking of the giant race, says, *οὐδὲ τι σίτηον ἠδ' ὄσιον*, of which Schrevelius, Tzetzes, and other commentators, say they feed not on bread, or meat dressed, but tore and eat the limbs of beasts.

Ver. 210. That there was a time when brazen arms were used, we may learn from Plutarch; who tells us, when Cimon, the son of Miltiades, carried the bones of Theseus from the isle of Scyros to Athens, he found interred with him a sword, and the head of a spear, made of brass.

Pausanias, who mentions this fact, tells us, that iron was then begun to be used in war; but for brazen arms in heroic times, he gives the instances of Pyriander's ax, and the dart of Meriones, both from Homer. He likewise alleges the authority of the spear of Achilles, preserved in the temple of Minerva at Phælis, and the sword of Memnon, all of brass, in the temple of Æsculapius in Nicomedia. Lucretius is a voucher, almost in the words of our author, for the antiquity and use of brass before that of iron.

*Posterioris ferri vis est ærisque reperta,
Sed prius æris erat, quam ferri, cognitus usus.*

The remarks from Pausanias and Lucretius, are by Mr. Theobald. See farther in the observation on line 253d of the Theogony.

Ver. 218. Exactly the same is the distinction Moses makes in Genesis: says he, "There were giants in the earth in those days;" and also after that, "when the sons of God came unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them," the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown. Chap. vi. ver. 4.

Here are plainly the age of giants, and the age of heroes.

Ver. 230. The fortunate islands, by the Greeks thought to be the seats of good men. Homer, Lycoperon, Plutarch, Philostratus, and Dion, as well as Hesiod, have mentioned, and unanimously agree, that they are fragrant fruitful fields, and meadows, as lovely to the eye as the mind of man can imagine. *Ταῖα*. Agreeable to this, is that beautiful description of Elysium in the *Æneis* of Virgil.

*Devenere locos lætos, et ævena vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas. Lib. vi.*

They took their way,
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay.
The blissful seats of happy souls below. DRYDEN.

Pindar, in his second Olympic, comes nearer to our poet, in his description of those seats of the happy:

*ὅσα μακάρεσσιν
Νησὶν ἀνέσταντες
Ἀνὰ πνεύματιν.*

"Where the gales from the ocean, breathe
"through the island of the blessed," I must here

observe that Homer, in his account of Elysium, judged very wrong, when he made Achilles say to Ulysses, "he would rather serve the poorest on earth, than rule over the departed." *Od. B. II.* Speaking thus dreadfully of a future state, and of the happiest condition of it, is no encouragement to the living.

Ver. 231. The original of this is omitted in many editions, but Grævius is for restoring it from a manuscript which he had seen.

Ver. 234. Here he cannot mention the vices of his age without showing the utmost detestation to them. We see the same purity of manners, the same air of piety, running through all his works. See the Life.

Ver. 246. This passage Ovid has beautifully translated in his *Metamorphoses*; and indeed several parts of Hesiod are well improved by that fine poet. In the division of the ages he differs from our author, and of five makes but four. "It is the opinion of some, that it would have been better, if Ovid had paid as great regard to the historical relations, as to the beauties of those whom he imitates."

Ver. 268. Here the poet likens himself to the nightingale, and the judges to the birds of prey. *Ταῖα*. This transition, from the five ages to the fable of the hawk and the nightingale, is a little abrupt. The remaining part of this book contains a beautiful, though small body of moral philosophy.

Ver. 316. By this antithesis how lively is the state of the righteous represented: This it is gives such a beauty to the first and thirty-seventh Psalms, where the natural state of the just and unjust is truly described, and in many circumstances, like this of our poet.

Ver. 325. Examples of this may be found in history. When a vengeance of this kind happens, the execution of it depends on the degree of the person guilty, and the nature of the crime committed, and against whom, as that of Paris, who was the son of a powerful prince; and who, in breaking the laws of hospitality, offended a powerful people, by which he involved his country in ruin.

Ver. 326. He now turns the discourse from his brother to the judges, by whom likewise he had been injured. He exhorts them to the pursuit of justice, on these two considerations: *first*, Because this wicked man, who plots the destruction of another, at the same time works his own unhappiness; and, *secondly*, Because the gods are not only conscious of all our actions, but our very thoughts.

Ver. 330. This repetition of the circumspection of the guardian angels, and the punishment of the unrighteous, is to keep the crime of which they were guilty fresh in the memory of his brother and the judges. Repetitions of this nature are frequent in the Greek poets, and more particularly in Homer than any other.

Ver. 341. The original has it, that Justice reminds Jove of human wickedness, and solicits him that the people may be punished for the offences of their rulers.

ὅφρ' ἀποτίη

Ἄνθρωπος ἀτασθαλίας βασιλῆων

The Greek commentators are all satisfied with this sense. Monsieur Le Clerc indeed reasonably objects, that if the goddess, who presides over justice, obtains, that the public should suffer for the crimes of their rulers, which they dislike and condemn, where is the justice of it? And he quotes the well-known axiom of Horace, "Delirant reges, plectuntur achiivi," and refers us to a foregoing passage of our own author; in which he says, a whole city is often destroyed for the guilt of a single person: but it is not obvious to me that this is the poet's meaning. Let us examine the sentiment with the context, and that will best determine us in the meaning here. "Justice (says he) sitting by her father Jove, when any one wrongs her, complains of the iniquity of man, that the people may suffer for the offences of their governors; therefore, ye governors, take heed of pronouncing unjust judgments, for every man's evil machinations fall on his own head." If a man's own ill devices fall on himself, it is most absurd for Justice to solicit that the vulgar should be punished for the crimes of their rulers. In short, though all the copies agree to support this argument, the alteration of a single letter will give it a turn of plain reason, and make all the parts consonant to each other. I propose this change only as a private suspicion; because, as it stands at present, I am at a loss how to satisfy myself in the sense. I would suppose that the author might have wrote it,

Και ε'σποτ' αν τις μιν βλαπή, σχολίων ονοταζων,

Αυτिका, παρ δ'ι πατρι καθιζουμένη κρονωνι,
Γηρνετ' ανθρωπων αδικον νοον, εφε' αποτιση
Τημος αταδαιλιας βασιληων.

The only change that is made in the text is, of *δημος* into *τημος*; but the change from thence in the sense, is very strong and signal: "When Justice is injured, she, sitting by Jove, immediately exclaims against human iniquity, that he might then, or at that instant, punish the enormities of the judges: therefore, ye judges, take heed to be more righteous: for the iniquity of every one falls upon his own head." The words so altered, certainly bear such a sense; and the Greek, I think, without any strain of the language, admits it. *Τημος*, then, is an adverb of time, which answers to *ημος*, when; the want of which is supplied by *οπωσι*, which is the same sense with *ημος*, and by *ορα* and *αυτिका*, by which the connection is entirely grammatical: and then *αποτιση* does not only signify *luc*, *rapas* do, but likewise *punio*, *ulciscor*, and governs an accusative case, as Stephens, and other lexicon writers, take notice, and prove by authorities: but, as I said before, I only submit it to judgment. I will conclude this remark with an observation that will not a little strengthen it; which is, that the sense I would give this passage is exactly conformable to what our poet says but few verses before, which are, in your translation, these:

When suits commence, dishonest strife the cause,
Faith violated, and the breath of laws,
Enfue; the cries of justice haunt the judge.

[This whole note by Mr. Theobald.]

Ver. 354. Plutarch would have these lines left out as blasphemy, and unworthy Hesiod. I must beg leave to dissent from him. The poet here says, with the greatest solemnity, "may I nor mine be just, if to be so is to be unfortunate, and if to be wicked is to be successful," as we see in life it often happens. I think he takes a bold scope, and well solves the objection of Plutarch in this line:

Αλλα ταν' ηγω εολπα τιλιν δια τριπικραυνοιν.

But this is my comfort, "I hope it is not by the consent of Jove." *Tzetzes*.

Ver. 372. Here the poet has a regard to real merit, wisely considering that a good act is sometimes done, and the author of it ignorant of the good he does, therefore consequently void of the merit of it; as on the contrary, a man may commit a crime without the consent of his will, and is therefore guiltless.

Ver. 382. The beauty of this passage is admirable; and it will appear the more so, when we consider the truth of the doctrine in this poetical dress. The road to what he here calls wickedness is soon found; that is, our appetites are no sooner capable of enjoying their proper objects, but such objects are every day presenting themselves to us; the way to what he calls virtue, and which is really so, is truly rugged, because we must resist the dictates of nature, if we consider ourselves as mere sensual beings, and reject those things which would give us immediate pleasure.

Ver. 306. After the poet has endeavoured to excite his brother to acts of justice, by moral precepts, he reminds him of his birth, intimating that by acts of virtue the honour of a family is supported. *Tzetzes*. See farther in the Life.

Ver. 424. How proper is this, after he had recommended boldness to his brother, lest he should mistake that which he designed as an honest resolution boldly pursued, and convert the best advice to the prejudice of others!

Ver. 448. The thighs were offered to the gods, because of the honour due to them, those parts being of greatest service to animals in walking, and generating; and thereby, says *Tzetzes*, they commended themselves, and their undertakings, to divine protection.

We find the same offerings ordained by the Levitical laws, though perhaps not just on the same occasion. How near the ceremonies agreed is uncertain; for here our author is deficient. We find the same strict command in Leviticus, that the victim should be pure. "And if his offering, for a sacrifice of peace offering, unto the Lord, be of the flock, male or female, he shall offer it without blemish, Chap. iii. ver. 6." There likewise the fat, and those parts which contribute most to generation, are more particularly appropriated to that use. "And he shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord; the fat thereof, and the whole rump, it shall he take off hard by the back bone; and the fat that covereth the inwards, and all the fat that is on the inwards. And the two kidneys, and the fat that is on them, which is by the flanks, and the caul

"above the liver, with the kidneys, it shall he take away. And the priest shall burn them on the altar, it is the food of the offering made by fire, for a sweet savour. All the fat is the Lord's, ver. 9, 15, 16." And in the same book are the offerings of frankincense, and drink offerings, instituted. In the Iliad of Homer, book i. the thighs are offered to Apollo, as likewise in the Odyssey, book xxi. and in several other parts of these two poems.

Ver. 470. Our author in his rules of morality does not recommend an observation of the laws only, but all that may conduce to the true enjoyment of life, to ourselves, our friends, and our neighbours, as liberality, a particular regard to good men, in our payments to return more than we borrow; none of which we are obliged to by any laws; all this, therefore, must proceed from a generous soul, from a knowledge of the world, and a just and prudent way of thinking. He likewise shows, that to be honest, to be liberal, is not only to indulge a noble passion, but to be friends to ourselves; and the rule he lays down in one line is enforced by the reason in the next. What an elegant praise is that Tully gives our poet, when, to

recommend this passage, he uses the same words, as near as he can, which he so much admires.

"Illud Hesiodum laudatur a doctis quod eadem mensurâ reddere jubet, quâ acciperis, aut etiam cumulatior, si possis.

"That passage of Hesiod is commended by men of learning, because he commands you never to return less than you borrow, but more, if you are able."

Ver. 498. The reason Tzetzes, and some other commentators, give for this advice, is, that wine, when the cask is first pierced is small, being next the air, and when low, troubled with dregs; at both which times, they say, Hesiod advises not to be sparing, the wine not being of much value; but when it is about half out, it draws more pure; then is the time to be frugal. A poor compliment this to his guests! If so, all his former rules of liberality are destroyed; but these gentlemen must certainly mistake his meaning. All that he would recommend is, not to let our liberality run to profuseness; and, when the wine is strong, not to drink to excess, by which we become enemies to ourselves and friends.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this book, the poet instructs his countrymen in the arts of agriculture and navigation, and in the management of the vintage: he illustrates the work with rural descriptions, and concludes with several religious precepts, founded on the custom and manners of his age.

WHEN the Pleiades, of Atlas born,
Before the sun's arise illumine the morn,
Apply the sickle to the ripen'd corn;
And when, attendant on the sun's decline,
They in the ev'ning ether only shine,
Then is the season to begin to plough,
To yoke the oxen, and prepare to sow:
There is a time when forty days they lie,
And forty nights, conceal'd from human eye,
But in the course of the revolving year,
When the swain sharp's the scythe, again appear.
This is the rule to the laborious swain,
Who dwells or near or distant from the main,
Whether the shady vale receives his toil,
And he manures the fat, the inland soil.

Would you the fruits of all your labours see,
Or plow, or sow, or reap, still naked be;
Then shall thy barns, by Ceres blest, appear
Full of the various produce of the year;
Nor shall the seasons then behold thee poor, 20
A mean dependant on another's store.
Though, foolish Peres, bending to thy pray'rs,
I lately heard thy complaints, and eas'd thy cares,
On me no longer for supplies depend,
For I no more shall give, no more shall lend.

} Labour industrious, if you would succeed;
That men should labour have the gods decreed,
That with our wives and children we may live,
Without th' assistance that our neighbours give,
That we may never know the pain of mind 30
To ask for succour, and no succour find:
Twice, thrice, perhaps, they may your wants supply;

But constant beggars teach them to deny;
Then wretched may you beg, and beg again,
And use the moving force of words in vain.
Such ills to shun, my counsels lay to heart;
Nor dread the debtor's chain, nor hunger's smart.

A house, and yoke of oxen, first provide,
A maid to guard your herds, and then a bride;
The house be furnish'd as thy need demands, 40
Nor want to borrow from a neighbour's hands.
While to support your wants abroad you roam,
Time glides away, and work stands still at home.
Your business ne'er defer from day to day,
Sorrow and poverty attend delay;
But lo! the careful man shall always find
Increase of wealth according to his mind.

When the hot season of the year is o'er
That draws the toilsome sweat from ev'ry pore,

When o'er our heads th' abated planet rolls 30
A shorter course, and visits distant poles,
When Jove descends in show'rs upon the plains,
And the parch'd earth is cheer'd with plenteous
rains,

When human bodies feel the grateful change,
And less a burden to themselves they range,
When the tall forest sheds her foliage round,
And with autumnal verdure strews the ground,
The bole is incorrupt, the timber good;
Then whet the founding ax to fell the wood.

Provide a mortar three feet deep, and strong;
And let the pestle be three cubits long. 61

One foot in length next let the mallet be,
Ten spans the wain, seven feet her axletree;
Of wood four crooked bits the wheel compose,
And give the length three spans to each of those.

From hill or field the hardest helm prepare,
To cut the part in which you place the share;
Thence your advantage will be largely found,
With that your oxen may long tear the ground:
And next, the skilful husbandman to show, 70
Fast in the handle to the beam below:

Let the draught-beams of sturdy oak be made,
And for the handle rob the laurel shade;
Or, if the laurel you refuse to sell,
Seek out the elm, the elm will serve as well.
Two ploughs are needful: one let art bestow,
And one let nature to the service bow;

If use or accident, the first destroy,
Its fellow in the furrow'd field employ. [age

Yoke from the herd two sturdy males, whose
Mature secures them from each other's rage; 81
For if too young they will unruly grow,
Unfinish'd leave the work, and break the plough:
These, and your labour shall the better thrive,
Let a good ploughman, year'd to forty, drive;
And see the careful husbandman be fed
With plenteous morsels, and of wholesome bread:
The slave, who numbers fewer days, you'll find
Careless of work, and of a rambling mind;
Perhaps, neglectful to direct the plough, 90
He in one furrow twice the sled will sow.

Observe the crane's departing flight in time,
Who yearly soars to seek a southern clime,
Conscious of cold; when the shrill voice you hear,
Know the fit season for the plough is near;
Then he, for whom no oxen graze the plains,
With aching heart, beholds the winter rains;
Be mindful then the sturdy ox to feed,
And careful keep within the useful breed.
You say, perhaps, you will entreat a friend, 100
A yoke of oxen, and a plough to lend:
He your request, if wise, will thus refuse,
I have but two, and these I want to use;
To make a plough great is th' expence and care;
All these you should, in proper time, prepare.
Reproofs like these avoid; and to behold
Your fields bright waving with their ears of gold,
Let unimprov'd no hour, in season, fly,
But with your servants plough, or wet, or dry;
And in the spring again to turn the soil 110
Observe: the summer shall reward your toil,
While light and fresh the glebe insert the grain;
Then shall your children smile, nor you complain.

Prefer with zeal, when you begin to plough,
To Jove terrene, and Ceres chaste, the vow:
Then will the rural deities regard
Your welfare, and your piety reward.
Forget not, when you sow the grain, to mind
That a boy follows with a rake behind;
And strictly charge him, as you drive, with care,
The seed to cover, and the birds to scare. 121
Through ev'ry task, with diligence, employ
Your strength; and in that duty be your joy;
And, to avoid of life the greatest ill,
Never may sloth prevail upon thy will:
(Bless'd who with order their affairs dispose!
But rude confusion is the source of woes!)
Then shall you see, Olympian Jove your friend,
With pond'rous grain the yellow harvest bend;
Then of Arachne's web the vessels clear, 130
To hoard the produce of the fertile year.
Think then, O think! how pleasant will it be,
At home an annual support to see,
To view with friendly eyes your neighbour's store,
And to be able to relieve the poor.

Learn now what seasons for the plough to shun:
Beneath the tropic of the winter's sun
Be well observant not to turn the ground,
For small advantage will from thence be found:
How will you sigh when thin your crop appears,
And the short stalks support the dusty ears! 141
Your scanty harvest then, in baskets press'd,
Will, by your folly, be your neighbour's jest;
Sometimes, indeed, it otherwise may be;
But who th' effect of a bad cause can see?
If late you to the ploughman's task accede,
The symptoms these the later plough must speed.
When first the cuckoo from the oak you hear,
In welcome sounds, foretell the spring-time near,
If Jove, the ploughman's friend, upon the plains,
Three days and nights, descends in constant
rains, 151

Till on the surface of the glebe the tide
Rise to that height the ox's hoof may hide,
Then may you hope your store of golden grain
Shall equal his who earlier turn'd the plain.
Observe, with care, the precepts I impart,
And may they never wander from thy heart;
Then shall you know the show'rs what seasons
bring,

And what the bus'ness of the painted spring.
In that bleak and dead season of the year, 160
When naked all the woods and fields appear,
When nature lazy for a while remains,
And the blood almost freezes in the veins,
Avoid the public forge where wretches fly
Th' inclement rigour of the winter sky:
Thither behold the slothful vermin stray,
And there in idle talk consume the day;
Half-starv'd they sit, in evil consult join'd,
And, indolent, with hope buoy up their mind; }
Hope that is never to the hungry kind! 170
Labour in season to increase thy store,
And never let the winter find thee poor:
Thy servants all employ till summer's past,
For tell them summer will not always last.

The month all hurtful to the lab'ring kine,
In part devoted to the god of wine,

Demands your utmost care; when raging forth,
 O'er the wide seas the tyrant of the north,
 Bellowing through Thrace, tears up the lofty woods,
 Hardens the earth, and binds the rapid floods. 180
 The mountain oak, high tow'ring to the skies,
 Torn from his root across the valley lies;
 Wide spreading ruin threatens all the shore,
 Loud groans the earth, and all the forests roar:
 And now the beast amaz'd from him that reigns
 Lord of the woods to those which graze the plains,
 Shy'ring the piercing blast, affrighted, flies
 And guards his tender tail betwixt his thighs.
 Now nought avails the roughness of the bear,
 The ox's hide, nor the goat's length of hair, 190
 Rich in their fleece, alone the well cloth'd fold,
 Dread not the blust'ring wind, nor fear the cold.
 The man, who could erect support his age,
 Now bends reluctant to the north-wind's rage:
 From accidents like these the tender maid,
 Free and secure, of storms nor winds afraid,
 Lives, nurtur'd chaste beneath her mother's eye,
 Unhurt, unfully'd, by the winter's sky;
 Or now to bathe her lovely limbs she goes, 199
 Now round the fair the fragrant ointment flows;
 Beneath the virtuous roof she spends the nights,
 Stranger to golden Venus, and her rites.
 Now does the boneless polypus, in rage,
 Feed on his feet, his hunger to assuage;
 The sun no more, bright shining in the day,
 Directs him in the flood to find his prey;
 O'er swarthy nations while he fiercely gleams,
 Greece feels the pow'r but of his fainter beams.
 Now all things have a different face below;
 The beasts now shiver at the falling snow; 210
 Through woods, and through the shady vale, they
 run

To various haunts, the pinching cold to shun;
 Some to the thicket of the forest flock,
 And some, for shelter, seek the hollow rock.

A winter garment now demands your care,
 To guard the body from th' inclement air;
 Soft be the inward vest, the outward strong,
 And large to wrap you warm, down reaching
 long:

Thin lay your warp, when you the loom prepare,
 And close to weave the woof no labour spare. 220
 The rigour of the day a man defies,
 Thus cloth'd; nor sees his hairs like bristles rise.
 Next for your feet the well hair'd shoes provide,
 Hairy within, of a sound ox's hide.
 A kid's soft skin over your shoulders throw,
 Unhurt to keep you from the rain or snow;
 And for your head a well made cov'ring get,
 To keep your ears safe from the cold and wet.

When o'er the plains the north exerts his sway,
 From his sharp blasts piercing begins the day; 230
 Then from the sky the morning dews descend,
 And fruitful o'er the happy lands extend.
 The waters by the winds convey'd on high,
 From living streams in early dew-drops lie
 Bright on the grass; but if the north-wind swells
 With rage, and thick and sable clouds compells,
 They fall in ev'ning storms upon the plain:
 And now from ev'ry part the lab'ring swain
 Foresees the danger of the coming rain; }

Leaving his work, panting behold him scour 240
 Homeward, incessant to outrun the shower.
 This month commands your care of all the year,
 Alike to man and beast the most severe:

The ox's provender be stinted now;
 But plenteous meals the husbandman allow;
 For the long nights but tedious pass away.
 These rules observe while night succeeds the day,
 Long as our common parent, earth shall bring
 Her various offspring forth to grace the spring.

When from the tropic of the winter's sun, 250
 Thrice twenty-days and nights their course have
 run,

And when Arcturus leaves the main to rise
 A star, bright shining in the ev'ning skies,
 Then prune the vine; 'tis dang'rous to delay
 Till with complaints the swallow breaks the day.

When with their domes the flow-pac'd snails
 retreat,

Beneath some foliage, from the burning heat
 Of the Pleiades, your tools prepare;
 The ripen'd harvest then denands your care.
 Now fly the jocund shades, your morning sleep,
 And constant to their work your servants keep;
 All other pleasures to your duty yield; 262
 The harvest calls, haste early to the field,
 The morning workman always best succeeds;
 The morn the reaper, and the traveller speeds:
 But when the thistle wide begins to spread,
 And rears in triumph his offensive head,
 When in the shady boughs, with quiv'ring wings,
 The grasshopper all day continual sings,
 The season when the dog resumes his reign, 270
 Weakens the nerves of man and burns the brain,
 Then the fat flesh of goats is wholesome food,
 And to the heart the gen'rous wine is good;
 Then nature through the softer sex does move,
 And stimulates the fair to acts of love:
 Then in the shade avoid the mid-day sun,
 Where zephyrs breathe, and living fountains run;
 There pass the sultry hours with friends away,
 And frolic out in harmless mirth the day;
 With country cates your homely table spread, 280
 The goat's new milk, and cakes of milk your
 bread; [meat;

The flesh of beeves, which brouse the trees, your
 Nor spare the tender flesh of kids to eat;
 With Byblian wine the rural feast be crown'd;
 Three parts of water, let the bowl go round.

Forget not, when Orion first appears,
 To make your servants thresh the sacred ears;
 Upon the level floor the harvest lay,
 Where a soft gale may blow the chaff away;
 Then, of your labour to compute the gain, 290
 Before you fill the vessels mete the grain.
 Sweep up the chaff, to make your work complete,
 The chaff and straw the ox and mule will eat.
 When in the year's provision you have laid,
 Take home a single man and servant maid;
 Among your workmen let this care be shown
 To one who has no mansion of his own.
 Be sure a sharp tooth'd cur well fed to keep,
 Your house's guard, while you in safety sleep.
 The harvest pass'd, and thus by Ceres blest'd, 300
 Unyoke the beast, and give your servants rest.

Orion and the Dog, each other nigh,
Together mounted to the midmost sky,
When in the rosy morn Arcturus shines,
Then pluck the clusters from the parent vines;
Forget not next the ripen'd grapes to lay
Ten nights in air, nor take them in by day;
Five more remember, ere the wine is made,
To let them lie to mellow in the shade;
And in the sixth briskly yourself employ, 310
To cask the gift of Bacchus, fire of joy.
Next, in the round do not to plough forget,
When the Seven Virgins and Orion set:
Thus an advantage always shall appear,
In ev'ry labour of the various year.

If o'er your mind prevails the love of gain,
And tempts you to the dangers of the main,
Yet in her harbour safe the vessel keep,
When strong Orion chafes to the deep
The Virgin stars; then the winds war aloud, 320
And veil the ocean with a fable cloud:
Then round the bark, already haul'd on shore,
Lay stones, to fix her when the tempests roar;
But first forget not well the keel to drain;
And draw the pin to save her from the rain.
Furl the ship's wings, her tackling home convey,
And o'er the smoke the well made rudder lay.
With patience wait for a propitious gale,
And a calm season to unfurl the sail;
Then launch the swift wing'd vessel on the main,
With a fit burden to return with gain. 331
So our poor father toil'd his hours away,
Careful to live in the unhappy day;
He, foolish Peres, spent no time in vain,
But fled misfortunes through the wat'ry plain,
He, from Æolian Cuma, th' ocean pass'd,
Here in his fable bark arriv'd at last.
Not far from Helicon he fix'd his race,
In Ascrea's village, miserable place!
How comfortless the winter season there! 340
And cheerless Ascrea is thy summer air.

O Peres, may'st thou ne'er forget thy fire,
But let thy breast his good example fire:
The proper bus'ness of each season mind;
And, O! be cautious when you trust the wind.
If large the vessel, and her lading large,
And if the seas prove faithful to their charge,
Great are your gains; but, by one evil blast,
Away your hopes are with your venture cast.
If diligent to live from debtors free, 350
You rashly are resolv'd to trade by sea,
To my instructions an attention pay,
And learn the courses of the liquid way:
Though nor to build, nor guide a ship I know,
I'll teach you when the sounding main to plough.
Once I have cross'd the deep, and not before
Nor since, from Aulis to Eubœa's shore,
From Aulis, where th' assembled Greeks lay bound,
All arm'd for Troy, for beauteous dames re-
nown'd:

At Chalcis, there the youth of noble mind, 360
For so their great forefather had enjoin'd,
The games decreed, all sacred to the grave
Of king Amphidamas, the wise and brave;
A victor there in song the pride I bore,
A well ear'd tripod, to my native shore;

Which to the sacred Heliconian nine
I offer'd grateful for their gift divine,
Where with the love of verse I first was fir'd,
Where by the heav'nly maids I was inspir'd; 370
To them I owe, to them alone I owe,
What of the seas or of the stars I know;
Mine is the pow'r to tell, by them reveal'd,
The will of Jove, tremendous with his shield;
To them who taught me first, to them belong
The blooming honours of th' immortal song.

When, from the tropic of the summer's sun,
Full fifty days and nights their course have run,
Fearless of danger, for the voy'ge prepare,
Smooth is the ocean, and serene the air: [view,
Then you the bark, safe with her freight, may
And glad some as the day the joyful crew, 381
Unless great Jove, the king of gods, or he,
Neptune, that shakes the earth, and rules the sea,
The two immortal pow'rs on whom the end
Of mortals, good and bad, alike depend,
Should jointly or alone their force employ,
And in a luckless hour the ship destroy:
If, free from such mischance, the vessel flies
O'er a calm sea, beneath indulgent skies, 389
Let nothing long thee from thy home detain,
But measure, quickly measure back the main.
Haste your return before the vintage past
Prevent th' autumnal show'rs and southern blast,
Or you, too late a penitent, will find
A ruff'd ocean, and unfriendly wind.

Others there are who choose to hoist the sail,
And plough the sea, before a spring-tide gale,
When first the footsteps of the crow are seen
Clearly as on the trees the budding green:
But then, may my advice prevail, you'll keep 400
Your vessel safe at land, nor trust the deep;
Many, surprising weakness of the mind,
Tempt all the perils of the sea and wind,
Face death in all the terrors of the main,
Seeking, the soul of wretched mortals, gain.
Would'st thou be safe, my cautions be thy guide;
'Tis sad to perish in the boist'rous tide.
When for the voy'ge your vessel leaves the shore,
Trust in her hollow sides not half your store;
The less your loss should she return no more: 410
With all your stock, how dismal would it be
To have the cargo perish in the sea!
A load, you know, too ponderous for the wain,
Will crush the axletree, and spoil the grain.
Let ev'ry action prove a mean confess'd;
A moderation is in all the best.

Next to my counsels an attention pay,
To form your judgment for the nuptial day.
When you have number'd thrice ten years in time,
The age mature when manhood dates his prime,
With caution choose the partner of your bed: 421
Whom fifteen springs have crown'd, a virgin wed.
Let prudence now direct your choice; a wife
Is or a blessing or a curse in life;
Her father, mother, know, relations, friends,
For on her education much depends:
If all are good, accept the maiden bride;
Then form her manners, and her actions guide:
A life of bliss succeeds the happy choice;
Nor shall your friends lament, nor foes rejoice. 430

Wretched the man condemn'd to drag the chain,
 What restless ev'ning his, what days of pain!
 Of a luxurious mate, a wanton dame,
 That ever burns with an insatiate flame,
 A wife who seeks to revel out the nights
 In sumptuous banquets, and in stol'n delights:
 Ah! wretched mortal: though in body strong,
 Thy constitution cannot serve thee long;
 Old age vexatious shall o'ertake thee soon;
 Thine is the ev'n of life before the noon. 440
 Observe in all you do, and all you say,
 Regard to the immortal gods to pay.

First in your friendship let your brother stand,
 So nearly join'd in blood, the strictest ban;
 Or should another be your heart's ally,
 Let not a fault of thine dissolve the tie;
 Nor e'er debase the friendship with a lie. }
 Should he offensive, or in deed, or speech,
 First in the sacred union make the breach,
 To punish him may your resentments tend: 450
 For who more-guilty than a faithless friend!
 But if, repentant of his breach of trust,
 The self accuser thinks your vengeance just,
 And humbly begs you would no more complain,
 Sink your resentments, and be friends again;
 Or the poor wretch, all forrowful to part,
 Sighs for another friend to ease his heart.
 Whatever rage your boiling heart sustains,
 Let not the face disclose your inward pains.

Be your companions o'er the social bowl 460
 The few selected, each a virtuous soul.
 Never a friend among the wicked go,
 Nor ever join to be the good man's foe.
 When you behold a man by fortune poor,
 Let him not leave with sharp rebukes the door:
 The treasure of the tongue, in ev'ry cause,
 With moderation us'd obtains applause;
 What of another you severely say,
 May amply be return'd another day.

When you are summon'd to the public feast, 470
 Go with a willing mind a ready guest;
 Grudge not the charge, the burden is but small;
 Good is the custom, and it pleases all.

When the libation of black wine you bring,
 A morning off'ring to the heavenly king,
 With hands unclean, if you prefer the pray'r,
 Jove is incens'd, your vows are lost in air;
 So all th' immortal pow'rs on whom we call,
 If with polluted hands, are deaf to all.

When you would have your urine pass away,
 Stand not upright before the eye of day; 481
 And scatter not your water as you go;
 Nor let it, when you're naked, from you flow:
 In either case 'tis an unseemly sight:
 The gods observe alike by day and night:

The man whom we devout and wife may call
 Sits in that act, or streams against a wall.

Whate'er you do in amorous delight,
 Be all transacted in the veil of night;
 And when transported, to your wife's embrace
 You haste, pollute no consecrated place: 491
 Nor seek to taste her beauties when you part
 From a sad fun'ral, with a heavy heart:
 When from the joyous feast you come all gay,
 In her fair arms revel the night away.

When to the rivulet to bathe you go,
 Whose lucid currents never ceasing, flow,
 'Ere to deface the stream you leave the land,
 With the pure limpid waters cleanse each hand;
 Then on the lovely surface fix your look, 500
 And supplicate the guardians of the brook:
 Who in the river thinks himself secure,
 With malice at his heart, and hands impure,
 Too late a penitent, shall find ere long,
 By what the gods inflict, his rashness wrong.

When to the gods your solemn vows you pay,
 Strictly attend while at the feast you stay;
 Nor the black iron to your hands apply,
 From the fresh parts to pare the useless dry.

The bowl, from which you the libation pour
 To heav'n, profane not in the social hour: 511
 Who things devote to vulgar use employ,
 Those men some dreadful vengeance shall destroy.

Never begin to build a mansion seat,
 Unless you're sure to make the work complete;
 Left on th' unfinish'd roof, high perch'd, the crow
 Croak horrid, and foretel approaching woe.

'Tis hurtful in the footed jar to eat,
 Till purify'd: nor in it bathe your feet.
 Who in a slothful way his children rears, 520
 Will see them feeble in their riper years.

Never by acts effeminate disgrace
 Yourself, nor bathe your body in the place
 Where women bathe; for time and custom can
 Soften your heart to acts beneath a man.

When on the sacred rites you fix your eyes,
 Deride not in your breast the sacrifice;
 For know, the god, to whom the flames aspire,
 May punish you severely in his ire.

Sacred the fountains, and the seas esteem,
 Nor by indecent acts pollute their stream. 531

These precepts keep, fond of a virtuous name,
 And shun the loud reports of evil fame:
 Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain,
 And sad oppression to be borne with pain;
 And when you would the noisy clamours drown,
 You'll find it hard to lay your burden down:
 Fame of whatever kind, not wholly dies;
 A goddess she, and strengthens as she flies.

NOTES TO THE SECOND BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

Ver. 1. I shall first observe that the poet very judiciously begins his instructions with a general direction when to sow and to reap; which rule is contained in the two first lines, but lengthened

the translation into seven. This first main precept is to reap when the Pleiades rise, and to plough when they set.

After this he informs his countrymen in their several duties at home and in the fields. For the poetical and allegorical meaning of the Pleiades, I shall use the words of the Scholiast on this passage.

Pleione bore to Atlas seven daughters; the names of which we find in the *Phænomena* of Aratus. Alcyone, Merope, Celæno, Electre, Sterope, Taygete, and Maia; but six of which, says he, are seen. These being pursued by Orion, who was in love with them, were changed into doves, and afterwards placed by Jupiter in the Zodiac. Thus much for the fabulous. By Atlas, who is said to support the heavens on his shoulders, is meant the pole, which divides and determinates the hemispheres; of whom the Pleiades, or seven stars, and all other stars, are said to be born; because, after the separation of the hemispheres, they appeared. The rising of the Pleiades is from the 9th of May to the 23d of June; the setting of them from the 8th of October to the 9th of December. *Tzetze*. What our author means by their rising and setting, I have endeavoured to explain in my translation.

Ver. 8. This is, says Tzetzes, partly in April and partly in May; which is occasioned by the vicinity of the sun to the Pleiades at that time. In April he passes through Aries, and in May through Taurus; in the middle of which sign these stars are placed. Some, contrary to Tzetzes, date the rising of these from the beginning of June; to which month quite through May, say they, the sun passes through Taurus and Gemini.

Ver. 22. It is evident from these and other lines, that though Peres had defrauded his brother of his right, he was soon reduced to want his assistance. It may not be impertinent here to observe, that Hesiod, in several of his moral precepts, had his eye on the present circumstances of his brother; as in the first book, ver. 431, speaking of the wicked,

— like a dream his ill got riches fly.

Ver. 59. The wood that is felled at this time of the year may be preserved imputrid, the moisture having been dried away by the heat of the weather, which renders it firm and durable; but if felled with the moisture in the trunk or bole, it rots. *Tzetze*.

Ver. 60. Some think this was for the same use of a mill: if so, an argument may be brought, from the invention of mills, for the antiquity of Hesiod, who does not mention one in any of his writings.

Ver. 76. On the ploughs here mentioned, *avτογονοι και τεκνον*, Grævius has a learned note, from the scholiast of Apollonius Rhodius; the first he and other commentators interpret a plough made of a wood that inclines, by nature, to a plough-tail: says one, *aratrum quod habet dentale solidum et adnatum, non affixum*. Tzetzes takes no notice of this passage. See the View.

Ver. 94. The crane is a very fearful and tender bird, and soon sensible of cold and heat, and, through the weight of its body, easily feels the

quality of the upper air, while flying; which occasions her screaming in cold weather, lest she should fall. *Tzetze*.

Ver. 114. Hesiod keeps up an air of piety quite through his poem, which, as Mr. Addison observes in his Essay on the Georgic, should be always maintained. Tzetzes tells us *Ζευς χθονιος* is Bacchus; and the reason for his being joined with Ceres, is because they were in Egypt together, where they instructed men in the art of tillage, and planting. It is not unreasonable to imagine, the poet should invoke Bacchus and Ceres, who are the two deities which preside over the harvest and the vintage, two great subjects of this book: but the learned Grævius has put it out of dispute that it is Pluto. *Ζευς χθονιος*, says he, is the infernal Jupiter; by *χθονια* the Greeks meant *καταχθονια*, "what is under ground." This he illustrates by many authorities, and proves *Χθονιος Δις* to be "infernal gods." We find many inscriptions, continues he, *ΧΘΟΝΙΟΙΣ ΘΕΟΙΣ*, in other places *Δις καταχθονιος*. We see in ancient monuments *χθονιος* *Εγους* infernal Mercury, because he drives the souls of the departed to the shades below. Æschylus calls Pluto *Ζευς κεκαμηλωτος*, the Jupiter of the dead; and Hesiod, likewise, in his Theogony, styles him *Δις χθονιος*; and the furies are called by Euripides, *χθονιας Δις* "infernal goddesses." Now let us examine why Pluto is invoked by the husbandmen; he was believed to be author of all the riches which come out of the earth. This we have in a hymn to Pluto ascribed to Orpheus:

Πλουτοδωτων γηνιν βοοτην καρποις εναντων.
"The giver of riches to human race in annual fruits," and Cicero, *de Natura Deorum*, thus accounts for it, "quod recidunt omnia in terras, et oriuntur e terris," because all things must be reduced to, and arise from, the earth. Thus far Grævius; and Valla, in his translation, has took it in the same sense: "Plutonem, in primis, venerare."

Ver. 128. *Ει τιλος αντος σπιν Ολυμπιος ελπι σπασει*, is one line in the original; the construction of which is, "if heaven shall afterwards grant you a good end." The natural interpretation of which is, that proper pains may be taken for the tillage; but, if an unlucky season should happen, the labour of the husbandman is frustrated.

Ver. 137. After the poet has taught his countrymen what seasons to plough and sow in, he teaches them what to avoid: which are all the days in the winter tropic, or what the Latins call Solstice. From the setting of Sagitta, and the rising of Equus, to the rising of the Pleiades, which is from the eighth degree of Aries to the seventh of Cancer, the vernal equinox begins and ends. From the rising of the Pleiades, which is from the eighth degree of Cancer, to the rising of Arcturus and Capricorn, is the summer solstice, of one hundred and twenty-four days. From the rising of Arcturus and Capricorn, to the setting of the Pleiades and Orion, is the autumn equinox, of fifty-six days. From the setting of the Pleiades and Orion, to the setting of Sagitta, and the rising of Equus, is the winter solstice of an hundred days. *Tzetze*.

Ver. 164. Grævius changes the common Latin translation of this passage, *Aeneam fedem*, into *officinam arariam*, or *ferrariam*, which is apparently right to all who understand the author. These forges, with the *λειτουργίαι*, were places always open to poor people, where they used to sleep. Proclus, in his remarks on this verse, says, at one time in Athens were three hundred and sixty of these public places. *Θωκος* is the same with *δομος*; in this sense our poet uses it in another place: *Φιούγειν δὲ σκιστρὴς θωκος*, fly the open houses, or shady places: hence *θωκος* signifies to loiter, or gossip, in any place; and hence *θωκεῖ, καθήκει, and ἀμείλει*, become synonymous. Dicaearchus gives this character of the Athenians: a people, says he, much inclined to vain prating; a lurking, sycophantic crew, very inquisitive after the affairs of other people. Thus much from Grævius. These places, in one sense, are not unlike the *tonstrina*, or barbers-shops of the Romans, where all the idle people assembled; which were once remarkable, and are now, in several places among us, for being the rendezvous of idle folks. In this sense, Frisius seems to take this passage: *fabrorum vitatoe foci, nugaeque calentes*, &c. This same custom of loitering, and gossiping, at a barber's shop, was notorious too at Athens, as we may learn from the Plutus of Aristophanes.

Οὐ πιστεύομαι

Και τοὶ λόγος ὅτι, ἢ τ' Ἡρακλῆα, πολλὸς
ἔστι τοιοῦτο κουρεύοισι τῶν καθήμενων.

"By Hercules, I would not believe it, if it was the common talk among the idle fellows in the barbers-shops."

The last part of this note, from Aristophanes, by Mr. Theobald.

Ver. 175. Here begins a lively and poetical description. The coming of the north wind, the effect it has on the land, water, woods, man, and beast, is naturally and beautifully painted. The incidents of the sleep, and the virgin, are ridiculed, by Mr. Addison, in his Essay on the Georgic, as mean. I must beg leave to dissent from that great writer. The representation of their comfortable condition serves to enliven the picture of the distress of the other creatures, who are more exposed to the inclemency of the weather. All this is carried on with great judgment: the poet goes not out of the country for images: he tells us not of the havoc that is made in towns by storms. That of the polypus, is a very proper circumstance, and not foreign to a rural description. Valla and Frisus differ in their names of this month; one will have it to be December, and the other January: be it either of which, it is plain from hence it was the month in which the Greeks celebrated the feast of Bacchus, Hesiod calls it *Ἀργαῖον*, from one of the names of that deity.

Ver. 203. The original, which I have translated Polypus, from the example of every Latin version, and commentator, is *ἀσπίς*, which signifies any thing that is boneless. The Scholiast tells us, from Pliny, book ix. the polypus in the

severe winter seasons keeps in his cave, and gnaws his feet through hunger; and Tzetzes says many of them have been found with maimed feet. From these accounts, we may reasonably conclude what Hesiod calls *ἀσπίς* to be the same fish.

Ver. 215. Here is a description of the old Grecian habit for men in winter. The soft tunic is an under garment, the other a sort of a loose coat to wrap round the body, which he informs you how to make. The warp is that part of the loom, when set, which the shuttle goes through; the woof is the thread which comes from the shuttle in weaving. To keep the neck warm, he advises to throw the skin of some beast cross the shoulders. The covering for the head was a thick cap, which came quite over the ears. From his mentioning nothing else in particular, we may imagine the shoes completed the dress. Le Clerc, on this place, merrily observes, that the earnest directions for making the winter dress, savour very much of old age in the poet: but I must I beg leave to remark, that some allowance is to be made for the bad climate of his country, of which we find himself giving a wretched character.

Ver. 233. Hence we may learn the opinion of the ancients concerning the dew. Says Tzetzes, a cloud contracted from humid vapours extenuates into wind: if the vapours are thin, they descend into dew; but if thick, they condense and fall into rain.

I shall recommend to those who would inform themselves better in the nature of these bodies, and how they act on each other, Dr. Woodward's Natural History of the Earth, in the third part of which these subjects are judiciously treated of.

Ver. 244. The reason the Scholiast gives for stinting the provender of the oxen at this time, is, because the days are at the shortest; therefore they are not kept so much to labour as in some other parts of the year; but they sleep most of their time away, and therefore are recruited by rest. The case is not the same with the husbandmen; their labour is not lessened, and they require the more food, the more rigorous the weather.

Ver. 250. The setting of the Pleiades is from the 8th of October to the 9th of December. The winter solstice continues an hundred days after; and, according to the poet, Arcturus rises sixty days after the winter solstice. The use of pruning the vines at this time must be to cut off the leaves which shade the grapes from the sun.

Ver. 255. The poet calls it *παρθένος χελιδόν*, alluding to the story of Progne and Philomela, the daughters of Pandion, king of Athens; the latter of which was married to Tereus, king of Thrace, who was in love with her sister Progne, whom he debauched, and afterwards cut out her tongue. The story is told at large by Ovid, in his Metamorphoses, book vi.

Ver. 256. The Greek word, which I have translated snails, is *φεισινος*, which literally signifies any animal that carries its house about with it. The poet here says, it is time to begin the

harvest when the ground is so excessive hot, that the snail, or *φεισικός*, cannot bear it.

Ver. 269. It is remarkable, that Virgil, and other Latin poets, generally use the epithet *cicada* to *cicada*: whereas the Greeks describe the *τιτῆξ* as a musical creature,—*Τιτῆγες ἔπει τογὰ φειστέρον αἶδουσ*. Theoc. Idyl. I.

You sing sweeter than a grasshopper.

Μακαρίζομαι σι, τιτῆξ,
Οτι δένδρεων ἐστ' ἀκρον,
Ολίγη δ' ὄρεσον πίπτωκος,
Βασιλεὺς ὅπως, αἰδοῖς.

ANACREON.

Grasshopper, we hail thee blest'd,
In thy lofty shady nest,
Happy, merry, as a king,
Sipping dew, you sip and sing.

We have a fuller description of this creature in the shield of Hercules:

The season when the grasshopper begun
To welcome with his song the summer sun;
With his black wings he flies the melting day
Beneath the shade, his seat a verdant spray;
He early with the morn exerts his voice,
Him mortals hear, and as they hear rejoice;
All day they hear him from his cool retreat;
The tender dew his drink, the dew his meat.

I must here take notice, that the grasshopper, in the original, is *νηχίτα τιτῆξ*.

* "The Greek poets, agreeing thus in their description of this creature, give me reason to believe the common translation of this word into *cicada* is false. Henry Stephens, and others, give us an account of the *cicada*, and *acheta*, the latter of which, say they, is the finger." The following collection, concerning this creature, by Mr. Theobald. The *νηχίτα τιτῆξ*, or male singing grasshopper, has such properties ascribed to it, by the ancients, as ought to leave us greatly in doubt, whether it could be the same animal which we now call by that name. I will subjoin what I have met with in authors concerning it, and think the contents of such extracts may stand for reasons. Hesiod, Anacreon, Theocritus, Aristophanes, &c. all concur to celebrate the sweetness of its note: and the old Scholiast upon Aristophanes particularly acquaints us, that the Athenians, of the most early times, wore golden grasshoppers in their hair; because, being a musical animal, it was sacred to Apollo, who was one of their tutelary deities. I can remember but a single passage that contains any thing spoken in derogation of the melody of the *τιτῆξ*, and that is from Simonides, as quoted by Athenæus. *Τὰν ἀμύστοι τιτῆγες*, Lib. xv. cap. 8. Casaubon renders it, "Quam cicadæ modum nesciæ;" and tells us, that the *τιτῆγες* here stand for bad poets, or bad singers. The utmost talent, I think, of our grasshoppers now known, is an acute, but not over grateful, chirping.

Ælian, in particular, *de Animal.* instances, among the preferences that nature gives to the male sex in animals, the singing of the male grasshoppers:

and, in another place, he seems to rank them with birds; for all the other birds that are vocal, says he, express their sound, like man, with the mouth; but the tone of the *τιτῆξ* is by the verberation of a little membrane about the loins.

Aristotle does not give us much light upon the question: he says *περὶ ζῴων*, lib. v. there are two sorts of *τιτῆγες*, a larger and a smaller sort: that the large and vocal species were called *αχίται*, but the small *τιτῆγωνα*. and subjoins, that no *τιτῆγες* are to be found, where no trees are; a point that will presently fall under consideration.

But we learn something farther from Ælian, *de Animal.* lib. xii., that these *τιτῆγες* were not only more vocal than what are now met with, but of a size big enough to be fold for food; that there was likewise a sea grasshopper, if we are to call it so, of the bigness of a small crab or cray fish, which made some noise when ever it was taken, lib. xiii. These, indeed, were seldom made use of for food, by reason of a singular superstition; for the Serephians paid them such uncommon homage, as to bury, and weep over, any of them which died, because they esteemed them sacred to Perseus, the son of Jupiter. There is another circumstance, asserted by a number of authors, in which the *τιτῆγες* differed from our grasshoppers; and that is, of their sitting and singing in trees. It is evident, says Eustathius, *ad Iliad* iii., that the *τιτῆγες* sing aloft; for a great part of their songs come from the branches of trees, and not from the ground. This necessarily brings me to remember, says he, that symbolical threatening, which a certain prince sent to his enemies, that he would make their *τιτῆγες* sing on the ground; meaning, that he would cut down their trees, and lay their country waste. Aristotle *περὶ γένεως*, and Demetrius *περὶ εἰκωνίας*, both record this expression, but ascribe it to different persons; and that may be the reason Eustathius names no particular person for it: nor did these *τιτῆγες* sing only upon shrubs and bushes, but on the tops of the most lofty trees. Archias, in his epigram, *vid. Anthol. Græc.* mentions the *τιτῆξ* sitting upon the green boughs of the flourishing pitch-tree; and Leonidas, in another which immediately follows, gives an epithet alluding to its nesting in the oak, *δρυκοῖτα τιτῆγι*.

Lastly, Another circumstance, in which the *τιτῆγες* also differed from our grasshoppers, is, that ours only hop and skip lightly, the other seem to have had a power of flying like birds. Ælian, *de Animal.* lib. v. gives us more than a suspicion of this, or tells us a very ridiculous story, if he did not believe it. He begins with informing us, that the *τιτῆγες* both of Rhegium and Locri, if they were removed out of their own confines into the other, became entirely mute; a change, that nature only could account for. He subjoins to this, that as Rhegium and Locri are separated by a small river, though the distance from bank to bank was not, at most, above an acre's breadth, these *τιτῆγες* never fly over [*καὶ διαπύλαι*] to the opposite bank. Pausanias, *Ἡλιακῶν* ii. (who gives us the name of this river, Caecinus), puts a different turn

upon the story of these memorable *erchyses*, that those on the side of Locri were as shrill as any whatever, but that none of those within the territories of Rhegium were ever vocal. So much for grasshoppers. I thought what is mentioned by our poet, concerning the sweetness of their voice, and their perching on trees, might make this note necessary.

Ver. 284. The Scholiast tells us this wine took its name from a country in Thrace abounding with fine wines. Armenidas is of the same opinion; and Epicharmus says it is so called from the Byblian hills. This is mentioned in the catalogue of wines which Philinus gives us; viz. the Lesbian, Chian, Thasian, Byblian, and Mendæan. Theocritus, in his fourteenth Idyllium, calls it the fine flavoured Byblian. *Le Clerc*.

Ver. 285. The Greeks never accustomed themselves to drink their wine unmixed. When Ulysses parted from Calypso Homer tells us, he took with him "one vessel of wine, and another large one of water." Meander says; *σενς υδατος' οινος δ' ενα ποτιον*, "three of water; and but one of wine." Barnes's Homer. In the fourth book of the Iliad we find Agamemnon complimenting Idomeneus in this manner:

Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
POPE.

Ver. 292. This at first seems absurd, to advise to sweep up the chaff after they had threshed it in a place where the wind blowed it away: but we are to take notice, that the time for threshing is when a soft gale blows; sufficient only to separate the chaff from the corn.

Ver. 302. As the business of agriculture is to be minded from the rising and setting of the Pleiades, that of the vintage is from the appearance of Arcturus; when it appears in the evening the vines are to be pruned, and when in the morning the grapes are to be gathered. This, according to the Scholiast, is sometime after the ninth of August.

Ver. 312. Here the poet ends the labours of the year, so far as relates to the harvest and the vintage, concluding with his first instruction founded on the setting of the Pleiades. For the story of Orion, who was changed into a constellation, and the Pleiades, look on the note to the first line of this book.

Ver. 316. The directions for the management of the vessels, to haul them on shore, to block them round with stones, to keep them steady, to drain the keel, &c. and the particular instructions for the voyage, show their ships not to have been very large, nor their commerce very extensive. The largest man of war, mentioned by Homer, in the Grecian fleet, carrying but one hundred and twenty men.

Ver. 336. The Æolian isles took their name from Æolus their king, who was a great mathematician for his time, and skillful in marine affairs, for which he was afterwards called God of the Winds, *Tactz*. It is not unlikely that Hesiod used this epithet Æolian, to distinguish this city

where his father lived, from Cuma in Italy, famous for the birth of the sybil of that name.

Ver. 339. Alcra is mountainous and windy; where the snow that is on the mountains often melts, and overflows the country. *Tactz*.

Ver. 356. When we consider this positive declaration of his travels, which seems, as I observed before, as if he designed to prevent mistakes, and that Bœotia and Eubœa are both islands, we cannot in the least dispute his being a Bœotian born.

Ver. 365. The honour here paid to poetry, is very great; for we find the tripod the reward only of great and considerable actions. Agamemnon, in the eighth book of the Iliad, seeing the gallant and wonderful exploits of Teucer, promises, if they take Troy, to give him a tripod, as the meed of his valour; and, among other things, the tripod is offered to Achilles, to regain his friendship, when he had left the field. Pausanias book 5. give us an account of the funeral games in honour of Pelias, viz. the chariot-race, the quoiting, the discus, the boxing with the cestus, &c. where Jason, Peleus, and other heroes of the age, contended, and the victor in each had a tripod for his reward. Tripods were for various uses; some were consecrated to the service of religion; some used as seats, some as tables, and some as ornaments; they were supported on three feet, with handles to their sides.

Ver. 383. Neptune is called Earthshaker, because water, according to the opinion of the ancients, is the cause of earthquakes. *Tactz*. Here the names of Jupiter and Neptune, can be used with no other but a physical meaning, that is, for the air and the sea; so that the end of mariners are justly said to be in the hands of Jupiter and Neptune.

Ver. 419. The reason the Spartan lawgiver gave for advising men not to marry till such an age, was because the children should be strong and vigorous. Hesiod's advice, both for the age of the man and the woman, seems to be reasonably grounded. A man at thirty is certainly as strong in his understanding as ever he can be; so far at least as will serve him to conduct his family affairs. A maid of fifteen comes fresh from the care of her parents, without any tincture of the temper of another man; a prudent husband, therefore, may form her mind according to his own: for this reason he would have her a virgin, knowing likewise that the impression a woman receives from a first love is not easily erased.

Ver. 474. Hector uses almost the same words in which the precept is laid down:

Κεχει δ' ἀνιπτικῆν δὲ λείβειν αἰδοπα οἶνον
Ἀζομας. II. 2.

"I am afraid to pour libations of black wine to
"Jove with unwashed hands."

I quote this, as I have other passages with the same view, only to show that the same custom was held sacred in the time of the Trojan wars, according to Homer, as in the days of Hesiod.

Ver. 480. Some of the commentators, and Izetzes among the rest, would persuade us, that the poet

had a secret meaning in each of these superstitious precepts, and that they are not to be took literally, but as so many allegories. In answer to them, we may as well imagine all the Talmud and Levitical laws to be the same. They might as well have said, that the poet would not have us piss towards the sun for fear we should hurt our eyes. I know not whether these and the following precepts favour most of the age of the poet, or of the poet's old age.

Ver. 492: This doubtless is a part of the super-

stition of the age, though the Scholiast would give us a physical reason for abstinence at that time; which is, lest the melancholy of the mind should affect the fruit of the enjoyment. Indeed, the next lines seem to favour this conjecture; and perhaps the poet endeavoured, while he was laying down a religious precept, to strengthen it by philosophy.

Ver. 530. These verses are rejected by Plutarch, whose authority Procles makes use of, as not of our poet. *Quietus*.

BOOK III*.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet here distinguishes holidays from others, and what are propitious and what not, for different works; and concludes with a short recommendation of religion and morality.

YOUR servants to a just observance train
Of days, as Heav'n and human rites ordain;
Great Jove with wisdom o'er the year presides,
Directs the seasons, and the moments guides.
Of ev'ry month, the most propitious day,
The thirtieth, choose your labours to survey;
And the due wages to your servants pay.
The first of ev'ry moon, we sacred deem,
Alike the fourth throughout the year esteem;
And in the seventh Apollo we adore,
In which the golden god Latona bore;
Two days succeeding these extend your cares,
Uninterrupted in your own affairs;
Nor in the next two days, but one, delay
The work in hand, the bus'ness of the day,
Of which the eleventh we propitious hold
To reap the corn, the twelfth to shear the fold;
And then behold, with her industrious train,
The ant, wife reptile, gather in the grain;
Then you may see suspended in the air,
The careful spider his domain prepare;
And while the artist spins the cobweb dome,
The matron cheerful plies the loom at home.
Forget not in the thirteenth to refrain
From sowing, lest your work should prove in vain,
Though then the grain may find a barren soil,
The day is grateful to the planter's toil.

* The precepts laid down in this book, concerning the difference of days, from the motion of the moon seem to be founded partly on nature, and partly on the superstition of the times in which they were writ. The whole is but a sort of an almanack in verse, and affords little room for poetry. Our author, I think, has jumbled his days too negligently together; which confusion, Valla, in his translation, has prevented, by ranging the days in proper succession; a liberty I was fearful to take, as a translator, because almost every line must have been transposed from the original disposition: I have therefore, at the end of the notes, drawn a table of days in their successive order,

Not so the sixteenth to the planter's care;
A day unlucky to the new-born fair,
Alike unhappy to the marry'd then;
A day propitious to the birth of men:
The sixth, the same both to the man and maid;
Then secret vows are made, and nymphs betray'd;
The fair by soothing words are captives led;
The gossip's tale is told, detraction spread;
The kid of castrate, and the ram, we hold
Propitious now; alike to pen the fold.
Geld in the eighth the goat, and lowing steer;
Nor in the twelfth to geld the mule-colt fear.
The offspring male born in the twenty'th prize,
'Tis a great day, he shall be early wife.
Happy the man-child in the tenth day born;
Happy the virgin in the fourteenth morn;
Then train the mule obedient to your hand,
And teach the snarling cur his lord's command;
Then make the bleating flocks their master know,
And bend the horned oxen to the plough.
What in the twenty-fourth you do beware;
And the fourth day requires an equal care;
Then, then, be circumspect in all your ways,
Woos, complicated woos, attend the days.
When, resolute to change a single life,
You wed, on the fourth day lead home your wife;
But first observe the feather'd race that fly,
Remarking well the happy angury.
The fifths of ev'ry month your care require,
Days full of trouble, and afflictions dire:
For then the furies take their round 'tis said,
And heap their vengeance on the perjurd head.
In the sev'nteenth prepare the level floor;
And then of Ceres thresh the sacred store;
In the same day, and when the timber's good,
Sell, for the bed-post and the ship, the wood.
The vessel, suff'ring by the sea and air,
Survey all o'er, and in the fourth repair.
In the nineteenth 'tis better to delay,
Till afternoon, the bus'ness of the day.

Uninterrupted in the ninth pursue
The work in hand, a day propitious through;
Themselves the planters prosp'rous then employ;
To either sex, in birth, a day of joy; 71
The twenty-ninth is best, observe the rule,
Known but to few, to yoke the ox and mule;
'Tis proper then to yoke the flying steed;
But few, alas! these wholesome truths can read;
Then you may fill the cask, nor fill in vain;
Then draw the swift ship to the sable main.
To pierce the cask till the fourteenth delay,
Of all most sacred next the twenty'th day;
After the twenty'th day few of the rest 80
We sacred deem, of that the morn is best.

These are the days of which th' observance can
Bring great advantage to the race of man;
The rest unnam'd indiff'rent pass away,
And nought important marks the vulgar day:
Some one commend, and some another praise,
But most by guests, for few are wise in days;
One cruel as a stepmother we find,
And one as an indulgent mother kind.
O happy mortal! happy he, and bless'd, 90
Whose wisdom here is by his acts confess'd;
Who lives all blameless to immortal eyes,
Who prudently consults the auguries,
Nor by transgression works his neighbour pain,
Nor ever gives him reason to complain.

NOTES ON THE THIRD BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

Ver. 1. That is, teach them how to distinguish lucky days from other. It was customary among the Romans to hang up tables, wherein the fortunate and unfortunate days were marked, as appears from Petronius, chap. 30. *Le Clerc*.

Ver. 3. Jove may be said to preside over the year naturally, from the motion of the celestial bodies in the heavens, or, religiously, from his divine administration.

Ver. 10. Tzetzes endeavours to account for Apollo being born in the seventh day, by arguments from nature, making him the same with the sun; which error Valla has run into in his translation. The mistake is very plain, if we have recourse to the Theogony; where the poet makes Latona bring forth Apollo, and Artemis or Diana, to Jove; and in the same poem makes the sun and moon spring from Thia and Hyperion: Hesiod therefore meant it no otherwise than the birthday of one of their imaginary gods. He tells us also the first, fourth, and twentieth, of every month are holidays; but he gives us no reason for their being so. If a conjecture may be allowed, I think it not unlikely but the first may be the feast of the new moon; which day was always held sacred by the Jews: in which the people ceased from business. "When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn," Amos, chap. viii. ver. 5: but *Le Clerc* will not allow *signon nyctas* here to be a festival: yet the same critic tells us, from Dionysius Petavius, that the Orientals, as well as the most ancient Greeks, went by the lunar month, which they closed with the thirtieth day.

Ver. 18. The poet here makes the ant and the spider sensible of the days; and indeed Tzetzes is

of opinion that the ant is a creature capable of distinction from a sense of the winds, and the influence of the moon: he likewise tells us, from Pliny, that the ants employ themselves all the time of the full of the moon, and cease at the change.

Ver. 24. Melancthon and Frisius tell us it is wrong to sow at this time of the lunar month, because of the excessive moisture, which is hurtful to the corn-seed, and advantageous to plants just planted.

Ver. 54. I translate it, "the feather'd race that fly," to distinguish what kind of augury the poet means. Tzetzes tells us, two crows, the halcyon, or king's-fisher, the dark-coloured hern, a single turtle, and a swallow, &c. are inauspicious; the peacock, and such birds as do no mischief, auspicious. I suppose he does not place the turtle as one of the mischievous kind, but would have the misfortune be in seeing but one.

Ver. 60. He advises to thresh the corn at the time of the full moon, because the air is drier than at other times; and the corn that is sacked, or put up in vessels, while dry, will keep the longer; but if the grain is moist, it will soon grow mouldy and useless.

In the preceding book, the poet tells us the proper month to fell wood in, and in this, the proper day of the month. *Melancthon and Frisius*.

Ver. 92. It is worth observing, that the poet begins and ends his poem with piety towards the gods; the only way to make ourselves acceptable to whom, says he, is by adhering to religion; and, to use the phrase of Scripture, by "eschewing evil."

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ANCIENT GREEK MONTH.

I BELIEVE it will be necessary, for the better understanding the following table, to set in a clear light the ancient Greek month, as we may reasonably conclude it stood in the days of Hesiod, confining ourselves to the last book of his Works and Days.

The poet makes the month contain thirty days, which thirty days he divides into three parts: the first he calls *ισαμινε*, or *ισαμινω μηνος*, in the genitive case, because of some other word which is commonly joined requiring it to be of that case; the root of which, *ισημι* or *ισωω*, signifies I erect, I set up, I fettle, &c. and Henry Stephens interprets the words *ισαμινω μηνος*, *incunte mense*, the entrance of the month, in which sense the poet uses them; which entrance is the first decade, or first ten days. The second he calls *μεσηντος*, which is from *μεσσω*, I am in the midst, meaning the middle decade of the month. The third part he calls *φθινορις*, from *φθινω*, which is from *φθιω*, or *φθωω*, I waste away, meaning the decline, or last decade of the month. Sometimes these words are used in the nominative case.

Before I leave these remarks I shall show the manner of expression of one day in each decade,

from the last book of our poet, which will give a clear idea of all.

Εκλή δ' η μισοτη μαλ' ασυμφορος εστι φυτειν.

Ver. 18.

"The middle sixth is unprofitable to plants."
That is the sixth day of the middle decade.

πηρυλαζο δα θυμω

Τηραδ' αλευθαι φθινορις ε' ισαμινε τι.

Ver. 33.

"Keep in your mind to shun the fourth of the entrance and end" of the month. That is the fourth of the entrance or first decade, and the fourth of the end or last decade.

It is proper to observe, that those days which are blanks, are by our poet called indifferent days, days of no importance, either good or bad. It is likewise remarkable, that he makes some days both holidays and working days, as the fourth, fourteenth, and twentieth; but, to clear this, Le Clerc tells us, from our learned countryman, Selden, that *μερον ημας*, though literally a holiday, does not always signify a festival, but often a day propitious to us in our undertakings.

A TABLE OF THE ANCIENT GREEK MONTH.

AS IN THE LAST BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS OF HESIOD.

DECADE I.

1. Day of Decade I. Holiday.
- 2.
- 3.
4. Holiday. Propitious for marriage, and for repairing ships. A day of troubles.
5. In which the furies take their round.
6. Unhappy for the birth of women. Propitious for the birth of men, for gelding the kid and the ram, and for penning the sheep.
7. The birth-day of Apollo. A holiday.
8. Geld the goat and the steer.
9. Propitious quite through. Happy for the birth of both sexes. A day to plant in.
10. Propitious to the birth of men.

DECADE II.

1. Day of Decade II, or 11th of the month. To reap.
2. For women to ply the loom, for the men to shear the sheep, and geld the mule.
3. A day to plant in, and not to sow.
4. Propitious for the birth of women. Break the mule and the ox. Teach your dog and your sheep to know you. Pierce the calf. A holiday.

- 5.
6. A day unlucky for the marriage, and birth of women. Propitious for the birth of men, and to plant.
7. Thresh the corn, and fell the wood.
- 8.
9. Luckiest in the afternoon.
10. Happy for the birth of men. Most propitious in the morning. A holiday.

DECADE III.

1. Day of Decade III, or 21st of the month.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
9. Yoke the ox, the mule, and the horse. Fill the vessels. Launch the ship.
10. Look over the business of the whole month; and pay the servants their wages.

Those days which are called holidays in the Table, are in the original, *μερον ημας*.

A VIEW OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

SECT. I. *The Introduction.*

Now we have gone through the Works and Days, it may possibly contribute in some degree to the profit and delight of the reader, to take a view of the poem as we have it delivered down to us. I shall first consider it as an ancient piece, and, in that light, enter into the merit and esteem that it reasonably obtained among the ancients: the authors who have been lavish in their commendations of it are many; the greatest of the Roman writers in prose, Cicero, has more than once expressed his admiration for the system of morality contained in it; and the deference the greatest Latin poet has paid to it, I shall show in my comparison of the Works and Days with the Latin Georgic; nor is the encomium paid by Ovid to our poet to be passed over.

Vive et Ascreus, dum musis uva tumbit,
Dum cadet incurvâ falce resecta Ceres.

While swelling clusters shall the vintage stain,
And Ceres with rich crops shall bless the plain,
Th' Ascrean bard shall in his verse remain.

Eleg. 15. Book I.

And Justin Martyr*, one of the most learned fathers in the Christian church, extols the Works and Days of our poet, while he expresses his dislike to the Theogony.

SECT. 2. *Of the first book.*

The reason why our poet addresses to Perseus, I have showed in my notes: while he directs himself to his brother, he instructs his countrymen in all that is useful to know for the regulating their conduct, both in the business of agriculture, and in their behaviour to each other. He gives us an account of the first ages, according to the common received notion among the Gentiles. The story of Pandora has all the embellishments of poetry which we can find in Ovid, with a clearer moral than is generally in the fables of that poet. His system of morality is calculated so perfectly for the good of society, that there is scarcely any precept omitted that could be properly thought of on that occasion. There is not one of the ten commandments of Moses, which relates to our moral duty to each other, that is not strongly recommended by our poet; nor is it enough, he thinks, to be observant of what the civil government would oblige you to; but to prove yourself a good man, you must have such virtues as no human laws require of you, as those of temperance, generosity, &c. These rules are laid

down in a most proper manner to captivate the reader; here the beauties of poetry and the force of reason combine to make him in love with morality. The poet tells us what effect we are reasonably to expect from such virtues and vices as he mentions; which doctrines are not always to be taken in a positive sense. If we should say a continuance of intemperance in drinking, and of our commerce with women, would carry us early to the grave, it is morally true, according to the natural course of things; but a man of a strong and uncommon constitution, may wanton through an age of pleasure, and so be an exception to this rule, yet not contradict the moral truth of it. Archbishop Tillotson has judiciously told us in what sense we are to take all doctrines of morality; "Aristotle," says that great divine, "observed long since, that moral and proverbial sayings are understood to be true generally, and for the most part; and that is all the truth that is to be expected in them; as when Solomon says, 'Train up a child in the way wherein he shall go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' This is not to be taken, as if no child that is piously educated, did ever miscarry afterwards, but that the good education of children is the best way to make good men."

SECT. 3. *Of the second book, &c.*

The second book, which comes next under our view, will appear with more dignity when we consider in what esteem the art of agriculture was held in those days in which it was writ: the Georgic did not then concern the ordinary and middling sort of people only, but our poet writ for the instruction of princes like wife, who thought it no disgrace to till the ground which they perhaps had conquered. Homer makes Laertes not only plant, but dung his own lands; the best employment he could find for his health, and consolation, in the absence of his son. The latter part of this book, together with all the third, though too mean for poetry, are not unjustifiable in our author. Had he made those religious and superstitious precepts one entire subject of verse, it would have been a ridiculous fancy, but, as they are only a part, and the smallest part, of a regular poem, they are introduced with a laudable intent. After the poet had laid down proper rules for morality, husbandry, navigation, and the vintage, he knew that religion towards the gods, and a due observance of what was held sacred in his age, were yet wanted to complete the work. These were subjects, he was sensible, incapable of the embellishments of

* In his second discourse or exhortation to the Greeks.
TRANS. II.

poetry; but as they were necessary to his purpose, he would not omit them. Poetry was not then designed as the empty amusement only of an idle hour, consisting of wanton thoughts, or long and tedious descriptions of nothing, but, by the force of harmony and good sense, to purge the mind of its dregs, to give it a great and virtuous turn of thinking: in short, verse was then but the lure to what was useful; which indeed has been, and ever will be, the end pursued by all good poets; with this view, Hesiod seems to have writ, and must be allowed, by all true judges, to have wonderfully succeeded in the age in which he rose.

This advantage more arises to us from the writings of so old an author: we are pleased with those monuments of antiquity, such parts of the ancient Grecian history, as we find in them.

SECT. 4. *A comparison betwixt Hesiod and Virgil, &c.*

I shall now endeavour to show how far Virgil may properly be said to imitate our poet in his Georgic, and to point out some of those passages in which he has either paraphrased, or literally translated, from the Works and Days. It is plain he was a sincere admirer of our poet, and of this poem in particular, of which he twice makes honourable mention, and where it could be only to express the veneration that he bore to the author. The first is in his third pastoral.

In medio duo signa, Conon, et quis fuit alter,
Descriptis, radio, totum qui gentibus orbem,
Tempora quæ messor, quæ curvus arator, haberet?

Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear,
Conon, and what's his name who made the
sphere,
And show'd the seasons of the sliding year?

DRYDEN.

Notwithstanding the commentators have all disputed whom this interrogation should mean, I am convinced that Virgil had none but Hesiod in his eye. In the next passage I propose to quote the greatest honour that was ever paid by one poet to another is paid to ours. Virgil, in his sixth pastoral, makes Silenus, among other things, relate how Gallus was conducted by a muse to Helicon, where Apollo, and all the muses arose to welcome him; and Linus, approaching him, addressed him in this manner:

—hos tibi dant calamos, en, accipe, musæ,
Astræa quos ante Seni; quibus ille solebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.

Receive this present, by the muses made,
The pipe on which th' Astræan pastor play'd;
With which, of old, he charm'd the savage train.
And call'd the mountain ashes to the plain.

DRYDEN.

The greatest compliment which Virgil thought he could pay his friend and patron, Gallus, was, after all that pompous introduction to the choir of Apollo, to make the muses present him, from the hands of Linus, with the pipe, or calamos, *Astræa*

quos ante seni, which they had formerly presented to Hesiod: which part of the compliment to our poet, Dryden has omitted in his translation.

To return to the Georgic. Virgil can be said to imitate Hesiod in his first and second books only: in the first is scarcely any thing relative to the Georgic itself, the hint of which is not taken from the Works and Days; nay more, in some places, whole lines are paraphrased, and some literally translated. It must indeed be acknowledged, that the Latin poet has sometimes explained, in his translation, what was difficult in the Greek, as where our poet gives directions for two ploughs:

Δοια δὲ θεῖται ἀροτῆρ' ἀνθρώπων κατὰ δίκην
αὐτοῦτον καὶ πεκτόν.

by *αὐτοῦτον* he means that which grows naturally into the shape of a plough, and by *πεκτόν* that made by art. Virgil, in his advice to have two ploughs always at hand, has this explanation of *αὐτοῦτον*:

Continuo in sylvis magnâ vi flexa domatur
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.

GEORG. I.

Young elms, with early force, in copes bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.

DRYDEN.

Thus we find him imitating the Greek poet in the most minute precepts. Hesiod gives directions for making a plough; Virgil does the same. Even that which has been the subject of ridicule to many critics, viz. "plough and sow naked," is translated in the Georgic; *nudus ara, sere nudus*. Before I proceed any farther, I shall endeavour to obviate the objection which has been frequently made against this precept. Hesiod means to insinuate, that ploughing and sowing are labours which require much industry and application; and he had doubtless this physical reason for his advice, that where such toil is required it is unhealthful, as well as impossible, to go through with the same quantity of clothes as in works of less fatigue. Virgil doubtless saw this reason, or one of equal force, in this rule, or he would not have translated it. In short, we may find him a strict follower of our poet in most of the precepts of husbandry in the Works and Days. I shall give but one instance more, and that in his superstitious observance of days:

—quintum fugæ; pallidus Orcus,
Eumenidesque fatæ, &c.

—the fifts be sure to flur,
That gave the furies, and pale Pluto birth.

DRYDEN.

If the judgment I have passed from the verses of Manilius, and the second book of the Georgic, in my Discourse on the Writings of Hesiod, be allowed to have any force, Virgil has doubtless been as much obliged to our poet in the second book of his Georgic, as in the first: nor has he imitated him in his precepts only, but in some of his finest descriptions, as in the first book describing the effects of a storm:

quo, maxima, motu,
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, &c.

and a little lower in the same description :

Nunc nemora, ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt :
which is almost literal from Hesiod, on the power
of the north wind :

μαυροι δὲ γαῖα καὶ ὄλη, &c.

Loud groans the earth, and all the forests roar.

I cannot leave this head, without injustice to
the Roman poet, before I take notice of the man-
ner in which he uses that superstitious precept
πυμπτὰς δ' ἱεραῖσθαι, &c. what in the Greek is
languid, is by him made brilliant :

quintum fuge : pallidus Orcus,
Eumenideſque ſatæ : tum partu, terra, nefando,
Cœumq. Japetumq. creat, ſavumq. Typhœum,
Et conjuratos cœlum reſcindere fratres :
Ter ſunt conati, &c.

the fiſths be ſure to ſhun,
That gave the furies, and pale Pluto, birth,
And arm'd againſt the ſkies the ſons of earth ;
With mountains pil'd on mountains thrice they
ſtrove

To ſcale the ſteep battlements of Jove ;
And thrice his lightning, and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd works in ruin lay'd.

DRYDEN.

As I have ſhewed where the Roman has fol-
lowed the Greek, I may be thought partial to my
author, if I do not ſhow in what he has excelled
him : and firſt, he has contributed to the Georgic
moſt of the ſubjects in his two laſt books ; as, in
the third, the management of horſes, dogs, &c.
and, in the fourth, the management of the bees.
His ſtyle, through the whole, is more poetical,
more abounding with epithets, which are often of
themſelves moſt beautiful metaphors. His invo-
cation on the deities concerned in rural affairs, his
addreſs to Auguſtus, his account of the prodigies
before the death of Julius Cæſar, in the firſt book,
his praiſe of a country life, at the end of the ſe-
cond, and the force of love in beaſts, in the third,
are what were never excelled, and ſome parts of
them never equalled, in any language.

Allowing all the beauties in the Georgic, theſe
two poems interfere in the merit of each other ſo
little, that the Works and Days may be read with
as much pleaſure as if the Georgic had never been
written. This leads me into an examination of
part of Mr. Addiſon's Eſſay on the Georgic ; in
which that great writer, in ſome places, ſeems to
ſpeak ſo much at venture, that I am afraid he did not
remember enough of the two poems to enter on
ſuch a taſk. Precepts, ſays he, of morality, be-
ſides the natural corruption of our tempers which
makes us averſe to them, are ſo abſtracted from
ideas of ſenſe, that they ſeldom give an opportu-
nity for thoſe beautiful deſcriptions and images
which are the ſpirit and life of poetry. Had he
that part of Hesiod in his eye, where he mentions

the temporal bleſſings of the righteous, and the
punishment of the wicked, he would have ſeen
that our poet took an opportunity, from his pre-
cepts of morality, to give us thoſe beautiful de-
ſcriptions and images which are the ſpirit and life
of poetry. How lovely is the flouriſhing ſtate of
the land of the juſt there deſcribed, the increaſe of
his flocks, and his own progeny ! The reaſon which
Mr. Addiſon gives againſt rules of morality in
verſe is to me a reaſon for them ; for if our tem-
pers are naturally ſo corrupt as to make us averſe
to them, we ought to try all the ways which we
can to reconcile them, and verſe among the reſt ;
in which, as I have obſerved before, our poet has
wonderfully ſucceeded.

The ſame author, ſpeaking of Hesiod, ſays, the
precepts he has given us are ſown ſo very thick,
that they clog the poem too much. The poet, to
prevent this, quite through his Works and Days,
has ſtayed ſo ſhort a while on every head, that it
is impoſſible to grow tireſome in either ; the di-
viſion of the work I have given at the beginning
of this view, therefore, ſhall not repeat it. Agri-
culture is but one ſubject, in many, of the work,
and the reader is there relieved with ſeveral rural
deſcriptions, as of the northwind, autumn, the
country reſt in the ſhades, &c. The rules for
navigation are diſpatched with the utmoſt brevity,
in which the digreſſion, concerning his victory at
the funeral games of Amphidamas, is natural, and
gives a grace to the poem.

I ſhall mention but one oversight more which
Mr. Addiſon has made, in his Eſſay, and conclude
this head : when he condemned that circumſtance
of the virgin being at home in the winter ſeaſon,
free from the inclemency of the weather, I believe
he had forgot that his own author had uſed almoſt
the ſame image, and on almoſt the ſame occaſion,
though in other words :

Nec nocturna quidem carpentes penſa puellæ
Neſcivere hyemem, &c.

GEORG. I.

The difference of the manner in which the two
poets uſe the image is this. Hesiod makes her
with her mother at home, either bathing, or doing
what moſt pleaſes her ; and Virgil ſays, as the
young women are plying their evening talks, they
are ſenſible of the winter ſeaſon, from the oil
ſparkling in the lamp, and the ſnuff hardening.
How properly it is introduced by our poet I have
ſhewed in my note to the paſſage.

The only apology I can make for the liberty I
have taken with the writings of ſo fine an author
as Mr. Addiſon, is, that I thought it a part of my
duty to our poet, to endeavour to free the reader
from ſuch errors as he might poſſibly imbibed,
when delivered under the ſanction of ſo great a
name.

SECT. 5. Of the fourth Eclogue of Virgil.

I muſt not end this view without ſome obſerva-
tions on the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, ſince Pro-
bus, Grævius, Fabricius, and other men of great
learning, have thought fit to apply what has there

been generally said to allude to the Cumæan sybil to our poet:

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.

This line, say they, has an allusion to the golden age of Hesiod; Virgil therefore is supposed to say, the last age of the Cumæan poet now approaches. By last, he means the most remote from his time; which Fabricius explains by *antiquissima*, and quotes an expression from *Cornelius Severus*, in which he uses the word in the same sense, *ultima certamina for antiquissima certamina*. The only method by which we can add any weight to this reading, is by comparing the Eclogue of Virgil with some similar passages in Hesiod. To begin, let us therefore read the line before quoted with the two following:

*Ultima Cumæi venit jam carmina etas;
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.*

Which will bear this paraphrase. The remotest age mentioned in the verse of the Cumæan poet now approaches; the great order, or round, of ages, as described in the said poet, revolves; now returns the virgin Justice, which, in his iron age, he tells us, left the earth; and now the reign of Saturn, which is described in his golden age, is come again. If we turn to the golden and iron ages, in the Works and Days, we shall find this allusion very natural.

Let us proceed in our connection, and comparison, of the verses. Virgil goes on in his compliment to Pollio on his new-born son:

Ille deum vitam accipiet.

He shall receive, or lead, the life of gods, as the same poet tells us they did in the reign of Saturn.

Ὡς τις θεοὶ δ' ἔχουσιν
Νοσφιν ἀνὴρ τις ποικύων.

They liv'd like gods, and entirely without labour.

—feret omnia tellus;

*Non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem:
Robustus quoque jam tauris juga solvet arator.*

The earth shall bear all things; there shall be no occasion for instruments of husbandry, to rake the ground, or prune the vine; the sturdy ploughman shall unyoke his oxen, and live in ease; as they did in the reign of Saturn, as we are told by the same Cumæan poet.

—καρπὸν δ' ἐφ' ἑρῆς ἑοδαίρους ἀρούρεα
Αὐτοματῆς, πολλὸν τις καὶ ἀφρονος,

The fertile earth bore its fruit spontaneously, and in abundance.

Here we see several natural allusions to our poet, whence it is not unreasonable, for such as mistake the country of Hesiod, to imagine, that all Virgil would say to compliment Pollio, on the birth of his son, is, that now such a son is born, the golden age, as described by Hesiod, shall return; and granting the word *cumæi* to carry this sense with it, there is nothing of a prophecy mentioned, or hinted at, in the whole eclogue, any more than Virgil's own, by poetical license.

A learned prelate of our own church asserts something so very extraordinary on this head, that I cannot avoid quoting it, and making some few remarks upon it: his words are these, "Virgil could not have Hesiod in his eye in speaking of the four ages of the world, because Hesiod makes five ages before the commencement of the golden." And soon after, continues he, "the predictions in the prophet (meaning Daniel) of four successive empires, that should arise in different ages of the world, gave occasion to the poets, who had the knowledge of these things only by report, to apply them to the state of the world in so many ages, and to describe the renovation of the golden age in the expressions of the prophet concerning the future age of the Messiah, which in Daniel is the fifth kingdom." Bp. Chandler towards the conclusion of his Vindication of his Defence of Christianity. What this learned parade was introduced for, I am at a loss to conceive! First, In that beautiful eclogue, Virgil speaks not of the four ages of the world. Secondly, Hesiod, so far from making five ages before the commencement of the golden, makes the golden age the first. Thirdly, Hesiod could not be one of the poets who applied the predictions in the prophet Daniel to the state of the world in so many ages, because he happened to live some hundred years before the time of Daniel.

This great objection to their interpretation of *cumæi* still remains, which cannot very easily be conquered, that Cuma was not the country of Hesiod, as I have proved in my Discourse on the life of our poet, but of his father; and, what will be a strong argument against it, all the ancient poets, who have used an epithet taken from his country, have chose that of *Ascræus*. Ovid, who mentions him as often as any poet, never uses any other; and, what is the most remarkable, Virgil himself makes use of it in every passage in which he names him; and those monuments of him, exhibited by Urfinus and Boissard, have this inscription:

ΙΣΙΟΔΟΣ
ΔΙΟΥ
ΑΣΚΡΑΙΟΣ.

Ascræan Hesiod, the son of Dios.

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THE THEOGONY; OR, THE GENERATION OF THE GODS.

To the Most Honourable,
GEORGE MARQUIS OF ANNANDALE *.

MY LORD,

THE reverence I bear to the memory of your late grandfather, with whom I had the honour to be particularly acquainted, and the obligations I have received from the incomparable lady your mother, would make it a duty in me to continue my regard to their heir; but stronger than those are the motives of this address; since I have had the happiness to know you, which has been as long as you have been capable of distinguishing persons, I have often discovered something in you that surpasses your years, and which gives fair promises of an early great man; this has converted what would otherwise be but gratitude to them to a real esteem for yourself. Proceed, my Lord, to make glad the heart of an indulgent mother with your daily progress in learning, wisdom, and virtue. Your friends, in their different spheres, are all solicitous to form you; and among them, permit me to offer my tribute, which may be no small means to the bringing you more readily to an understanding of the classics: for on the theology of the most ancient Greeks, which is the subject of the following

poem, much of succeeding authors depends. Few are the writers, either Greek or Roman, who have not made use of the fables of antiquity; historians have frequent allusions to them; and they are sometimes the very soul of poetry: for these reasons let me admonish you to become soon familiar with Homer and Hesiod, by translations of them: you will perceive the advantage in your future studies; nor will you repent of it when you read the great originals. I have, in my notes, spared no pains to let you into the nature of the Theogony, and to explain the allegories to you; and, indeed, I have been more elaborate for your sake than I should otherwise have been. While I am paying my respect to your Lordship, I would not be thought forgetful of your brother, directing what I have here said, at the same time, to him. Go on, my Lord, to answer the great expectations which your friends have from you; and be your chief ambition to deserve the praise of all wise and good men---I am, my Lord, with the greatest respect, and most sincere affection, your most obedient and most humble servant,

THOMAS COOKE.

* Lord George Johnston, when this was first published in the year 1728.

THE ARGUMENT.

AFTER the proposition and invocation, the poet begins the generation of the gods. This poem, besides the genealogy of the deities and heroes, contains the story of Heaven, and the conspiracy of his wife and sons against him, the story of Styx and her offsprings, of Saturn and his sons, and of Prometheus and Pandora: hence the poet proceeds to relate the war of the gods, which is the subject of above three hundred verses. The reader is often relieved, from the narrative part of the Theogony, with several beautiful descriptions, and other poetical embellishments.

BEGIN my song, with the melodious nine
Of Helicon, the spacious and divine:
The muses there, a lovely choir advance,
With tender feet to form the skillful dance,

Now round the fable font in order move,
Now round the altar of Saturnian Jove;
Or if the cooling streams to bathe invite,
In thee, Permessus, they awhile delight;

Or now to Hippocrene resort the fair,
 Or Olmuis to thy sacred spring repair. 10
 Veil'd in thick air, they all the night prolong,
 In praise of Ægis-bearing Jove the song:
 And thou, O Argive Juno! golden shod,
 Art join'd in praises with thy consort god:
 Thee, goddess, with the azure eyes, they sing,
 Minerva, daughter of the heav'nly king;
 The sisters to Apollo tune their voice,
 And Artemis, to thee whom darts rejoice;
 And Neptune in the pious hymn they found,
 Who girts the earth, and shakes the solid ground:
 A tribute they to Themis chaste allow, 21
 And Venus charming with the bending brow,
 Nor Hebe, crown'd with gold, forget to praise,
 Nor fair Dione, in their holy lays;
 Nor thou, Aurora, nor the day's great light,
 Remain unsung, nor the fair lamp of night;
 To thee, Latona, next the numbers range;
 Iapetus, and Saturn wont to change,
 They chant; thee, Ocean, with an ample breast,
 They sing, and Earth and Night in fable dress'd;
 Nor cease the virgins here the strain divine; 31
 They celebrate the whole immortal line.
 E'er while as they the shepherd swain behold
 Feeding, beneath the sacred mount, his fold,
 With love of charming song his breast they fir'd;
 There me the heav'nly mules first inspir'd;
 There, when the maids of Jove the silence broke,
 To Hesiod thus, the shepherd swain, they spoke:
 Shepherds, attend, your happiness who place
 In gluttony alone, the swain's disgrace; 40
 Strict to your duty in the field you keep,
 There vigilant by night to watch your sheep;
 Attend, ye swains, on whom the muses call,
 Regard the honour not bestow'd on all;
 'Tis ours to speak the truth in language plain,
 Or give the face of truth to what we feign.
 So spoke the maids of Jove, the sacred nine,
 And pluck'd a sceptre from the tree divine,
 To me the branch they gave, with look serene,
 The laurel ensign, never-fading green: 50
 I took the gift, with holy raptures fir'd,
 My words flow sweeter, and my soul's inspir'd;
 Before my eyes appears the various scene
 Of all that is to come, and what has been.
 Me have the muses chose, their bard to grace,
 To celebrate the blest immortal race;
 To them the honours of my verse belong;
 To them I first and last devote the song:
 But where, O where, enchanted do I rove,
 Or o'er the rocks, or through the vocal grove! 60
 Now with th' harmonious nine begin, whose
 voice
 Makes their great sire, Olympian Jove, rejoice;
 The present, future, and the past, they sing.
 Join'd in sweet concert to delight their king;
 Melodious and untir'd their voices flow;
 Olympus echoes, ever crown'd with snow.
 The heav'nly songsters fill th' ethereal round;
 Jove's palace laughs, and all the courts resound:
 Soft warbling endless with their voice divine,
 They celebrate the whole immortal line: 70
 From earth and heav'n, great parents, first they
 The progeny of gods, a bounteous race; [trace

And then to Jove again returns the song,
 Of all in empire, and command, most strong;
 Whose praises first and last their bosom fire,
 Of mortals, and immortal gods, the fire:
 Nor to the sons of men deny they praise,
 To such as merit of their heav'nly lays;
 They sing the giants of puissant arm,
 And with the wond'rous tale their father charm.
 Mnemosyne, in the Pierian grove, 81
 The scene of her intrigue with mighty Jove,
 The empress of Eleuther, fertile earth,
 Brought to Olympian Jove the muses forth;
 Blest'd offsprings, happy maids, whose pow'ful
 art
 Can banish cares, and ease the painful heart.
 Absent from heav'n, to quench his am'rous flame,
 Nine nights the god of gods compress'd the dame.
 Now thrice three times the moon concludes her
 race,
 And shows the produce of the god's embrace, 90
 Fair daughters, pledges of immortal Jove,
 In number equal to the nights of love:
 Blest'd maids, by harmony of temper join'd;
 And verse, their only care, employs their mind.
 The virgin songsters first beheld the light
 Near where Olympus rears his snowy height;
 Where to the maids fair stately domes ascend,
 Whose steps a constant beauteous choir attend.
 Not far from hence the Graces keep their court,
 And with the god of love in banquets sport; 100
 Meanwhile the nine their heav'nly voices raise
 To the immortal pow'rs, the song of praise;
 They tune their voices in a sacred cause,
 Their theme the manners of the gods, and laws:
 When to Olympus they pursue their way,
 Sweet warbling, as they go, the deathless lay,
 Meas'ring to Jove, with gentle steps, the ground,
 The fable earth returns the joyful sound.
 Great Jove, their sire, who rules th' ethereal plains,
 Confirm'd in pow'r, of gods the monarch reigns;
 His father Saturn hurl'd from his command 111
 He grasps the thunder with his conqu'ring hand,
 He gives the bolts their vigour as they fly,
 And bids the red-hot lightning pierce the sky:
 His subject deities obey his nod,
 All honours flow from him, of gods the god;
 From him the muses sprung, no less their sire,
 Whose attributes the heav'nly maids inspire:
 Clio begins the lovely tuneful race,
 Melpomene which, and Euterpe, grace, 120
 Terpsichore all joyful in the choir,
 And Erato to love whose lays inspire;
 To these Thalia and Polymnia join,
 Urania, and Calliope divine,
 The first, in honour, of the tuneful nine;
 She the great acts of virtuous monarchs sings,
 Companion only for the best of kings.
 Happy of princes, foster sons of Jove,
 Whom at his birth the nine with eyes of love
 Behold; to honours they his days design: 130
 He first among the scepter'd hands shall shine;
 Him they adorn with ev'ry grace of song,
 And soft persuasion dwells upon his tongue;
 To him, their judge, the people turn their eye,
 On him for justice in their cause rely,

Reason alone his upright judgment guides,
He hears impartial, and for truth decides;
Thus he determines from a sense profound,
And of contention heals the pois'nous wound.
Wife kings, when subjects grow in faction strong,
First calm their minds, and then redress their
wrong,

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By their good counsels bid the tumult cease,
And sooth contending parties into peace:
His aid with dutious rev'rence they implore,
And as a god their virtuous prince adore:
From whom the muses love such blessings flow,
To them a righteous prince the people owe.
From Jove, great origin, all monarchs spring,
From mighty Jove of kings himself the king;
From the Pierian maids, the heav'nly nine, 150
And from Apollo, fire of verse divine,
Far shooting deity whose beams inspire,
The poets spring, and all who strike the lyre.
Bless'd whom with eyes of love the muses view,
Sweet flow his words, gentle as falling dew.
Is there a man by rising woes oppress'd,
Who feels the pangs of a distracted breast,
Let but the bard, who serves the nine, rehearse
The acts of heroes pass'd, the theme for verse,
Or if the praise of gods, who pass their days 160
In endless ease above, adorns the lays,
The pow'rful words administer relief,
And from the wounded mind expel the grief;
Such are the charms which to the bard belong,
A gift from gods deriv'd, the pow'r of song.

Hail maids celestial, seed of heav'n's great king,
Hear, nor unaided let the poet sing,
Inspire a lovely lay, harmonious nine,
My theme th' immortal gods, a race divine,
Of earth, of heav'n which lamps of light adorn,
And of old fable night, great parents born, 171
And, after, nourish'd by the briny main:
Hear goddesses, and aid the vent'rous strain;
Say whence the deathless gods receiv'd their birth,
And next relate the origin of earth,
Whence the wide sea that spreads from shore to
shore,

Whose surges foam with rage, and billows roar,
Whence rivers which in various channels flow,
And whence the stars which light the world be-
low,

And whence the wide expanse of heav'n, and
whence 180
The gods, to mortals who their good dispense;
Say how from them our honours we receive,
And whence the pow'r that they our wants re-
lieve;

How they arriv'd to the ethereal plains,
And took possession of the fair domains:
With these, Olympian minds, my breast inspire,
And to the end support the sacred fire,
In order all from the beginning trace,
From the first parents of the num'rous race.

Chaos, of all the origin, gave birth 180
First to her offspring the wide bosom'd earth,
The seat secure of all the gods, who now
Possess Olympus ever cloth'd with snow;
Th' abodes of Hell from the same fountain rise,
A gloomy land that subterranean lies;

And hence does Love his ancient lineage trace,
Excelling fair of all th' immortal race;
At his approach all care is chas'd away,
Nor can the wisest pow'r resist his sway;
Nor man, nor god, his mighty force restrains, 200
Alike in ev'ry breast the godhead reigns:
And Erebus, black son, from Chaos came,
Born with his sister Night, a fable dame.

Night bore, the produce of her am'rous play
With Erebus, the sky, and cheerful day.

Earth first an equal to herself in fame
Brought forth, that covers all the starry frame,
The spacious heav'n, of gods the safe domain,
Who live in endless bliss, exempt from pain;
From her the lofty hills, and ev'ry grove, 210
Where nymphs inhabit, goddesses, and rove:
Without the mutual joys of love she bore
The barren Sea, whose whit'ning billows roar.

At length the Ocean, with his pools profound,
Whose whirling streams pursue their rapid round,
Of Heaven and Earth is born; Cæus his birth
From them derives, and Creus, sons of Earth;
Hyperion and Japhet, brothers, join:
Thea, and Rhea, of this ancient line 219
Descend; and Themis boasts the source divin'
And thou, Mnemosyne, and Phæbe crown'd
With gold, and Tethys for her charms renown'd;
To these successive wily Saturn came,
As sire and son in each a barb'rous name.
Three sons are sprung from Heav'n and Earth's
embrace,

The Cyclops bold, in heart a haughty race,
Brontes, and Steropes, and Arges brave,
Who to the hands of Jove the thunder gave;
They for almighty pow'r did lightning frame,
All equal to the gods themselves in fame; 230
One eye was plac'd, a large round orb, and bright,
Amidst their forehead to receive the light;
Hence were they Cyclops call'd; great was their
skill,

Their strength, and vigour, to perform their will.
The fruitful Earth by Heav'n conceiv'd again,
And for three mighty sons the rending pain

She suffer'd; Cottus, terrible to name,
Gyges, and Briareus, of equal fame;
Conspicuous above the rest they shin'd,
Of body strong, magnanimous of mind, 240
Fifty large heads their lusty shoulders bore,

And, dang'rous to approach, hands fifty more:
Of all from Heav'n, their sire, who took their
birth,

These were most dreadful of the sons of Earth;
Their cruel father, from their natal hour,
With hate pursued them, to his utmost pow'r;
He from the parent womb did all convey
Into some secret cave remote from day:

The tyrant father thus his sons oppress'd,
And evil meditations fill'd his breast. 250
Earth deeply groan'd for these her sons confin'd,
And vengeance for their wrongs employ'd her
mind;

She yields black iron from her fruitful vein,
And of it forms an instrument of pain;
Then to her children thus, the silence broke,
Without reserve she deeply sighing spoke.

My sons, descended from a barb'rous fire,
Whose evil acts our breasts to vengeance fire,
Attentive to my friendly voice incline:
Th' aggressor he, and to revenge be thine. 260

The bold proposal they astonish'd hear;
Her words possess them with a silent fear;
Saturn, at last, whom no deceit can blind,
To her responsive thus declar'd his mind:

Matron, for us the throwing pangs who bore,
Much have we suffer'd, but will bear no more;
If such as fathers ought our will not be,
The name of father is no tie to me;
Patient of wrongs if they th' attempt decline,
Th' aggressor he, all to revenge be mine. 270

Earth greatly joy'd at what his words reveal'd,
And in close ambush from him all conceal'd;
Arm'd with the crooked instrument she made,
She taught him to direct the sharp-tooth'd blade.
Great Heav'n approach'd beneath the veil of
Night,

Proposing from his consort, Earth, delight;
As in full length the god extended lay,
No fraud suspecting in his am'rous play,
Out rush'd his son, complottor with his wife, }
His right hand grasp'd the long, the fatal knife, }
His left the channel of the seed of life, 281 }
Which from the roots the rough-tooth'd metal
tore,

And bath'd his fingers with his father's gore;
He throw'd behind the source of Heav'n's pain;
Nor fell the ruins of the god in vain:
The sanguine drops which from the members fall,
The fertile earth receives, and drinks them all:
Hence at the end of the revolving year,
Sprung mighty giants, pow'rful with the spear,
Shining in arms; the Furies took their birth. 290
Hence, and the Wood-nymphs of the spacious earth.
Saturn the parts divided from the wound,
Spoils of his parent god, cast from the ground
Into the sea; long through the watery plain;
They journey'd on the surface of the main:
Fruitful at length th' immortal substance grows,
Whit'ning it foams, and in a circle flows:
Behold a nymph arise divinely fair,
Whom to Cythera first the surges bear;
Hence is she borne, safe o'er the deeps profound 300
To Cyprus, water'd by the waves around:
And here she walks endow'd with every grace
To charm, the goddess blooming in her face;
Her looks demand respect, and where she goes
Beneath her tender feet the herbage blows;
And Aphrodite, from the foam her name,
Among the race of gods and men the same;
And Cytherea from Cythera came;
Whence, beauteous crown'd the safely cross'd the
sea,

And call'd, O Cyprus, Cypria from thee; 310
Nor less by Philomedeia known on earth,
A name deriv'd immediate from her birth:
Her first attendants to th' immortal choir
Where Love, the oldest god, and fair Desire:
The virgin whisper, and the tempting smile,
The sweet allurements that can hearts beguile,
Soft blandishments which never fail to move,
Friendship, and all the fond deceits in love,

Constant her steps pursue, or will she go
Among the gods above, or men below. 320

Great Heaven was wrath thus by his sons to
bleed,

And call'd them Titans from the barbarous deed;
He told them all, from a prophetic mind,
The hours of his revenge were sure behind.

Now darksome Night fruitful begun to prove,
Without the knowledge of connubial love;
From her black womb sad Destiny and Fate,
Death, Sleep, and num'rous Dreams, derive their
date:

With Momus the dark goddess teems again,
And Care the mother of a doleful train; 330

Th' Hesperides she bore, far in the seas,
Guards of the golden fruit, and fertile trees:
From the same parent sprung the rig'rous three,
The goddesses of Fate and Destiny,

Clotho and Lachesis, whose boundless sway,
With Atropos both men and gods obey;
To human race they, from their birth ordain
A life of pleasure, or a life of pain;

To slavery or to empire, such their pow'r,
They fix a mortal at his natal hour; 340
The crimes of men and gods the Fates pursue,
And give to each alike the vengeance due;
Nor can the greatest their resentment fly,
They punish e'er they lay their anger by:
And Nemesis from the same fountain rose,
From hurtful Night, herself the source of woes:
Hence Fraud and loose Desire the bane of life,
Old age vexatious, and corroding Strife.

From Strife pernicious painful labour rose,
Oblivion, famine, and tormenting woes; 350
Hence combats, murders, wars, and slaughters rise,
Deceits and quarrels, and injurious lies;
Unruly licence hence that knows no bounds,
And losses spring, and sad domestic wounds;
Hence perjury, black perjury, began,
A crime destructive to the race of man.

Old Nereus to the Sea was born of Earth,
Nereus who claims the precedence in birth
To their descendants; him old god they call,
Because sincere and affable to all; 360

In judgment moderation he preserves,
And never from the paths of justice swerves.
Thaumas the great from the same parents came,
Phorcys the strong, and Ceto beauteous dame:
To the same sire did Earth Euribia bear,
As iron hard her heart, a cruel fair.

Doris to Nereus bore a lovely train,
Fifty fair daughters, wand'ers of the main;
A beauteous mother she, of Ocean born,
Whose graceful head the comly't locks adorn: 370
Proto, Eucrate, nymphs begin the line,
Sao to whom, and Amphitrite join;

Eudore, Thetis, and Galene, grace,
With Glauce, and Cymothoe, the race;
Swift-footed Spio hence derives her birth,
With thee, Thalia, ever prone to mirth;
And Melite, charming in mien to see, }
Did the same mother bear Eulimene, }
Agave too, Pasithea and thee; }
From whom sprung Erato, Eunice you, 380
With arms appearing of a rosy hue;

Doto and Proto join the progeny.
 With them Pherusa and Dunamene;
 Nisæa and Actæa boast the same,
 Protomedea from the fruitful dame,
 And Doris honour'd with maternal name;
 And hence does Panope her lineage trace,
 And Galatea with a lovely face;
 And hence Hippothoe who sweetly charms,
 And thou Hipponoe with thy rosy arms:
 And hence Cymodoce the floods who binds,
 And with Cymatolege stills the winds;
 With them the power does Amphitrite share,
 Of all the main the lovely ft footed fair;
 Cumo, Hcione, and Halimed
 With a sweet garland that adorns her head,
 Boast the same rise, joyful Glauconome,
 Pontoporea, and Liagore;
 Evagore, Laomedia join,
 And thou Polynome, the num'rous line;
 Autonoe, Lysianassa, name,
 Sisters descended from the fertile dame;
 In the bright list Evarne fair we find,
 Spotless the nymph both in her form and mind,
 And Pſamathe of a majestic mien:
 And thou divine Menippe there art seen;
 To these we Neso add, Eupompe thee,
 And thee Themisto next, and Pronœe;
 Nemertes, virgin chaste, completes the race,
 Not last in honour, though the last in place;
 Her breast the virtues of her parent fire,
 Her mind the copy of her deathless fire.
 From blameless Nereus these, the fruits of joy,
 And goodly offices the nymphs employ.

Of Ocean born, Electre plights her word
 To Phaumas, and obeys her rightful lord;
 Iris to whom, a goddess swift, she bears;
 From them the Harpies, with their comely hairs,
 Descend, Atëlo who pursues the wind,
 And with her sister leaves the birds behind;
 Ocypete the other; when they fly,
 They seem with rapid wings to reach the sky.

Ceto to Phorcys bore the Graiæ, gray
 From the first moment they beheld the day;
 Hence gods and men these daughters Graiæ
 name;

Pephrædo lovely veil'd from Ceto came,
 And Enyo with her sacred veil: the same
 To Phorcys bore the Gorgons, who remain
 Far in the seat of night, the distant main,
 Where, murmur'ring at their task, th' Hesperides
 Watch o'er the golden fruit, and fertile trees:
 The number of the Gorgons once were three,
 Stheno, Medusa, and Euryale;
 Of which two sisters draw immortal breath,
 Free from the fears of age as free from death;
 But thou Medusa felt a pow'ful foe,
 A mortal thou, and born to mortal woe;
 Nothing avail'd of love thy blissful hours,
 In a soft meadow, on a bed of flow'rs,
 Thy tender dalliance with the ocean's king,
 And in the beauty of the year the spring;
 You by the conqu'ring hand of Perseus bled,
 Perseus whose sword laid low in dust thy head;
 They started out when you began to bleed,
 The great Chrysaor, and the gallant steed

Call'd Pegasus, a name not giv'n in vain,
 Born near the fountains of the spacious main.
 His birth will great Chrysaor's name unfold,
 When in his hand glitter'd the sword of gold;
 Mounted on Pegasus he soar'd above,
 And fought the palace of Almighty Jove;
 Loaded with lightning through he skies he rode,
 And bore it with the thunder to the god.
 Chrysaor, love the guide, Calliope led,
 Daughter of Ocean, to the genial bed;
 Whence Geryon sprung, fierce with his triple
 head;
 Whom Hercules laid breathless on the ground,
 In Erythea which the waves surround;
 His oxen lowing round their master stand,
 While he falls gasping from the conqueror's
 hand:

That fatal day beheld Eurytion fall,
 And with him Orthus in a gloomy fall;
 By his strong arm the dog and herdsmen slain,
 The hero drove the oxen cross the main;
 The wide-brow'd herds he to Tiryntus bore,
 And safely landed on the sacred shore.
 Calliope in a cave conceiv'd again,
 And for Ehidna bore maternal pain;
 A monster she of an undaunted mind,
 Unlike the gods, nor like the human-kind;
 One half a nymph of a prodigious size,
 Fair her complexion, and asquint her eyes;
 The other half a serpent dire to view,
 Large, and voracious, and of various hue;
 Deep in a Syrian rock her horrid den,
 From the immortal gods remote, and men;
 There, so the council of the gods ordains,
 Forlorn, and ever young, the nymph remains.

In love Echidna with Typhaon join'd,
 Outrageous he, and blust'ring as the wind;
 Of these the offsprings prov'd a furious race;
 Orthus, the produce of the first embrace,
 Was vigilant to watch his master's herd,
 The dog of Geryon and a trusty guard;
 Next Cerberus, the dog of Pluto, came,
 Devouring direful of a monstrous frame;
 From fifty heads he barks with fifty tongues,
 Fierce and undaunted with his brazen lungs:
 The dreadful Hydra rose from the same bed,
 In Lerna by the fair-arm'd Juno bred,
 Juno, with hate implacable, who strove
 Against the virtues of the son of Jove;
 But Hercules, with Iolaus join'd,
 Amphitryon's race, and of a martial mind,
 Bless'd with the counsel of the warlike maid,
 Dead at his feet the horrid monster laid:
 From the same parents sprung Chimæra dire,
 From whose black nostrils issued flames of fire;
 Strong and of size immense; a monster she,
 Rapid in flight, astonishing to see;
 A lion's head on her large shoulder's grew,
 The goat's and dragon's terrible to view;
 A lion she before in mane and throat,
 Behind a dragon, in the midst a goat;
 Her Pegasus the swift subdued in flight,
 Back'd by Bellerophon a gallant knight.

From Orthus and Chimera, foul embrace,
 Is Sphinx deriv'd, a monster to the race

Of Cadmus fatal; from the same dire veins
Sprung the stern ranger of Nemean plains, 510
The lion nourish'd by the wife of Jove,
Permitted lord of Tretum's mount to rove;
Nemea he, and Apelas, commands,
Alarms the people, and destroys their lands;
In Hercules at last a foe he found,
And from his arm receiv'd a mortal wound.

Ceto and Phorcys both renew'd their flame;
From which amour a horrid serpent came;
Who keeps, while in a spacious cave he lies,
Watchful o'er all the golden fruit his eyes. 520

Tethys and Ocean, born of heav'n, embrace,
Whence springs the Nile, and a long wat'ry race,
Alpheus, and Eridamus the strong,
That rises deep, and stately rolls along,
Strymon, Mæander, and the lster clear;
Nor, Phasis, are thy streams omitted here;
To the same rise Rhæsus his current owes,
And Achelous that like silver flows;
Hence Nessus takes his course, and Rhodius,
With Haliacmon and Heptaporus; 530

To these the Granic and Ælæus join,
Hermus to these, and Simois divine,
Penæus, and the Caic flood that laves
The verdant margins with his beauteous waves;
The great Sangarius, and the Ladon, name,
Parthenius, and Evenus, streams of fame,
And you, Ardescus, boast the fruitful line,
And lastly you Scamander the divine.

From the same parents, fertile pair, we trace
A progeny of nymphs, a sacred race; 540
Who, from their birth, o'er all mankind the care
With the great king Apollo jointly share;
In this is Jove, the god of gods, obey'd,
Who grants the rivers all to lend their aid.

The nymphs from Tethys, and old Ocean, these,
Pitho, Admete, daughters of the seas,
Iante and Electra, nymphs of fame,
Doris and Prymno, and the beauteous dame
Urania, as a goddess fair in face;
Hence Hippo, and hence Clymene we trace, 550

And thou, Rodia, of the num'rous race;
Zeuxo to these succeeds Calliroe,
Clytie, Idya, and Pasithee;
Plexaure here, and Galaxaure join,
And lovely Dion of a lovely nine;
Molobosis and Thee add to these,
And charming Polydora form'd to please,
Cercus whose beauties all from nature rise,
And Pluto with her large majestic eyes;
Perseis, Xanthe, in the list we see, 560

And Ianira, and Acaste thee;
Menestho, nor Europa, hence remove,
Nor Metis, nor Petrea raising love;
Crisie and Asia boast one ancient sire,
With fair Calypso, object of desire,
Telestho, saffron-veil'd, Eurynome,
Eudore, Tyche, and Ocyroe,
And thou Amphiro of the source divine,
And Styx exceeding all the lovely line:

These are the sons first in the list of fame, 570
And daughters, which from ancient Ocean came,
And fruitful Tethys, venerable dame:
Thousands of streams which flow the spacious earth
From Tethys, and her sons, deduce their birth;

Numbers of tides she yielded to her lord,
Too many for a mortal to record;
But they who on or near their borders dwell,
Their virtues know, and can describe them well.

The fruits of Thia and Hyperion rise,
And with resplendent lustre light the skies, 580
The great, the glorious sun transcending bright,
And the fair splendid moon the lamp of night;
With them Aurora, when whose dawn appears,
Who mortal men and gods immortal cheers.

To Creus, her espous'd, a son of earth,
Eurybia gave the great Astræus birth;
Perfes from them, of all most skilful came,
And Pallas first of goddesses in fame.

Aurora brought to great Astræus forth
The west, the south-wind, and the rapid north;
The morning-star fair Lucifer she bore,
And ornaments of heav'n ten thousand more.

From Styx, the fairest of old Ocean's line,
And Pallas sprung a progeny divine,
Zeal to perform, and Vict'ry in her pace
Fair-footed, Valour, Might, a glorious race!
They hold a mansion in the realms above,
Their seat is always near the throne of Jove;
Where the dread thund'ring god pursues his way,
They march, and close behind his steps obey. 600
This honour they by Styx their mother gain'd;
Which by her prudence she from Jove obtain'd:
When the great pow'r that ev'n the gods com-

mands,
Who sends the bolts from his almighty hands,
Summon'd th'immortals, who obey'd his call,
He thus address'd them in th' Olympian hall:
Ye gods, like gods, with me who dauntless
dare

To face the Titans in a dreadful war,
Above the rest in honour shall ye stand,
And ample recompence shall load your hand: 610
To Saturn's reign who bow'd, and unprefer'd,
Void of distinction, and without reward,
Great, and magnificently rich, shall shine,
As right requires, and suits a pow'r divine.

First, as her father counsell'd, Styx ascends,
And her brave offsprings to the god commends;
Great Jove receiv'd her with peculiar grace,
Nor honour'd less the mother than her race;
Enrich'd with gifts she left the bright abodes,
By Jove ordain'd the solemn oath of gods; 620
Her children, as she wish'd, behind remain,
Constant attendants on the thund'rer's train:
Alike the god with all maintain'd his word,
And rules in empire strong of lords the lord.

Phæbe with fondness to her Cæus cleav'd,
And she a goddess by a god conceiv'd;
Latona, sable-veil'd, the produce proves,
Pleasing to all of their connubial loves,
Sweetly engaging from her natal hour,
The most delightful in th' Olympian bow'r:
From them Alterea sprung, a nymph renown'd,
And with the spousal love of Perfes crown'd;
To whom she bore Hecate, lov'd by Jove,
And honour'd by th' inhabitants above,
Profusely gifted from th' almighty hand,
With pow'r extensive o'er the sea and land,
And great the honour she by Jove's high leave,
Does from the starry vault of heav'n receive.

When to the gods the sacred flames aspire,
 From human off'rings as the laws require, 640
 To Hecate the vows are first prefer'd;
 Happy of men whose pray'rs are kindly heard,
 Success attends his every act below,
 Honour, wealth, pow'r, to him abundant flow.
 The gods who all from earth and heaven descend,
 On her decision for their lots depend;
 Nor what the earliest gods the Titans claim,
 By her ordain'd, of honour or of fame,
 Has Jove revok'd by his supreme command,
 For her decrees irrevocable stand: 650
 Nor is her honour less, nor less her pow'r,
 Because she only blest'd the nuptial hour;
 Great is her pow'r on earth, and great her fame,
 Nor less in heav'n, and o'er the main the same, }
 Because Saturnian Jove reveres the dame:
 The man she loves she can to greatness raise,
 And grant to whom she favours public praise;
 This shines for words distinguish'd at the bar;
 One proudly triumphs in the spoils of war;
 And she alone can speedily vict'ry give, 660
 And rich in glory bid the conquerer live:
 And where the venerable rulers meet
 She sits supreme upon the judgment-seat:
 In single trials or of strength or skill,
 Propitious she presides o'er whom she will:
 To honour she extends the beauteous crown,
 And glads the parent with the son's renown,
 With rapid swiftness wings the gallant steeds,
 And in the race the flying courser speeds.
 Who, urg'd by want, and led by hopes of gain, 670
 Pursue their journey cross the dang'rous main,
 To Hecate they all for safety bow,
 And to their god and her prefer the bow.
 With ease the goddess, venerable dame,
 Gives to the sportsman's hand his wish'd-for
 game;
 Or now the weary'd creature faintly flies,
 And for a while eludes the huntsman's eyes,
 Who stretches sure to seize the panting prey,
 And bear the glory of the chase away,
 Till by the kind protect'ress of the plains, 680
 Her strength recovers, and new life she gains,
 She starts, surprising, and outstrips the wind,
 And leaves the masters of the chase behind.
 With Mercury the watchful goddess guards
 Of goats the straggling flocks, the lowing herds,
 And bleating folds rich with the pond'rous fleece;
 By her they lessen, and by her increase.
 The only daughter of her mother born,
 And her the gods with various gifts adorn: 690
 O'er infants she, so Jove ordain'd, presides,
 And the upgrowing youth to meric guides;
 Great is the trust the future man to breed,
 A trust to her by Saturn's son decreed.
 Rhea to Saturn bore her brother god,
 Vesta and Ceres: Juno golden shod,
 And Pluto hard of heart, whose wide command
 Is o'er a dark and subterranean land,
 A pow'rful monarch, hence derive their birth,
 With Neptune, deity who shakes the earth;
 Of these great Jove, the ruler of the skies, 700
 Of gods and men the sire, in counsel wise,
 Is born; and him the universe adores,
 And the earth trembles when his thunder roars.

Saturn from earth, and heav'n adorn'd with stars,
 Had learn'd the rumour of approaching wars,
 Great as he was, a greater should arise, }
 To rob him of the empire of the skies,
 The mighty Jove, his son, in counsel wife:
 With dread the fatal prophecy he heard,
 And for his regal honours greatly fear'd,
 And that the dire decree might fruitless prove,
 Devour's his pledges, at their birth, of love:
 Now Rhea, who her slaughter'd children griev'd,
 With Jove, the sire of gods and men, conceiv'd;
 To earth and heav'n she for assistance runs,
 And begs their counsel to revenge her sons,
 To guard her Jove from wily Saturn's ire,
 Secret to keep him from a barb'rous fire:
 They to their daughter lend a willing ear,
 And to her speak the hour of vengeance near, 720
 Nor hide they from her what the fates ordain
 Of her great-minded son, and Saturn's reign:
 Her safe to Crete the parent gods convey,
 In Lycus there, a fertile soil, she lay;
 At length the tedious months their course had run,
 When mighty Jove she bore, her youngest son;
 Wide-spreading earth receiv'd the child with joy,
 And train'd the god up from a new-born boy.
 Rhea to Lycus safely took her flight,
 Protected by the fable veil of night; 730
 Far in the sacred earth her son she laid,
 On mount *Aegæus* ever crown'd with shade.
 When the old king, who once could boast his reign
 O'er all the gods, and the ethereal plain,
 Came jealous of the infant's future pow'r,
 A stone the mother gave him to devour;
 Greedy he seiz'd the imaginary child,
 And swallow'd heedless, by the dregs beguiled;
 Nor thought the wretched god of ought to fear,
 Nor knew the day of his disgrace was near; 740
 Invincible remains his Jove alive,
 His throne to shake, and from his kingdom drive
 The cruel parent, for to him 'tis giv'n
 To rule the gods, and mount the throne of heav'n.
 Well thriv'd the deity, nor was it long
 Before his strength increas'd, and limbs grew'd
 strong.
 When the revolving year his course had run,
 By earth thy art and Jove his pow'rful son,
 The crafty Saturn, once by gods ador'd,
 His injur'd offsprings to the light restor'd: 750
 First from within he yielded to the day
 The stone deceitful, and his latest prey;
 This Jove, in mem'ry of the wond'rous tale,
 Fix'd on Parnassus in a sacred vale,
 In Pytho the divine, a mark to be,
 That future ages may astonish'd see:
 And now a greater task behind remains,
 To free his kindred heav'n-born race from chains, 759
 In an ill hour by Saturn rashly bound,
 Who from the hands of Jove their freedom found;
 With zeal the gods perform'd a thankful part,
 The debt of gratitude lay next their heart:
 Jove owes to them the bolts which dreadful fly,
 And the bright lightning which illumines the sky;
 To him the exchange for liberty they bore,
 Gifts deep in earth conceal'd, unknown before;
 Now arm'd with them, he reigns almighty Jove,
 The lord of men below, and gods above.

Clymene, ocean-born, with beauteous feet,
 And Japhet, in the bands of wedlock meet; 770
 From whose embrace a glorious offspring came,
 Atlas magnanimous, and great in fame,
 Menætiüs, thou with lasting honours crown'd,
 Prometheus for his artifice renown'd,
 And Epimetheus of unkind fast mind,
 Lur'd to false joys, and to the future blind,
 Who, rashly weak by soft temptations mov'd,
 The bane of arts and their inventors prov'd,
 Who took the work of Jove, the virgin fair,
 Nor saw beneath her charms the latent snare. 780
 Blasted by lightning from the hands of Jove,
 Menætiüs fell in Erebus to rove;
 His dauntless mind that could not brook command,
 And prone to ill, provok'd th' almighty hand.
 Atlas, to hard necessity ordains,
 Erect the pond'rous vault of stars sustains;
 Not far from the Hesperides he stands,
 Nor from the load retracts his head or hands:
 Here was he fix'd by Jove in counsel wise,
 Who all disposes, and who rules the skies? 790
 To the same god Prometheus ow'd his pains,
 Fast bound with hard inextinguishable chains
 To a large column, in the midmost part,
 Who bore his suff'rings with a dauntless heart;
 From Jove an eagle flew, with wings wide spread,
 And on his never-dying liver fed;
 What with his rav'nous beak by day he tore
 The night supply'd, and furnish'd him with more:
 Great Hercules to his assistance came,
 Born of Alcmena, lovely-footed dame; 800
 And first he made the bird voracious bleed,
 And from his chains the son of Japhet freed;
 To this the god consents, th' Olympian fire,
 Who, for his son's renown, suppress'd his ire,
 The wrath he bore against the wretch who strove
 In counsel with himself, the pow'rful Jove;
 Such was the mighty thund'r'er's will, to raise
 To greatest height the Theban hero's praise.
 When at Meconæa a contention rose,
 Men and immortals to each other foes, 810
 The strife Prometheus offer'd to compose;
 In the division of the sacrifice,
 Intending to deceive great Jove the wife,
 He stuff'd the flesh in the large ox's skin,
 And bound the entrails with the fat within,
 Next the white bones with artful care dispos'd,
 And in the candid fat from sight enclos'd:
 The fire of gods and men, who saw the cheat,
 Thus spoke expressive of the dark deceit.
 In th's division how unjust the parts, 820
 O Japhet's son, of kings the first in arts!
 Reproachful spoke the god in council wise;
 To whom Prometheus full of guile replies:
 O Jove, the greatest of the powers divine,
 View the division, and the choice be thine.
 Willy he spoke from a deceitful mind;
 Jove saw his thoughts, nor to his heart was blind;
 And then the god, in wrath of soul, began
 To plot misfortunes to his subject man:
 The lots survey'd, he with his hands embrac'd 830
 The parts which were in the white fat incas'd;
 He saw the bones, and anger fat confess'd
 Upon his brow, for anger seiz'd his breast:

Hence to the gods the od'rous flames aspire
 From the white bones which feed the sacred fire.
 The cloud compelling Jove, by Japhet's son
 Enrag'd, to him in words like these begun:
 O! who in mal-contrivance all transcend,
 Thine arts thou wilt not yet, obdurate, end.
 So spoke th' eternal wisdom, full of ire, 480
 And from that hour deny'd the use of fire
 To wretched men, who pass on earth their time,
 Mindful, Prometheus, of thy artful crime:
 But Jove in vain conceal'd the splendid flame;
 The son of Japhet, of immortal fame,
 Brought the bright sparks clandestine from above
 Clos'd in a hollow cane; the thund'ring Jove
 Soon from the bitterness of soul, began
 To plot destruction to the peace of man.
 Vulcan, a god renown'd, by Jove's command,
 Form'd a fair virgin with a master hand, 850
 Earth her first principle, her native air
 As modest seeming as her face was fair.
 The nymph, by Pallas, blue-ey'd goddess, dress'd,
 Bright shin'd improv'd beneath the candid vest;
 The rich wrought veil behind, wond'rous to see,
 Fruitful with art, bespoke the deity;
 Her brows to compass did Minerva bring
 A garland breathing all the sweets of spring:
 And next the goddess, glorious to behold, 860
 Plac'd on her head a glitt'ring crown of gold,
 The work of Vulcan by his master hand,
 The labour of the god by Jove's command;
 There seem'd to feud along the finny breed;
 And there the beasts of land appear'd to feed;
 Nature and art were there so much at strife,
 The miracle might well be took for life.
 Vulcan the lovely bane, the finish'd maid,
 To the immortal gods and men convey'd;
 Graceful by Pallas dress'd the virgin trod, 870
 And seem'd a blessing or for man or god:
 Soon as they see th' inevitable snare,
 They praise the artist, and admire the fair;
 From her, the fatal guile, a sex derives
 To men pernicious, and contracts their lives,
 The softer kind, a false alluring train,
 Tempting to joys which ever end with pain,
 Never beheld with the penurious race,
 But ever seen where lux'ry shows her face.
 As drones oppressive habitants of hives, 880
 Owe to the labour of the bees their lives,
 Whose work is always with the day begun,
 And never ends but with the setting sun,
 From slow'r to slow'r they rove, and loaded
 home
 Return to build the white, the waxen comb,
 While lazy the luxurious race remain
 Within, and of their toils enjoy the gain,
 So woman, by the thund'r'er's hard decree,
 And wretched man, are like the drone and bee:
 If man the galling chain of wedlock shuns, 890
 He from one evil to another runs;
 He, when his hairs are winter'd o'er with gray,
 Will want a helpmate in th' afflicting day;
 And if possessions large have bless'd his life,
 He dies, and proves perhaps the source of strife;
 A distant kindred, far alloy'd in blood,
 Contend to make their doubtful titles good:

Or should he, these calamities to fly,
His honour plight and join the mutual tie,
And should the partner of his bosom prove 900
A chaste and prudent matron worthy love;
Yet he would find this chaste, this prudent wife
The hapless author of a checquer'd life:
But should he, wretched man, a nymph embrace,
A stubborn consort, of a stubborn race,
Poor hamper'd slave, how must he drag the chain!
His mind, his breast, his heart, o'ercharg'd with
pain!

What congregated woes must he endure!
What ills on ills which will admit no cure!
Th' omnipotence of Jove in all we see, 910
Whom none eludes, and what he wills must be;
Not thou, to none injurious, Japhet's son,
With all thy wisdom, could his anger shun;
His rage you suffer'd, and confess'd his pow'r,
Chain'd in hard durance in the penal hour.

The brothers Briareus and Cottus lay,
With Gyges, bound in chains, remov'd from day,
By their hard-hearted sire, who with surprise
View'd their vast strength, their form, and mon-
strous size:

In the remotest parts of earth confin'd 920
They sat, and silent sorrows wreck'd their mind,
Till by th' advice of Earth, and aid of Jove,
With other gods, the fruits of Saturn's love,
With Rhea beauteous dress'd, they broke the
chain,

And from their dungeons burst to light again.
Earth told them all from a prophetic light,
How gods encount'ring gods should meet in fight,
To them foretold, who stood devoid of fear,
Their hour of vict'ry and renown was near;
The Titans, and the bold Saturnian race, 930
Should wage a dreadful war, ten years the space.
The Titans brave on lofty Othrys stand,
And gloriously dare the thund'rer's hand:
The gods from Saturn sprung, ally their pow'r;
(Gods Rhea bore him in a fatal hour):
From high Olympus they like gods engage,
And dauntless face, like gods, Titanian rage,
In the dire conflict neither party gains,
In equal balance long the war remains;
At last by truce each soul immortal rests, 940
Each God on nectar and ambrosia feasts;
Their spirits nectar and ambrosia raise,
And fire their generous breasts to acts of praise;
To whom, the banquet o'er, in council join'd,
The fire of gods, and men express'd his mind:

Gods, who from earth and heav'n, great rise,
descend,

To what my heart commands to speak attend:
For vict'ry long, and empire, have we strove,
Long have ye battel'd in defence of Jove;
To war again, invincible your might,
And dare the Titans to the dreadful fight;
Of friendship strict observe the sacred charms,
Be that the cement of the gods in arms;
Grateful remember, when in chains ye lay,
From darkness Jove redeem'd ye to the day.

He spoke, and Cottus to the god replies:
O venerable sire! in council wise,
Who freed immortals from a state of woe,
Of what you utter well the truth we know:

Rescu'd from chains and darkness here we stand,
O son of Saturn! by thy pow'rful hand; 961
Nor will we, king, the rage of war decline,
ill pow'r, indisputable pow'r, is thine;
The right of conquest shall confirm thy sway,
And teach the Titans whom they must obey.

He ends, the rest assent to what he says;
And the gods thank him with the voice of praise;
He more than ever feels himself inspir'd,
And his mind burns with love of glory fir'd. 970
All rush to battle with impetuous might,
And gods and goddesses provoke the fight.

The race that Rhea to her lord conceiv'd,
And the Titanic gods by Jove reliev'd
From Erybus, who there in bondage lay,
Ally their arms in this immortal day.

Each brother fearless the dire conflict stands,
Each rears his fifty heads, and hundred hands;
They mighty rocks from their foundations tore,
And fiercely brave against the Titans bore.

Furious and swift the Titan phalanx drove, 980
And both with mighty force for empire strove:
The ocean roar'd from ev'ry part profound,
And the earth bellow'd from her inmost ground:
Heav'n groans, and, to the gods, conflicting bends,
And the loud tumult high Olympus rends.
So strong the darts from god to god were hurl'd,
The clamour reach'd the subterranean world;
And where, with haughty strides, each warrior
trod,

Hell felt the weight, and sunk beneath the god;
All Tartarus could hear the blows from far: 990
Such was the big, the horrid, voice of war!
And now the murmur of incitement flies,
All rang'd in martial order, through the skies;

Here Jove above the rest conspicuous shin'd,
In valour equal to his strength his mind;
Erect and dauntless see the thund'rer stand,
The bolts red hissing from his vengeful hand;
He walks majestic round the starry frame;
And now the lightnings from Olympus flame:

The earth wide blazes with the fires of Jove, 1000
Nor the flash spares the verdure of the grove.
Fierce glows the air, the boiling ocean roars,
And the seas wash with burning waves their shores;

The dazzling vapours round the Titans glare,
A light too pow'rful for their eyes to bear!
One conflagration seems to seize on all,
And threatens Chaos with the gen'ral fall.

From what their eyes behold, and what they hear,
The universal wreck of worlds is near:
Should the large vault of stars, the heav'ns, descend,
And with the earth in loud confusion blend, 1011

Like this would seem the great tumultuous jar:
The gods engag'd, such the big voice of war!
And now the batt'ling winds their havoc make,
Thick whirls the dust, earth, thy foundations shake;

The arms of Jove thick and terrific fly,
And blaze and bellow through the trembling sky;
Winds, thunder, lightning, through both armies
drove,

Their course impetuous, from the hands of Jove;
Loud and stupendous is the raging fight, 1020
And now each warrior god exerts his might.
Cottus, and Briareus, who scorns to yield,
And Gyges panting for the martial field,

Foremost the labours of the day increase,
Nor let the horrors of the battle cease : [throw,
From their strong hands three hundred rocks they
And, oft repeated, overwhelm the foe;
They forc'd the Titans deep beneath the ground,
Cast from their pride, and in sad durance bound ;
Far from the surface of the earth they lie, 1030
In chains, as earth is distant from the sky ;
From earth the distance to the starry frame,
From earth to gloomy Tartarus, the same.
From the high heav'n a brazen anvil cast,
Nine nights and days in rapid whirls would last,
And reach the earth the tenth, whence strongly
hurl'd,

The same the passage to th' infernal world,
To Tart'rus ; which, a brazen closure bounds,
And whose black entrance threefold night fur-
rounds,

With earth thy vast foundations cover'd o'er; 1040
And there the ocean's endless fountains roar :
By cloud-compelling Jove the Titans fell,
And there in thick, in horrid darkness dwell :
They lie confin'd, unable thence to pass,
The wall and gates by Neptune made of brass;
Jove's trusty guards, Gyges and Cottus, stand
There, and with Briareus the pass command.

The entrance there, and the last limits, lie
Of earth, the barren main, the starry sky,
And Tart'rus, there of all the fountains rise, 1050
A sight detested by immortal eyes :

A mighty chasm, horror and darkness here ;
And from the gates the journey of a year ;
Here storms in hoarse, in frightful murmurs play,
The feat of Night, where mists exclude the day.

Before the gate the son of Japhet stands,
Nor from the skies retracts his head or hands ;
Where night and day their course alternate lead ;
Where both their entrance make and both recede,
Both wait the season to direct their way, 1060
And spread, successive, o'er the earth their sway :

This cheers the eyes of mortals with her light ;
The harbinger of Sleep pernicious Night :
And here the sons of Night their mansion keep,
Sad deities, Death and his brother Sleep ;

Whom, from the dawn to the decline of day,
The sun beholds not with his piercing ray :
One o'er the land extends, and o'er the seas,
And lulls the weary'd mind of man to ease ;
That iron-hearted, and of cruel soul, 1070
Brazen his breast, nor can he brook controul,

To whom, and ne'er return, all mortals go,
And even to immortal gods a foe.
Foremost th' infernal palaces are seen
Of Pluto, and Persephone his queen ;

A horrid dog, and grim, couch'd on the floor,
Guards, with malicious art, the founding door ;
On each, who in the entrance first appears,
He fawning wags his tail, and cocks his ears :

If any strive to measure back the way, 1080
Their steps he watches, and devours his prey.
Here Styx, a goddess, whom immortals hate,
The first-born fair of Ocean, keeps her state ;

From gods remote her silver columns rise,
Roof'd with large rocks her dome that fronts the
skies ;

Here, cross the main, swift-footed Iris brings
A message seldom from the king of kings ;
But when among the gods contention spreads,
And in debate divides immortal heads,
From Jove the goddess wings her rapid flight 1090
To the fam'd river, and the seat of Night,
Thence in a golden vase the water bears,
By whose cool streams each pow'r immortal swears.
Styx from a sacred fount her course derives,
And far beneath the earth her passage drives ;
From a stupendous rock descend her waves,
And the black realms of Night her current laves :

Could any her capacious channels drain,
They'd prove a tenth of all the spacious main ;
Nine parts in mazes clear as silver glide 1100
Along the earth, or join the ocean's tide ;
The other from the rock in billows rolls,
Source of misfortune to immortal souls.

Who with false oaths disgrace th' Olympian bow'rs,
Incur the punishment of heav'nly pow'rs :
The perjurd god, as in the arms of death,
Lethargic lies, nor seems to draw his breath ;

Nor him the nectar and ambrosia cheer,
While the sun goes his journey of a year ;
Nor with the lethargy concludes his pain, 1110
But complicated woes behind remain :

Nine tedious years he must an exile rove,
Nor join the council, nor the feasts of Jove ;
The banish'd god back in the tenth they call
To heav'nly banquets and th' Olympian hall :

The honours such the gods on Styx bestow,
Whose living streams through rugged channels
flow,

Where the beginning, and last limits lie
Of earth, the barren main, the starry sky,
And Tart'rus ; where of all the fountains rise ; 1120
A sight detested by immortal eyes.

Th' inhabitants through brazen portals pass,
Over a threshold of everlasting brass,
The growth spontaneous, and foundations deep ;
And here th' allies of Jove their captives keep,

The Titans, who to utter darkness fell,
And in the farthest parts of Chaos dwell.
Jove grateful gave to his auxiliar train,
Cottus and Gyges, mansions in the main ;

To Briareus, for his superior might 1130
Exerted fiercely in the dreadful fight,
Neptune who shakes the earth, his daughter gave,
Cymopolia, to reward the brave.

When the great victor god, almighty Jove,
The Titans from celestial regions drove.
Wide Earth Typhæus bore, with Tart'rus join'd,
Her youngest born, and blust'ring as the wind ;

Fit for most arduous works his brawny hands,
On feet as durable as gods he stands ; 1139
From heads of serpents his and hundred tongues,
And lick his horrid jaws, untir'd his lungs ;

From his dire hundred heads his eye-balls stare,
And fire-like, dreadful to beholders glare ;
Terrific from his hundred mouths to hear,
Voices of ev'ry kind torment the ear ;

His utterance sounds like gods in council full ;
And now he bellows like the lordly bull :
And now he roars like the stern beast that reigns
King of the woods, and terror of the plains ;

And now, surprising to be heard, he yelps, 1150
Like, from his ev'ry voice, the lion's whelps;
And now, so loud a noise the monster makes,
The loftiest mountain from its basis shakes:

And now Typhæus had perplex'd the day,
And over men and gods usurp'd the sway,
Had not the pow'rful monarch of the skies,
Of men and gods the fire, great Jove the wife,
Against the foe his hottest vengeance hurl'd,
Which blaz'd and thunder'd through th' ethereal
world; 1159

Through land and main the bolts red hissing fell,
And through old Ocean reach'd the gates of Hell.
Th' almighty rising made Olympus nod,
And the earth groan'd beneath the vengeful god.
Hoarse through the cerule main the thunder
roll'd,

Through which the light'ning flew, both un-
controul'd;

Fire caught the winds which on their wings they
bore, } [roar.]

Pierce flame the earth and heav'n, the seas loud
And beat with burning waves the burning shore; }
The tumult of the gods was heard afar:

How hard to lay this hurricane of war! 1170

The god who o'er the dead infernal reigns,
E'en Pluto, trembled in his dark domains:
Dire horror seiz'd the rebel Titan band,
In Tartarus who round their Saturn stand:
But Jove at last collected all his might,
With light'ning arm'd, and thunder for the fight.

With strides majestic from Olympus strode;
What pow'r is able now to face the god!

The flash obedient executes his ire;

The giant blazes with vindictive fire; 1180

From ev'ry head a diff'rent flame ascends;

The monster bellows, and Olympus bends:

The god repeats his blows, beneath each wound

All main'd the giant falls, and groans the ground,

Pierce flash the lightnings from the hands of Jove,

The mountains burn, and crackles ev'ry grove.

The melted earth floats from her inmost caves,

As from the furnace run metallic waves:

Under the caverns of the sacred ground, 1189

Where Vulcan works, and restless anvils found,

Beneath the hand divine the iron grows

Ductile, and liquid from the furnace flows;

So the earth melted: and the giant fell,

Plung'd by the arms of mighty Jove to hell.

Typhæus bore the rapid winds which fly

With tempests wing'd, and darken all the sky;

But from the bounteous gods derive their birth

The gales which breathe frugiferous to earth,

The south, the north, and the swift western wind

Which ever blow to profit human kind: 1200

Those from Typhæus sprung, an useless train,

To men pernicious, blunder o'er the main;

With thick and fable clouds they veil the deep,

And now destructive cross the ocean sweep;

The mariner with dread beholds from far

The gathering storms, and elemental war;

His bark the furious blast and billows rend;

The furies rise, and cataracts descend;

Above, beneath, he hears the tempest roar;

Now sinks the vessel, and he fears no more: 1210

And remedy to this they none can find,
Who are resolv'd to trade by sea and wind.
On land in whirlwinds, or unkindly show'rs,
They blast the lovely fruits and blooming flow'rs;
O'er sea and land the blust'ring tyrants reign,
And make of earth-born men the labours vain.

And now the gods, who fought for endless fame,
The god of gods almighty Jove proclaim,
As Earth advis'd: nor reigns Olympian Jove
Ingrate to them who with the Titans strove; 1220
On those who war'd beneath his wide command
He honours heaps with an impartial hand.

And now the king of gods, Jove, Metis led,
The wisest fair one, to the genial bed;
Who with the blue-ey'd virgin fruitful proves,
Minerva, pledge of their celestial loves;
The fire, from what kind earth and heav'n re-
veal'd,

Artful the matron in himself conceal'd;

From her it was decreed a race should rise

That would usurp the kingdom of the skies: 1230

And first the virgin with her azure eyes,

Equal in strength, and as her father wife,

Is born, the offspring of th' almighty's brain:

And Metis by the god conceiv'd again,

A son decreed to reign o'er heav'n and earth,

Had not the fire destroy'd the mighty birth:

He made the goddess in himself reside,

To be in ev'ry act th' eternal guide.

The Hours to Jove did lovely Themis bear,

Eunomie, Dice, and Irene fair; 1240

O'er human labours they the pow'r possess,

With seasons kind the fruits of earth to bless:

She by the thund'ring god conceiv'd again,

And suffer'd for the fates the rending pain,

Clotho and Lachesis to whom we owe,

With Atropos, our shares of joy or woe;

This honour they receiv'd from Jove the wife,

The mighty fire, the ruler of the skies.

Eurynome, from ocean sprung, to Jove

The beauteous graces bore inspiring love, 1250

Aglaia, and Euphrosyne the fair,

And thou Thalia of a graceful air;

From the bright eyes of these such charms proceed

As make the hearts of all beholders bleed.

He Ceres next, a bounteous goddess led

To taste the pleasures of the genial bed;

To him fair-arm'd Persephone she bore,

Whom Pluto ravish'd from her native shore:

The mournful dame he of her child bereft,

But the wise fire assented to the theft. 1260

Mnemosyne his breast with love inspires,

The fair-tress'd object of the god's desires;

Of whom the muses, tuneful nine, are born,

Whose brows rich diadems of gold adorn;

To them uninterrupted joys belong,

Them the gay feast delights, and sacred song.

Latona bore, the fruits of Jove's embrace,

The loveliest offsprings of th' ethereal race;

She for Apollo felt the child-bed throw;

And Artemis for thee who twang the bow. 1270

Last Juno fills th' almighty monarch's arms,

A blooming consort, and replete with charms;

From her Lucina, Mars, and Hebe, spring;

Their sire of gods the god, of kings the king.

Minerva, goddess of the martial train, [brain;
Whom wars delight, sprung from th' almighty's
The rev'rend dame, unconquerable maid,
The battle rouses, of no power afraid.

Juno, proud goddess, with her consort strove. }
And soon conceiv'd without the joys of love: }
Thence she produc'd without the aid of Jove, 1281 }
Vulcan, who far in ev'ry art excel
The gods who in celestial mansions dwell.

To Neptune beauteous Amphitrite bore
Triton, dread god, who makes the fuses roar;
Who dwells in seats of gold beneath the main,
Where Neptune and fair Amphitrite reign:
To Mars, who pierces with his spear the shield,
Terror and fear did Cytherea yield:

Dire brothers, who in war disorder spread, 1290
Break the thick phalanx, and increase the dead;
They wait in ev'ry act their father's call,
By whose strong hand the proudest cities fall:
Harmonia, sprung from that immortal bed,
Was to the scene of love by Cadmus led.
Maia, of Atlas born, and mighty Jove,
Join in the sacred bands of mutual love: }
From whom behold the glorious Hermes rise,
A god renown'd, the herald of the skies.

Cadmean Simile, a mortal dame, 1300
Gave to th' almighty's love a child of fame,
Bacchus, from whom our cheerful spirits flow,
Mother and son alike immortal now.
The mighty Hercules Akmena bore
To the great god who makes the thunder roar.

Lame Vulcan made Aglaia fair his bride,
The youngest grace, and in her blooming pride.

Bacchus, conspicuous with his golden hair,
Thence Ariadne weds, a beauteous fair,
From Minos sprung, whom mighty Jove the sage
Allows to charm her lord exempt from age. 1311

Great Hercules, who with misfortunes strove
Long is rewarded with a virtuous love,
Hebe, the daughter of the thund'ring god,
By his fair consort Juno golden shod:
Thrice happy he safe from his toils to rise,
And ever young a god to grace the skies!

From the bright son, and thee, Perseis, spring
Fam'd offsprings, Circe, and Æetes king.

Æetes thee, beauteous Iolya, led, 1320
Daughter of Ocean, to the genial bed; [crown'd;
And with th' applause of heav'n your loves were
From whom Medea sprung, a fair renown'd.

All hail Olympian maids, harmonious nine,
Daughters of Ægis bearing Jove divine,
Forake the land, forsake the briny main,
The god and goddesses, celestial train;
Ye Muses, each immortal fair record
Who deign'd to revel with a mortal lord,
In whose illustrious offsprings all might trace
The glorious likeness of a godlike race. 1331

Jason, an hero through the world renown'd,
Was with the joyous love of Ceres crown'd;
Their joys they acted in a fertile soil [toil;
Of Crete, which thrice had bore the ploughman's
Of them was Plutus born, who spreads his hand,
Dispersing wealth o'er all the sea and land;
Happy the man who in his favour lives,
Riches to him, and all their joys he gives. 1339

TRANS. II.

Cadmus Harmonia lov'd the fair and young,
A fruitful dame from golden Venus sprung;

Ino and Simile, Agave fair,
And thee, Autonoe, thy lover's care, }
(Young Arilæus with his comely hair), }
She bore; and Polydore completes the race,
Born in the walls of Thebes a stately place.

The brave Chrysaor thee, Calliope led
Daughter of Ocean to the genial bed;
Whence Geryon sprung fierce with his triple }
head;

Whom Hercules laid breathless on the ground,
In Erythia which the waves surround; 1351
By his strong arm the mighty giant slain,
The hero drove his oxen cross the main.

Two royal sons were to Tithonus born,
Of thee, Aurora, goddess of the morn;
Hemathion from whom and Memnon spring,
Known by his brazen helm was Ethiop's king.

Pregnant by Cephalus the goddess proves,
A son of high renown rewards their loves;
In form like the possessors of the skies, 1630
Great Phaëthon, whom with desiring eyes
Fair Aphrodite views: in blooming days
She to her sacred fane the youth conveys;
Inhabitant divine he there remain'd,
His talk nocturnal by the fair ordain'd.

When Peleis, haughty prince of wide command,
Of much th' achiever with an impious hand,
Success attending his injurious mind,
Gave the swell'd sails to fly before the wind,
Ælionides, such gods were thy decrees, 1370
The daughter of Æetes cross the seas
Rap'd from her fire; the hero much endur'd
Ere in his vessel he the fair secur'd;
Her to Iolcus in her youthful pride
He bore, and there possess'd the charming bride;
To Jason, her espous'd, the lovely dame
Medeus yields, pledge of the monarch's flame;
Whom Chiron artful by his precepts sway'd:
Thus was the will of mighty Jove obey'd.

The Nereid Pſamathe did Phocus bear 1380
To Æacus, herself excelling fair.

To Peleus Thetis, silver-footed dame,
Achilles bore in war a mighty name.

Fair Cytherea, ever flush'd with charms,
Resign'd them to a mortal hero's arms:
To thee, Anchises, the celestial bride
Æneas bore high in the shades of Ide.

Circe, the daughter of the sun, inclin'd
To thee, Ulysses, of a patient mind;
Hence Agrius sprung, and Hence Latinus came,
A valiant hero, and a spotless name. 1391
The sacred illes were by the brothers sway'd;
And them the Tyrrhenes, men renown'd, obey'd.

Calypso with the sage indulg'd her flame;
From them Naufithous and Naufinus came.

Thus each immortal fair the nine record
Who deign'd to revel with a mortal lord;
In whose illustrious offsprings all might trace
The glorious likeness of a godlike race:
And now, Olympian maids, harmonious nine,
Daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove divine, 1401
In lasting song the mortal dames rehearse;
Let the bright belles of earth adorn the verse,

D

NOTES ON THE THEOGONY.

Ver. 1. I shall refer the reader to what I have said in the second and fourth sections of my Discourse on the writings of Hesiod, concerning the genuineness of the beginning of this poem, and the explanation of the Theogony. Our author here takes an occasion to celebrate the offices and power of the muses, and to give a short repetition of the greater deities. To what end is this grand assembly of divine personages introduced? To inspire the poet with thoughts suitable to the dignity of their characters; and by raising his imagination to such a height, as to believe they preside over his labours, he becomes the amanuensis of the gods. The muses, says the Earl of Shaftesbury, in his letter concerning enthusiasm, were so many divine persons in the heathen creed. The same noble writer has in that discourse elegantly shewn the necessity and beauty of enthusiasm in poetry.

Ver. 2. A mountain in Bœotia, so called from the Phœnician word, *bbalik*, or *bbalikon*, which signifies a high mountain. Bochart, in his *Chan.* book i. chap. 16, shows that Bœotia was full of Phœnician names and colonies. *Le Clerc*. Pausanias, in his *Bœoties*, says Helicon excels all the mountains in Greece, in the abundance and virtues of the trees which grow on it; he likewise tells us it produces no less fertile herbs or roots.

Ver. 5. Grævius and *Le Clerc* both agree in this reading, and derive *æchinos* from *æchos* *in*, having the dusky colour of iron; they likewise bring instances from Homer, and other poets, of the same word being used to the sea, rivers, and fountains; by which epithet, say they, they expressed the depth and plenty of the water.

Ver. 8. Pausanias, and Tzetzes after him, reads it *Termessus*; but this may proceed from their ignorance of the radix, which, says *Le Clerc*, is the Phœnician word *phœv-metso*; the interpretation of which is a pure fountain. The river is at the foot of Helicon.

Ver. 9. The Phœnician word, says Bochart, is *happhigran*, which signifies the eruption of a fountain: the word being corrupted into *Hippocrene*, gave rise to the story of the fountain of the horse. *Le Clerc*.

Ver. 10. The Phœnician word is *bhol-mato*, sweet water. *Le Clerc*.

Ver. 12. The historical and physical interpretation of the deities here mentioned, I shall defer till I come to them in the course of the Theogony.

Ver. 22. Some translate this passage *nigris oculis*, and *Le Clerc* chooses *blandis*: I would correct them, and have it arched or bending. Tzetzes entirely favours my interpretation of *ἐλικοειδῆσιν*, eye-brows arched into a circle; a metaphor taken, says he, *ἐκ τῶν τῆς ἀμυγδαλῆς ἐλίκων*, from the curling of the vine.

Ver. 33. This extravagance in our poet has been the subject of satire to some; but Lucian has been the most severe in his dialogue betwixt himself and Hesiod. Ovid has an allusion to this passage in the beginning of his *Art of Love*; which Dryden has thus translated:

Nor Clio, nor her sisters, have I seen.
As Hesiod saw them in the shady green.

This flight, however extravagant it may seem to some, certainly adds a grace to the poem; and whoever consults the nineteenth ode of the second book, and the fourth of the third book of Horace, will find this sort of enthusiasm carried to a great height.

Ver. 46. The poet here, from the mouth of the muse, prepares the reader for what he is to expect. Though he proposes to give an historical and physical relation of the generation of the gods, according to the received opinion, yet supplies from invention are necessary to make the work agreeable as a poem.

Ver. 50. *Le Clerc* has a long note on this verse, from Claud. Salmasius, proving the rhapsodists to be so called *αὐτοὶ τὰ γὰρ ὄντα*, from fingering with a bough in their hands, in imitation of the ancient poets: which bough was of laurel: but why of laurel before any other? The Scholiast Tzetzes gave two very good reasons; first, says he, the poet makes the sceptre, which he received from the muses, of laurel, because Helicon, the place on which they presented it, abounds with that tree; secondly, as the laurel is ever green, it is the most proper emblem of works of genius, which never fade.

Ver. 59. Exactly the same is the flight in the fourth ode of the third book of Horace:

— an me ludit amabilis
Infania? Audire et videtur pios
Errare per lucos, amœna
Quos et aquæ subeunt, et auræ!

The sense of which, in short, is this: "Am I agreeably deluded, while I seem to wander through poetic scenes!" And again,

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum! Quæ in nemora, aut quos, agor, in
specus,
Velox mente novâ!

Lib. 3. Od. 25.

It is worth observing, that the best poets are generally most poetical in their invocations, or in other parts, where a deity is introduced; for then they seem to be overpowered with the inspiration; but here the fine imagination, and exalted genius, are most required, that while fancy takes her full stretch in fiction, it may seem the real "numinis afflatus."

Ver. 68. Le Clerc judiciously observes, that the poets frequently make inanimate beings affected, or with joy or grief, when there is reason for either, that it may be said, even inanimate beings are moved. This, I think, is a boldness seldom practised but by the best poets, and most frequently among the ancients. We find it with as much success as any where in the poetical parts of the Old Testament.

"The vallies shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing." Psalm lvi. ver. 14.

ἡ γῆ πᾶσι δι' ἡμῶν πλωρῶν,
Γῆθησιν δι' ἑσθλῶν ποντοῦ.

Theognis.

"The wide earth laugh'd, and the deep sea re-
joic'd."

Tibi ridet æquora ponti.

Lucret.

"To thee the waters of the ocean smile."

I give these three quotations to show as the Latin were followers of the Greek poets, it is not unlikely the Greek might imitate the style of the eastern writers in many places.

Ver. 81. Mnemosyne, the fame with memory, is here made a person, and the mother of the muses; which, with the etymology of the word *πῆρια*, which Le Clerc tells us, is, in the Phœnician tongue, fruitfulness, and the note to the first verse of the Works and Days, will let us clearly into the poetical meaning of the parents and birthplace of the muses. The same critic derives the word muse from the Phœnician word *moſa*, the feminine for inventor. See farther in the Discourse, &c.

It will now be proper to inquire into the reason of the poet making Mnemosyne empress of Eleuther. Eleuther is a part of Bœotia, so called from a prince of that name: here, says Pætztes, the poet endeavours to add a glory to his country; for though the muses themselves were born on Pieria, he makes their mother a Bœotian. Pieria is the name of a mountain, and a country lying beneath it, bounded on the north with Thessaly, and on the south with Macedon. Le Clerc derives the word Eleuther from the Phœnician word *Haletir*, a high place from which we see afar off, which word is a compound of *balab*, to ascend, and *thour*, to see afar off. The reader must here observe, that great part of the art of this poem depends on the etymology of the words, and on the prosopopœias. Plutarch, in his rules for the education of children, has observed, that the mythologists have judiciously made Mnemosyne the mother of the muses, intimating that nothing so much cherishes learning as the memory.

Ver. 96. A mountain in Thessaly, which, for the extraordinary height, is often used for heaven.

Ver. 99. The god of love and the graces are proper companions for the muses; for the gifts of the muses are of little value without grace and love: and at banquets, love and good manners, which are implied by the graces, compose the harmony. *Ταῖς.*

Ver. 109. Le Clerc here raises a difficulty, and I think without reason; he says the poet so confounds the man Jupiter with the god, that he knows not how to account for it. The poet could here design no other but the Supreme Being; first for the honour of poetry, as appears from some following verses; and secondly, because God is the source of all wisdom, he is the father of the muses, who preside over the principal arts.

Ver. 119. The names of the muses, and their derivations. Clio, from *κλειν*, to celebrate, to render glorious. Melpomene, from *μελπομαι*, to sing or warble. Euterpe, from *eu* and *τερπω*, to delight well. Terpsichore, from *τερπω* to delight, and *χορος* a choir. Erato, from *εραω*, to love. Thalia, from *θαλει*, banquets, or *θαλλω*, to flourish. Polymnia, *πολυς* many, and *μῦθος* a song or hymn. Urania, from *ουρανός* heaven. Calliope, from *καλος* beautiful, and *οψ* a voice. Our poet attributes no particular art to each muse; but, according to him, poetry is the province of all. Calliope, indeed, is distinguished from the rest, as presiding over the greater sort of poetry. See the Discourse on the Theology of the ancients, &c.

Ver. 134. Le Clerc tells us, from Dionysius Halicarnassæus, that, at first, all the cities in Greece looked on their kings as their judges to determine all controverted points; and he was esteemed the best king who was the best judge, and the strictest observer of the laws: for the certainty of this, we need no better authority than our own poet, and particularly in his Works and Days: it is worth observing how very careful he is to inspire his readers with sentiments of respect and dignity towards their rulers; and to increase our reverence for them, he derives them from the great Ruler of the universe; and from the same origin are the muses; all which must be thus understood, the prince owes all his regal honours and power to the Supreme Being, and no less than Almighty aid is necessary to make a good poet. I can add nothing more proper to what I have said concerning princes, their office, and derivation of their power, than the first three verses of the sixth chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon. "Hear, therefore. O ye kings, and understand; learn ye that be judges of the ends of the earth, give ear, you that rule the people, and glory in the multitude of nations; for power is given you of the Lord, and sovereignty from the highest, who shall try your works, and search out your counsels."

Ver. 156. This, and the nine following verses, are by some attributed to Homer, among the fragments of that poet; where the mistake lies, I cannot tell; but I shall here take an occasion to account, in general, for several verses in the Iliad, Odyssees, the Works and Days, and the Theogony, being alike; they are either such as where they mention the Pleiades, Hyades, and Orion, constellations which were most taken notice of by the old poets, and the names of which naturally run into an hexameter verse; or such as were common or proverbial sayings of the times, which circumstances render it very possible for divers to have wrote the same lines without one ever

seeing the works of the other. I am persuaded that all or most of the similar passages in these two poets are of this nature. If, therefore, some of the old scholiasts and commentators had thoroughly considered this, they would not have had so many impertinencies in their remarks as they have.

Ver. 172. I know not how this is to be taken but physically; if we suppose all things to be the offsprings of Chaos, which are all natural beings, they may properly be said to be nourished by the main, that is by prolific humour. In this sense Milton in the seventh book of his *Paradise Lost*, judiciously uses the word, speaking of the creation.

Over all the face of the earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour, soft'ning all her glebe,
Fermenting the great mother to conceive.

Ver. 190. In my interpretation of the generation of the deities I shall chiefly have regard to the physical meanings; such passages as I leave unobserved are what any reader with little trouble may clear to himself, after he has seen my explanations of the most material.

This fable, says Lord Bacon, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, speaking of Heaven, seems to contain an enigma of the origin of things, not much different from the truth of the divine word, which tells us of a deformed matter before the works of the six days. To this eternity of confused matter Milton alludes in the seventh book of his *Paradise Lost*.

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn.

Ver. 191. Plato, in his *Phædo*, says the earth was the seat and foundation of the gods, ἀδανταὶ he calls them, to show that the gods were once preserved with pious men. *Tzet.* This is strange philosophy, to imagine any beings to have a beginning, and yet immutable and immortal from their first rise; but it is apparent that the poet makes matter precede all things, even the gods. Guicetus judges the next verse to be supposititious.

Ver. 194. Tartarus, or hell, is said to be brought forth with the earth, because it is feigned to be in the inmost recesses of the earth. The word Tartarus is derived from the Phœnician *tarabhtarabb*, the radix of which is the Hebrew and Arabic *tarabb*, which signifies, he created trouble. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 196. This fable alludes to, and enters into the cradle of nature. Love seems to be the appetite, or stimulation, of the first matter; or, to speak more intelligible, the natural motion of the atom. *Lord Bacon.*

Ver. 202. It is rightly observed that darkness was over all till the sky was illumined by the sun and the stars; Chaos therefore brought forth darkness and night. *Tzet.* Before any thing appeared all was *barab* or *eros*, darkness or night; the fable is the account which Moses gives us. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 204. I believe the word *aibne* does not mean the chief, or material, part of the air, but is the same with *aibne* serenity. *Le Clerc.* So

night and darkness are properly said to be the parents of day and serenity.

Ver. 206. All that the poet means, is, that earth appeared before the firmament which surrounds it. Similar to this is the description Milton gives of the offsprings of earth.

—God said,
Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n,
Into one place, and let dry land appear,

Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds.

Book 6.

Let us now consider the difference betwixt *πῆλως* or *πῆλως*, which I render the sea and the ocean, and why the sea is said to be from earth only, and the ocean from earth and heaven. That part of the ocean is generally agreed to be called sea which takes a name from any country or particular circumstance; the ocean, Diodorus Siculus tells us, in his first book, comprehends, according to the opinion of the ancients, all moisture which nourishes the universe; and Henry Stephens quotes many authorities to show it was always used in that sense; I shall content myself with one from Homer, and another from Pliny.

Εξ οὗτις πάντες ποταμοὶ, καὶ πᾶσα θάλασσα,
καὶ πᾶσι κρηναί, &c.

From which are derived all rivers, every sea, and all fountains.

The ocean, says Pliny, is the receptacle of all waters, and from which all waters flow; it is that which feeds the clouds and the very fairs.

Ver. 214. Le Clerc is inclined to think that these names are some of real persons, and some only poetical, as Themis and Mnemosyne which are justice and memory. The same critic might have quoted Plutarch to countenance this opinion, who names for real persons Cœus, Creus, Hyperion, and Japhet: nor is it unreasonable to believe that the poet designed some as persons: for, without such to measure time, Saturn, or *Κρονος*, which signifies time, would be introduced with impropriety.

The etymology of the names of the Cyclops are literally expressive of their nature. The general name to all is from *κυκλος* a circle, and *οφθαλμος* an eye, Brontes from *βροντη* thunder; Steropes from *αστραπη* brightness; Argos from *αργος* white, splendid, swift. Apollodorus varies from our poet in one of the names of the Cyclops; instead of *Αργη* he calls him *Αργη*. It has been often remarked that Homer, Hesiod, Apollodorus, and other mythologists, frequently differ in names: I here give one instance, from many observations which I have made, of their not differing in sense though in name; for as swift, or splendid, is a proper epithet for lightning; *αργη*, a fork, is as significant a name for one of the Cyclops as *αργη*.

Cottus, Gyges, and Briareus. Grævius will have these three to be men, and robbers; he says

the ancients intended, by the terrible description of their many heads and hands, to express their violence, ferocity, and injustice. The Scholiast Tzetzes says, they are turbulent winds; which physical interpretation seems most agreeable to me; their heads and hands well express their rage; they being imprisoned by their father in the bowels of the earth, and relieved by their mother in process of time, which is the meaning of Saturn releasing them, is all pertinent to the winds. I am not insensible of an objection that may be started in this explication, from the manner in which they are made part of the war with the gods; but we are to consider that the poet does not confine himself to direct physical truth; for which reason he prepared his readers for a mixture of fiction, from the mouth of the muse, in the beginning of the poem.

Let us come to the explanation of the conspiracy of Earth and Saturn against Heaven. Tzetzes, Guicetus, and Le Clerc, have this conjecture like-wise of the children which were confined by Heaven in the recesses of the earth; they were the corn-fruits of the earth, which, in time, some person found to be of benefit to human kind: He discovered the metal of which he made a sickle: the posture of reaping is designed by his left hand applied to the members of his father, and his right to the instrument. The giants and nymphs, which are said to spring from the blood of Heaven, are those who had the advantages of the invention. The warlike giants and furies are wars and tumults, which were the consequences of plenty and riches. Saturn throwing the members into the sea, denotes traffic with foreign countries.

Venus, says Lord Bacon, is designed to express the concord of things.

Heaven called his sons Titans, from *titano*, to revenge: his prophecy may allude to the disturbances in the world which were the effects of plenty and luxury.

How monstrous does this story seem in the text! Certainly the author must have some physical meaning in view; and what more probable than the last which we have offered? This allegorical way of writing will cease to be a wonder, when we consider the custom of the times, and the love that the ancients bore to fables; and we must think ourselves happy that we can attain such light into them as we have, since we are divided by such length of time from the first inventors, and seeing the poetical embellishments since added to them, have rendered them more obscure; but of this I shall speak more largely in my discourse at the end.

Ver. 325. The distinction which Tzetzes makes betwixt *Moupa* and *Kneza*, which I translate Destiny and Fate, is this; one confirms the decree concerning our death, and the other the punishment attending evil works. Le Clerc infers, from the poet making even the gods subject to the Fates, that they must be mere men which were immortalized by human adoration; but the passage which Plutarch, in his inquiry after God, quotes from Plato, will better reconcile this: Fate, says

he, is the eternal reason and law implanted in the nature of every being.

Momus is called a deity, because he animadverts on the vices both of men and gods; but why is he called the son of Night? Because censure and back-bitings are generally spread privately, and as in the dark. His name is from *Moum* or *Mom*, the Phœnician word for vice. Lucian, in his Assembly of the Gods, makes Momus speak thus of himself: "All know me to be free of my tongue, and that I conceal nothing ill done: I blab out every thing," &c. *Le Clerc*.

The Hesperides are nymphs which are said to watch the golden fruit in the western parts of the world. Tzetzes thus interprets this story: The Hesperides are the nocturnal hours in which the stars are in their lustre; by Hercules who is feigned to have plucked the golden fruit, is meant the sun, at whose appearance the stars cease to shine.

Nemesis is called the goddess of Revenge, and the etymology of her name speaks her office, which is from *nemesis*, "to resent." Our poet, in his Works and Days, ranks her with Modesty.

Ver. 357. Nereus, which in the Phœnician tongue is *nabaro*, "a river," is said to be the son of the Sea, because all rivers take their rise from thence, according to the opinion of the poet. The reason, perhaps, for which he has this extraordinary character in the Theogony, is because he was esteemed a prophetic deity. *Le Clerc*.

Thaumas is here made the son of the Sea and Earth, and the father of Iris: Le Clerc says he is thus allied to the Sea and Iris; he is the deity that presides over clouds and vapours, which arise from the sea and the earth, and cause Iris, or the rainbow. He is called Thaumas, from *θαυμαζω*, "to wonder at, or admire," or from the Phœnician word of the same signification, *thamah*, because all meteors excite wonder or admiration.

Phorcys, says Le Clerc, seems to have been one who employed himself in navigation; but his derivation of the word is too far fetched from the Syrian *phrak*, "he departed, or travelled." The same critic is surprised, and indeed, not without reason, that Ceto should be called fair, and have such horrid children; he derives her name from *kent*, "to be contentious, to lothe."

Eurybia is from *euros*, "wide," and *bia*, "force," one of extensive power.

Ver. 367. Tzetzes thinks the poet, by the names of the Nereids, designed to express several parts and qualities of the sea; but Le Clerc believes them only the arbitrary invention of the poets. Spenser, in the eleventh canto of the fourth book of his Faery Queene, has introduced a beautiful assemblage of the Nereids, and other sea and river-deities, at the marriage of Thames and Medway: and he has imitated and paraphrased many verses together out of our poet, and translated many more; and most, in my judgment, superior to the Greek: whose manner of imitating the ancients will appear by a quotation of one stanza.

Stanza 48th.

And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damsels, deck'd with long green hair,

Whom of their fire Nereides men call,
 All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,
 The gray-ey'd Doris; all which fifty are;
 All which she there on her attending had;
 Swift Proto, mild Eucrate, Thetis fair,
 Soft Spio, sweet Eudore, Sao sad,
 Light Doto, wanton Glaucæ, and Galene glad.

Ver. 418. The Harpies are violent storms; the etymologies of their names are significant of their nature. The word Harpies is from *αἰρᾶζω* to tear, to destroy; *Αἰλὸς* from *αἰλλᾶ* a storm; *Ocyete* from *οὐκὺς* swift, and *πτερομαι* to fly.

Ver. 423. I shall give the story of the Gorgons, and the Graiæ, as related by Lord Bacon, with reflections on the same.

Perseus is said to have been sent by Pallas to slay Medusa, who was very pernicious to many of the inhabitants of the western parts of Hiberia; for she was so dire and horrid a monster, that by her aspect only, she converted men into stones. Of the Gorgons Medusa only was mortal: Perseus, preparing himself to kill her, received arms and other gifts from three deities; from Mercury he had wings for his heels, from Pluto, a helmet, and from Pallas a shield and a looking-glass. He went not immediately towards Medusa, though he was so well instructed; but first to the Graiæ, who were gray and like old women from their birth. They had all but one eye and one tooth, which she who went abroad used, and laid down when she returned. This eye and tooth they lent to Perseus, who finding himself thus completely furnished for his design, flew without delay to Medusa, whom he found sleeping: if she should awake he dared not look in her face; therefore, turning his head aside, he beheld her in the glass of Pallas, and in that manner taking his aim he cut off her head: from her blood instantly sprung Pegasus with wings. Perseus fixed her head in the shield of Pallas, which retained this power, that all who beheld it became stupid as if thunderstruck.

This fable seems invented to show the prudence required in waging war; in which three weighty precepts are to be considered as from the counsel of Pallas. First, In the enlarging dominions, the occasion, facility, and profits of a war, are to be thought of before vicinity of territories; therefore Perseus, though an oriental, did not decline an expedition to the extremest parts of the west. Secondly, Regard ought to be had to the motives of a war, which should be just and honourable; for a war on such terms adds alacrity both to the soldiers and those who bear the expence of the war; it obtains and secures aids, and has many other advantages. No cause of a war is more pious than the quelling tyranny, which so subdues the people as to deprive them of all soul and vigour, which is signified by the aspect of Medusa. Thirdly, The Gorgons were three, by which wars are represented, and Perseus is judiciously made to encounter her only who was mortal; that is, he would not pursue vast and endless hopes, but undertook a war that might be brought to a period. The instruction which Perseus received is that

which conduces to the success or fortune of the war: he received swiftness from Mercury, secrecy of counsels from Orcus, and providence from Pallas. Though Perseus wanted not age nor courage, that he should consult the Graiæ was necessary. The Graiæ are treasurers, and elegantly said to be gray, and like old women, from their birth, because of the perpetual fears and tremblings with which traitors are attended. All their force, before they appear in open rebellion, is an eye, or a tooth; for every faction alienated from a state contemplates and bites: this eye and tooth is in common, for what they learn and know passes through the hands of faction from one to the other; the meaning of the tooth is, they all bite alike; Perseus therefore was to make friends of the Graiæ, that they might lend him the eye and the tooth. Two effects follow the conclusion of the war; first, the generation of Pegasus, which plainly denotes fame, that flies abroad and proclaims the victory; the second is the bearing the head of Medusa in the shield; for one glorious and memorable act happily accomplished, restrains all the motions of enemies, and makes even malice amazed and dumb. Thus far Lord Bacon. The following physical explanation from Tzetzes:

Phorcys signifies the vehemence of the waters, Ceto the depth; *γεραιον* the Scholiast interprets *αἰθρον* the foam. Pephredo and Enyo the desire of marine expeditions. The poet calls the Hesperides murmuring, because the stars in those parts, according to Aristotle, move to a musical harmony: by Stheno and Euryale, which are immortal, he means the immense and inexhaustible parts of the ocean; by Medusa the waters which the sun, or Perseus dries up by his beams. Chrysaor and Pegasus are those parts of matter which are exalted on high, and break in thunder and lightning. Pegasus, says Grævius, is so called, because he was born near *πηγεῖς*, the fountains of the main; Chrysaor, from his having in his hand *χρυσον αὐγῆς*, a golden sword. Le Clerc tells us that this fable is originally Phœnician; he derives the name of Perseus from *pharseto* a horseman, and Chrysaor from the Phœnician word *chrisaor* the keeper of fire.

Ver. 456. Some, says the Scholiast, will have Geryon to signify time; his three heads mean the present, past, and the future; Erythea is an island in the ocean where he kept his herds. Tzetzes.

Le Clerc tells us that when Hercules invaded the island which Geryon possessed, he was opposed by three parties which were inhabitants, and conquered them; which explains his cutting off his three heads.

The same critic afterwards seems to doubt this interpretation; he quotes Bochart to prove that no oxen were in Erythea, and that the island was not productive of grass; but I think if heads are figuratively meant for parties, the herds may as well be took for the men who composed those parties.

Ver. 462. Orthus is the dog of Geryon that watched the herds, which may be some chief officer; and his being murdered in a gloomy stall,

may signify the shameful retreat he made in his time of danger.

Ver. 485. Cerberus, he Clerc derives from *abrafrosh*, having many heads. The Hydra, he tells us, means the inhabitants about the lake Lerna: Juno may therefore signify the earth who nourished the Hydra.

Ver. 497. Chimæra is from the Phœnician *chamirab*, burned; it was a mountain so called because it emitted flames; of which says Pliny, the mountain Chimæra in Phælis flames, without ceasing, night and day. Strabo thinks the fable took a rise from this mountain: the three heads may be three cliffs; Bochart supposes them to be three leaders of the people of Pisidia, whose names may have a similitude to the nature of the three animals, the lion, the goat, and the serpent. Bellerophon is said to conquer this monster, to whom the poet gives Pegasus, because to gain the summit of the mountain, no less than a winged horse was required. *Le Clerc*. The interpretation of Chimæra, a mountain, is not unnatural, when we consider her the daughter of Typhaon, of whom we shall speak more largely in a following note.

Ver. 508. Sphinx is thus described by Apollodorus; "he had the breast and face of a woman, the feet and tail of a lion, and the wings of a bird." *Le Clerc* has this interpretation, which seems the most reasonable, of this monster. After deriving the name from *Sphica* which is a murderer, he tells us in Sphinx is shadowed a gang of robbers which lurked in the cavities of a mountain; she is said to have had the face and breast of a woman, because some women were among them, who perhaps allured the travellers; the feet and tail of a lion, because they were cruel and destructive; and the wings of a bird, from their swiftness. She is said to have slain those who could not explain her enigma; that is, they murdered such as unwarily came where they were, and knew not their haunts. Oedipus is recorded to have unravelled the enigma, because he found them and destroyed them.

The Nemæan lion may be an allegory of the same nature, or literally a lion.

The 31st verse, in the original, is commonly given thus:

Και οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν Νημῆϊος ἢ ἀπιστῶτος.

in which *νημῆϊος* is taken as an adjective signifying *untrustworthy*; but Mr. Robinson, in his edition of Hesiod, published since my translation of our poet, rightly judges *νημῆϊος* to be a proper name, and quotes a passage from Diodorus Siculus, and another from Pausanias, in which the den of the Nemæan lion is said to have been in the mountain Tretum: read, therefore, henceforward,

Και οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν Νημῆϊος, ἢ ἀπιστῶτος.

Ver. 517. Serpents are often in fabulous history constituted guards of things of immense value. The serpent Python kept the oracle at Delphi; and a serpent is made to watch the golden fruit. What is the moral of all this? When we are intrusted with affairs of price and importance, we ought to be as vigilant as serpents. The word *οφίς*, "a serpent," from *οφθαλμῶς*, "to see;" and the Phœni-

cian *nablašeb*, "a serpent," is from a verb in the same language, to see. *Le Clerc*. I must add to this explanation, the serpent being placed in a cave to guard the fruit, denotes secrecy, as well as vigilance.

Ver. 523. The commentators have concluded Hesiod later than Homer, from his naming the chief river in Egypt under the appellation of the Nile, which, they say, was not so called in the days of Homer, but Egyptus. This argument cannot prevail, when we consider the word in the radix, which, says *Le Clerc*, is *nubbul* and *nbbil*, and in Hebrew *nabhal*, which is the common name for any river; Hesiod, therefore, might choose Nile, *נַחַל* *ēzēzēn*, for eminence, it being the principal river; or for the same reason, which is not unlikely, that Homer might choose Egyptus, because it came more readily into the verse: but whatever their reasons were for choosing these different names of the same river, here is no foundation to determine so difficult a point as the age of either of these poets from it.

Ver. 523. Alpheus is a river in Elis, and has something more extraordinary, says Pausanias, in it than any other river; it often flows under ground and breaks out again. Eridanus, a river, says the Scholiast, of the Scythæ. Strymon, a river in Thrace. Mæander, in Lydia or Icaria. Ister, in Scythia. Phasis, in Colchis. Rheus, in Troy. Athelous, in Acarnia or Ætolia. Nessus, in Thrace. Rhodius, in Troy. Haliæmon, in Macedon. Heptaporus, Granicus, and Æsopus, in Troy. Hermus, in Lydia. Simois, in Troy. Peneus, in Thessaly; and some, says Tzetzes, say Granicus and Simois are in Thessaly. Caicus, in Mysia. Sangarius, in Upper Phrygia. Ladon, in Arcadia; this river, says Pausanias, exceeds all the rivers in Greece for clearness of water. Parthenius, in Paphlagonia. Evenus, in Ætolia. Ardescus, in Scythia. Scamander, in Troy. The daughters of Pethys and Ocean, are only poetical names; designed, says the Scholiast, for lakes and rivers of less note than the sons. They are said, continues he, to have the care of mankind from their birth jointly with Apollo, because heat and moisture contribute to generation, and the nutriment of men through life.

Ver. 581. The sun is called *Ἠλῖος*, from the Phœnician word *belejo*, that is, high; though this name may suit all the planets, yet it is more properly given to the most eminent of them. He is sprung from Hyperion, that is, from him that exists on high.

Ver. 582. The word *Σελήνη*, the moon, or in the Doric *Σελαννα*, is from the Phœnician word *selanab*, that is, one that wanders through the night. Aurora, or the morning, being born of the same parents, needs no explanation.

Ver. 585. *Le Clerc* says, the children of Creus and Eurybia, are not to be found in any ancient history, nor to be explained from the nature of things; but if we consider the etymologies of the names of the parents, his remark will prove invalid. Creus is from the verb to judge, and Eurybia, as I have before observed, signifies wide com-

mand; judgment, therefore, and power, are made the parents of three offsprings of renown. I must here observe, that Pallas cannot be the same with her, who is afterwards said to spring from the head of Jove. Our poet calls this Pallas only, and the latter Athena and Tritogenia. The following verses, which tell us the winds sprung from Astræus and Aurora, I should suppose spurious, because we are told in the same poem they sprung from Typhæus, which is every way agreeable to the physical sense; we must therefore suppose them supposititious, or the poet has committed a very great blunder. See farther in the note to ver. 1195.

Ver. 593. Styx, says the Scholiast, is from *στυγω*, to hate, to dread; why her offsprings are made attendants on the Almighty, is conspicuous; but I am not satisfied in Pallas being their father: Tzetzes tells us, that he understands by Pallas, the superior motion which produces such effects. The name, I believe, must come from *παλλω*, a verb, to express extraordinary action; in Latin, *vibro*, *agito*, &c. We are told here, that Styx was ordained by Jove, the oath of the gods; on which Lord Bacon has the following remark. Necessary is elegantly represented by Styx, a fatal and irremediable river. The same noble author goes on to show, that the force of leagues is to take away the power of offending, by making it necessary that the offender should undergo the penalty enacted. Thus he proceeds; if the power of hurting be taken away, or if, on breach of covenant, the danger of ruin, or loss of honour or estate, must be the consequence, the league may be said to be ratified, as by the sacrament of Styx, since the dread of banishment from the banquets of the gods follows; under which terms are signified by the ancients, the laws, prerogatives, affluence, and felicity of empire. See farther, ver. 1082.

Ver. 625. Le Clerc derives Phœbe from the Phœnician, *pho-pab*, which is *es in illa*, that is, a prophetic mouth; for, in the Phœnician tongue, the oracle is called the mouth of God; and, to say we consult the mouth of God, is the same as to say we consult the oracle. *Latona*, in Greek, *Leto*, the same critic derives from *leut*, or *lito* or *leto*, which is to use magic charms; therefore, says he, Apollo and Diana, who preside over magic arts, are said to be born of her. Asteria, he tells us, comes from *hassetbirab*, which signifies lying hid, not an improper name for an enchantress.

Ver. 633. Hecate is by the Phœnicians called *Ecbatha*, that is, the only *unica*; for which reason the poet calls her *μνηστειν*, the only begotten. She is esteemed the chief president over magic arts, and reckoned the same with the moon. The Phœnicians invoked her, because she is the regent of the night, the time when all incantations, charms, and the like, are performed. The sun is in the same language called *bladad*, the only, or one *unus*. Hecate is here said to have the fate of mariners jointly with Neptune in her power, because the moon has an influence over the sea, as well as over the land. *Le Clerc*. The Scholiast says, the poet gives this great character of Hecate, because the person who was, perhaps, after her

death honoured with divine rites, was a Bœotian.

Ver. 694. *Eos*, by the Latins called *Vespa*, is by the learned justly derived from *Ejeb*, or the Syrian *eschtha*, fire: she is esteemed the goddess of fire. Ceres, the Greek *Δημιτρη*, comes from *dai*, a Phœnician word, signifying plenty; a proper name for her who has the honour of being thought the first who taught to cultivate the ground, and to raise fruit-trees. *Hên*, the Greek name of Juno, is from the Phœnician word *hira* or *harab*, jealousy; than which no name could be more apt to Juno, who is often represented as teasing her husband with jealous surmises. *Aïds*, or Pluto, is from the Phœnician word *ed* or *ajid*, which is death or destruction; the poet calls him hard of heart, because he spares none. Plutarch tells us, in his life of Theseus, that the descent which that hero is said to make into hell, means nothing more than his journey to Epirus, of which *Aïds*, or Pluto, was king. Pluto is sometimes called the god of riches, because he had in his kingdom many mines of silver and gold. We now come to the etymologies of *Ενοσίγαιος* and *Ποσειδων*, the names of Neptune, Poseidon signifies a destroyer of ships, *νοσοςγαιος*, earth-shaker. Jupiter is called the father of gods and men, because all sovereigns are fathers of their people. Saturn is said to swallow his children, that is, he imprisoned them. Thus far Le Clerc. I shall conclude this note with the following remark from Lord Bacon. The first distinction of ages is signified by the reign of Saturn, who, through the frequent dissolutions and short continuances of his sons, is said to have devoured them; the second is described by the reign of Jupiter, who drove those continual changes into Tartarus, by which place is meant perturbation. Guicetus thinks the twelve lines from ver. 745. to 757. supposititious.

Ver. 769. The learned will have Japhet to be the son of Noah, whose posterity inhabited Europe; but, since so many interpolations and falsehoods are mixed with the history of antiquity, we cannot wonder if this story, in some degree, remains yet obscure. Atlas is said to support the heavens near where the Hesperides are situated: Atlas might probably have been the founder of the people who possessed the extremest parts of Africa about the mountain Atlas; which mountain, through the extraordinary height, seemed to prop up heaven, and because it was far in the west, where they imagined heaven almost met the earth. This mountain might have had the name from the first ruler of the people. Menætius is called *εὐεργετης*, contumelious, or injurious, which is agreeable to the radix, the Chaldean word *menath*, he terrified. Bochart, in his *Phaleg*, book I. chap. 2. tells us the true name of Prometheus was Magog, who was the son of Japhet: he is said to have been bound to Caucasus, because he settled near it, and to have stole fire from heaven, because he found out the use of those metals which were in the mines about Caucasus. Æschylus puts these words into the mouth of Prometheus, "Who will say he found out brass, iron, silver, and gold, before me?"

The etymology of Magog seems to favour the story of the vulture gnawing his liver; the Hebrew name is *moug* or *mogag*, which is to waste away. The radix of Gog is, he burned, not an improper name for him who was enamoured with Pandora. *La Clerc*. To these accounts, I shall add the following from Diodorus Siculus: "The Nile, under the rising of the Dog-star, at which time it was usually full, overflowed the bounds, and laid great part of Egypt under water. Prometheus, who tried to preserve the people, by endeavouring to stop the flood, died through grief, because he could not accomplish his design. Hercules, inured to labour, and to overcome difficulties, stopped the current, and turned it to the former channel. This gave rise, among the Greek poets, to the story of Hercules killing the eagle which preyed on the liver of Prometheus. The name of the river was then *Ayros*, the Greek word for an eagle."

Since the opinions of the learned are so various on this and several other fables of antiquity, we must rest on those interpretations which come nearest to nature, and which leave us least in the dark. My judgment is, that whatever might give birth to this fable, our poet, not regarding the different relations in his time, designed it as a moral lesson, showing the bad effects of a too free indulgence of the passions; and, in the character of Prometheus, the benefits of regulating them with discretion; which I think I have shewed in my remarks on this story, as told in the Works and Days; to which I shall add the following reflections from Lord Bacon, which are more properly introduced here, as they more particularly regard this fable, as told in the Theogony.

"After the improvement of arts and the human understanding, the parable passes to religion, for the cultivation of arts was followed by the institution of divine worship, which hypocrisy soon polluted. Under the twofold sacrifice, the religious person and the hypocrite are truly represented: one contains the fat, which is the portion of God, by the flame and fumes arising, from which the affection and zeal for the glory of God are signified; by the entrails and flesh of the sacrifice, which are good and wholesome, are meant the bowels of charity. In the other is nothing but dry and naked bones, which only stuff up the skin, while they make a fair show of a sacrifice. In the other part of the fable, Prometheus means prudent men who consider for the future, and warily avoid the many evils and misfortunes which human nature is liable to: but this good property is accompanied with many cares, with the deprivation of pleasures; they defraud their genius of various joys of life, they perplex themselves with intestine fears and troublesome reflections, which are denoted by the eagle gnawing his liver while he is bound to the pillar of necessity: from the night they obtain some relief, but wake in the morning to fresh anxieties. Prometheus having assistance from Hercules, means fortitude of mind. The same is the explanation by the Scholiast of the eagle. The poet goes farther than what Tzetzes and Lord Bacon have observed: he makes Her-

cules free Prometheus by the consent of Jupiter; the meaning of which must be, that such miseries are not to be undergone patiently without divine aid to support the spirits. This story is not yet without obscurities; for Hesiod calls Prometheus *αἰσχυντα*, blameless, hurtful to none; and at the same time makes him playing tricks with Jupiter in his offerings. I must here observe, that this fable is more consistent in every part as told in the Works and Days; nor is it to be wondered at, when we consider that poem as the work of his riper years, when his genius was more sedate, and his judgment more settled." I shall conclude this note with an allusion which Milton has, in his description of Eve, to the story of Pandora; from which it is evident he took the box of Pandora in the same sense with the forbidden fruit; and, as I have already observed in my notes to the Works and Days, many have been of opinion that both are from one tradition. The lines in Paradise Lost are these:

More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, (and, O! too late
In sad event!) when, to th' unwifer son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks.

Book 4.

Ver. 916. Here begins the battle of the gods, which continues to ver. 1222. In this the learned are much divided concerning the intention of the poet, and from whence he took his account of the war. Some imagine it of Egyptian rise, from the story of Typhon; nor are they few who believe it, from the tradition of the battle of the angels; but Tzetzes thinks it no other than a poetical description of a war of the elements: but they are certainly wrong who think it entirely from either. I do not in the least doubt but the poet had a physical view in some passages, and in some particulars may possibly have had a regard to some relations, fabulous or real, of antiquity; but his main design seems to have been that of relating a war betwixt supernatural beings, and, by raising his imagination to the utmost height, to present the dreadfullest ideas which the human mind is capable of conceiving: and I believe I may venture to say, some parts of this war are the sublimest of the sublime poetry of the ancients. If a nicer eye should discover every part of this war to be entirely physical, which I think impossible, yet I am unjustifiable in my supposing his design to be that of relating a war betwixt supernatural beings; for while those parts of nature are clothed in prosopopæias they cease to be parts of nature till the allegory is unfolded; our ideas, therefore, are to be placed on the immediate objects of sense, which are the persons of the war, as they directly present themselves to our eyes from the description of the poet. I must here observe, that all the commentators on our poet are silent on the poetical beauties of this war, which makes me think them to have been men of more learning than taste.

Our poet tells us the gods eat nectar and ambrosia; and Homer mentions a river of nectar and ambrosia, *ἡμφορίης καὶ νικτήρος ποταμῶς*.

Odyss. T.: from which we may conclude those words to be used both for meat and drink among the gods.

Ver. 973. The reader is to take notice, that though most of the Titans were against Jupiter, all were not, for Cottus, Gyges, and Briareus, were Titans; what an image in these three brothers tearing up the rocks, and throwing them against the enemy! Heaven, earth, the ocean, and hell, are all disturbed by the tumult. The poet artfully takes care to raise our ideas, by heightening the images to the last. The description of the battle, from ver. 970. to 993. is great, but it is impossible that any reader should not feel himself more affected with the grandeur and terror with which Jupiter urges the fight. Heaven, earth, the ocean, and hell, are all disturbed as before, but the additional terror, and the variation of the language, make a new scene to the mind.

One conflagration seems to rise on all,
And threatens Chaos with the gen'ral fall.

How elevated are these in the original! Could the genius of man think of any thing sublimer to paint the horror of the day, attended with the roar of all the winds, and the whirling of the dust! Could he think of ought more adequate to our ideas, to express the voice of the war by, than by likening it to the confused meeting of the heavens and the earth, to the wreck of worlds! "Do you see," says Longinus on another author, "the earth opening to her centre, the regions of death just ready to appear, and the whole fabric of the world upon the point of being rent asunder and destroyed, to signify, that in this combat, heaven, hell, things mortal and immortal, every thing, co-laboured, as it were, with the gods, and that all nature was endangered." This passage of Longinus could never be applied with more justice than here, nor more properly expressed in our own language, than in the words of Mr. Welfed, from his translation of that author.

Milton, in his *Battle of the Angels*, has judiciously imitated several parts of our poet. In one place, says he,

Hell heard th' unufferable noise——

And, a little farther,

—— confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion.

Book 6.

Le Clerc thinks Chaos here means the whole vast extent of air; but Grævius takes it for *μυστα χάσμα*, "the vast chasm that leads to hell;" in which last sense Milton likewise takes it, describing the pass from hell to earth:

Before their eyes, in sudden view, appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean! without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and
height,

And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night,
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars.

Book 2.

And, in the first book,

—— the universal host upsent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

Ver. 1030. From this verse to ver. 1134. the poet judiciously relieves the mind from the rage of battle, with a description of Tartarus, Styx, &c. with an intent to end the war, and surprise us with something more sublime than we could expect, after what had preceded the single combat betwixt Jupiter and Typhæus. In the description of Tartarus, Milton has many imitations of our poet:

With earth thy vast foundations cover'd o'er
Hesiod.

Satan describing his realm.

—— lately heav'n, and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm. *Milton, book 2.*

The entrance there, and the last limits, lie
Of earth, the barren main, the starry sky,
And Tart'rus; there of all the fountains rise.
Hesiod.

—— this wild abyfs,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.
Milton, book 2.

—— where heav'n
With earth and ocean meets. *Book 4.*

And afterwards:

—— and now, in little space,
The confines met of empyrean heav'n,
And of this world, and on the left hand hell.
Book 10.

Here storms in hoarse, in frightful murmurs
play. *Hesiod.*

—— nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous. *Milton, book 2.*

And a little lower, in the same book:

At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ears.

Tzetzes says the beginning and end of things are said to be here figuratively, because we are in the dark as to the knowledge of them. The verses in which Atlas is made to prop up the heavens, Guetius supposes not genuine.

Ver. 1082. The story of Styx, with the punishment of the perjured gods, is chiefly poetical. Why this river should be detestable to immortals I know not, unless they think it a sad restraint to be deterred from perjury: this thought has too much impiety in it, therefore we must give it another turn; as relating to the oaths of great men, or in the same sense that death is called a foe to the gods, which is from the grief they are sometimes made to suffer for the death of any favourite mortal, as Venus for Adonis, and Thetis for Achilles.

Ver. 1136. Typhæus and Typhaon seem to be different persons (though some will have them two names of one person), because Typhæus is no sooner born but he rebels, and is immediately destroyed; and Typhaon is made the father of

many children. Le Clerc derives the word Typhæus from the Phœnician word *touphon*, the radix of which is *touph*, to overflow, to overwhelm. He is not injudiciously called the father of the winds, and the son of Earth and Tartarus; the various voices which the poet gives him are agreeable to the several tones of the winds at several times. Lord Bacon has this reflection on the poetical description of this monster. Speaking of rebellion, he says, because of the infinite evils which it brings on princes and their subjects, it is represented by the horrid image of Typhæus, whose hundred heads are the divided powers and flaming jaws incendiary designs.

Ver. 1154. With what dignity Jupiter sets out for this single combat! heaven and earth tremble beneath him when he rises in anger. Similar to this passage, is the seventh verse of the eighteenth Psalm. "Then the earth shook and trembled, the foundations of the hills also moved, and were shaken, because he was wroth."

Here are three circumstances which exalt the images above those in the former battles, the winds bearing the fire on their wings, the giant flaming from his hundred heads, and the similitude of the furnace.

Ver. 1195. In the winds which are here said to be from the gods, the poet omits the east wind; though some will have *αργεῖος* to be the name of a wind, and as such Mombricius takes it in his translation; Aulus Gellius indeed gives it as the name of a wind, but as one that blows from the west, by the Latins called Caurus. Stephens gives examples of it being used for the epithet swift; and Scapula quotes Aristotle to show he uses it in the same sense, *αργεῖος κραιννός* the swift lightnings: *αργεῖος* is from the same radix, and of the same signification with *αργεῖος*. The poet calls the winds sprung from Typhæus greatly destructive to mortals, and those from the gods profitable; the two following verses from Exodus, therefore, will, in some degree, countenance my interpretation of *Αργεῖος*; which I make an adjective to agree with *Ζεφύρου*, i. e. *αργεῖον Ζεφύρον*. "The Lord brought an east-wind on the land all that day, and all that night, and when it was morning the east-wind brought the locusts." Chap. x 13. "The Lord turned a mighty strong west-wind, which took away the locusts." Ver. 19. Though this is related as a miracle, we may suppose the properest winds were chosen to bring the evil and the good on the land. In whatever sense this word is taken, our poet is not free from absurdity in his philosophy, when he makes the north, south, and west winds, spring from the gods, and those which tyrannize by sea and land from Typhæus; for the winds from each corner are hurtful sometimes, all depending on what circumstances the elements are in, and not from what part the winds come.

Ver. 1222. Here ends the war. Tzetzes says, the conquest which Jupiter gained over the foe, was the tranquillity of nature after the confusion of the elements was laid. However the physical interpretation may hold good through the whole,

the war is regularly conducted, and justly concluded; the hero is happily situated, the enemy punished, and the allies rewarded.

Ver. 1223. I shall give the explanation of the story of Minerva springing from the head of Jove, in the words of Lord Bacon, from his Essay on Counsel.

The ancient times do set forth in figure, both the incorporation, and inseparable conjunction, of counsel with kings, and the wise and politic use of counsel by kings; the one in that they say Jupiter did marry Metis, which signifieth counsel, whereby they intend that sovereignty is married to counsel; the other in that which followeth, which was thus; they say after Jupiter was married to Metis she conceived by him, and was with child; but Jupiter suffered her not to stay till she brought forth, but eat her up; whereby he became himself with child, and was delivered of Pallas armed out of his head; which monstrous fable containeth a secret of empire, how kings are to make use of their council of state; that first they ought to refer matters unto them, which is the first begetting or impregnation; but when they are elaborate, moulded, and shaped, in the womb of their council, and grow ripe, and ready to be brought forth, that then they suffer not their counsel to go through with the resolution and direction as if it depended on them, but take the matter back into their own hands, and make it appear to the world that the decrees and final directions (which, because they come forth with prudence and power, are resembled by Pallas armed) proceeded from themselves, and not only from their authority, but, the more to add reputation to themselves, from their head and device. Thus far Lord Bacon. What to make of the son whom Jupiter destroyed before his birth, I know not, unless tyranny is shadowed in that allegory, which often follows power, but was here quelled before it could exert itself, by wisdom or reflection. Milton has judiciously applied this image of Pallas springing from the head of Jove to Sin and Satan, in the second book of Paradise Lost, where Sin giving an account of her birth, thus speaks to Satan,

All on a sudden, miserable pain

Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness; while thy head flames thick and
fast

Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide;
Likest to thee in shape, and count'nance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung.

Ver. 1239. Jupiter and Themis are said to be the parents of the hours; the meaning of which is, power and justice bless the land, or make the seasons or hours propitious, by laying down good laws which preserve property and peace. Some take Eunomie, Dice, and Trene, to be only poetical names for the hours or seasons of the year; but Grævius laughs at the ignorance of such interpreters, and proves, beyond contradiction, they mean good laws, right, and peace; which is the literal

construction of the names. He produces a passage from Pindar, Olymp. 13, where they can be understood in no other sense; the words of the poet, in English, are these. Here Eunomia dwells with her sisters, Dica the safe foundations of cities, and Irana endowed with the same manners, with the other, the disposers of riches to men, the golden daughters of Themis good in counsel. We are to observe the difference of the names in Hesiod and Pindar is only from a change of the dialect in the latter. Mombricitus has taken the hours in the same sense:

Dein horas Themis ediderat, Jovis altera conjux,
Justitiam, legemque bonam pacemque virentem.

The poet before makes the Fates spring from Night; a mistake therefore must be in one place; Le Clerc supposes it here. Mr. Robinson, to avoid the contradiction which is made by the common interpretation of *Μοῖραι*, &c. here places *Μοῖραι* after *ὠραι*, in the construction, and not after *τινιν*; which gives it a better sense; however, *ὠραι* *Μοῖραι*, with their names as they stand here, will not well admit of this construction which Mr. Robinson makes, "bonæ leges, justitia, et pax, humanam fortem pulchram et felicem reddunt." I am inclined to think the three verses here concerning the fates spurious: I am sure they are absurd.

Ver. 1251. Aglaia from *αγλαος*, splendid; Euphrosyne signifies joy; Thalia from *θαλλειν*, banquets.

Ver. 1257. Persephone, by the Latins called Proserpina, Le Clerc derives from the Phœnician word *perisaphoun*, in English hidden fruit, which means the fruit committed to the earth; Jove, therefore, whether we understand him as the Supreme Being, or physically the air, is properly called the father of Persephone, and Ceres her mother. Pluto is the heat in the earth which contributes towards maturing the fruits. Besides this interpretation, a story is told of Ceres, a queen of Sicily, whose daughter was forced away by Pluto.

Ver. 1264. Grævius makes one inference from the Muses having diadems of gold on their heads, which is that luxury in dress which prevailed among the ancients. On this occasion he uses the words of Ælian from his Various History, book 1. chap. 18. "Who can deny that the women among the ancients abounded in luxury?"

Ver. 1267. Le Clerc says Phœbus Apollo comes from the Hebrew *pho-be-bapollon*, having a wonderful mouth; but we must take notice that the poet calls him only Apollo here. Artemis, whom the Latins call Diana, the same critic derives from the Phœnician words *bar*, a mountain, and *thamab*, admired.

Ver. 1271. The poet means by this, that Juno was the last of goddesses whom he took to his bed, and whom he made his wife; the rest were only concubines. The word *ἄκοντις*, a wife, our author uses to none but Juno.

Hebe, the goddess of youth is derived from the Hebrew word *eb*, to flourish; *Ἀψις*, in Latin Mars, from *Hari*, which signifies a mountain-man: it is well known that the seat of Mars was on the

mountains of Thrace. *Ἑλιδόνα*, or Lucina, is from *heilidia*, she caused to bring forth; a proper name for a goddess who presides over human birth. Le Clerc.

The meaning of this may be, that to the supreme beings, or to earth and air, which are here Jupiter and Juno, we owe our birth, our bloom of youth, and vigour or maturity; which are denoted by Lucina, Hebe, and Mars.

Ver. 1280. The vulgar reading of this passage is this; nor is it in any edition I have seen otherwise.

Ἥρῃ δ' ἤρπειτον κλυτον ἐν φιλοστονί μνηστῆρα
Γεννατόν.

Juno, joining in love, brought forth the renowned Vulcan; than which reading nothing can be more absurd. This is a flagrant instance of the ignorance of the transcribers; nor indeed are those free from censure who have had the care of the press in the printed editions. The very words which follow point out the mistake of *ἐν φιλοστονί*.

—καὶ ζῶμαινεν, καὶ ἥρπειν ὡ παρκοῖον.

She used her utmost endeavours, and contended with her husband. For what did she contend with her husband? To bring forth without his assistance, as he did without her. Had the poet intended to make Vulcan the son of Jupiter and Juno, he would have placed him in the list with Hebe, Mars, and Lucina; but, instead of that, he lets the birth of Minerva, though he had given an account of it before, intervene, that the reason of the resentment of Juno may immediately appear: let us therefore read it *ἐν φιλοστονί μνηστῆρα*, and the sense will be this: Juno, without the joys of love, brought forth the renowned Vulcan, resolving to revenge herself on her husband. Thus Tzetzes and Grævius take it; and thus Mombricitus has translated it:

Sic quoque, nullius commixta libidine, Juno
Te Vulcanæ tulit.

Sic quoque is here very proper, because it alludes to the preceding lines of the birth of Minerva. *ἤρπειτος*, I believe, comes from *ἄρσω*, to burn, and from *αἰσω*, to destroy. I have another reason which may possibly enforce this reading, and which I have never met with. As Vulcan is called the god of artificers; in metals he is rightly the son of Juno only, who is sometimes physically taken for the earth.

Ver. 1285. Triton is feigned to be the son of Neptune and Amphitrite, and by later poets made the trumpeter of Neptune. Le Clerc takes the name from the Chaldean word *retat*, he stirred up a clamour.

Ver. 1288. This passage, where Terror and Fear are made the sons of Mars, wants no explanation; why Harmonia is the daughter of him and Venus I know not, unless the poet means that beauty is sometimes the reward of courage.

Ver. 1296. Maia is one of the Pleiades; how she may be said to be the daughter of Atlas, see in the Works and Days, book 2. note 1. The Scholiast interprets Hermes, being the messenger of the

gods, thus; the herald of heaven is that which brings divine things to light.

Ver. 1300. Bacchus is said to be born of Semele, which word Le Clerc derives from the Phœnician *šmelab*, which signifies a virgin ripe for man. The Greek name of Bacchus is *Διόνυσος*, which is literally the son of Jove; some have a different derivation; but since this agrees with his birth, according to the Theogony, it will be needless to seek any other. He is the god who presides over the vintage; therefore, as all pleasures are from God, he is justly derived from the same source. See farther in the Discourse at the end.

Ver. 1304. The story of Jupiter possessing Alcmena in the shape of her husband Amphitryon, is well known: Hercules physically signifies strength and courage, which are from Jove.

Ver. 1306. Vulcan and Aglaia are here husband and wife; but Venus is made the consort of Vulcan by other authors. Vulcan, the god of artificers in fire, and Aglaia, one of the Graces, are properly joined, because, by the help of both, all that is ornamental is brought to perfection. Vulcan is called lame, because fire cannot subsist without fuel. These two are brought together, but no children are born of them, which does not answer the title of the generation of the gods, therefore improperly introduced in a poem under that title, as are the other persons who meet and not propagate.

Ver. 1312. Hercules is married to Hebe, that is, to eternal youth, the reward of great and glorious actions.

Ver. 1318. Circe, as an enchantress, is properly said to be a daughter of the Sun; and Medea, for the same reason, is justly derived from the same source.

Ver. 1332. We are now come to the last part of the poem, where goddesses submit to the embraces of mortals. How ridiculous would these stories seem, were they to be understood in the very letter! Such, therefore, (an observation I have made before) as remain obscure to us, we must conclude to have lost of their explanation through the length of time in which they have been handed down to us. The meeting of Jason and Ceres in Crete, plainly signifies the land being cultivated by that hero; and Plutus, the god of riches, being the produce of their loves, means the fruits of his labour and industry.

Ver. 1340. Cadmus and Harmonia have, doubtless, some relation to persons in history. Polydore, the Scholiast, says, was so called, because the gods distributed their gifts at the nuptials of his parents.

Ver. 1347. These verses of Chrysaor and Callirhoe, are, doubtless, placed here by mistake, since they were introduced before in a more proper manner: here they are absurd, because Chrysaor and Callirhoe are not reckoned mortals.

Ver. 1354. I believe Memnon and Hemathion were called by the ancient Greeks, sons of Aurora, because they were of the orientals which settled in Greece. Memnon was king of Ethiopia, which country is in the east from Greece. *Le Clerc*. Tzetzes tells us, that Macedon was so called from Hemathion, who was slain by Hercules; but that does not agree with Memnon being slain by Achilles, because the distance of time betwixt Hercules and Achilles was too long: besides Memnon was slain in his youth, which increases the error in point of time. The reason which Lord Bacon gives for Memnon being the son of Aurora, is, that as he was a youth whose glories were short-lived, he is properly said to be the son of the morning, whose beauties soon pass away. The same remark, perhaps, may be applied to Hemathion and Phaëthon.

Ver. 1366. Many passages may be collected, from which the Argonauts will appear to have been Thessalian merchants, who sailed to Colchis; but, since Hesiod intended not to relate the expedition, it would be needless to give the history here. *Le Clerc*.

Ver. 1380. Æacus, Achilles, and Æneas, are names well known in history, and seem to be mentioned only as the reputed sons of goddesses by mortals without any physical view; which seems to be the end of introducing Agrius, Latinus, and other names.

Ver. 1394. *Le Clerc* takes Naufinus to be the inclination which Ulysses had to leave Calypso, and Naufithous the ship in which he sailed from her; both words, indeed, are expressive of such meanings, but as many persons have had names from their dispositions, offices, or some particular circumstance of their lives, or names given them significant of some quality or employment, yet not applicable to those who are so named, we are not certain whether these are designed as real names or not.

Ver. 1403. This concludes the Theogony, as the poem now stands, from which it appears, that the poet writ or intended to write, of women of renown; but such a work could not come under the title of the Theogony; of which see farther in the fifth section of my Discourse on the Writings of Hesiod.

A DISCOURSE

ON THE THEOLOGY AND MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENTS.

IN the following discourse I shall confine myself to the Theology and Mythology of the ancient Greeks, showing their rise and progress, with a view only to the Theogony of Hesiod, intending it but as an appendix to the notes.

The Greeks, doubtless, derived great part of their religion from the Egyptians; and though Herodotus tells us, in one place, that Hesiod, with Homer, was the first who introduced a Theogony among the Grecians, and the first who gave names to the gods, yet he contradicts that opinion in his second book, where he says Melampus seems to have learned the stories of Bacchus from Cadmus and other Tyrians, which came with him from Phœnicia to the country now called Bœotia: he must therefore mean that Hesiod and Homer were the first who gave the gods a poetical dress, and who used them with more freedom in their writings than preceding authors.

Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Pausanias, all mention Cadmus settling in Bœotia, and Egyptian colonies in other parts of Greece; and Herodotus says almost all the names of the gods in Greece were from Egypt: to enforce which, I have translated the following account from Diodorus Siculus.

We learn from the Egyptians that many by nature mortal, were honoured with immortality for their wisdom, and inventions which proved useful to mankind, some of which were kings of Egypt: and to such they gave the names of the celestial deities. Their first prince was called *Hélios*, from the planet of that name, the sun. We are told that *Hephaistos*, or Vulcan, was the inventor of fire, that is, the use of it; for seeing a tree on the mountains blasted from heaven, and the wood burning, he received much comfort from the heat, being then winter: from this he fired some combustible matter, and preserved the use of it afterwards to men, for which reason he was made ruler of the people. After this Chronos, or Saturn reigned, who married his sister Rhea, of whom five deities were born, whose names were Osiris, Isis, Typhon, Apollo, Aphrodite. Osiris, is Bacchus and Isis, Ceres, or Demeter. Isis was married to Osiris, and, after she shared the dominion, made many discoveries for the benefit of life; she found the use of corn, which grew before neglected in the fields like other herbs; and Osiris began to cultivate the fruit-trees. In remembrance of these persons annual rites were decreed, which are now preserved; in the time of harvest they offer the first-fruits of the corn to Isis, and invoke her.

Hermes invented letters, and the lyre of three chords; the first instituted divine worship, and ordained sacrifices to the gods.

The same historian proceeds to relate the expedition of Osiris, who was accompanied by his brother Apollo, who is said to be the first that pointed out the laurel. Osiris took great delight in music, for which reason he carried with him a company of musicians, among which were nine virgins eminent for their skill in singing, and in other sciences, whom the Greeks call the Muses, and Apollo they style their president. Osiris at his return was deified, and afterwards murdered by his brother Typhon, a turbulent and impious man. Isis and her son revenged themselves on Typhon and his accomplices.

Thus far Diodorus in his first book; and Plutarch, in his treatise of Isis and Osiris, seems to think the Grecian poets, in their stories of Jupiter and the Titans, and of Bacchus and Ceres, indebted to the Egyptians.

Diodorus, in his third book, tells us Cadmus, who was derived from Egypt, brought letters from Phœnicia, and Linus was the first among the Greeks who invented poetic numbers and melody, and who wrote an account of the actions of the first Bacchus; he had many disciples, the most renowned of which were Hercules, Thamyris, and Orpheus. We are told by the same author, that Orpheus, who was let into the theology of the Egyptians, applied the generation of the Osiris of old, to the then modern times, and, being gratified by the Cadmeans, instituted new rites. Semele, the daughter of Cadmus, being deflowered, bore a child of the same likeness, which they attributed to Osiris of Egypt; Orpheus, who was admitted into the mysteries of the religion, endeavoured to veil her shame, by giving out that Semele conceived by Jove, and brought forth Bacchus. Hence men, partly through ignorance, and partly through the honour which they had for Orpheus, and confidence in him, were deceived.

From these passages we learn that the religion and gods of Egypt were, in part, translated with the colonies into Greece; but they continued not long without innovations and alterations. Linus first sung the exploits of the first Bacchus or Osiris; he, doubtless, took all the poetical liberty that he could with his subject: Orpheus after him banished the first Bacchus from the theology, and introduced the second with a lie to conceal the shame of a polluted woman. In short, all the stories

which were told in honour of those Egyptians, who had deserved well of their country, were, with their names, applied to other persons. Thus, according to the historian, the divine Orpheus set out with bribery, flattery, and delusion.

Hesiod begins his *Theogony* with the first principle of the heathen system, that Chaos was the parent of all, and Heaven and Earth the parents of all visible things. That Heaven is the father, says Plutarch, in his *Inquiry after God*, appears from his pouring down the waters which have the spermatic faculty, and Earth the mother, because she brings forth. This, according to the opinion of Plutarch, and many more, was the origin of the multiplicity of gods, men esteeming those bodies in the heavens and on the earth, from which they received benefit, the immediate objects of their gratitude and adoration: the same were the motives afterwards which induced them to pay divine honours to mortal men, as we see in the account we have from Diodorus. The design of the poet was to give a catalogue of those deities who were, in any sense, esteemed as such in the times in which he lived, whether fabulous, historical, or physical; but we must take notice, that even where a story had rise from fable, or history, he seems to labour at reducing it to nature, as in that of the muses: what was before of mean original, from nine minstrels, slaves to a prince, is rendered great by the genius of the poet.

I shall conclude, thinking it all that is farther necessary to be said, and particularly on the Mythology, with the following translation from the preface of Lord Bacon to his treatise on the Wisdom of the Ancients.

I am not ignorant how uncertain fiction is, and how liable to be wrested to this or that sense, nor how prevalent wit and discourse are, so as ingeniously to apply such meanings as were not thought of originally: but let not the follies and license of few lessen the esteem due to parables; for that would be profane and bold, since religion delights in such veils and shadows: but, reflecting on human wisdom, I ingeniously confess my real opinion is, that mystery and allegory were from the original intended in many fables of the ancient poets; this appears apt and conspicuous to me, whether ravished with a veneration for antiquity, or because I find such coherence in the similitude with the things signified, in the very texture of the fable, and in the propriety of the names which are given to the persons or actors in the fable; and no man can positively deny that this was the sense proposed from the beginning, and industriously veiled in this manner. How can the conformity and judgment of the names be obscure to any? Metis being made the wife of Jove, plainly signifies counsel. No one should be moved if he sometimes finds any addition for the sake of history, or by way of embellishment, or if chronology should happen to be confounded, or if part of one fable should be transferred to another, and a new allegory introduced; for these were all necessary and to be expected, seeing they are the inventions of men of different ages, and who writ to

different ends, some with a view to the nature of things, and other to civil affairs.

We have another sign, and that no small one, of this hidden sense which we have been speaking of; which is, that some of these fables are in the narration, that is, in themselves literally understood, so foolish and absurd, that they seem to proclaim a parable at a distance. Such as are probable may be feigned for amusement, and in imitation of history; but where no such designs appear, but they seem to be what none would imagine or relate, they must be calculated for other uses! What a fiction is this! Jove took Metis for his wife, and as soon as he perceived her pregnant, eat her, whence he himself conceived, and brought forth Pallas, armed from his head. Nothing can appear more monstrous, more like a dream, and more out of the course of thinking, than this story in itself. What has a great weight with me, is, that many of these fables seem not to be invented by those who have related them, Homer, Hesiod, and other writers; for were they the fictions of that age, and of those who delivered them down to us, nothing great and exalted, according to my opinion, could be expected from such an origin: but if any one will deliberate on this subject attentively, these will appear to be delivered and related as what were before believed and received, and not as tales then first invented and communicated: besides, as they are told in different manners by authors of almost the same times, they are easily perceived to be common, and derived from old memorial tradition, and are various only from the additional embellishments which diverse writers have bestowed on them.

In old times, when the inventions of men, and the conclusions deduced from them, were new and uncommon, parables, and similes, of all kinds abounded. As hieroglyphics were more ancient than parables, parables were more ancient than arguments. We shall close what we have here said, with this observation: the wisdom of the ancients was either great or happy; great if these figures were the fruits of their industry, and happy if they looked no farther, that they have afforded matter and occasion so worthy contemplation.

POSTSCRIPT.

I CANNOT take my leave of this work without expressing my gratitude to Mr. Theobald for his kind assistance in it. Much may with justice be said to the advantage of that gentleman, but his own writings will be testimonies of his abilities, when, perhaps, this profession of my friendship for him, and of my zeal for his merit, shall be forgot.

Such remarks as I have received from my friends I have distinguished from my own, in justice to those by whom I have been so obliged, lest, by a general acknowledgment only, such errors as I may have possibly committed, should, by the wrong guesses of some, be unjustly imputed to them.

Feb. 15. 1728.

THOMAS COOKE.

A GENEALOGICAL TABLE TO THE THEOGONY.

<i>From Chaos.</i>		Verse			Verse
Earth	-	191	Atropos	-	336
Hell	-	194	Nemesis	-	345
Love	-	196	Fraud	-	347
Erebus	-	202	Loose Desire	-	ib.
Night	-	203	Old Age	-	348
			Strife	-	ib.
<i>From Erebus and Night.</i>			<i>From Strife.</i>		
The Sky	-	205	Labour	-	349
Day	-	ib.	Oblivion	-	350
			Famine	-	ib.
<i>From Earth.</i>			Woes	-	ib.
Heaven	-	207	Combats	-	351
Hills	-	210	Murders	-	ib.
Groves	-	ib.	Wars	-	ib.
Sea	-	213	Slaughters	-	ib.
			Deceits	-	352
<i>From Heaven and Earth.</i>			Quarrels	-	ib.
Ocean	-	214	Lies	-	ib.
Cæus	-	216	Licence	-	353
Cæus	-	217	Losses	-	354
Hyperion	-	218	Domestic Wounds	-	ib.
Japhet	-	ib.	Perjury	-	355
Thea	-	219			
Rhea	-	ib.	<i>From Sea and Earth.</i>		
Themis	-	220	Nereus	-	357
Mnemosyne	-	221	Thaumas	-	363
Phæbe	-	ib.	Phorcys	-	364
Tethys	-	222	Ceto	-	ib.
Saturn	-	223	Eurybia	-	365
The Cyclops	{ Brontes Særope Arges	{ 227	<i>From Nereus and Doris.</i>		
Cottus	-	237	Proto	-	371
Gyges	-	238	Eucrate	-	ib.
Briareus	-	ib.	Sao	-	372
			Amphitrite	-	ib.
<i>From the blood of Heaven.</i>			Eudore	-	373
Giants	-	289	Thetis	-	ib.
The Furies	-	290	Galene	-	ib.
Wood-nymphs	-	291	Glauce	-	374
			Cymothoe	-	ib.
<i>From the members of Heaven.</i>			Spio	-	375
Venus	-	296	Thalia	-	376
			Melite	-	377
<i>From Night.</i>			Eulimene	-	378
Destiny	-	327	Agave	-	379
Fate	-	ib.	Pasithea	-	ib.
Death	-	328	Erato	-	380
Sleep	-	ib.	Eunice	-	ib.
Dreams	-	ib.	Doto	-	381
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Care	-	330	Pherusa	-	383
The Hesperides	-	331	Dunamene	-	ib.
the	-	335	Nisæa	-	384
Clothes	-	ib.	Actæa	-	ib.
La	-				

A GENEALOGICAL TABLE.

		Verse		Verse
	Protomedia	385	Phafis	526
	Doris	386	Rhefus	527
	Panope	387	Achelous	528
	Galatea	388	Nessus	529
	Hippothoe	389	Rhodius	ib.
	Hipponoe	390	Haliacmon	530
	Cymodoce	391	Heptaporus	ib.
	Cymatolege	392	Granic	531
336	Cumo	395	Ælapus	ib.
	Heione	ib.	Hermus	532
345	Halimed	ib.	Simois	ib.
347	Glaucanome	397	Peneus	533
ib.	Pontoporea	398	Caic	ib.
348	Liagore	ib.	Sangarius	535
ib.	Evagore	399	Ladon	ib.
	Laomedia	ib.	Parthenius	536
349	Polynome	400	Evenus	ib.
350	Autonoe	401	Ardeus	537
ib.	Lyfianassa	ib.	Scamander	538
ib.	Evadne	403		<i>Daughters.</i>
351	Plamathe	405	Pitho	546
ib.	Menippe	406	Admete	ib.
ib.	Nefo	407	Ianthe	547
ib.	Eupompe	ib.	Electra	ib.
352	Themisto	408	Doris	540
ib.	Pronoe	ib.	Prymno	ib.
ib.	Nemertes	409	Urania	549
353		<i>From Thaumus and Electre.</i>	Hippo	550
354	Iris	417	Clymene	ib.
ib.	The Harpies	419	Rodia	551
355		<i>From Phorcys and Ceto.</i>	Zeuxo	552
			Calliroe	ib.
	The Grææ	423	Clytie	553
357	Pephredo	426	Idya	ib.
363	Ceto	ib.	Palithoe	ib.
364	Enyo	427	Plexaure	554
ib.			Galaxaure	ib.
365	The Gorgons	433	Dion	555
			Melobofis	556
			Thoe	ib.
	The Serpent, guard of the golden fruit	518	Polydora	557
		<i>From the blood of Medusa.</i>	Circes	558
371	Crysaor	445	Pluto	559
372	Pegasus	446	Perseis	560
ib.		<i>From Crysaor and Callirhoe.</i>	Xanthe	ib.
373	Geryon	456	Janira	561
ib.	Echidna	468	Acaste	ib.
ib.		<i>From Typhæus and Echidna.</i>	Menestho	562
374	Orthus	482	Europa	ib.
ib.	Cerberus	485	Metis	563
375	Hydra	489	Petrea	ib.
376	Chimæra	497	Crisie	564
377		<i>From Orthus and Chimæra.</i>	Asia	ib.
378	Sphinx	508	Calypso	565
379	The Nemean Lion	510	Teletho	566
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380		<i>Sons.</i>	Eudore	567
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ib.	Alpheus	523	Ocyroe	ib.
383	Eridianus	ib.	Amphiro	568
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384	Meander	ib.		<i>From Hyperon and Thia.</i>
ib.	Ister	ib.	The Sun	581
	TRANS. II.			

THE WORKS

OF

THEOCRITUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

Τοις Βουκολικοῖς, πλὴν ὀλίγων τῶν ἐξωθέν, ο Θεοκρίτος ἐπιτυχιστάτος.

LONGINUS.

E 2

1992

DEDICATION.

To the Honourable

CHARLES YORKE.

SIR,

THE complaint which Theocritus makes in one of his *Idylliums*, of the neglect shown to his muse, naturally reminded me of my own necessity. The utmost ambition of my wishes could not have aspired after a more illustrious patron than Mr. Yorke; I was not kept long in suspense, having, through a worthy friend, received permission to inscribe to you the subsequent sheets; and the favour was granted in a manner so peculiarly polite, that I esteemed the obligation more than doubled.

It was customary among the ancient Romans, for the plebeians to choose out of the body of the patricians protectors or patrons, whose care it was to assist their clients with their interest, and defend them from the oppression of the great; to advise them in points of law, to manage their suits, and secure their peace and happiness: what a powerful advocate, in this respect, you would prove, let the pleadings at the bar, the decisions in Westminster-hall, and the debates in the senate, determine. But the friend I seek at present, must be eminent for his enlivened genius, the delicacy of his taste in literature, his classical learning, and his generous protection of the muses: and where can I find these shining abilities, and these benevolent virtues so happily combined, as in that eminent patron, who does me the honour to countenance the following work? You, Sir, are not only "*mus*" "*sis amicus*," but

—*Musarumq. comes, cui carmina semper
Et citharæ cordi.*

You have long since sacrificed to the muses with success; and had not the tenor of your studies,

warmed by the example, and improved by the knowledge and experience of your admirable father, formed you to shine with so much lustre in a more active and exalted sphere, you had been ranked with the most celebrated authors in polite learning. But I cease to wonder, that you should have attained qualifications like these, in the early culture of your talents, when I consider your zeal to vindicate the privilege of your predecessors; for the great lawgivers of antiquity were generally poets: Themis and the muses are nearly joined in affinity; both derived from heaven; they both distribute concord, harmony, and good will, among the inhabitants of the earth.

To whom, then, can I present these Arcadian scenes with so much propriety, as to the friend of ancient eloquence and poetry; one whom I know to have been an intelligent reader and admirer of Theocritus? Let me congratulate myself on my good fortune, in having, by this performance, found more distinguished favour from Mr. Yorke, than Theocritus experienced at the court of Hiero.

That the honours and reputation you have so deservedly acquired, may increase more and more; that you may live long and happily, for the encouragement of the liberal sciences, and the service of your country, is the earnest wish of,

SIR,

Your most obliged, and obedient servant,

FRANCIS FAWCER.

OXFORD, }
January 10. 1767. }

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I had formed a resolution of publishing a translation of this inimitable poet, I intended to have availed myself of every elegant and faithful version of any particular *Idyllium* that fell in my way; and then have endeavoured, to the best of

my ability, to make up the deficiency. With this view, I carefully examined Mr. Dryden, who has left translations of four *Idylliums*, the 3d, the 8th, the 23d, and the 27th. There are many beautiful lines in the third; but take it altogether, and it is a

E iij

edious paraphrase; for the original contains only fifty-four verses, which he has multiplied into no fewer than one hundred and twenty-seven; particularly there are three lines, beginning at the 18th.

Ω το καλον ποδορωτα το παν λιθος ω κνισα
νοφρα

Νυμφα. κ. τ. λ.

Sweet black-eye'd maid, &c.

Which he has expanded into twelve. Now, though English heroic verse consists of no more than ten syllables, and the Greek hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen, but if, upon an average, we say fifteen, then two Greek verses is equal, in point of syllables, to three of English; but if a translator is so extravagantly licentious, he must lose sight of his original, and by introducing new thoughts of his own, disguise his author, so that nobody can know him again. But Mr. Dryden has a far greater foible than this, which effectually prevents me from inserting any of his translations in this volume, which is, that whenever he meets with any sentiment in an author which has the least tendency to indecency, he always renders it worse; nay, even in these Idylliums, where the original has given him no handle at all, he has wrapt the simple meaning of Theocritus into obscenity. "Sed vitiis nemo sine nascitur;" no man had more excellencies, as a poet, than Mr. Dryden, therefore the hand of candour should draw a veil over constitutional blemishes.

In Dryden's Miscellany Poems, there are seven or eight translations of other Idylliums, viz. the 3d, 10th, 14th, and 26th, by W. Bowles; the 11th by Duke, and the 1st, and some others, by different hands: but none of these, I found, would suit my purpose: there are so many wild deviations from the original, such gross mistakes, and so many incorrect and empty lines, that they will sound very harshly in the polished ears of the present age. Fully satisfied with this inquisition, I then determined to undertake the whole work myself; considering that every translation from an ancient author, as well as every original work, is generally most agreeable to the reader which is finished by the same hand: because, in this case, there is kept up a certain uniformity of style, an idiomatical propriety of diction, which is infinitely more pleasing than if some different, though more able hand, had here and there interlarded it with a shining version, than if

Purpureus, late qui splendet, unus et alter
Assuitur patnus.

I have been informed by some venerable critics, that Creech's translation of Theocritus was well done, and a book of reputation; that he thoroughly understood the classics, and had a peculiar facility in unfolding their beauties, and that, if there was published a new edition of his translation, there would be no necessity for its being superseded by another. I beg leave to dissent entirely, from these gentlemen, who probably having read Creech when they were young, and having no ear for poetical numbers, are better pleased with th

rough music of the last age, than the refined harmony of this; and will not easily be persuaded, that modern improvements can produce any thing superior. However Creech may have approved himself in Lucretius, or Manilius, I shall venture to pronounce this translation of Theocritus very bald and hard, and more rustic than any of the rustics in the Sicilian bard: he himself modestly intitles his book, "the Idylliums of Theocritus done into English:" and they are done as well as can be expected from Creech, who had neither an ear for numbers, nor the least delicacy of expression.

It will be incumbent upon me to make good this bold assertion, which I can easily do by producing a few examples. In the first Idyllium, he calls that noble pastoral cup, "a fine two handled pot;" and the *αλιζ* "the tendrils or claspers," with which scandent plants use to sustain themselves in climbing, he transforms into kids;—"where kids do seem to brouse." In the description of the fisherman, ver. 43. he has these lines:

The nerves in's neck are swollen, look firm, and strong,

Although he's old, and fit for one that's young.

Ver. 112. He makes Daphnis say to Venus: .

Go now stout Diomed, go soon pursue,

Go nose him now, and boast, my arts o'er-

threw:

Young Daphnis, fight, for I'm a match for you.

Ελικας ριον and *σπρμα Λικωνιδας*, he renders, "Herrick's cliff" and "Licon's tomb." A little further on, and likewise in the 5th Idyllium, he turns nightingales into thrushes.

Idyllium III. Where Olpis is looking out for runnies, he makes him stand, "to snare his trouts." The girl Erithaëis he calls tawny Bess, and Alphesibœa's mother, Alphib's mother.

Idyllium V. ver. 11. He translates Crocyllus into Dick, and Idyllium XIV Argivus. Apis and Cleonicus, into Tom, Will and Dick. Near the end of the 5th, Lacon says:

I love Eumedes much, I gave my pipe,
How sweet a kiss he gave; ah charming lip!

Then come successively the following delicate rhymes, strains, swans; shame, lamb; piece, feces; joy, sky: afterwards he makes Comates say

I'll root at Iacon. I have won the lamb,
Go foolish shepherd, pine, and die for shame.

Idyllium VII. ver. 120 He renders *απιος*, *parley* thinking it the same as *apium*, whereas it signifies a pear.

Idyllium XI. He makes Polyphemus say of himself;

Sure I am somewhat, they my worth can see,
And I myself will now grow proud of me.

He says of Cynisca, Idyl. XIV ver. 23.
That you might light a candle at her nose.

Idyllium XV. One of the gossips says to a stranger,

— You are a faucy friend,
I'm ne'er beholding t'ye, and there's an end.

And so there's an end of my animadversions upon Mr. Creech; were I to quote all his dull insipid lines, I should quote above half his book: thus much was proper for me to say in my own vindication; and to add more, might, to some people, seem invidious.

It has been hinted to me by more ingenious judges, that if Theocritus was translated in the language of Spenser, he would appear to great advantage, as such an antique style would be a proper succedaneum to the Doric idiom. There appeared to me at first something plausible in this scheme; but happening to find part of Moschus's first Idyllium, which is a hue and cry after Cupid, paraphrastically translated by Spenser himself, I had reason to alter my opinion. I shall transcribe the passage, that the reader may judge whether such a version would be more agreeable than one in modern language

It fortun'd, fair Venus having lost
Her little son, the winged god of love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him cross'd,
Was from her fled, as fit as any dove,
And left her blissful bower of joy above;
(So from her often he had fled away.
When she for aught him sharply did reprove,
And wander'd in the world in strange array,
Disguis'd in thousand shapes, that none might him
bewray:

Him for to seek, she left her heavenly house.
And search'd every way, through which his
wings
Had borne him, or his track the mote detect:
She promis'd kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tidings to her brings.

Faery Queen, B. 3. ch. 6.

From this specimen I could not be persuaded to think, that a translation of Theocritus, even in the purest language of Spenser, would afford any pleasure to an English reader: and therefore I have given him the dress which I apprehend would best become him. How I have executed this work, I leave to the decision of the candid and impartial, desiring they will allow me all the indulgence which the translator of so various and difficult an author can reasonably require; an author on whom there are but few Greek scholia published, only to the 17th Idyllium inclusive, and these often extremely puerile; an author on whom fewer notes have been written than upon any other equally excellent. Scaliger, Casaubon, Heinſius and Meurſius frequently leave the most difficult passages untouched; their observations are sometimes trifling and unsatisfactory, often repugnant to each other, and now and then learnedly obscure: amidst these disadvantages, I have endeavoured to conduct myself with the utmost caution; and if I may be allowed to speak of the following sheets, I will briefly explain what I have endeavoured to accomplish. First, then, as to the translation; I have neither followed my author too closely, nor aban-

doned him too wantonly, but have endeavoured to keep the original in view, without too essentially deviating from the sense; no literal translation can be just; as to this point, Horace gives us an excellent caution:

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.*

Nor word for word too faithfully translate.

A too faithful interpretation, Mr. Dryden says, must be a pedantic one; an admirable precept to this purpose is contained in the compliment Sir John Denham pays Sir Richard Fanshawe on his version of the Pastor Fido:

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line;
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations, and translators too;
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

And as I have not endeavoured to give a verbal translation, so neither have I indulged myself in a rash paraphrase, which always loses the spirit of an ancient, by degenerating into the modern manners of expression: and to the best of my recollection, I have taken no liberties but those which are necessary for exhibiting the graces of my author, transcribing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation. This is the plan, and these are the rules by which every translator should conduct himself: how I have acquitted myself in these points, must be left to the determination of superior judges. As to the notes, which I found the most laborious part of my task, they are intended either to illustrate the most difficult, and exemplify the beautiful passages; or else to exhibit the various imitations of authors which I look upon as an agreeable comment, for they not only show the manner in which the ancients copied each other's excellencies, but likewise often help to elucidate the passages that are quoted. Upon a review of my notes, I am afraid I have instanced too many passages from Virgil as imitations of Theocritus: what I have to say in my defence is, they appeared to me at the time to be similar, if they do not appear in the same light to the reader, they are easily overlooked: if I have in this respect committed a fault, this acknowledgement will plead in mitigation of it.

Besides these errors and mistakes, I am conscious of many more, though I hope not very material ones; these the learned and judicious, who are sensible of the difficulty of this undertaking, will readily excuse. This work has already met with the approbation of the best critics of the age, therefore what the world may think or say of it, will give me no concern. I must acknowledge a fault or two *quas incuria fudit*: there are, I believe two or three proper names false accented: I have also mistaken the sense of my author in the first Idyllium, ver. 31.

This goat with twins I'll give, &c.

It should have been translated, "I will give you

“three milkings of this goat; *εἰ τρεῖς ἀμύλλαι*, that you may milk her three times; not the goat herself and twins,” which would have been a most extravagant present from a poor goatherd, in return for a song. The reader, therefore, may correct the passage thus:

Thrice shall you milk this goat; she never fails
Two kids to suckle, though she fills two pails;
To this I'll add, &c.

This mistake was imparted to me by the ingenious and learned Dr. Jortin, together with the following emendation; see note on ver. 57, “for *χρυσαι* you read, with Pierſon, *Κροισιο*; which, as to the sense, seems to be right. But, as the Ionic dialect is not often used in a Doric song, I should prefer the adjective *Κροισια*, which is also a smaller alteration. As from *χρυσος* comes *χρυσιος*, so from *Κροισος*, *Κροισιος*.” I am much obliged to the same gentleman for the following short, but full account:

OF THE BUCOLIC MEASURE.

“Whoſoever ſhall carefully examine in Theocritus the compoſition of his verſes, may perceive, that, in his opinion, the nature of bucolic or paſtoral metre, requires that the fourth foot of the verſe be a dactyl, and that the laſt ſyllable of this dactyl be the end of a word, which muſt not run into the next foot. The firſt foot alſo ſhould rather be a dactyl than a ſpondee, and the caſura is here likewiſe to be ſhunned. If after the fourth foot there be a pauſe of a comma at leaſt, the verſe will be ſtill more elegant; as

Ἀρχιτεῖ | Βουκολικας, Μυσαι φιλοι, | αρχιτεῖ ποιδας.

“Thus the verſes will abound with dactyls, which, together with the broad Doric dialect, gives a certain ruſtic vivacity and lightneſs to the poeſy. But yet the above-mentioned rules, if they were conſtantly obſerved, would diſpleaſe by a tireſome uniformity, and confine the poet too much; and therefore a variety is better, as in the line,

Ἀμφωις, νιοτυχας, εἰτι γλυφυ | νιο ποτοσδοι.

“And it is ſufficient if the other ſtructure predominates. Theſe rules Virgil hath quite neglected, except in thoſe verſes of his eighth eclogue, which are called *verſus intercalares*:

“Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea | tibia, verſus,”

And

“Ducite ab urbe donum, mea carmina, | ducite
“Daphnim,

“For a further account of this matter, the curious reader is referred to the *Memoires de L'Acad.* Tom. vi. p. 238.”

AN ACCOUNT OF SOME MSS. AND CURIOUS EDITIONS OF THEOCRITUS.

It may be asked, why I have not acted the part of a verbal critic in this performance? My reaſon was, that far more able men had conſidered Theocritus in that light. The late Mr. D'Orville, the

author of the *Critica Vannus*, and *Sicula*, during his travels in Italy and Sicily, collated upwards of forty MSS. of Theocritus; his collation is now at Amsterdam. Mr. St. Amand, a few years ago, left to the Univerſity of Oxford, a large collection of collations, which Mr. Thomas Warton, who has prepared a noble edition of this author, has the uſe of. Mr. Taylor, late Greek profeſſor of Cambridge, left likewiſe a Theocritus almoſt ready for the preſs. In the public library at Cambridge, there are ſome notes on Theocritus by Iſaac Caſaubon, written in the margin of Henry Stephens's *Poetæ Græci*; likewiſe manuſcript notes in the edition of Commelin, printed in quarto; and alſo ſome notes by Thomas Stanley, the author of the *Lives of the Philoſophers*: all theſe, and likewiſe a MS. Theocritus are in the public library at Cambridge. There is alſo a MS. of the firſt eight Idylliums in Emanuel College library. Mr. Hoblyn, late member for the city of Briſtol, left behind him many notes and obſervations for an edition of Theocritus. Beſides theſe, there are great materials for illuſtrating this author in private libraries.

As to the editions of Theocritus, which are very numerous, I think proper to ſay ſomething; as we have but an imperfect account of them in Fabricius and Maittaire. Reiſke, in the preface to his late edition of this Greek poet, has given us an account of the various editions, but this account is far from being ſatisfactory. The firſt edition of Theocritus was printed at Milan in the year 1493, the letter is the ſame with the Iſocrates of the ſame place and date. See the catalogue of the Leyden library, page 251. The ſecond edition was printed by Aldus Manutius at Venice, in the year 1495; this is the only edition Aldus ever printed; there are ſome leaves cancelled in it, which is the reaſon why Reiſke and others have imagined that Aldus printed two editions. Mr. Maittaire, in the firſt volume of his *Annales Typographici* page 244, has given us an account of theſe differences. In the year 1515, we have an edition by Philip Junta at Florence; and another in 1516, by Zachary Calergus at Rome.

Theſe are all the editions that came out before the year 1520. Beſides theſe, and thoſe mentioned by Reiſke, which I have ſeen, there are ſome curious editions, viz. that of Florence, by Benediſt Junta, printed in the year 1540; the Baſil edition of 1558, and the Paris edition of 1627, printed by John Libert. I have purpoſely omitted mentioning the others, as they are already taken notice of, either by Fabricius, Maittaire, or Reiſke.

I cannot conclude this preface without paying my acknowledgments to thoſe gentlemen who have kindly aſſiſted me in this undertaking. Dr. Pearce, the preſent Lord Biſhop of Rocheſter, many years eminent for his critical diſquiliſitions, has, in the friendlineſs of converſation, furniſhed me with ſeveral uſeful rules for conducting my tranſlation. Dr. Jortin has favoured me with a concise, but full account of the old bucolic meaſure, and a few valuable notes. The celebrated Mr. Samuel Johnſon has corrected part of this work, and furniſhed me

with some judicious remarks. In a short conversation with the ingenious Mr. Joseph Warton, I gathered several observations, particularly in regard to the superiority of Theocritus to Virgil in pastoral, which are interspersed among the notes. The learned Dr. Plumptre, Archdeacon of Ely, has, with great candour and accuracy, done me the honour to peruse and amend every sheet as it came from the press. Dr. Askew, so eminently distinguished in his profession, as well as for a large and most curious collection of the classics, and an intimate knowledge of them, with the sincerity of an old acquaintance and a friend, gave me many various readings, showed me every valuable edition of Theocritus that is extant, and furnished me with the account of some MSS. and scarce editions of my author, which were never taken notice of by former editors. Swithin Adee, M. D. and the

Rev. Mr. John Duncombe of Canterbury, have, at my own request, sent me several notes and strictures upon my performance, which are candid and valuable. Mr. Burnaby Greene, author of Juvenal paraphrastically imitated, very obligingly supplied the Essay on Pastoral, and some ingenious observations: and Dr. William Watson lent me his friendly assistance in the botanical part. I could mention other eminent names of gentlemen who have corrected and improved this work;

————— Each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend.

The list I have given, I am apprehensive, will appear ostentatious—however, I had rather be convicted of the foible of vanity, than thought guilty of the sin of ingratitude.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THEOCRITUS.

As the life of Theocritus has been several times written in English, I flattered myself that I might single out the account I liked best, and save myself the trouble of compiling it afresh. I depended a good deal upon Kennet, but when I came to peruse his account of Theocritus, I found it unsatisfactory, and no ways answerable to my purpose: he seems more solicitous, in an affected quaintness of style, to exhibit a display of his own learning, than studious, by the investigation of truth, to give information to his readers: his thoughts lie loose and unconnected, and therefore are generally tedious and perplexing.

The account of our author in the Biographical Dictionary, published in twelve volumes octavo, is nothing but a servile epitome of Kennet, and, where the conciseness of it will allow, expressed in his very words. Thus dissatisfied with the moderns, I had recourse to the ancients: in the life generally prefixed to his works by Suidas, we are told, "That Theocritus was a Chian, a rhetorician: but that there was another Theocritus, the son of Praxagoras and Philina, though some say of Simichidas, a Syracusan;" others say, "he was born at Cos, but lived at Syracuse;" now this was the case of Epicharmus, and might easily occasion the mistake. See the note on Epigram XVII.

In another Greek account in the front of his works, we are told, that "Theocritus the Bucolic poet was born at Syracuse, and that his father's name was Simichidas." Gyraldus says, "some have thought him of Cos, some of Chios." From such a confused jumble of relations, what can with certainty be made out?

Then take him to developé if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.

There are but few memorials left of this poet; those that I produce I shall endeavour to establish on good authority, and whenever an opportunity offers, which is but very reasonable, will let him speak for himself.

Theocritus was a Sicilian, as is evident from many testimonies. Virgil invokes the Sicilian muses, because Theocritus, whom he professedly imitates, was of that country; *Sicilides Musæ, paulo majora canamus*, Ecl. 4. 1. and, *Extremum hunc, Arcturusa, mihi concede laborem*, Ecl. 10. 1. He is called a Sicilian poet by the emperor Julian, in one of his epistles; and by Terentianus Maurus, in his book de Metris, ver. 407, *Sicula telluris alumnus*: by Manilius, Book 2. ver. 40. he is said to be *Siculæ tellure creatus*, which fixes his birth on that island: and that he was born at Syracuse, Virgil seems to intimate, when he says, *Prima Syracusio dignata est ludere versu*, Ecl. 6. 1. But in one of his own epigrams, which generally stands in the front of his works, probably according to his own original intention, he assures us he was born at Syracuse, and gives us the names of his parents:

Ἀλλος δ' Χίος ἐγὼ δὲ Θεοκρίτος ὅς τε δὲ γράψα,
Εἰς ἀπὸ τῶν πατρῶν ἐμὴ Συρακοσίων,
Υἱὸς Πραξαγόραο, Περικλείδης τε Φιλίης.
Μῦθον δ' ὄνειρον ἀπὸτ' ἐφίλκυσται.

A Syracusan born, no right I claim,
To Chios, and Theocritus my name:

Praxagoras' and fam'd Philina's son;
My laurels from unborrow'd verse are won.

After this plain declaration, it is amazing that the old grammarians will not rest satisfied, but endeavour to rob him both of his parents and his country. The chief view which the poet had in writing this epigram, though perhaps it may not appear at first sight, seems to be this: he had a namesake of Chios, a rhetorician, and pretender to poetry, who, according to Plutarch, suffered an ignominious death, for some crime committed against king Antigonus; and therefore Theocritus the poet, by this epigram, took all possible precaution to be distinguished from his namesake the rhetorician. "The other Theocritus," says he, "is of Chios; I that am the author of these poems, am a Syracusan, the son of Praxagoras and the celebrated Philina: I never borrowed other people's numbers." The last sentence is an honest declaration, that the poet had not been a plagiarist, like many of his predecessors and contemporaries.

Theocritus is said to have been the scholar of Philetas, and Asclepiades, or Sicelidas: Philetas was an elegiac poet of the island of Cos, had the honour to be preceptor to Ptolemy Philadelphus, and is celebrated by Ovid and Propertius: Sicelidas was a Samian, a writer of epigrams: he mentions both these with honour in his seventh Idyllium, see ver. 53.

As to the age in which he flourished, it seems indisputably to be ascertained by two Idylliums that remain, one is addressed to Hiero king of Syracuse, and the other to Ptolemy Philadelphus, the Egyptian monarch. Hiero began his reign, as Caulfabon asserts in his observations on Polybius, in the second year of the 126th Olympiad, or about 275 years before Christ; and Ptolemy in the fourth year of the 123d Olympiad. Though the exploits of Hiero are recorded greatly to his advantage by Polybius, in the first book of his history; though he had many virtues, had frequently signalized his courage and conduct, and distinguished himself by several achievements in war; yet he seems, or at least in the early part of his reign, to have expressed no great affection for learning or men of letters: and this is supposed to have given occasion to the 16th Idyllium, inscribed with the name of Hiero; where the poet asserts the dignity of his profession, complains that it met with neither favour nor protection, and in a very artful manner, touches upon some of the virtues of this prince, and insinuates what an illustrious figure he would have made in poetry, had he been as noble a patron, as he was an argument for the muses.

His not meeting with the encouragement he expected in his own country, was in all probability the reason that induced Theocritus to leave Syracuse for the more friendly climate of Alexandria, where Ptolemy Philadelphus then reigned in unrivalled splendour, the great encourager of arts and sciences, and the patron of learned men. In his voyage to Egypt he touched at Cos, an island in the Archipelago not far from Rhodes, where he was honourably entertained by Phraëdamus

and Atigenes, who invited him into the country to celebrate the festival of Ceres, as appears by the seventh idyllium.

We have all the reason in the world to imagine that he met with a more favourable reception at Alexandria, than he had experienced at Syracuse, from his encomium on Ptolemy, contained in the 17th Idyllium, where he rises above his pastoral style, and shows, that he could, upon occasion (as Virgil did afterwards), exalt his Sicilian muse to a sublimer strain, *paula majora*: he derives the race of Ptolemy from Hercules, he enumerates his many cities, he describes his great power and immense riches, but above all, he commemorates his royal munificence to the sons of the muses. Towards the conclusion of the 14th Idyllium, there is a short, but very noble panegyric on Ptolemy: in the 15th Idyllium, he celebrates Berenice, the mother, and Arsinoë, the wife of Ptolemy.

I do not recollect any more memorials of this poet's life, which can be gathered from his works, except his friendship with Aratus, the famous author of the *Phænomena*; to whom he addresses his sixth Idyllium, and whose amours he describes in the seventh.

There is one circumstance more in regard to Theocritus, which is so improbable, that I should not have thought it worth while to have troubled the reader with it, if it had not been mentioned by all his biographers, viz. that he lies under the suspicion of having suffered an ignominious death: this takes its rise from a distich of Ovid in his *Ibis*.

Utque Syracosio præstrisâ fauce poetæ,
Sic animæ laqueo sit via clausa tuæ.

But it does not appear, that by the Syracusan poet Ovid means Theocritus; more probably, as some commentators on the passage have supposed, Empedocles, who was a poet and philosopher of Sicily, is the person pointed at: others think that Ovid, by a small mistake or slip of his memory, might confound Theocritus the rhetorician of Chios, who was executed by order of King Antigonus, with Theocritus the poet of Syracuse; and the epigram quoted above very strongly indicates how apprehensive our poet was of being confounded with that person: it seems, indeed, as I hinted before, composed on purpose to manifest the distinction.

After this short account of our author, it will be proper to say something of his works; for to write the life of a poet, without speaking of his compositions, would be as absurd as to pretend to publish the memoirs of a hero, and omit the relation of his most material exploits.

All the writings of Theocritus that now remain are his Idylliums and Epigrams; in regard to the word Idylliums, D. Heinsius tells us, that the grammarians termed all those smaller compositions *Εἰδή* (a species of poetry), which could not be defined from their subjects, which are various: thus the *Sylvæ* of Statius, had they been written in Greek, would have been called *Εἰδή* and *Εἰδύλλια*; even the Roman poets make use of this term; thus Ausonius styles one of his books of poems *œn*

various subjects: *Edyllia*: this ancient title, then, may serve to express the smallness and variety of their natures; they would now, perhaps, be called Poems on Several Occasions. Though in deference to so great an authority, I shall take the liberty to make a conjecture: Heinſius tells us, that originally there were different titles or inscriptions prefixed to the poems of Theocritus: first of all his *Bucolics* were separated and distinguished by the title of *Ἔπη Βουκολικά*, and were called by the grammarians *Εἰδύλλια Βουκολικά*; but might it not at first have been written *Ἐπύλλια*? which signifies Poems or Verses, and by an easy mistake of the transcriber altered into *Εἰδύλλια*? this reading delivers us at once from the embarrassment attending the derivation of the word *Idylliums*, and *Ἐπύλλια*, the same as *Perseus*, very naturally flows from the word *Ἔπη*, the plural of *Ἔπος*, *Carmen*; thus we have *Ἔπη Χρυσηῖα*: it is to be observed, that Aristophanes uses the word three times, see his *Ranæ*, ver. 973. *Acharnenses*, ver. 397; and in his *Pax*, ver. 531. he has *ἐπύλλιον Ἐρυσπιδῆς*, *Perſiculorum Euripidis*: this, however, is only conjecture. Under the second title, every poem that was ascribed to Theocritus, though the character and argument were very different, was inserted. Under the third were contained a collection of bucolic poems, whether by Theocritus, Moschus, Bion, or others, and the name of Theocritus prefixed to the whole; on which occasion there is an Epigram in the *Anthologia*, ascribed to Artemidorus:

Βουκολικαὶ Μούσαι σπορέδην ποτα, νυτ' ὁ ἀμα
πᾶσαι

Ἐντὶ μίας μανθρῆς, ἐντὶ μίας ἀγρᾶς.

Wild rov'd the pastoral Muses o'er the plains,
But now one fold the single flock contains.

Besides the *Idylliums* that we now have, Theocritus is said by Suidas to have written *Προτιδᾶς*, *Ἐλπίδες*, *Ἕμνοι*, *Ἑρμηνεῖα* *μὴν*, *Ἐλεγίαι*, καὶ *Ἰαμβοὺς*: that is, *Prærides*, *Hope*, *Hymns*, *Heroines*, *Dirges*, *Elegies*, and *Iambics*: the *Prærides* were the daughters of Proteus, king of the Argives, who preferring themselves to Juno, went mad, and imagined themselves turned into crows, but were cured by Melampus; the *Idyllium* in praise of Castor and Pollux is supposed to be one of the hymns, and there are five verses remaining of a poem, in praise of Berenice, which may be classed among the *Heroines*.

It is to be observed, that Theocritus generally wrote in the modern Doric, sometimes indeed, he used the Ionic; the Doric dialect was of two sorts, the old and new; the old sounded harsh and rough, but the new was much softer and smoother; this, as Mr. Pope justly observes, in the time of Theocritus had its beauty and propriety, was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons. It has been thought by some that the Dorian phrase in which he wrote, has a great share in his honours: but exclusive of this advantage, he can produce other ample claims to secure his rural crown from the

boldest competitor. A proof of this, I think, will appear from this circumstance; that Virgil, who is the great rival of the Sicilian, has few images in his *Eclogues* but what are borrowed from Theocritus; nay, he not only continually imitates, but frequently translates several lines together, and often in these very passages falls short of his master, as will appear in the notes.

Though Theocritus is generally esteemed only a pastoral poet, yet he is manifestly robbed of a great part of his fame, if his other pieces have not their proper laurels. At the same time his *Pastorals* are, without doubt, to be considered as the foundation of his credit; upon this claim, he will be admitted for the happy finisher, as well as the inventor of his art: and will be acknowledged to have excelled all his imitators, as much as originals usually do their copies. He has the same advantage in bucolic, as Homer had in epic poetry, which is to make the critics turn his practice into eternal rules and to measure nature herself by his accomplished model: therefore, as to enumerate the glories of heroic poetry, is the same thing as to sum up the praises of Homer, so to exhibit the beauties of pastoral verse, is only an indirect way of making panegyrics on Theocritus. Indeed, the Sicilian has in this respect been somewhat more fortunate than Homer, as Virgil's *Eclogues* are reckoned more unequal imitations of his *Idylliums*, than in the *Æneis* of the *Iliad*.

I think I cannot conclude this account of Theocritus with more propriety than by collecting the sentiments, not only of the ancients, but likewise of the moderns, in regard to the character of our author. Longinus says, (see the motto) "Theocritus has shewn the happiest vein imaginable for pastorals, excepting those in which he has deviated from the country:" or perhaps it may more properly be rendered, as Fabricius understands it, "excepting those few pieces that are of another argument." Quintilian says, "Admirabilis in suo genere Theocritus, sed musa illa rustica et pastoralis non forum modo verum etiam urbem reformidat:" "Theocritus is admirable in his way, but his rustic and pastoral muse is not only afraid of appearing in the forum, but even in the city:" by which he means, that the language and thoughts of Theocritus's shepherds ought not to be imitated in public speaking, nor in polite composition; yet, for all this, "he was admirable in his way." Manilius in the second book of his *Astronomicon* gives a just character of our poet:

Quinetiam pecorum ritus, et Pana sonantem
In calamos, Sicula memorat tellure creatus:
Nec sylvis sylvestre canit: perque horrida motos
Rura ferit dulces: musamque inducit in auras.

The sweet Theocritus, with softest strains,
Makes piping Pan delight Sicilian swains;
Through his smooth reed no rustic numbers move,
But all is tenderness, and all is love;

* Instead of *pecorum ritus*, Dr. Bentley reads *titulus pastorum*.

As if the muses sat in every vale,
Inspir'd the song, and told the melting tale.

CREECH.

One would imagine these authorities were sufficient to establish, or at least to fix the reputation of Theocritus, on a very sure footing; and yet Dr. John Martyn, who has translated Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics into prose, with many learned notes, seems to be of a different persuasion. In the latter end of his preface to the Eclogues, after observing that Virgil, in almost every Eclogue, entertains the reader with a rural scene, a sort of fine landscape, and enumerating these scenes, he says, "and having now seen this excellence in Virgil, we may venture to affirm, that there is something more required in a good pastoral, than the affectation of using coarse, rude, or obsolete expressions; or a mere nothingness, without either thought or design, under a false notion of 'rural simplicity.'" That he here means Theocritus, or else he means nothing, is plain from his mention of him immediately after: in regard to the charge of his "affectedly using coarse, rude, and obsolete expressions," I imagine he alludes to the fifth Idyllium, which indeed must be allowed to be too rustic and abusive: but we must remember that Theocritus intended this poem as a specimen of the original old bucolic Idyllium, which was very rude, and often obscene; as the learned Heinsius has more than once observed; his words are, "multum a reliquis differunt quæ *αἰσχρολογία* sunt, in quibus major est incivilitas; ut in quinto apparet, quod Idyllium singulare est, et in suo genere exemplum, antiquæ *νιμίρην Βουκολίας*; ubi nunquam fere sine obsceno sensu rixatur caprarius." And in another place; "veræ *βουκολίας* exemplum in quinto Theocriti, in Virgilio tertio habemus." Therefore, instead of condemning Theocritus, we ought to think ourselves much obliged to him for leaving us one example of the ancient rustic bucolic; Virgil certainly thought so, otherwise he would not have imitated that very piece. As to the scenery with which the Eclogues are embellished, all the Idylliums, or at least the greatest part of them, are ornamented in the same manner, which will appear so evident to every reader, that it would be impertinent to point it out. As to the other part of the Doctor's observation, "a mere nothingness, without thought or design," it is such a despicable falsity, that it is not worth notice.

Throughout his whole preface and life of Virgil, the Doctor is very singular in giving Virgil the preference to Theocritus upon every occasion: particularly he declaims against the cup in the first Idyllium, says the description of it is long and tedious, and far exceeded by Virgil in the third Eclogue; notwithstanding the Doctor's assertion, some gentlemen, whose critical disquisitions have deservedly announced them the best judges of polite literature, think that the images in Theocritus' cup, viz. "the beautiful woman and two lovers, the striking figure of the fisherman labouring to throw his net, the rock, the vine-

yard, the foxes, and the boy sitting carelessly and framing traps for grasshoppers," are charming embellishments, and far more pastoral and natural than Virgil's "Orpheus in medio posuit sylvasque sequentes," "Orpheus in the middle, and the woods following him." In regard to the length of the description, it is observed, that the cup of Theocritus was very large and capacious; he calls it *βαθὺ κύπελλον*, "a deep pastoral cup;" and Caufabon says it was "amplissimi vasis pastoritii genus; capacitatem ejus licet colligere ex calaturæ multiplici argumento:" and I am informed, that when Mr. Thomas Warton's long-expected edition of Theocritus appears, it will be evidently proved, perhaps, from some old scholia not yet printed, that this *κύπελλον* was of an extraordinary size, very deep and wide, and therefore capable of being adorned with such a variety of figures in the sculpture; it was not intended for the use of drinking out of, or mixing any pastoral beverage, but chiefly for ornament: and therefore the vessel being so capacious and remarkable, the poet will be cleared from the charge of being thought tedious in the description of it.

In the preface above mentioned, the Doctor says, "It is not a little surprising, that many of our modern poets and critics should be of opinion, that the rusticity of Theocritus is to be imitated rather than the rural delicacy of Virgil." How can it be thought surprising that Theocritus should be imitated rather than Virgil? the reason is manifest, because the generality of poets and critics prefer the Sicilian far before the Roman, as a pastoral writer. I should not have troubled myself about Dr. Martyn's opinion, but only as it is prefixed to Virgil, I thought perhaps it might possibly mislead the unwary young scholar into a wrong judgment, and induce him to prefer Virgil, without first considering the more original beauties of Theocritus. As a contrast to the Doctor's strange and singular decision, who acknowledges himself to be no poet, and therefore cannot be deemed a competent judge of poetical writings, I shall conclude this account with the sentiments of several of the finest writers, both critics and poets, of the last and present age, in regard to the matter in question: two of them are translators of Virgil, and therefore cannot be supposed to be partial to Theocritus.

I shall begin with Mr. Dryden: "That which distinguishes Theocritus," says he, "from all other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a pastoral. A simplicity shines throughout all he writes. He shows his art and learning by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference between him and Virgil, as there is between Tasso's Aminta, and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts.

"But Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country: the same may be said of Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid; he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess, in her country ruffet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate, because the severity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spenser has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Calendar, but it can never succeed in English." Thus far Mr. Dryden in the preface to his translations; in another place he says, "Theocritus may justly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted pastoral into his own country."

Dr. Felton observes, "The Idylliums of Theocritus have something so inimitably sweet in the verse and thoughts, such a native simplicity, and are so genuine, so natural a result of the rural life, that I must in my judgment allow him the honour of the pastoral."

Mr. Blackwell upon the classics, says, "Theocritus is another bright instance of the happy abilities and various accomplishments of the ancients. He has writ in several sorts of poetry, and succeeded in them all. It seems unnecessary to praise the native simplicity and easy freedom of his pastorals, when Virgil himself sometimes invokes the muse of Syracuse; when he imitates him through all his own poems of that kind, and in several passages translates him. In many of his other poems he shows such strength of reason and politeness, as would qualify him to plead among the orators, and make him acceptable in the courts of princes. In his smaller poems of Cupid stung, Adonis killed by the boar, and others, you have the vigour and delicacy of Anacreon; in his Hylas, and combat of Pollux and Amycus, he is much more pathetic, clear, and pleasant, than Apollonius on the same, or any other subject. In his conversation of Alcmena and Pirene, of Hercules and the old servant of Augeas, in Cynisca and Thyonichus, and the women going to the ceremonies of Adonis, there is all the easiness and engaging familiarity of humour and dialogue which reign in the Odyssey; and in Hercules destroying the lion of Nemea, the spirit and majesty of the Iliad. The panegyric upon King Ptolemy is justly esteemed an original and model of perfection in that way of writing. Both in that excellent poem, and the noble hymn upon Castor and Pollux, he has praised his gods and his hero with that delicacy and dexterity of address, with those

"sublime and graceful expressions of devotion and respect, that in politeness, smoothness of turn, and refined art of praising without offence, or appearance of flattery, he has equalled Callimachus; and, in loftiness and flight of thought, scarce yields to Pindar or Homer."

The author of the Guardian, No. 28. observes, "The softness of the Doric dialect, which Theocritus is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But, besides this beauty, he seems to me to have a soul more softly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whose genius led him naturally to sublimity."

Mr. Pope briefly remarks, that "Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity: that the subjects of his Idylliums are purely pastoral: that other pastoral writers have learned their excellencies from him; and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain."

Lord Lyttleton beautifully says,

From love Theocritus, on Enna's plains.
Learn'd the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
Ecl. 2.

Mr. Warton, the worthy master of Winchester School, gives us his sentiments on this subject in his prefatory dedication of Virgil to Lord Lyttleton: "There are few images and sentiments in the Eclogues of Virgil, but what are drawn from the Idylliums of Theocritus: in whom there is a rural, romantic wildness of thought, heightened by the Doric dialect; with such lively pictures of the passions, and of simple unadorned nature, as are infinitely pleasing to such lovers and judges of true poetry as yourself. Theocritus is indeed the great storehouse of pastoral description; and every succeeding painter of rural beauty (except Thomson in his Seasons) hath copied his images from him, without ever looking abroad upon the face of nature themselves." To the same purpose, in his Dissertation on Pastoral Poetry, he says, "If I might venture to speak of the merits of the several pastoral writers, I would say, that in Theocritus we are charmed with a certain sweetness, a romantic rusticity and wildness, heightened by the Doric dialect, that are almost inimitable. Several of his pieces indicate a genius of a higher class, far superior to pastoral, and equal to the sublimest species of poetry: such are particularly his panegyric on Ptolemy, the fight between Amycus and Pollux, the Epithalamium of Helen, the young Hercules, the grief of Hercules for Hylas, the death of Pentheus, and the killing of the Nemean lion."

AN ESSAY ON PASTORAL POETRY.

BY EDWARD BURNBAY GREEN, ESQ.

Gaudentes rure Camænæ.

HOR.

THE precise time when the pastoral muse made her appearance in the world, history seems to have left uncertain. Conjectures have been hazarded, and * presumptions multiplied, yet her origin is still unrivalled; and the less inquisitive genius sits down contented with ascertaining her first perfection in the writings of Theocritus.

Indeed researches of this nature are rather curious, than interesting; for though we may perhaps meet with some plausible accounts, we can trace none that carry conviction. The † very few writers, handed down to us from Greece and Rome in that species of composition, are but insufficient guides to the rise of the art itself.

As it is more entertaining, it is likewise more to the honour of pastoral to observe, that it must necessarily have existed in the earlier ages of the world; existed, not indeed in the set form and elegance of numbers, but in the genuine sentiments of the heart, which nature alone inspired.

For the mind being on all sides surrounded with rural objects, those objects would not fail to make an impression; and whether the patriarchs of old, with our parents in Milton, piously broke out into the praise of their Creator, or reflected in silent admiration on the beauties of the earth, their hymns or their meditations must have been purely pastoral.

It has been remarked by a laborious commentator on the Eclogues of Virgil, that the lives of our earliest forefathers were spent in husbandry, and the feeding of cattle. And indeed it could not have been otherwise. At a period, when the numbers of mankind were comparatively insignificant, and their thoughts engaged

in procuring subsistence, while luxury and ambition were yet unknown, it is inconsistent to suppose, but that the sons of earth were all in a manner the sons of agriculture.

When the world, however, increased, and its inhabitants dispersed into various regions; when societies were formed, and laws established, and when (the natural consequence of such expansion) the plagues of war and contention arose, different orders and conditions were settled for the regulation of kingdoms, rustic awkwardness received the polish of civil life, and the ploughshare was converted into instruments of destruction. Thus, by degrees, from an honourable situation, husbandry became the employment of those alone who had the least ambition and the greatest probability.

But in those climates, whither emigrations being less fashionable, the people retained their primitive simplicity, it is no wonder, if in process of time considerable advance was made, and regularity introduced into pastoral reflections, that the dictates of unrefined nature were improved by the harmony of numbers.

We may accordingly observe, that in the countries which suffered the least variation from their original form, pastoral was most esteemed; there the thoughts were still allured, and the imagination feasted with rural scenes unimproved, or more properly uncorrupted, for the cottage had not felt the infection of the court.

Arcadia, so usually painted the flowery kingdom of romance, is more ingeniously accounted the land of pastoral. Its inland situation, and the plenty of its pasture, with the * well-known characters of its inhabitants, conspire to favour the title. That the ancient poets described this place as the seat of pastoral, is evident, a shepherd †, peculiarly skilled in singing, being familiarly termed an Arcadian. There appears, however, in ma-

* See what may be called the *Prolegomena* to the *Æneid*, by Græcis Scholiis, printed at London 1743, τῶν τῶν αὐτῶν τοῖς ἐνὶ τῇ βυβλίῳ, where the reputed invention of pastoral poetry has neither the air of probability nor ingenuity.

† Moschus and Bion, with Theocritus, among the Greeks, and Virgil among the Romans, are the only standard writers of pastoral, mentioned by Warton in the dissertation prefixed to his edition of Virgil; that editor, with the critic ‡ Rapin, seeming to explode all other ancient authors in that branch of poetry.

‡ Rapin's *Critical Works*, vol. ii. remarks on pastoral poetry.

* Dr. Martyn, in his preface to the eclogues of Virgil, calls Arcadia "mountainous, and almost inaccessible;" another reason in support of the pastoral disposition of its people.

† Virgil, in his 7th eclogue, says of two shepherds, that they were "Arcades ambo;" upon which Servius remarks, that they were not Arcadians; but so skilful in singing, that they might be esteemed Arcadians.

ny traditions of the country, such a strong mixture of the fabulous, that we may well suspect them to be the product rather of fancy than of truth.

Nor less fantastic are the descriptions of the golden age; the ideal manners of which are esteemed, by the more refined critic, the genuine source of pastoral.

To a taste so delicate, the least appearance of the rustic is disgusting. A becoming, indeed an elegant simplicity, and the purest innocence, must compose the character of the shepherd. No passions, but of the softest and most engaging kind, are to be introduced: in short, the swain is to be what no swain ever was.

In these elevated notions of humble pastoral, reality is sacrificed to the phantoms of the imagination: the more characteristic strokes in the picture of rural life being utterly erased, the bright colours of unspotted integrity are indeed more pleasing to the eye, but in a piece where nature should predominate, are more properly blended with the shade of frailty. For if mankind are to be represented entirely free from faults, we cannot look for their existence later than the fall.

On this fastidious principle, it is esteemed necessary that rural happiness should be described perfect and uninterrupted. The life of the shepherd is to be one perpetual spring, without a cloud to disturb its calmness. The vicissitudes, indeed, of love, which gives birth to more than half our modern pastorals, are admitted into the piece; for it seems to be with some as essential for a shepherd to be in love, as to have been born.

Yet even here the representation is confined. The swain, after whining and crying (as Achilles did to his good-mother Thetis), calls on the trees and bushes, and every thing in nature, to be witnesses of his unhappiness; but, after all, the performance, like our novels and romances, those standards of propriety, must have a fortunate conclusion*.

But whatever fond and amusing prospects the country naturally opens to the mind, experience teaches us, that even there vexations will arise: the seasons of quiet and uneasiness succeed as familiarly as summer and winter; groves and lawns, and purling streams, sound very prettily in description, chiefly when flowing through the numbers or some under-aged amorato; but reason cannot set her seal to the luxuriancy of this Mahometan paradise.

From sentiments so extravagantly refined, let us turn to those of a more sordid complexion. As the former satiate the judicious reader with beds of roses, the latter disgust him with the filthiness of a dunghill. With critics of this cast, the manners of the mere peasant are the sole foundation of pastoral; even less rustic and homely appellations are banished from the characters; and the

* It has indeed a tendency altogether immoral to represent with Theocritus a disappointed lover bawling himself. The present mode of indifference in these concerns, is more eligible, and on the whole may be thought more natural. Love-sorrows are very rarely fatal.

Maliborus, or Neera of Virgil, are so much too courtly, that in their place are to be substituted the *Διόδοτος* and *Βουκολισκος* of Theocritus, and the Colin Clout or Hobbinol of Spenser.

The Doric dialect, which transfuses such a natural gracefulness over the Idylliums of the Grecian, has been a stumbling-block to these lovers of inelegance. There is a rustic propriety in the language of the dialect, which was familiar to the cottager in the age of Theocritus; but it must be remembered, that his pastorals contain likewise a delicacy of sentiment which may well be presumed to have attracted the attention of Ptolemy, whose polished court was the asylum of genius.

But though it should be allowed that pastoral ought strictly to be limited to the actions of the peasant, it is not solely intended for his perusal. The critic, as he cannot on the one hand permit nature to be excluded, cannot relish on the other her being exposed in disgraceful colours.

There are in almost every situation some circumstances over which we should draw the veil, for all is not to be painted with a close exactness. Coarseness of sentiment, and indelicacy of expression, are an offence to decorum, and give modesty the blush. Writings of such illiberal tendency counteract the best and principal end of composition; they hold up the mirror to vice and immorality, and sacrifice virtue to contempt.

To those who live in our meridian of more refined simplicity, pastoral appears most properly in the dress of rural elegance. Something is indulged to the character of the shepherd, and something to the genius of the writer. They who should place the former on the toilette, would betray an absurdity which would no less extend to the latter, whose thoughts flowed in the rude channel of uninformed rusticity.

The country is the scene in which pastoral is naturally laid; but various may be the subjects of this little drama. The spirit of the poet would be wretchedly cramped, if never permitted to step aside. An insipid sameness runs through the pieces†, founded on the impropriety of this indulgence; and most of our later pastorals are in this respect but unmeaning paraphrases of earlier authors.

Were we to attempt an historical epitome of pastoral composition, we might place Theocritus in its dawn, in that earlier age when rural simpli-

* Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, to make amends for many atrocious crimes, was remarkable for his singular regard to the welfare of his subjects, and was a distinguished encourager of learned men. See *anc. Univ. Hist.* vol. 9. p. 386. note T.

† On this principle, it were to be wished that the subject of Virgil's second eclogue were not greatly liable to exception; though the morals of the poet should not be personally impeached, we must lament that he has varnished in his Alexis the depravity of his times. Several representations in Theocritus are glaringly obscene.

‡ Modern eclogues from this reason, abound with repetitions of amorous scenes, or of swains piping for a reward; not to mention other subjects of a like interesting nature, which from constant use are worn to tatters.

city was cultivated and revered. Though we are sometimes struck with the rays of his genius breaking out into more exalted descriptions, pastoral appears to be his favourite province *.

Considering him as a writer who drew his sentiments from the principles of nature, we may rather admire that his *Idylliums* are so engaging, than cavil at his blemishes; we may reflect upon Theocritus as the hive whence the most established writers of Eclogues have derived their sweets, or as a diamond, whose intrinsic worth has received a lustre from the refinement of succeeding times.

There is a very considerable gap in the history of pastoral, between the age of Theocritus and Virgil, who was reserved for the noon of its perfection. It would scarcely at first sight appear, that the period when civil war desolated the provinces, and spread all its horrors over the neighbourhood of Rome, should tend to the improvement of the pastoral muse, whose spirit it was likely to have totally destroyed. Yet to this seemingly unfavourable situation, we owe the most pleasing and interesting bucolis of Virgil, who has made the history of his country subservient to the efforts of his genius †.

In those several pieces to which the distresses of his times, or other political considerations gave rise, he seems more elaborately to have exercised the faculty of invention. But where † genuine nature was to be represented, he borrowed largely from Theocritus; many of his similes, sentiments, and descriptions, being literal translations from his Grecian master.

Even in this less original task, the merits of the Roman are conspicuous; he has separated the ore from the dross, and transplanted those flowers alone which could add a fragrance to his work.

On the whole, the pastorals of Virgil are most agreeably conducted: they are not set forth in jewels, or arrayed in silks, nor sordidly dressed in rags. In the "*paula majora*" of his muse, the poet rarely loses sight of the shepherd; and we may style him the refined Theocritus of an Augustan age.

From this elegant era, when the language of the country and court was purity itself, let us pass over to the days of our excellent Spenser, when the conversation of the latter had just emerged from rusticity.

The genius of Spenser was formed for poetry. The rich luxuriance of fancy which shines through the Faery Queen, surpasses the sublime of antiquity. Such bold conceptions little speak a writer qualified for pastoral. The fire of imagination,

* *The praises of Ptolemy, the Hylas, and the Hiero, are by no means pastoral; but if Theocritus is entitled to a greater share of praise for any particular parts of those performances, it is where he deviates into pastoral representations.*

† *The first and ninth eclogues deserve attention on this account. To these we may also join the fourth and fifth.*

‡ *See the third, seventh, and eighth eclogues, where imitations from Theocritus abound.*

which strikes us in more elevated compositions, must in this be suspended; for nature is most advantageously shown, when she seems to borrow the least from art.

Our author was too great to rise by imitation. Though he had both Theocritus and Virgil for his models, his *Shepherd's Calendar* is altogether original. The dialect of his times is as happily adapted to rustic life, as the Doric of the former, and the easy flow of his descriptions, with the natural variety of his landscapes, rivals the poetic excellence of the latter.

Proverbial sayings, not too closely crowded, add to the simplicity of pastoral; Spenser is fortunate in such applications; but I own myself most peculiarly attracted with his short lessons of morality: they add a pleasing innocence to the character of the shepherd, and reflect a lustre on the poet.

Yet amidst this superior merit, it must be observed, that a masterly writer of our own days has censured the dialogue of Spenser as affectedly barbarous, and the reflections of his peasants as too exalted.

It is necessary, however, to premise, that the criticism of this author is confined to the September of the *Shepherd's Calendar*; an eclogue which is indeed conveyed in a dialect singularly rustic; and the subject being the depravity of ecclesiastical manners in popish countries, the sordid language, under which the satire is couched, gives the greater offence to the critic: who concludes with this exclamation: "Surely at the same time that a shepherd learns theology, he may gain some acquaintance with his native language!"

The more ancient dialect seems here to have been selected, as a disguise to the real purport or characters of the piece. The reign of Mary, when England was under the bondage of an arbitrary religion, and oppressed by foreign counsels, may be esteemed the period of the Pastoral. The violence, which had been so barbarously exerted throughout the country at that baleful season, was too recent to have been forgotten; and the * Shepherd is very naturally described as having fled from a persecution, the censure of which was a compliment to the principles of Elizabeth.

A rural metaphor is manifestly sustained through the performance, as if to obviate the inconsistency, which is alleged. So far from discussing knotty points of theological learning, the province of the peasant is closely preserved; unless it should be insisted, that nothing relative to religion ought to concern a shepherd.

To descend from the writings of Spenser to the succeeding age, would be to point out the decline of the pastoral muse. Indeed, she has scarcely existed, but in the productions of † Philips and of

* *The late Romish brutality was at that time so interesting a topic, and so flattering to the crown, that Spenser has employed three eclogues on the subject.*

† *The pastorals of Gay seem to have been designed, as burlesque representations of scenes altogether rustic, and particularly as a ridicule of preceding authors, of*

Pope. Philips is so often on the whine, that we are apt to overlook his less exceptionable descriptions; he has injudiciously blended the polish of Virgil's language, with the simplicity of Spenser's; and so great is his want of original matter, that he is at best to be regarded as a graceful copyist*.

Whom many, it must be confessed, deserved such a treatment. I have, on this account, omitted his name as a pastoral writer, though his genius sufficiently qualified him for the task of eclogue.

* *The fifth pastoral, which relates the contest of the Swain and Nightingale, is prettily turned on the whole; but the thought, like Philips's other more agreeable ones, is borrowed. The same may be remarked of the pastorals of Pope.*

TRANS. II.

Pope has been so assiduous to refine his periods, that his spirit is greatly evaporated; and his pastorals, excepting the Messiah, only merit our attention as the marks of early genius. Sweetness of versification, and purity of expression, may constitute the character of a poet; but courtliness is not the whole that is expected in a writer of eclogues.

That love of the country, which is inherent in the bosom of reflection, has occasionally produced many later attempts on pastoral, but the most successful ones are fainter traces of rural life; the muse has at last varied her form, and united the charms of elegance and nature in the Ballads of Shenstone.

F

THEOCRITUS'S IDYLLIUMS.

IDYLLIUM I.

THYRSIS, OR THE HIMERÆN ODE.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS Idyllium contains a dialogue between the shepherd Thyrsis and a goatherd. Thyrsis, at the request of his friend, sings the fate of Daphnis, who died for love; for which he is rewarded with a milch goat, and a noble pastoral cup of most excellent sculpture. This piece is with great propriety considered as the pattern and standard of the old bucolic poems. The scene changes from a rising ground to a lower situation near a fountain, where there is a shepherd's bower facing the statues of Priapus and the Nymphs, and not far distant a grove of oaks.

Thyrsis.

SWEET are the whispers of yon vocal pine,
Whose boughs, projecting o'er the springs, re-
cline;

Sweet is thy warbled reed's melodious lay;
Thou, next to Pan, shalt bear the prize away:
If to the god a horn'd he-goat belong,
The gentler female shall reward thy song;
If he the female claim, a kid's thy share,
And, till you milk them, kid's are dainty fare.

Goatherd.

Sweeter thy song, O shepherd, than the rill
That rolls its music down the rocky hill; 10
If one white ewe content the tuneful nine,
A stall-fed lamb, meet recompence, is thine;
And if the muses claim the lamb their due,
My gentle Thyrsis shall obtain the ewe.

Thyrsis.

Wilt thou on this declivity repose,
Where the rough tamarisk luxuriant grows,
And gratify the nymphs with sprightly strain?
I'll feed thy goats, and tend the browsing train.

Goatherd.

I dare not, dare not, shepherd, grant your boon,
Pan's rage I fear, who always rests at noon, 20
When tir'd with hunting, stretch'd in sleep along,
His bitter rage will burst upon my song:
But well you know love's pains, which Daphnis
rues,

You the great master of the rural muse;
Let us beneath yon shady elm retreat,
Where nature forms a lovely pastoral seat,
Where sculptur'd Naiads and Priapus stand,
And groves of oak extending o'er the land;
There if you sing as sweetly as of yore,
When you the prize from Lybian Chromis bore,
This goat with twins I'll give that never fails 31
Two kids to suckle, and to fill two pails:
To these I'll add, with scented wax o'erlaid,
Of curious workmanship, and newly made,
A deep two-handled cup, whose brim is crown'd
With ivy, join'd with helichryse around;

Small tendrils with close-clasping arms uphold
The fruit rich speckled with the seeds of gold.
Within, a woman's well-wrought image shines,
A vest her limbs, her locks a caul confines; 40
And near, two neat-curl'd youths in amorous
strains

With fruitless strife communicate their pains:
Smiling, by turns, she views the rival pair;
Grief swells their eyes, their heavy hearts despair.
Hard by, a fisherman, advanc'd in years,
On the rough margin of a rock appears;
Intent he stands to enclose the fish below,
Lifts a large net, and labours at the throw:
Such strong expression rises on the sight,
You'd swear the man exerted all his might; 50
For his round neck with turgid veins appears—
(In years he seems, yet not impair'd by years.)

A vineyard next, with intersected lines,
And red ripe clusters load the bending vines:
To guard the fruit a boy sits idly by,
In ambush near, two skulking foxes lie;
This plots the branches of ripe grapes to strip,
But that, more daring, meditates the scrip;
Resolv'd ere long to seize the favourite prey,
And send the youngest dinnerless away: 60
Meanwhile on rushes all his art he plies,
In framing traps for grasshoppers and flies;
And earnest only on his own designs,
Forgets his satchel, and neglects his vines:
All round the soft acanthus spreads its train—
This cup, admir'd by each Æolian swain,
From far a Caledonian sailor brought,
For a she-goat and new-made cheese I bought;
No lip has touch'd it, still unused it stood;
To you I give this masterpiece of wood, 70
If you those Himeræan strains rehearse
Of Daphnis' woes—I envy not your verse—
Dread fate, alas! may soon demand your breath,
And close your music in oblivious death.

Thyrsis.

Begin, ye nine, that sweetly wont to play,
Begin, ye muses, the bucolic lay.

"Thyrsis my name, to Ætina I belong,
 "Sicilian swain, and this is Thyrsis' song :"
 Where were ye, nymphs, in what sequester'd
 grove?

Where were ye, nymphs, when Daphnis pin'd
 with love? 80

Did ye on Pindus' steepy top reside?
 Or where through Tempe Peneus rolls his tide?
 For where the waters of Anapus flow,
 Fam'd streams! ye play'd not, nor on Ætina's
 brow;

Nor where chaste Acis laves Sicilian plains—
 Begin, ye muses, sweet bucolic strains.
 Him savage panthers in wild woods bemoan'd
 For him fierce wolves in hideous howlings groan'd
 His fate fell lions mourn'd the live-long day—

Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic lay. 90
 Meek heifers, patient cows, and gentle steers,
 Moan'd at his feet, and melted into tears;
 Ev'n bulls loud bellowing wail'd the shepherd-
 swain—

Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic strain.
 First from the mountain winged Hermes came;
 "Ah! whence, he cried, proceeds this fatal flame?
 "What nymph, O Daphnis, steals thine heart
 "away?"

Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic lay.
 Goatherds and hinds approach'd; the youth they
 hail'd, 99
 And shepherds kindly ask'd him what he ail'd.
 Priapus came, soft pity in his eye,
 "And why this grief, he said, ah! Daphnis, why?"
 Meanwhile the nymph disconsolately roves,
 With naked feet through fountains, woods, and
 groves,

And thus of faithless Daphnis she complains;
 (Begin, ye muses, sweet bucolic strains)
 "Ah youth! defective both in head and heart,
 "A cowherd styl'd, a goatherd sure thou art,
 "Who when asstance with leering eye he notes
 "The amorous gambols of his frisking goats, 110
 "He longs to emulate their wanton play:"

Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic lay.
 "So when you see the virgin train advance
 "With nimble feet, light bounding in the dance;
 "Or when they softly speak, or sweetly smile,
 "You pine with grief, and envy all the while."
 Unmov'd he sat, and no reply return'd,
 But still with unavailing passion burn'd;
 To death he nourish'd love's consuming pain—

Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic strain. 120
 Venus insulting came, the youth address'd,
 Forc'd a faint smile, with torture at her breast;
 "Daphnis, you boasted you could love subdued,
 "But tell me has not love defeated you?
 "Alas! you sink beneath his mighty sway."

Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic lay.
 "Ah, cruel Venus! Daphnis thus began,
 "Abhor'd and curs'd by all the race of man,
 "My day's decline, my setting sun I know,
 "I pass a victim to the shades below, 130
 "Where riots love with insolent disdain—

Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic strain.
 "To Ida, Venus, fly, expose your charms,
 "Rush to Anchises, your old cowherd's arms;

"There bowering oaks will compass you around,
 "Here low cyperus scarcely shades the ground,
 "Here bees with hollow hums disturb the day."

Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic lay.
 "Adonis feeds his flocks, though passing fair,
 "With his keen darts he wounds the flying hare,
 "And hunts the beasts of prey along the plain."
 Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic strain. 142

"Say, if again arm'd Diomed you see,
 "I conquer'd Daphnis, and will challenge thee;
 "Dar'ft thou, bold chief, with me renew the
 "fray?"

Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic lay.
 "Farewell, ye wolves, and bears and lynxes dire;
 "My steps no more the tedious chase shall tire :
 "The herdsman, Daphnis, now no longer roves,
 "Through flowery shrubs, thick woods, or shady
 "groves. 150

"Fair Arethusa, and ye streams that swell
 "In gentle tides near Thymbrian towers, fare-
 "well,
 "Your cooling waves flow-winding o'er the
 "plains."

Begin, ye muses, sweet bucolic strains.
 "I Daphnis here my lowing oxen fed,
 "And here my heifers to their watering led,
 "With bulls and steers no longer now I stray,"
 Begin, ye nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

"Pan, whether now on Mænalis you rove,
 "Or loiter careless in Lycaeus' grove, 160
 "Leave yon æteal promontory's height
 "Of Helicé projecting to the sight,
 "Where fam'd Lycaon's stately tomb is rear'd,
 "Lost in the skies, and by the gods rever'd;
 "Haste and revisit fair Sicilia's plains."

Cease, muses, cease the sweet bucolic strains.
 "Pan, take this pipe, to me for ever mute,
 "Sweet ton'd, and bent your rosy lip to suit,
 "Compacted close with wax, and join'd with
 "art,

"For love, alas! commands me to depart; 170
 "Dread love and death have summon'd me a-
 "way—"

Cease, muses, cease the sweet bucolic lay.
 "Let violers deck the bramble-bush and thorn,
 "And fair Narcissus junipers adorn.
 "Let all things nature's contradiction wear,
 "And lofty pines produce the luscious pear;
 "Since Daphnis dies, let all things change around,
 "Let timorous deer pursue the flying hound;
 "Let screech-owls soft as nightingales complain—
 Cease, cease, ye nine, the sweet bucolic strain.

He died—and Venus strove to raise his head, 181
 But fate had cut the last remaining thread—
 The lake he pass'd, the whelming wave he prov'd,
 Friend to the muses, by the nymphs belov'd.

Cease, sacred nine, that sweetly went to play,
 Cease, cease, ye muses, the bucolic lay.

Now, friend, the cup and goat are fairly mine,
 Her milk's a sweet libation to the nine :
 Ye muses, hail! all praise to you belongs,
 And future days shall furnish better songs. 190

Goatherd.

O, be thy mouth with figs Ægilean fill'd,
 And drops of honey on thy lips distill'd :

Fij

Thine is the cup (for sweeter far thy voice
Than when in spring the grasshoppers rejoice)
Sweet is the smell, and scented as the bowers
Wash'd by the fountains of the blissful hours.

Come, Cifs! let Thyrsis milk thee—kids, for-
bear
Your gambols, lo! the wanton goat is near.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM I.

Ver. 1. Poets frequently speak of the whispering or murmuring of trees: the word *ψιθυρισμα*, which Theocritus uses, is very expressive of the thing he describes, and properly signifies to whisper softly in the ear. Thus our author says the two lovers, Idyl. 27. *ἀλλήλους ψιθυρίζον*, and Idyl. 2. ver. 141. *ψιθυρισδόμενος αὐτοῦ*. Virgil has "argutum nemus, pinosque loquentes," *Ecl.* 8. 22. and "Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire fufurro," *Ecl.* 1. 56. Mr. Pope seems to have had this passage in view, and even improved it, in his *Eloisa* to Abeldard:

The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind.

He has also finely imitated this passage, and the beginning of the goatherd's speech, "Sweeter thy song," &c.

Thyrsis, the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing:
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow. *Puff.* 4.

Ver. 4. Virgil comparing a shepherd with Pan, says,

Tu nunc eris alter ab illo. *Ecl.* 5. 49.

Ver. 9. The Greek is—*ἡ τοῦ καταχρῆς τῆς ἀπὸ τῆς τειχῆς καταλειβεται ὑψόθεν ὕδωρ*. These ten words flow with most melodious sweetness: every one of them contributes to heighten the image they are to represent.

Homer has the same image in nearly the same words,

Κατὰ δὲ ψυχρὸν ῥεῖν ὕδωρ
Τ' ὑψὸν ἐκ πτερυγῆς, &c. *Odys.* B. 17.

Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distills
A limpid fount, &c. *Pope.*

Virgil has imitated this passage,

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessi in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo. *Ecl.* 5. 45.

And again,

Nam neque me tantùm venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxofas inter decurrunt flumina valles. *Ecl.* 5. 82.

Ver. 15. The Greek is, *Ὡς τὸ κατὰντὶς τῷ το γιῶλῳφον, ἀπὸ μυρικῆς*. The same verse occurs, Idyl. 5. ver. 101. in the Greek; in the translation 110.

Ver. 18.

Paucientes servabit Tityrus hædos— *Ecl.* 5. 12.

Ver. 20. Goats and their keepers were under the protection of Pan; it is with good reason, therefore, that the goatherd is afraid of offending that deity.

Horace, describing the middle of a hot day, says, "cæretque Ripa vagis taciturna ventis." *Ode.* 29. B. 3. On which Dacier observes, 'the ancients believed that at mid-day every thing was calm and serene, because at that season the Sylvan deities repose themselves,' and quotes this passage of Theocritus in confirmation of it.

Ver. 22. Horace describes Faunus as a very cholerick god, *Ode.* 18. B. 3. and begs he would pass through his grounds in good temper. The Greek is remarkable, *Καὶ οἱ αἰσι δριμύεια χόληα ποτὶ ρινὴν καθύται*—"And bitter choler always remains on his nostrils." Casaubon observes, that all violent passions cause a sensation in the nostrils, arising from the ebullition of the spirits, which mount towards the brain, and endeavouring to free themselves from restraint, find a vent by the nostril, and crowding through it, dilate it in their passage. This is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horse, the lion, whose nostrils always dilate when moved to anger. Homer has a similar expression in his *Odyssey*, B. 24. *ἀνα βίνας δὲ οἱ ἦν Δριμυ μινος προτυφε*—"A sharp sensation struck his nostrils:" though this is to express another passion, viz. that of sorrow arising from filial tenderness; and is a description of Ulysses and his interview with Laertes. Persius in the same manner says—

Ira cadat naso, rugosaque fanna. *Sat.* 5. 91.

Ver. 23.

Si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri. *Ecl.* 5. 10.

Ver. 24.

Montibus in nostris solus tibi certet Amyntas. *Ecl.* 5. 8.

Ver. 25.

—Si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbrâ— *Ecl.* 7. 10.

Ver. 32.

Bis venit ad mulctram, binos alit ubere sæctus. *Ecl.* 3. 30.

Ver. 33. Heinsius observes, that we have here a description of that art which the ancients called *Κηρογραφία*, or in laying with wax, which in the days of Theocritus was very much practised by

the Egyptians and Sicilians. In beautifying the prows of their ships, the ancients made use of several colours, which were not barely varnished over with them, but very often annealed by wax melted in the fire, so as neither the sun, winds, nor water were able to deface them: the art of doing this was called from the wax *κηρογραφία*. See Potter's *Ant.* and Vitruvius, I. 7. cap. 9.

Ver. 35. This is a very striking description of those large pastoral cups which the ancient shepherds occasionally filled with wine, milk, &c. We may guess at the capaciousness of this cup from the multiplicity of subjects which are carved upon it. Virgil imitates this passage.

— pocula ponam

Fagina, cœlatum divini opus Alcimedontis;
Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis
Diffusos hederâ vestit pallente corymbos.

Ecl. 3. 36.

And I this bowl where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines—

Pope, *Past.* I.

Ver. 36. Here are three sorts of ivy mentioned, *κισσος*, *ελιχευτος*, and *ελξ*. Pliny and Theophrastus say, that *κισσος* is a kind of ivy that grows alone without a support: *ελιχευτος* is probably the poetical ivy which Virgil mentions, Ecl. 8. 12. "hanc sine tempora circum inter vidtrices hederam tibi serpente lauros:" it has golden or saffron-coloured berries, and is styled "Hedera baccis aureis, and chrylocarpum:" the *ελξ* bears no fruit at all, but has white twigs, and small, angular, reddish leaves, which are more neat than the other sorts. Martyn.

Nonnus in his *Dionysiacs*, B. 19. has elegantly imitated this and many other passages of Theocritus.

Ver. 37. Creech has thus translated this passage.

With crocus mix'd, where seem the kids to brouse,
The berries crop, and wanton in the boughs—

On which Dr. Martyn observes, "it is hardly possible for a translation to be more erroneous: *καρπυ κροκου* signifies a fruit of a yellow or saffron colour, which Creech has rendered crocus; but crocus or saffron is a flower, not a fruit. I was a long time puzzled to discover where he found the *kids*: but suppose it must be from mistaking the sense of the word *ελξ*; it signifies those *tendrils* which sustain the vine in climbing: the Romans call it *capreolus*, hence the translator finding *ελξ* to be *capreolus* in Latin, which also signifies a *kid*, took it in the latter sense: but he ought to have known, that though *capreolus* is used both for a *kid* and a *tendril*, yet *ελξ* signifies only the latter." There is a translation of this *Idyllium* in the second volume of Whaley's Poems which retains the same absurdity,

Around its lips the circling ivy strays,
And a young *kid* in wanton gambols plays,

Ver. 39.

Orpheaque in medio posuit, sylvasque sequentes.

Ecl. 3. 46.

Ver. 50.

Fert ingens toto connexus corpore faxum.

Æn. 10. 127.

Ver. 51.

— Plenis tumuerunt guttura venis—

Ovid. Met. 3. 73.

Ver. 53. This is similar to an image in Homer's *Iliad*, B. 18. thus translated by Mr. Pope.

Next ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines.

Ver. 56. Foxes are observed by many authors to be fond of grapes, and to make great havoc in vineyards: Aristophanes in his *Equites* compares soldiers to foxes who spoil whole countries, as the other do vineyards: Galen, in his book of *Aliments*, tells us, that hunters do not scruple to eat the flesh of foxes in autumn, when they were grown fat with feeding on grapes. In the *Song of Solomon*, chap. ii. ver. 15. we read, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines," &c. And agreeably to this, Nicander in *Alexiph.* v. 185. assures us that foxes will spoil the vines, Πι-
δωρον κ. τ. λ. —

Cum pingui nocuit vulpes versuta racemo—

Ver. 62.

— gracili fuscillam texit hibisco. *Vir. Ecl.* 10. 17.

Ver. 63.

— molli circum est anas amplexus acantho.

Ecl. 3. 45.

Ver. 67. Though Homer, in his Catalogue of the Ships, reckons Calydon among the *Ætolian* cities, yet it is certain that formerly it not only belonged to the *Æolians*, but was likewise called *Æolis*: Thucydides says in his third history *αἰχμαρίσαντες ἐν τῇ Αἰολίᾳ τὴν νῦν καλουμένην Καλυδῶνα*.
Cassaubon.

Ver. 69.

Necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo.

Ecl. 3. 47.

Homer mentions the not having been used as a commendation of a cup in the 16th *Iliad*.

From thence he took a bowl of antique frame,
Which never man had stained with ruddy wine—

Pope.

Ver. 71. The Greek is *τον εἰσιμαζον ὕμνον*, and is generally reckoned "amabile carmen:" thus Horace, *Epist.* 3. B. 1. ver. 24. "scu condis amabile carmen:" but the correction which Heinsius makes is undoubtedly genuine; he reads *τον ἐφ' ἱμερα ὕμνον*, the Hymn of Himera, a river in Sicily, the banks of which were the scene of the loves of Daphnis, as is evident from a passage in the 7th *Idyllium*, ver. in the Greek 73, &c.—Besides we have the indisputable authority of *Ælian*, who, speaking of Daphnis and this Hymn, says it is that which the goatherd calls, *τον ἐφ' ἱμερα ὕμνον*, and that Stesichorus the Himæraean bard first sung this celebrated Hymn.

Ver. 72.

Non equidem invidio.

Ecl. 1. 11.

Ver. 75.

Incipe Manalios mecum, mea tibi versus.

Ecl. 8. 21.

Ver. 77. *Θυρίς δ' οὐκ Αἰγυῖς, καὶ Θυρίδας ἀδία φωνά*, Thyris *Ætneus* hic est, et hæc est Thyridis cantilena; Hæsius observes this is the title or prelude to the hymn, very agreeable to the manner of the ancients; thus Herodotus—"Herodoti Halicarnestensis hæc est Historia; he mentions his name, his country, and writings, exactly in the same manner as Thyris."

Ver. 79. Virgil, Milton, Mr. Pope and Lord Lyttleton have imitated this passage—

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ
Naides, indigno cum Gallos amore periret?
Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla morem fecere, neque Aoniæ Aganippes.

Ecl. 10. 9.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the sleep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

Lycidas.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Ilis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

Pope.

Where were ye, muses, &c. See Lord Lyttleton's beautiful Monody—

The 10th Eclogue of Virgil is indeed only a sort of parody on this first Idyllium of Theocritus.

Ver. 87.

Daphni, tuum Pænos etiam ingenuissileones
Interitam, montelque feri sylvæque loquuntur.

Ecl. 5. 27.

Ver. 91.

Stant et oves circum—

Ecl. 10. 16.

Ver. 95.

Pan, deus Arcadiæ venit—

Ecl. 10. 26.

Ver. 96.

—dicat Opuntiz

Frater Megillæ, quo beatus

Vulnere, quâ pereat sagittâ.

Hor. L. 1. Od. 27.

Ver. 99.

Venit et upilio; tardi venere habulci;

Omnes, unde anser ille, rogant, tibi—

Ecl. 10. 19.

Ver. 102.

Galle: quid infans? inquit; tua cura, Lycoris,

Perque nives alium, perque horrida castra secuta est.

Ecl. 10. 22.

Ver. 107. The Greek Scholiast supposes this verse, and as far as to the 106th verse inclusive, to be the speech of Priapus comforting Daphnis; whereas it is undoubtedly that of the nymph Echenais, the mistress of Daphnis, upbraiding him for his incontinent passion; for he had been guilty of a breach of promise to her, and had offended her by following other women; taken in this light, the whole passage is beautiful, simple, and easy; 'Daphnis,'

says she, 'you was used to be styled a cowherd, a man of continency, but, behold! you have adopted the manners of a goatherd, who when he observes the lasciviousness of his flock, wishes himself a goat:' *Heinsius*. Virgil alludes to this place, "Novimus et qui te transversa tumentibus hircis."

Ecl. 3.

Τανισταί οφθαλμός is a very strong expression, and emphatically denotes the effect which is produced in the eyes of any person who vehemently longs after an object which he can never attain. Horace has a similar expression,

Cum semel fixæ cibo

Intabuissent populæ.

Epode 5. 39.

Ver. 122.

—premit altum corde dolorem—

Virg. Æn. D. 4.

Ver. 129. That is, he foresaw his death; that he should no more behold the light of the sun: an expression usual to the ancient poets; thus in Homer's *Odyssey*, B. 20. when the prophet Thero-clymenus foresaw the death of the suitors, he says, *ἥλιος δὲ Οὐρανὸν ἐκπτολῶλε*, The sun has perished from heaven. Mr. Pope renders it,

Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,
But universal night usurps the pole.

Ver. 135.

Hic virides teneræ pretegit arundine ripas
Mincius æque sacræ resonant examina quercu.

Ecl. 7. 12.

Ver. 137. The Greek verse is very expressive of the sense: we hear the humming and buzzing of bees.

Ὡδὲ καλὸν βομβίζοντι ποτὶ σμάνισσι μέλισσαι—

Ver. 139.

Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis—

Ecl. 10. 18.

Adonis was the son of Cynaras, king of Cyprus, by his own daughter Myrrha—he was the great favourite of Venus, and has been abundantly celebrated by the Greek poets.

Martyn.

Ver. 140.

Auritosque sequi lepores, tum figere damas.

Geor. 1. 308.

Ver. 143. See Homer's *Iliad*, B. 5.

Ver. 147. Thus Virgil says, Vivite sylvæ, i. e. Valet—

Ecl. 8. 58.

Ver. 155.

Daphnis ego in sylvis, hinc usque ad sidera notus,
Formosi pecoris custos—

Ecl. 5. 43.

Here Virgil exceeds Theocritus, who only mentions the rural employments of Daphnis, whereas Virgil represents his Daphnis as a person whose fame had reached up to heaven.

Martyn.

Ver. 159.

Ipse nemus linquens patrium, saltusque Lycæi,
Pan ovium custos, tua sibi Mænala curæ,
Adsis, O Tegræ favens—

Geor. L. 1. v. 16.

Ver. 167.

—Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) musæ,
Alicæ quos ante seni—

Ecl. 6. 69.

Ver. 169.

Pan primus calamos cæra conjungere plures
Instituit—

Ecl. 2. 32.

The shepherd's pipe was composed of seven reeds, unequal in length, and of different tones, joined together with wax—Indeed in the 8th Idyllium there are two pipes described, composed of nine reeds each, but seven was the usual number—

Ver. 171.

—fed me
Imperiosa trahit Proserpina—

Hor. L. 2. Sat. 5.

Ver. 172.

Define, Mænalios jam define, tibia, versus.

Virg. Ecl. 8. 61.

Ver. 173. Virgil and Pope have imitated this passage—

Nunc et oves ultro fugiat lupus; aurea duræ
Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus.

Ecl. 8. 52.

Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.Pope, *Past.* 3.

Ver. 178.

Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ.

Ecl. 8. 28.

Ver. 179.

Certent et cynis ululæ—

Ecl. 8. 55.

Ver. 182.

—Extremaque Laufo

Parcæ fila legunt—

Æn. L. 10. 814.

Ver. 190.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipse, canemus.

Ecl. 9. 67.

Ver. 197. *Kivavisa*, the name of the goat, from *κίωτος*, ivy, and *αἰσῶς*, bright or shining.

IDYLLIUM II.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

SIMÆTHEA is here introduced complaining of Delphis, who had debauched and forsaken her: she makes use of several incantations in order to regain his affection; and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover.

WHERE are my laurels, and my philtres where?
Quick bring them, Thestylis—the charm prepare;
This purple fillet round the cauldron strain,
That I with spells may prove my perjurd swain:
For since he rapt my door twelve days are fled,
Nor knows he whether I'm alive or dead:
Perhaps to some new face his heart's inclin'd,
For love has wings, and he a changeful mind.
To the Palæstra with the morn I'll go,
And see and ask him why he shuns me so? 10
Meanwhile my charms shall work: O queen of
night:

Pale moon, assist me with refulgent light;
My imprecations I address to thee,
Great goddess, and infernal Hecate [dread,
Stain'd with black gore, whom ev'n gaunt mastiffs
Whene'er she haunts the mansions of the dead;
Hail, horrid Hecate, and aid me still
With Circe's power, or Perimedo's skill,
Or mad Medea's art—Restore my charms,
My lingering Delphis to my longing arms. 20
'The cake's consum'd—burn, Thestylis, the rest
In flames; what frenzy has your mind possess?
Am I your scorn, that thus you disobey,
Base maid, my strict commands?—Screw salt, and
say, [charms,
"Thus Delphis' bones I strew"—Restore my
The perjurd Delphis to my longing arms.

5

Delphis inflames my bosom with desire;
For him I burn this laurel in the fire:
And as it fumes and crackles in the blaze,
And without ashes instantly decays, 30
So may the flesh of Delphis burn—My charms,
Restore the perjurd Delphis to my arms.
As melts this waxen form, by fire defac'd,
So in love's flames may Myndian Delphis waste:
And as this brazen wheel, though quick roll'd
round,

Returns, and in its orbit still is found,
So may his love return—restore my charms,
The ling'ring Delphis to my longing arms.

I'll strew the bran: Diana's power can bow
Rough Rhadamanth, and all that's stern below. 40
Hark! hark! the village dogs! the goddesses soon
Will come—the dogs terrific bay the moon—
Strike, strike the sounding brass—Restore my
charms,

Restore false Delphis to my longing arms.

Calm is the ocean, silent is the wind,
But grief's black tempest rages in my mind.
I burn for him whose perfidy betray'd
My innocence; and me, ah, thoughtless maid!
Robb'd of my richest gem—Restore my charms,
False Delphis to my long-deluded arms. 50

I pour libations thrice, and thrice I pray;
O shine, great goddess, with auspicious ray!

F IIIj

Whoe'er she be, blest nymph ! that now detains
My fugitive in love's delightful chains ;
Be she for ever in oblivion lost,
Like Ariadne, 'lorn on Dia's coast,
Abandon'd by false Theseus—O, my charms,
Restore the lovely Delphis to my arms.

Hippomanes, a plant Arcadia bears,
Makes the colts mad, and stimulates the mares, 60
O'er hills, through streams they rage : O, could I see

Young Delphis thus run madding after me,
And quit the fam'd Palæstra !—O, my charms !
Restore false Delphis to my longing arms. [wear,

This garment's fringe, which Delphis wont to
To burn in flames I into tatters tear.

Ah, cruel love ! that my best life-blood drains
From my pale limbs, and empties all my veins,
As leeches suck young fleeds—Restore my charms,
My lingering Delphis to my longing arms. 70

A lizard bruise'd shall make a potent bowl,
And charm to-morrow his obdurate foul ;
Meanwhile this potion on his threshold spill,
Where, though despis'd, my soul inhabits still ;
No kindness he nor pity will repay ;
Spit on the threshold, Thestylis, and say, [charms,
" Thus Delphis' bones I strew"—Restore my
The dear, deluding Delphis to my arms.

She's gone, and now, alas ! I'm left alone !
But how shall I my sorrow's cause bemoan ? 80
My ill-requited passion, how bewail ?
And where begin the melancholy tale ?

When fair Anaxa at Diana's fane
Her offering paid, and left the virgin-train,
Me warmly she requested, breathing love,
At Dian's feast to meet her in the grove :
Where savage beasts, in howling deserts bred,
(And with them a gaunt hounds) were led
'To grace the solemn honours of the day.—

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phæbe, say—
Theucarila's kind nurse, who lately died, 90
Begg'd I would go, and she would be my guide ;
Alas ! their importunity prevail'd,
And my kind stars and better genius fail'd ;
I went adorn'd in Clearista's clothes—

Say, sacred Phæbe, whence my flame arose—
Soon as where Lyco's mansion stands I came,
Delphis the lovely author of my flame
I saw with Eudamippus, from the crowd
Distinguish'd, for like helichrysus glow'd 100
The gold down on their chins, their bosoms far
Outshone the moon, and every splendid star ;
For lately had they left the field of fame—

Say, sacred Phæbe, whence arose my flame—
O, how I gaz'd ! what ecstasies begun
To fire my soul ? I sigh'd, and was undone :
The pompous show no longer should surprise,
No longer beauty sparkled in my eyes :
Home I return'd, but knew not how I came :
My head disorder'd, and my heart on flame : 110
Ten tedious days and nights fore sick I lay—

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phæbe, say—
Soon from my cheeks the crimson colour fled,
And my fair tresses perish'd on my head :
Forlorn I liv'd, of body quite bereft,
Of bones and skin were all that I had left :

All charms I try'd, to each enchantress round
I fought ; alas ! no remedy I found :
Time wing'd his way, but not to sooth my woes—

Say, sacred Phæbe, whence my flame arose—
Till to my maid, oppress'd with fear and shame, 120
I told the secret of my growing flame ;

' Dear Thestylis, thy healing aid impart—
' The love of Delphis has engross'd my heart.

' He in the school of exercise delights,
' Athletic labours, and heroic fights ;
' And oft he enters on the lists of fame—

Say, sacred Phæbe, whence arose my flame—
' Haste thither, and the hint in private give,
' Say that I sent you—tell him where I live.' 130
She heard, she flew, she found the youth. I sought,
And all in secret to my arms she brought.
Soon at my gate his nimble foot I heard,
And on my lips the faulting accents hung ; 140
As when from babes imperfect accents fall,
When murmuring in their dreams they on their
mothers call.

Seaseless I stood, nor could my mind disclose—
Say, sacred Phæbe, whence my flame arose—

My strange surprise he saw, then prest the bed,
Fix'd on the ground his eyes, and thus he said :

' Me, dear Simætha, you have much surpass'd,
' As when I ran with young Philinus last

' I far out-strip him, though he bravely strove ;
' But you have all prevented me with love ; 150
' Welcome as day your kind appointment came—

Say, sacred Phæbe, whence arose my flame—
' Yes, I had come, by all the powers above,

' Or, rather let me swear by mighty love,
' Unsent for I had come, to Venus true,

' This night attended by a chosen few,
' With apples to present you, and my brows

' Adorn'd like Hercules, with poplar boughs,
' Wove in a wreath with purple ribbands gay—

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phæbe, say—
' Had you receiv'd me, all had then been well, 160
' For I in swiftness and in form excel ;
' And should have deem'd it no ignoble bliss

' The roses of your balmy lips to kiss :
' Had you refus'd me, and your doors been barr'd,

' With axe and torch I should have come pre-
' par'd,

' Resolv'd with force resistance to oppose—
Say, sacred Phæbe, whence my flame arose—

' And first to beauty's queen my thanks are due,
' Next, dear Simætha, I'm in debt to you, 170
' Who by your maid, love's gentle herald, prove
' My fair deliverer from the fires of love :

' More raging fires than Ætna's waste my frame—
Say, sacred Phæbe, whence arose my flame—

' Love from their beds enraptur'd virgins charms,
' And wives new-married from their husband's

' arms.'

He said, (alas what frenzy seiz'd my mind !)
Soft prest my hand, and on the couch reclin'd :

Love kindled warmth as close embrac'd we lay,
And sweetly whisper'd precious hours away. 180
At length, O moon, with mutual raptures fir'd,
We both accomplish'd—what we both desir'd.
E'er since no pause of love or bliss we knew,
But wing'd with joy the feather'd minutes flew;
Till yester morning, as the radiant sun
His steeds had harness'd, and his course begun,
Restoring fair Aurora from the main,
I heard, alas! the cause of all my pain;
Philista's mother told me, ' she knew well
' That Delphis lov'd, but whom she could not tell:
' The marks are plain, he drinks his favourite toast,
' Then hies him to the maid he values most:
' Besides with garlands gay his house is crown'd':
All this she told me, which too true I found.

He oft would see me twice or thrice a day,
Then left some token that he would not stay
Long from my arms, and now twelve days are past
Since my fond eyes beheld the wanderer last—
It must be so—'tis my unhappy lot
Thus to be scorn'd, neglected and forgot. 200
He woos, no doubt, he woos some happier maid—
Meanwhile I'll call enchantment to my aid:
And should he scorn me still, a charm I know
Shall soon dispatch him to the shades below;
So strong the bowl, so deadly is the draught;
To me the secret an Assyrian taught.
Now, Cynthia, drive your courters to the main;
Those ills I can't redress I must sustain.
Farewell, dread moon, for I have ceas'd my spell,
And all ye stars, that rule by night, farewell. 210

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM II.

Ver. 1. This whole Idyllium, as Heinſius obſerves, ſeems to have been pronounced with great geſticulation, as is evident from the exordium, *Ἰά μοι τοι Δαφναι; ταῦ δὲ τα φέλτρα;* which is a direct imitation of the beginning of an ancient ſong, that uſed to be frequently rehearſed in the ſtreets, and was called *ἀνθραμα*, *Πῦ μοι τα ῥόδα; τα μοι τα ἰα;* Where are my roſes; where are my violets?

Ver. 3. It is uncertain what ſort of veſſel the *κίλκις* was. Nicander uſes the word in his Theriacis, and there it ſignifies a mortar in which any thing is pounded. Caſaubon thinks it may be taken in the ſame ſenſe here. It is worth obſervation, that though Virgil has ſtudiouſly imitated this whole Idyllium, he choſe not to mention any ſort of veſſel, but ſays, “*moll icinge hæc altera vittâ.*”

Ed. 8. 64.

Ver. 4.
Conjugis ut magicis ſanos avertere ſacris
Experiar ſenſus— *Ed. 8. 66.*

Ver. 9. The place for wreſtling, and other exerciſes.

Ver. 11. Sorcerers addreſſed their prayers to the Moon and to Night, the witneſſes of their abominations.—Thus Medea in Ovid, Met. B. vii.

Nox, ait, arcanis ſidiſſima— [*noſtris*
Tuque triceps Hecate quæ cæptis conſcia
Adjutrixque venis—

Canidia addreſſes the ſame powers—O rebus meis
Non infideles arbitra,
Nox, & Diana quæ ſilentium regis
Arcana cum ſunt ſacra;
Nunc, nunc adeſte. *Hor. Epode 5. 49.*

Ver. 19. The Greek is *ἰνυγὰ* a bird which magicians made uſe of in their incantations, ſuppoſed to be the wry-neck—Virgil has “*Ducite ab urbe domum, mea Carmina, ducite Daphnim.*”

Ed. 8. 68.

Ver. 22. Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit?
Ed. 2. 69.

Ver. 28.

Fragiles incende bitumine lauros.
Daphnis me maulus urit, ego hanc in Daphnida
laurum. *Ed. 8. 82.*

The laurel was burnt in order to conſume the fleſh of the perſon, on whoſe account the magical rites were performed. It was thought, according to Pliny, B. 16. chap. laſt, by its crackling noiſe, to expreſs a deteſtation of fire. Mr. Gay has finely imitated this paſſage, in his fourth Paſtoral—
Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a ſweetheart's name:
This with the loudeſt bounce me fore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brighteſt colour blaz'd:
As blaz'd the nut, ſo may thy paſſion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did ſo brightly glow.

Ver. 33. It was cuſtomary to melt wax, thereby to ſolify the heart of the perſon beloved; the ſorcerers in Virgil, Ecl. 8. makes uſe of two images, one of mud and the other of wax.

Limus ut hic dureſcit, & hæc ut cera liqueſcit
Uno eodemque igni: ſic noſtro Daphnis amore.

Ver. 35. It was alſo uſual to imitate all the actions they wiſhed the loved perſon to perform: thus Simæthe rolls a brazen wheel, believing that the motion of this magic machine had the virtue to inſpire her lover with thoſe paſſions which ſhe wiſhed. Canidia makes uſe of this wheel. See *Hor. Epode 17. 6, 7.*

Canidia, parce vocibus tandem ſacris,
Circumque retro ſolve, ſolve turbinem.

Ver. 41. ——— Hylax in limine lattat—
Virg. Ecl. 8. 107.

——— viſæque canes ululare per umbram.
Adventante Deâ— *Æn. 6. 257.*

The reaſon why Hecate was placed in the public ways, was becauſe ſhe preſided over peculiar pollutions: every new moon there was a public ſupper provided at the charge of the richer ſort in a place where three ways met; hence ſhe was cal-

ed Trivia, which was no sooner brought, but the poor people carried it all off, giving out that Hecate had devoured it; these suppers were expiatory offerings to move this goddess to avert any evils, which might impend, by reason of picaulor crimes committed in the highways. *Potter's Ant.*

Ver. 43.
Tinnitufque cie, & matris quate cymbala circum.
Virg. Georg. 4. 64.

Ver. 45.
Et nunc omne tibi stratum filet æquor, & omnes
(Aspice) ventosi ceciderunt murmuris auræ.
Ecl. 9. 57.

Ver. 51. The number three was held sacred by the ancients, being thought the most perfect of all numbers, as having a regard to the beginning, middle, and end. We shall see a further propriety in it, if we consider that Hecate, who presided over magical rites, had three faces.

Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diversa colore
Licia circundo, terque hæc altaria circum
Effigiem duco: numero deus impare gaudet.
Ecl. 8. 73.

Ver. 59. Hippomanes here undoubtedly signifies a plant, which is described as having the fruit of the wild cucumber, and the leaves of the prickly poppy; perhaps a kind of mullien; though in Virgil, *Geor. 3. 280.* it means a poison. See *Martyn.*

Ver. 60.
Cum tibi flagrans amor & libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum, &c.
Hor. B. 1. Od. 25.

Ver. 65. Simæthe burns the borders of Delphis's garment, that the owner may be tortured with the like flame: Virgil's enchantress deposits her lover's pledges in the ground, under her threshold, in order to retain his love, and secure his affections from wandering.

Has olim exuvias mihi perfidus ille reliquit
Fignora cara sui: quæ nunc ego limine in ipso,
Terra, tibi mando———
Ecl. 8. 91.

Ver. 71.
Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi læta venena.
Ecl. 8. 95.

Horace has—
Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi
Fastidienti potulum———
Ephed. 5. 77.

Mr. Gay had this passage in view.
These golden lines into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
Past. 4.

Ver. 83. The Athenian virgins were presented to Diana before it was lawful for them to marry, on which occasion they offered baskets full of little curiosities to that goddess, to gain leave to depart out of her train, and change their state of life.

Ver. 95. This is a stroke on the pride of those women who trick themselves in hired clothes; and is entirely similar to a passage in Juvenal, Sat. 6. 351.

Ut spectet ludos conducit Ogulnia vestem,
Ogulnia borrows clothes to see the show.

Ver. 105. The Greek is *ὡς ἰδὼν, ὡς ἱμασθῆναι. π. τ. γ.* There is a similar line in the 3d Idyl. ver 42. *Ως ἰδὼν, ὡς ἱμασθῆναι, ὡς ἱσθῆναι ἀλλὰ τ' ἱμασθῆναι.*

Virgil has—
Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.
Ecl. 8. 41.

which is confessedly inferior to the Greek.

Ver. 113. The literal translation of this passage is, *And my colour was like thapsus—ταψος* is a Scythian wood of a boxen or golden colour; some take it to be the Indian guaiacum. The women that chose to look pale, tinged their cheeks with it. *Heinsius's Notes.*

Ver. 116. Our poet uses the same proverb, Idyl. 4. ver. 16. and Virgil has——vix ossibus hærent.
Ecl. 3. 102.

Ver. 119.
Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus.
Geor. B. 3. 284.

Ver. 121.
Cum sic unanimum alloquitur malè sana forem.
En. B. 4. 8.

Ver. 124.
Solut hic inflexis sensus, animumque labantem
Impulit———
Ver. 22.

Ver. 137. Dirigit visu in medio: calor ossa reliquit. *En. B. 3. 308.* If the learned reader will compare this passage with Sappho's celebrated ode *Εἰς τὴν ἱερμηνῆν*, he will find great similarity both in the thoughts and expressions.

Ver. 153. Heinsius observes there was a custom at Athens, that whenever a young man was smitten with the beauty of any lady, especially that of a courtesan, he wrote her name in a place appointed for the purpose, with some encomium upon her; and having acknowledged his passion, the day following he appointed for a festival, *πρὸς τὴν ἀναθήναι*, that is, to crown her head with a wreath of flowers and ribbands. Thus in Plato, Alcibiades, at a festival, resorts to Agatho, with a crown and ribbands to adorn his head.

Ver. 158. The poplar was sacred to Hercules. Virgil has,
Populeis adfunt evincti tempora, ramis. *En. 8. 286.*

Ver. 166. If, after rapping at the door, the lover was refused admittance, *πρὸς τὴν ἀναθήναι*, to place the flowery crown on the head of his mistress, he then threatened axes and torches to break or burn the door—Thus Horace

Hic hic ponite lucida
Funalia, et vestes, et arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces— *B. 3. Od. 26.*

Ver. 175. The Greek is *παρθένων ἐν θαλάμοις*, the thalami signified the inner chambers where the virgins were kept closely confined, and not permitted to converse with men. In Homer, *Iliad. b. 6.* the rooms where Priam's daughters lived are called *παρθενὸν θαλάμοις*, as being placed at the top of the house; for the womens lodgings were usually in the uppermost rooms, as Eustathius remarks

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM II.

upon the passage; which was another means to keep them from company.

Ver. 180. *Εφθγοισδεμης αδυ*. See Idyl. i. v. 1.

Ver. 193. That it was usual for lovers to adorn their boules with flowers and garlands in honour of their mistresses, is evident from a passage in *Caullius, de Atty*, ver. 66.

*Mihi floridis corollis redimita domus erat,
Linquendum ubi esset orto mihi sole cubiculum.*

Fair flowery wreaths around my house are spread,
When with the rising sun I leave my bed.

Ver. 202.

His ego Daphnim Aggrediar.

Ed. 8. 102.

Ver. 203.

Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi

Fallidienti poculum.

Hor. Epod. 5. 77.

Ver. 206.

Has herbas, atque hæc ponto mihi lecta venena

Ipse dedit morris.

Ed. 8. 95.

The Assyrians were greatly addicted to magic.

IDYLLIUM III.

AMARYLLIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

A goatherd declares his passion for his mistress Amaryllis, laments her cruelty, commends her charms, solicits her favours, and, distracted at the thoughts of not obtaining them, threatens to drown himself; tries experiments to know if she loves him, sings love-songs, and seems resolved to die, and be devoured by wolves.

To Amaryllis, lovely nymph, I speed,
Meanwhile my goats along the mountain feed:
O Tityrus, tend them with assiduous care,
In freshest pasture, and in purest air;
At evening see them to the water led,
And ware the Libyan ram with butting head.

Sweet Amaryllis!—once how blest my lot
When here you meet me in the conscious grot?
I, whom you call'd your dear, your love, so late,
Say, am I now the object of your hate? 10
Does my flat nose or beard your eyes offend?—
This love will surely bring me to my end.—
Lo! ten fair apples, tempting to the view,
Pluck'd from your favourite tree, where late they

grew;
Accept this boon, 'tis all my present store—
To-morrow shall produce as many more;
Meanwhile these heart-consuming pains remove,
And give me gentle pity for my love—
Oh! were I made, by some transforming power,
A bee to buzz in your sequester'd bower! 20
To pierce your ivy shade with murmuring sound,
And the fern leaves which compass you around—
I know thee, love, and to my sorrow find
A god thou art, but of the savage kind;
A lioness sure suckled the fell child,
Fed with her whelps, and nurs'd him in the wild:
On me his scorching flames incessant prey,
Glow in my veins, and melt my soul away—
Sweet black-ey'd maid! what charms those eyes
impart!

Soft are your looks, but flinty is your heart; 30
With kisses kind this rage of love appease,
For me the joys of empty kisses please.
Your scorn distracts me: and will make me tear
The flowery crown I wove for you to wear,
Where rose-buds mingled with the ivy-wreath,
And fragrant pansy fix sweetest odours breathe—

Ah me! what pangs I feel? and yet the fair
Nor sees my sorrows, nor will hear my prayer—
I'll doff my goat-skin, since I needs must die,
And thence, where Olpis views the scaly fry— 40
Inquisitive, a dire impending steep,
Headlong I'll plunge into the foamy deep;
And though perchance I buoyant rise again,
You'll laugh to see me flouncing in the main—
By one prophetic orpine-leaf I found
Your chang'd affection, for it gave no sound,
Though on my hand struck hollow as it lay,
But quickly wither'd, like your love, away—
An old witch brought sad tidings to my ears,
She who tells fortunes with the sieve and sheers—
For, leasing barley in my fields of late, 51
She told me, 'I should love, and you should
hate'—

For you my care a milk-white goat supplied,
Two wanton kids skip game some at her side,
Which Mermnon's girl, Erithacis the brown,
Has oft petition'd me to call her own;
And since you thus my ardent passion slight,
Hers they shall be before to-morrow night—
My right eye itches; may it lucky prove!
Perchance I soon shall see the nymph I love; 60
Beneath yon pine I'll sing distinct and clear—
Perchance the fair my tender notes may hear;
Perchance may pity my melodious moan—
She is not metamorphos'd into stone—
Hippomanes, provok'd by noble strife,
To win a mistress, or to lose his life,
Threw golden fruit in Atalanta's way,
The bright temptation caus'd the maid to stay;
She look'd, she languish'd, all her soul took
fire,

She plung'd into the gulf of deep desire. 70
From Othry's top the bard Melampus came,
He drove the herd to Pyle, and won the dame:

Alpheibœa's mother, fam'd for charms
Of beauty, blest heroic Bias' arms,
Adonis fed his flocks upon the plain,
Yet heavenly Venus lov'd the shepherd swain;
She mourn'd him wounded in the fatal chase,
Nor dead dismiss'd him from her warm embrace.
Though young Endymion was by Cynthia blest,
I envy nothing but his lasting rest.

Idion too was happy to obtain
The pleasures too divine for ears profane.
My head grows giddy---love affects me sore;
Yet you regard not, so I'll sing no more---
Stretch'd near your grotto when I've breath'd
my last,
My flesh will give the wolves a rich repast,
This will be sweet as honey to your taste.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM III.

This Idyllium affords us a specimen of ancient gallantry, namely, of the *παρρηλικὴ ὑπόθεσις*, or mournful song, which excluded lovers used to sing at the doors of their mistresses. They had two methods of performing this: one was to sing it as they lay on the ground; thus Horace, Ode 10 B. 3. was sung while the lover was *prostratus ante fores*; but this was performed standing, and with great gestulation of body, and motion of the feet: It is called *Comastes*, which signifies, according to Hesychius, a shepherd that dances and sings at the same time. The turns in this song are very abrupt, sudden, and striking, and gives us a lively picture of a distracted lover.

Ver. 2.

Pascuntur vero sylvas et summa Lycæi.

Geor. 3. 314.

Ver. 3. Virgil has translated these three lines, Tityre, dum redeo, brevis est via, pascere capellas: Et notum pastas age, Tityre: et inter agendum Occurrere capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto. *Ecl.* 9. 23.

This passage of Virgil, Dr. Martyn thinks, seems to intimate, that he was engaged in translating the Idylliums of our poet.

Ver. 6. The Greek is *νομήαν*, which in this place undoubtedly signifies a ram. Thus Homer has *Πεντηκοντα δ' νομήαν*. κ. τ. λ. Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice. *Pope's Iliad.* B. 23.

Crech and Dryden have rendered it Ridgil: Dryden and Warton also have rendered the word *capro* in Virgil by the same term.

Ver. 10.

Dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque capellæ,
Hirsutumque supercilium, proluxaque barba.

Ecl. 8. 33.

Ver. 12.

Mori me denique coges,

Ecl. 2. 7.

Ver. 13.

Quod potui, puero sylvestri ex arbore lecta
Aurea mala decem nisi: cras altera mittam.

Ecl. 3. 70.

Ver. 20. The Greek is, *Α βομβίζοντα μύλασσαν*, and is very expressive of the sense. See *Idyl.* 1. 137.

Ver. 22. The ancient shepherds often made themselves beds of fern, because they imagined that the smell of it would drive away serpents.

Ver. 23. Virgil has,

Nunc scio quid sic Amor: duris in cotibus illumi
liarum, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,

Nec nostri generis puerum nec sanguinis edunt.

Ecl. 8. 43.

These ideas, not owing their original to rural objects, are not pastoral, and therefore improper: sentiments like these, as they have no ground in nature, are indeed of little value in any poem; but in pastoral they are particularly liable to censure, because they are more proper for tragic, or heroic writings. *Ramblar.* No. 37.

Pope, endeavouring to copy Virgil, was carried to still greater impropriety;

I know thee love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds and in thunder born.

Ver. 32. *Εντι και εν κινισσι φιλαμασιν αδιαντις*:

Exactly the same verse occurs, *Idyl.* 27. l. 4. Moschus calls it, *γυμνον το φιλαμα, a naked kiss*.

Ver. 35.

Floribus, atque apio crines ornatus amaro. *Ecl.* 6. 68.

The ancients thought that ivy and parsley had the virtue of dissipating the vapours of wine.

Ver. 42. Virgil has,

Præceps æcili speculâ de montis in undas
Deferar.

Ecl. 8. 59.

Ver. 45. *Τηλεφύλον* is properly orpine, a low plant whose branches trail on the ground; the leaves are small, roundish, and of a glaucous colour, the flowers small, and of a whitish green.

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,
Em bathed balm and cheerful galingale. *Spenser*.

Ver. 49. The Greek is *Αγροίον*, and generally taken for a proper name; but Heinsius, with good reason, thinks it should be wrote *α γραία, an old woman*. We have a similar passage in the 6th *Idyl.* ver. 40. *Ταυτα γαρ α γραία με Κοτυτταρις ἐξιδιδασκιν*.

For this the old woman Cottytaris taught me.

Ver. 50. This was another sort of divination.

Ver. 53. Virgil has entirely copied this;

Præterea duo nec tum mihi valle reperti
Capreoli sparfis etiam nunc pellibus albo,
Bina die siccant ovis ubera; quos tibi servo.
Jampridem alme illos abducere Thestylis orat;
Et faciet; quoniam sordent tibi munera nostra.

Ecl. 2. 40.

Ver. 59. The palpitation of the right eye was reckoned a lucky omen. *Pomer.*

Ver. 65. See the story in Ovid's *Met.* B. 10. ver. 664.

Ver. 69. The Greek is,
ὡς ἴδον, ὡς ἤμην, ὡς ἐς βαβυν ἀλλισ' ἔρωτα!

There is a similar ver. *Idyl.* 2. 82.

Χρὺς ἴδον, ὡς ἤμην, ὡς μὲν περὶ θυμὸς ἰαφθῆ —

Virgil has, "Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstu-
"lit error!" *Ecl.* 8. 41.

Which is far inferior to the Greek; *absolut error* is much more languid.

Ver. 71. This was a mountain in Thessaly; which country was famous for such an extraordinary breed of oxen, that Neleus, king of Pylus, refused to give his daughter in marriage to Melampus, king of Tyrius, except he procured him some of them, which he soon after accomplished by the help of his brother Bias.

Univ. Hist. vol. vi. p. 215. 800.

Turpia perpeffus vates est vincia Melampus.

Prop. B. 2. *Ecl.* 3.

Ver. 78. Bion, in his epitaph on Adonis, has a beautiful thought in allusion to this, ver. 45.

Εγχεί τοῦτον, Ἀδωνι, τοῦ δ' αὖ πυμῶντι με φιλεῖται,
κ. τ. λ.

Raife, lov'd Adonis, raife thy drooping head,
And kiss me ere thy parting breath be fled;
The last fond token of affection give,
O kiss thy Venus, while the kisses live;
Till in my breast I draw thy lingering breath,
And with my lips imbibe thy love in death. *F. F.*

Ver. 81. The son of Jupiter and Electra: he lay with Ceres, and was by Jupiter struck with thunder:

Scarce could Iasion taste her heavenly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her
arms. *Pope's Od.* B. 5.

Ver. 82.

Procul, ô, procul este profani. *Æn.* B. 6. 258.

Ver. 84.

Amor non talia curat. *Ecl.* 10. 28.

Ver. 87.

Hoc juvat, & melli est. *Hor.* B. ii. *Sat.* 6. ver. 32.

IDYLLIUM IV.

THE SHEPHERDS.

THE ARGUMENT.

We have here a dialogue between Battus, a shepherd, and Corydon, a neatherd. The beauty of this Idyllium consists in that natural representation of sorrow which the poet makes the herds affected with in the absence of their master: Battus laments the death of Amaryllis. The latter part of this piece is very natural, but too much inclining to rusticity.

Battus.

ARE these Philonda's cows that graze the mead?

Corydon.

No; Ægon's—Ægon gave them me to feed.

Battus.

Don't you play false, and milk them by the by?

Corydon.

My shrewd old master keeps too strict an eye;

The calves he suckles, and prevents the fraud.

Battus.

But where is Ægon? is he gone abroad?

Corydon.

What, han't you heard it from the mouth of fame?

Milo entic'd him to th' Olympic game.

Battus.

Will he engage in that athletic toil,

Who never yet beheld Olympic oil?

Corydon.

Fame says, his strength with Hercules may vie;

Battus.

And that stout Pollux is worse man than I.

Corydon.

He with his spade is gone, at honour's call,

And twenty sheep to keep himself withal.

Battus.

To Milo surely high regard is had;

The wolves at his persuasion will run mad.

Corydon.

These heifers want him, moaning o'er the mead.

Battus.

Alas! they've got a wretched groom indeed.

Corydon.

Poor beasts, I pity them! they even refrain

To pick the scanty herbage of the plain. 20

Battus.

Yon heifer's bones are all that strike the view:

Say, does she live, like grasshoppers, on dew?

Corydon.

No, troth! by Æser's banks she loves to stray,

And there I bring her many a lock of hay;

And oft she wantons in Latymnus' shades,

And crops fresh pasture in the opening glades.

Battus.

That red bull's quite reduc'd to skin and bone;

May the Lampriadae, when they atone

The wrath of Juno, sacrifice his mate!

A wretched offering suits a wretched state. 30

Corydon.

And yet on Phycus, or the marsh, he feeds,
Or where Neræus laves the verdant meads;
Where bright-ey'd flowers diffuse their odour
round, [abound.

Buck-wheat and sea-bane bloom, and honey-bells
Battus.

Alas! These herds will perish on the plain,
While Ægon courts fair victory in vain;
His pipe, which sweetest music could produce,
His pipe, too, will be spoil'd for want of use.

Corydon.

No fear of that, for when he went away,
He left it me, and I can sing and play: 40
I warble Pyrrhus' songs, and Glaucus' lays,
Zycynthus fair, and healthful Croton praise,
And proud Læcinium, rising to the east,
Where Ægon swallow'd four score cakes at least:
There, too, a bull he boldly dar'd pursue,
Seiz'd by the hoof, and down the mountain drew;
Then gave it Amaryllis; with glad shout
The maids approv'd the deed, loud laugh'd the
lubber lout.

Battus.

Sweet Amaryllis! though entomb'd you lie,
With me your memory shall never die: 50
I lov'd you dearer than my flocks of late,
And now, alas! I mourn your cruel fate.

Corydon.

Yet courage, friend; to-morrow fortune's ray
May shine with comfort, though it lows to day:
Hopes to the living, not the dead remain;
And the soft season brightens after rain.

Battus.

Firm is my trust—but see! these hungry cows
(White-face, away) my tender olives browse!

Corydon.

Away, Cymatha, to the bank! by Jove,
If I come near you, faith! I'll make you move—
See! she returns—O that I had my pike! 60
I'd give the beast a blow she would not like.

Battus.

Pray, Corydon, see here! thy aid I beg;
A long sharp-pointed prick has pierc'd my leg;
How high these thorns and spindling brambles
grow!

Do'st see't?—'twas long of her; plague take the
cow!

Corydon.

Here comes the thorn! your throbbing pain I've
found.

Battus.

How great the anguish! yet how small the
wound!

Corydon.

These thorny, surzy hills should ne'er be trod
With legs unguarded, and by feet unshod. 70

Battus.

Does your old master still persist to prize
His quondam mistress with the jet black eyes?

Corydon.

The same; for lately in the wattled ground,
In the soft scene of love the carle I found.

Battus.

O, nobly done! lascivious old man!
Meet match for satyrs, or salacious Pan.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM IV.

Virgil begins his third Eclogue with almost the same words,

Ver. 1.

Dic mihi. Damoeta, cujum pecus? an Melibœi?

U. Non, verum Ægonis: nuper mihi tradidit Ægon.

Ver. 3.

Hic alienus oves custos bis mulget in horâ.

Ecl. 3. 5.

There was a peculiar kind of theft which the mercenary herdsmen among the ancients were guilty of, which was to milk the cattle they tended clandestinely in the absence of their masters: these delinquents were called *αμειβοι*.

Ver. 10. It was customary for the wrestlers, and other combatants at the Olympic games, to anoint themselves with oil, not only to render their limbs more supple, but likewise that their antagonists might have no advantage over them.

Ver. 13. Casaubon observes, that those who intended to be competitors at the Olympic games, came thirty days at least before they began, to be trained up and exercised by those who presided over the games, which lasted five days; so that the combatants remained at Elis near forty, at least

five and thirty days: the twenty sheep therefore which Ægon carried with him were for his provision during his stay at Elis, and perhaps for sacrifice, and to entertain his friends. A spade, *παρὰν* was the emblem or badge of a wrestler, and therefore painters and sculptors, as Festus Pompeius observes, represented wrestlers with this instrument in their hands: his words are, "Rustum tenentis juvenis est effigies in capitolio, ephebi, more Græcorum, arenam ruentis exercitationis gratiâ;" in the capitol there is the effigy of a youth holding a spade, and; after the Grecian manner, turning the sand for the lake of exercise.

Ver. 16. The Greek Scholiast observes, that madness is a distemper to which dogs, of all animals, are most liable: thus Virgil, Geor. 3. 496. "Hinc canibus blandis rabies." Hence gentle dogs run mad; at least much more so than wolves: therefore, says Battus, if Milo can prevail on the rustic Ægon to go to the Olympic games, he might persuade even wolves to run mad.

Ver. 17. Moschus, Idyl. 3. ver. 23. has a passage extremely similar to this,

Ὀρεῖ δ' ἔστιν ἀφρονία, καὶ αἱ βῆες αἰ ποτὶ ταυροῖς
Πλαζομένηαι γοιοῦσι, καὶ ἐκ ἐθελοντι τιμίσθαι

And now each straggling heifer strays alone,
And to the silent mountains makes her moan;
The bulls loud-bellowing o'er the forests rove,
Forfake their pasture, and forget their love. *F. F.*

Ver. 21. —vix ossibus hærent. *Ecl.* 3. 102.

Ver. 22.

Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ.
Ecl. 5. 77.

Ver. 27.

Eheu, quam pingui macer mihi taurus in arvo;
Ecl. 3.
How lean my bull on yonder clover'd plain.
Warton.

Ver. 28. Heinsius takes the Lampridæ to have been the inhabitants of Lacinium, a promontory not far from Croton, where there was a celebrated temple erected to Juno—*Atollis se diva Lacinia contra. Æn.* 3. 552. They formerly were opulent, but afterwards reduced to extreme penury and wretchedness.

Ver. 31.

Saltibus in vacuis pascant, et plena secundum
Flumina; muscus ubi et viridissima gramine ripa.
Geor. 3.

Ver. 34. The Greek is, *Ανισχυρὸς, καὶ κρυφαὶ, καὶ τρυφῆς μελίσσινα*

The virgins that attended at the feast held in honour of Ceres, called *Θερμοφορία*, strewed on their beds such herbs as were thought effectual to

destroy all appetite for ventreal pleasures, as *αυτὰρ ἅλα βανέ, ἄγνους κοφύς, &c.* *See Pottier.*

Ver. 40.

— et me secere poetam
Pierides; sunt et mihi carmina. *Ecl.* 9. 32.

Ver. 41. Glaucia was a lutanist of Chios, Pyrrhus a Lesbian poet.

Ver. 44. Horace says of a glutton,

— Porcius infra,
Ridiculus totas simul absorbere placentas.
B. 2. Sat. 8.

Ver. 49. This short eulogy on the deceased Amaryllis, late the mistress of Battus, is beautifully introduced on Corydon's mentioning her name.

Ver. 33.

— sed credula vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.
Tibul. B. 2. El. 6.

And Horace,

— informes hyemes reducit Jupiter: idem Summovet:

Non, si male nunc et olim Sic erit. *B. 2. Od. 10.*

Jove spreads the heavens with dusky clouds;

The clouds he chides away;

To-morrow's sun shall shine serene,

Though fortune lows to-day. *Duncombe.*

Ver. 61. Unde mihi lapidem? unde sagittas?

Hor. B. 2. Sat. 7.

IDYLLIUM V.

THE TRAVELLERS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS Idyllium is of the dramatic kind: Comates a goatherd, and Lacon a shepherd, after exchanging some very coarse railleries, a true image of vulgar freedom, contend in singing. The beauty of this piece consists in that air of simplicity in which the shepherds are painted; full of themselves, boastful of favours received, and making sudden transitions, agreeable to the desultory genius of uncivilized nature.

Comates.

My goats of Lacon, Sybarite baste take heed;
He stole my goatskin—at a distance feed.

Lacon.

Fly, fly, my lambs, these springs—nor longer stay,
Comates comes who stole my flute away.

Comates.

What flute, thou servile Sybaritic brute!
Pray, when wast thou e'er master of a flute?
'Twas all thy pride, with Corydon, to draw
The rustic rout with scrannel pipes of straw.

Lacon.

The flute which Lycon gave me frank and free:
But pray, what goatskin did I steal from thee? 10
What goatskin e'er hadst thou, thou lubber lout?
It is well known thy master sleeps without.

Comates.

What Crocylus bestow'd, of special note,
When to the nymphs he sacrific'd a goat;
Thou envied'st me the present, and by theft
Hast basely of the speckled pelt bereft.

Lacon.

I stole it not; I swear by mighty Pan;
Comates, thou'rt mistaken in thy man;
Or may I, seiz'd with instant frenzy, leap
Headlong from this high rock into the deep. 20

Comates.

Thy flute I stole not; by the nymphs I swear,
The fountain nymphs, to me for ever dear.

Lacon.

If I believe thee, goatherd, may I prove
The desperate pains of Daphnis, pin'd with love

Nought now is sacred—yet a kid stake down,
Thoult find my skill superior to thy own.

Comates.

A sow Minerva brav'd: for singing's sake,
I'll lay a kid, if thou a lamb wilt stake.

Lacon.

Ah fly old fox! but how can this be fair?
For good sheep's wool who ever sheer'd goat's
hair?

What booby, blown to folly's utmost pitch,
E'er left an udder'd goat to milk a bitch?

Comates.

He that's as sure as thou art to excel,
Though wasps may sing with grasshoppers as well:
But lest thou turn thy challenge to a flum,
I'll stake this full-grown goat against thy lamb.

Lacon.

Soft, hasty goatherd! let us hence remove
To yon wild olive-shade beside the grove;
There sing thy best, while in pure streams below,
Grateful to swains, the cooling fountains flow; 40
There spring sweet herbs, soft couches wait thy
choice,

And there the sprightly grasshoppers rejoice.

Comates.

Hasty I'm not, but greatly vex'd at heart
That thou dar'st brave thy teacher at his art;
Requital bafe!—Breed hounds, or wolf-whelps
breed,

Ungrateful, they'll devour you for the deed.

Lacon.

Ye goatherds love beyond the truth to stretch:
When learnt I ought of thee, invidious wretch?
But, come, vain boaster, to the grove along,
No more thoult challenge shepherds at the song. 50

Comates.

Here rest we; lo! cyperus decks the ground,
Oaks lend their shade, and sweet bees murmur
round

Their honied hives: here two cool fountains spring;
Here merrily the birds on branches sing;
Here pines in clusters more umbrageous grow,
Wave high their heads, and scatter cones below.

Lacon.

With me retreat, where skins of lambs I keep,
Whose wool's a pillow softer far than sleep:
Thy goat-skins ill with cleanliness agree,
So rank they smell, nay rather worse than thee. 60
There to the nymphs I'll crown, delightful toil
One bowl of milk, and one of sweetest oil.

Comates.

Retire with me to more sequester'd bowers,
There thou shalt rest on fern, and fragrant flowers;
O'er these the skins of tender kids I'll spread,
A softer far than thine and sweeter bed:
Eight bowls of milk, to Pan, great god, shall foam,
And eight of honey, and the honey-comb.

Lacon.

Agreed: the contest lest thou shouldst evade,
I'll wait thy summons at thy oaken shade. 70
Who shall decide the honours of the day?
Perhaps Lycopas is not far away.

Comates.

No need of him for judge; for here's as good,
Morsen the keeper of thy master's wood;
He's cleaving faggots.

Lacon.

Call the woodman near.

Comates.

Call him thyself, for thou canst make him hear.

Lacon.

Friend, hither haste while we in song contest,
And judge impartial who performs the best.

Comates.

Let merit only thy just judgment guide,
Lean not to mine, or favour Lacon's side. 80
Thurius commits to Lacon's care his sheep;
Eumara's goats of Sybaris I keep.

Lacon.

Who ask'd thee, goatherd, of thy tongue too free,
Whether the flock belong'd to him or me?

Comates.

By Jove, I vow the simple truth I've told;
But thou grow't vain, and scurrilously bold.

Lacon.

Sing on, proud swain, nor thus consume thy breath;
But not, like Sirens, sing thy judge to death.

Comates.

Me more than Daphnis the chaste muses love;
Two kids I offer'd in their laurel grove. 90

Lacon.

Me Phœbus loves, for him a ram I feed,
Which at the next Carnean feast shall bleed.

Comates.

Twin-bearing goats I milk; "Ah, hapless swain,
"Alcippe cries, dost thou their udders drain?"

Lacon.

Full twenty presses I with cheese can fill,
And have a love-intrigue whenever I will.

Comates.

Gay Clearista, when perchance we meet,
Pelts me with apples, and says something sweet.

Lacon.

Young Cratidas inspires my heart to glow, 99
For down his comely neck the lovely tresses flow.

Comates.

Can dog-briar, or anemones that bloom
In hedges, match with roses in perfume?

Lacon.

Can acorns crude, whose coat is rough and dry,
With the soft fruitage of the chestnut vie?

Comates.

In yonder juniper there broods a dove,
The young, when fledg'd, I'll carry to my love.

Lacon.

Soft wool to weave a garment, if I live
To shear my sheep, to Cratidas I'll give.

Comates.

Leave these wild olives, kids, and feed below,
Where the rough tamarisks luxuriant grow. 110

Lacon.

Conarus, Cymy, leave those oak-crown'd meads,
And pasture eastward, where the white ram feeds.

Comates.

A cypress pail is mine, and sculptur'd bowl,
I'll keep them for the charmer of my soul.

Lacon.

This wolf-dog, to his flock and master true,
I'll give my boy, the wild beasts to pursue.

Comates.

Ye prowling locusts, that devour my fruits,
Touch not my vines, for tender are the shoots.

Ye grasshoppers, how I this goatherd vex!
Thus you the reapers of the field perplex. 120

Comates.

I hate the brush-tail'd foxes, that by night
Steal Myco's grapes and then escape by flight.

Lacon.

I hate dull beetles, that devour for prey
Philonda's figs, then buzzing wheel away.

Comates.

Have you forgot, when once beneath my stroke,
You writh'd with pain, and ran to yonder oak?

Lacon.

Yes, faith! but when Eumara lash'd thee well,
And bound with thongs, I readily can tell.

Comates.

Morfon, who's angry now?—Go, frantic swain,
Go, gather squills to calm your ruffled brain. 130

Lacon.

Morfon, I've nettled somebody full fore—
Go, gather fowbread, and be mad no more.

Comates.

May Himera with milk, and Crathis flow,
With wine, and fruit on plants aquatic grow.

Lacon.

May Sybaris with honey streams distil,
And maids each morn their urns with honey fill.

Comates.

My goats on cytusus and wild oats browse,
And rest on arbutus and lentisk boughs.

Lacon.

With fragrant balm my sheep are daily fed,
And ivy mix'd with roses is their bed. 140

Comates.

Alcippe charms not, though I sent a dove;
She neither press'd my ears, nor kiss'd me for my love.

Lacon.

I love with warmest ardour young Eumede,
Who gave me kisses for a pastoral reed.

Comates.

Can pies contend with nightingales? the owl
With swans? but you love discord at your soul!

Morfon.

Cease, Lacon, cease thy song; for I decree
The lamb, Comates, as thy due to thee:
Go, to the nymphs the welcome offering make,
And let thy Morfon of the feast partake. 150

Comates.

By mighty Pan, thou shalt, auspicious boy;
See how my goats leap wantonly for joy!
I too will leap, victorious as I am,
And laugh at Lacon, since I've gain'd the lamb.
Rejoice, my kids, for in the cooling wave
Of Sybaris to-morrow ye shall lave.
You butting, wanton goat I must forbid,
Till I have sacrific'd, to touch a kid—
What, rutting still:—your courage I'll abate,
Or may I suffer poor Melanthius' fate. 160

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM V.

Ver. 1. Sybaris was once a powerful city of Calabria near Croton, in the bay of Tarentum; the inhabitants were so much addicted to pleasure and effeminacy, that their luxury became a proverb.

Ver. 5.

—aut unquam tibi fistula cerâ
Juncta fuit? non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridentem miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?

Virg. Ecl. 3. 25.

Ver. 8. The Greek is *καλαμαὶ αὐλὸν ποππυδὶν ὀρνισί*, the word *ποππυδὶν* seems very expressive of the mean idea Comates had of the Shepherd's piping.—Milton had both Theocritus and Virgil in view.

—Their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.

Lycidas.

Ver. 9.

—Damocetas dono mihi quam dedit olim.

Ecl. 2. 37.

Ver. 12. The ancients used to sleep on various sorts of skins; thus in Homer, Iliad 10., speaking of Diomed,

Ἰδ', ὅτε δ' ἔγρωτο εἶναι βεῖος ἀρχυλοῖο.

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head. *Pope.*

TRANS. II.

Ver. 20. The Greek is *ἡ Κράθις*, into Crathis the name of a river near Sybaris.

Ver. 25. This is a proverb that seems to have taken its rise from the following circumstance: Hercules, on his arrival at Dios, a city of Macedonia, saw several people coming out of a temple; and being himself desirous to enter and worship, he inquired to whom it belonged; and being informed it was dedicated to Adonis, he answered, *οὐδὲν ἱερὸν*, nothing is sacred: for Adonis being no deity, he did not think him deserving of any honour or worship; by which seems to be meant, things that make a show of something great and sacred, but in reality are nothing but sorry and ridiculous trifles. *Potter.*

Ver. 27. *Τὲ πρὸς Ἀθανάσιον ἱερὸν ἡρώδιον*, an adage that is used, when ignorant people put themselves in competition with men of learning.

Ver. 32. —*Τὴς κακῶν κούρῃ δόλιον ἀμύλητον.*

Virgil has,

—Idem jungat vulpes & mulgeat hircos.

Ecl. 3. 91.

Ver. 40.

Hic gelidi fontes; hic mollia præta, Lycori;

Hic nemus.

Ecl. 10. 42.

Ver. 42.

—Resonant arbuta cicadis.

Ecl. 2. 13.

Ver. 48. There was a necessity in this place

omit translating four lines in the original, which are infinitely too indelicate for modest ears.

Ver. 50.

Efficiam posthac ne quenquam voce lacessas.

Ecl. 3. 51.

Ver. 51. The Greek is,

Τὴν δέους, ὡς κύνες,
Ὡς καλοὶ ἐμβύνηται σμάνεσι μίσσεται.

Which occurs in the first Idyllium. See ver. 136.

Ver. 52.

Eque sacrâ resonant examina quercu. *Ecl. 7. 13.*

Ver. 56. The Greek word is, *κωνί*; Virgil has
Strata jacent passim sua quæque sub arbore poma.

Ecl. 7. 54.

Ver. 58. The Greek is, *ὕπνῳ μαλακώμεθα*. We find the same expression in the fifteenth Idyl. ver. 125, in the Greek.

Πορφύριος δὲ ταπηνίς ἀνὰ μαλακώμεται ὕπνῳ.

Virgil has, somno mollior herba. *Ecl. 7. 45.*

Softer than sleep, seems full as proper a figure as *dotum sleep*, which is frequently used by modern poets.

Ver. 62.

Pocula bina novo spumantia lacte quotannis,
Craterasque duos statuas tibi pinguis olivi.

Ecl. 5. 67.

Ver. 64. See the note on ver. 22. Idyl. III.

The Greek is, *γλαχών*, which an eminent botanist informs me is the *burned poppy*.

Ver. 69.

Nunquam hodiè effugies; veniam quocunque vocaris.

Ecl. 3.

Ver. 77.

—Ocyus, inquit,

Hunc ades, ô Melibœæ.

Ecl. 7. 8.

Ver. 87.

Quin age si quid habes, &c.

Ecl. 7. 52.

Ver. 89. Theocritus, as well as Virgil, lays it down as an indispensable rule to himself, in these *Amœbian* verses, to make the respondent shepherd answer his opponent in exactly the same number of lines: which must be allowed to be extremely difficult in a translation: how I have succeeded, must be left to the determination of the candid reader, who, it is hoped, will make proper allowances for such a constraint.

Ver. 91.

Et me Phœbus amat.

Ecl. 3. 62.

Ver. 92. This was a festival observed in most of the cities of Greece, in honour of Apollo, surnamed *Carnæus*, from one *Carnus* an Arcanian,

who was instructed by this god in the art of divination, but afterwards murdered by the Dorians; this fact Apollo revenged upon them by a dreadful plague, to avert which, they instituted this festival. See *Potter's Ant.*

Ver. 97.

Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella. *Ecl. 3. 64.*

Ver. 99.

At mihi sese offert ultro meus ignis Amyntas.

Ecl. 3. 66.

Ver. 100. Long hair was peculiar to the Lacedæmonians; they looked upon it as the emblem of liberty, and those who wore it as incapable of committing any illiberal action.

Ver. 105.

Parta mæe Veneri sunt munera; namque notavi
Ipse locum, ætriæ quo congressere palumbes.

Ecl. 3. 68.

Ver. 110. See Idyl. I. ver. 16.

Ver. 122. See note of Idyl. I. ver. 56.

Ver. 132. Ovid has a similar passage, *Met. B. 1. ver. 111.*

Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant.

Ver. 134. The Greek is, *εὐα*, which my botanical friend takes to be *water-paraisips*.

Ver. 135.

Mella fluant illi, ferat et rubus asper amomum.

Ecl. 3.

Ver. 137.

Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.

Ecl. 2. 64.

Ver. 138. The Greek is, *σχινος*, the tree that produces mastich.

Ver. 142. There was a particular sort of kiss, which is called by Suidas *χύλην*, the pot, when they took the person, like a pot, by both his ears: it is mentioned by Tibullius,

—Natusque parenti

Oscula compressis auribus eripiet. *B. 2. Eleg. 5.*

Ver. 145.

Certent et cynis ululæ.

Ecl. 8. 55.

Ver. 155.

Ipse, ubi tempus erit, omnes in fonte lavabo.

Ecl. 3. 97.

Ver. 160. The fate of Melanthius, one of the suitors of Penelope, is thus described by Homer. See his *Odyssey*, B. 22. as translated by Mr. Pope.

Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs: then trimm'd with brazen sheers
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet next felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell.

IDYLLIUM VI.

THE HERDSMEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

DAMOCETAS and Daphnis drive their herds together into one place, and sing alternately the passion of Polyphemus for Galatæa. Daphnis begins first, and addresses himself to Damocetas as to the Cyclops; Damocetas answers him, as in the person of Polyphemus. Galatæa's love is described from her wanton actions, and Polyphemus's obduracy from his neglect of the sea-nymph. This Idyllium is inscribed to Aratus, who was the friend of Theocritus, and supposed to be the author of an astronomical poem, called *Arati Phænomena*.

DAMOCETUS and young Daphnis, tuneful swains,
Late fed their herds, Aratus, on the plains;
The first was ruddy with a golden beard;
On Daphnis' cheek scarce doubtful down appear'd.
Fast by the margin of a murmuring spring,
'Midst noon-tide heat, they thus essay'd to sing.
And, while their cattle fought the cooling wave,
First Daphnis sung, for he the challenge gave.

Daphnis.

O Polyphemus, while your flocks you keep,
With apples Galatæa pelts your sheep. 10
And calls you goatherd, and ungrateful swain;
Meanwhile you pipe in sweetly warbled strain,
Nor see the wild nymph, senseless as a log;
And lo! again she pelts your faithful dog;
Lift! lift! he barks, and in a strange amaze
His dancing shadow in the sea surveys;
Ah! call him back, lest on the maid he leap,
And tear her limbs emerging from the deep.
Lo! where she wantons, frolic light, and fair,
As down of bearsfoot in soft summer air: 20
And still impell'd by strange capricious fate,
Flies those that love, and follows: those that hate.
In vain the blandishments of love she plies,
For faults are beauties in a lover's eyes.

Thus Daphnis sung, Damocetas thus reply'd:

Damocetas.

By mighty Pan, the wily nymph I spy'd
Pelting my flock, I saw with this one eye—
May heaven preserve its lustre till I die:
Though Telemus presages ills to come;
Let him reserve them for his sons at home. 30
To tease, I seem regardless of her game,
And drop some items of another flame:

Soon to her ears the spreading rumour flies,
For envy, then and jealousy she dies:
And furious, rising from her azure waves,
She searches all my folds and all my caves:
And then my dog, obedient to command,
Barks as she walks, and bays her off the strand:
For when I lov'd, he wag'd his tail with glee,
Fawn'd, whin'd, and loll'd his head upon her
knee. 40

This practice shortly will successful prove,
She'll surely send me tidings of her love.
But I'll exclude this sea-jilt, till she swears
To press with me the bed herself prepares.
Nor am I so deform'd, for late I stood,
And view'd my face in ocean's tranquil flood;
My beard seem'd fair, and comely to the sight;
My eye, though single, sparkling, full, and
bright:

My teeth array'd in beauteous order shone, 49
Well match'd, and whiter than the Parian stone.
And lest enchantment should my limbs infect,
I three times dropt my spittle on my breast;
This charm I learnt from an old sorcerer's tongue,
Who harvest-home at Hipocoon's sung.

Damocetas ended, and with eager joy
Daphnis embrac'd, and kiss'd the blooming boy;
Then gave, as best his sprightly taste might suit,
A pipe melodious, and receiv'd a flute.
Damocetas deftly on the flute could play,
And Daphnis sweetly pip'd, and caroll'd to his
lay: 60

Their heifers gambol'd on the grass green fields;
In singing neither conquers, neither yields.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM VI.

Ver. 1.

Complerantque gregis Corydon et Thyrsis in
unam. *Virg. Ecl. 7. 2.*

Ver. 10. See Idyl. V. ver. 97.

Ver. 12.

—Tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.

Ecl. 1. 4.

Ver. 20. *Αἰνέειν*; see Martyn's note on *Geor.* B. 4. 123.

Ver. 22. Horace has a passage similar to this,

—*Meus est amor huic similis, nam
Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.*

B. 1. Sat. 2.

Ver. 29. Polyphemus, in the 9th Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, gives an account of Telemus, which I beg leave to lay before the reader in Mr. Pope's translation, ver. 593.

Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies :
Oh heav'n's! oh faith of ancient prophecies!
This Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty seer, who on these hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fate of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long since he menac'd, such was fate's command;
And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.

Ver. 30.
Dii capiti ipsius generique refervent.

Æn. B. 8. 484.

Ver. 39. Horace, speaking of Cerberus fawning upon Bacchus, expresses himself almost in the same words,

—*Leniter atterens
Caudam, et recedentis trilingui
Ore pedes, tetigitque crura.*

B. 2. Od. 19.

Ver. 45. Nothing can be better fancied than to make this enormous son of Neptune use the sea for his looking glass; but is Virgil so happy when his little landmen say,

*Non sum adeo informis : nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis flaret mare?* *Ecl. 2. 25.*

His wonderful judgment for once deserted him, or he might have retained the sentiment with a slight change in the application.

Hurd's Letter on the Marks of Imitation.

Ovid also imitates this passage in his *Metam.* B. 13. ver. 840.

*Certe ego me novi, liquidaque in imagine vidi
Nuper aquæ : placuitque mihi mea forma videnti.*

Ver. 50. Horace has,

—*Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marino purius.* *B. 1. Od. 19.*

Ver. 52. The ancients imagined that spitting in their bosoms three times (which was a sacred number, see note on *Idyl. II. ver. 51.*) would prevent fascination.

Ver. 53. The Greek is *α γεννα κατοικησας*, which all the interpreters have taken for a proper name, whereas it undoubtedly signifies an enchantress or sorceress; for Horace calls the magical arts, which Canidia makes use of, *Cotyttia*. See Canidia's answer.

*Inlatus ut tu riseris Cotytia
Vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis?*

Safely shalt thou Cotytto's rites
Divulge, and lawless love's delights? *Duncombe.*

Cotys, as Dacier observes, was the goddess that presided over enchantments and all the abominations that were practised in Greece and Thrace. See Juvenal, *Sat. 2. ver. 91.*

Ver. 54. This verse occurs, *Idyl. X. ver. 16.*

Ver. 59.
Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus.

Ecl. 5. 2.

Ver. 61. Horace has the same thought,
Ludit herboso pecus omne campo, &c. *B. 3. Od. 18.*

In pastures all the cattle sport,
Soon as returns thy hallow'd day;
To meads the vacant hinds resort,
And, round th' unharne'd oxen play.

Duncombe.

IDYLLIUM VII.

THALYSIA; OR, THE VERNAL VOYAGE.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS is a narration of a journey which Theocritus, along with two friends, took to Alexandria; as they are travelling, they happen to meet with the goatherd Lycidas, with whom they join company, and entertain each other with singing. Our poet had contracted a friendship, in the isle of Cos, with Praxidamus and Antigenes, who invited him into the country to celebrate the feast of Ceres. The Thalsia was a sacrifice offered by husbandmen, after harvest, in gratitude to the gods, by whose blessing they enjoyed the fruits of the earth.

WHEN Eucritus and I, with one consent,
Join'd by Amyntas, from the city went,
And in our progress, meditating slow,
March'd where the waters of Halenta flow:
Antigenes and Praxidamus, names
Renown'd afar, for each bright honour claims,

The sons of Lycopæus, at the shrine.
Of fruitful Ceres offer'd rites divine :
In their rich veins the blood divinely roll'd
Of Clytia virtuous, and of Chalcon bold ;
Chalcon, supreme of Cos, at whose command
The Burine fountain flow'd, and fertiliz'd the land ;

Near it tall elms their amorous arms enwove
 With poplars pale, and form'd a shady grove.
 Scarce had we measur'd half our destin'd way,
 Nor could the tomb of Brasilius survey;
 When travelling on the road we chanc'd to meet
 The tuneful goatherd, Lycidas of Crete;
 His very looks confess his trade; you'd swear
 The man a goatherd by his gait and air: 20
 His shoulders broad a goatskin white array'd,
 Shaggy and rough, which smelt as newly slay'd;
 A threadbare mantle wrapt his breast around,
 Which with a wide-wove surcingle he bound:
 In his right hand, of rough wild olive made,
 A rustic crook his steps securely stay'd;
 A smile serenely cheer'd his gentle look,
 And thus with pleasure in his eye he spoke:

' Whither, Simichidas, so fast away,
 ' Now when meridian beams inflame the day? 30
 ' Now when green lizards on the hedges lie,
 ' And crested larks forsake the fervid sky.
 ' Say, does the proffer'd feast your haste excite,
 ' Or to the wine-press some old friend invite?
 ' For such your speed, the pebbles on the ground,
 ' Dash'd by your clogs, at every step resound!
 Then I; " Dear Lycidas, so sweet your strains,
 " You shame the reapers and the shepherd swains;
 " Your pipe's fam'd numbers, though they please
 " me well,

" Hope spurs me on to rival, or excel: 40
 " We go great Ceres' festival to share;
 " Our honour'd friends the sacred rites prepare:
 " To her they bring the first fruit of their store,
 " For with abundance she has blest their floor.
 " But since, my friend, we steer one common way,
 " And share the common blessings of the day,
 " Let us as thus we gently pace along,
 " Divert the journey with bucolic song.
 " Me the fond swains have honour'd from my
 " youth,

" And call the muses' most melodious mouth; 50
 " They strive my ears incredulous to catch
 " With praise in vain; for I, who ne'er can match
 " Sicelidas, or sweet Philetas' song.

" Croak like a frog the grasshopper's among."
 Thus with alluring words I sooth'd the man,
 And thus the goatherd with a smile began:

' Accept this crook, small token of my love,
 ' For sure you draw your origin from Jove!
 ' I scorn the builder, who, to show his skill,
 ' Rears walls to match Oromedon's proud hill; 60
 ' Nor do those poets merit more regard
 ' Who dare to emulate the Chian bard.
 ' Since songs are grateful to the shepherd swain,
 ' Let each rehearse some sweet bucolic strain;
 ' I'll sing those lays (and may the numbers please)
 ' Which late last spring I labour'd at my ease.'

" Oh may Agenax, with prosperous gale,
 To Mitylene, the pride of Lesbos, sail!
 Though now the south winds the vast ocean sweep,
 And stern Orion walks upon the deep; 70
 So will he sooth those love-consuming pains
 That burn my breast and glow within my veins.
 May Halcyons smooth the waves, and calm the
 seas,

And the rough south-east sink into a breeze;

Halcyons, of all the birds that haunt the main,
 Most lov'd and honour'd by the Nereid train.
 May all things smile propitious while he sails!
 To the wish'd port convey him safe, ye gales!
 Then shall my brows with violets be crown'd,
 Or dill sweet smelling, or with roses bound: 80
 Before the hearth I'll quaff the Ptelean bowl;
 Parch'd beans shall stimulate my thirsty soul:
 High as my arms the flowery couch shall swell
 Of fleabane, parsley, and sweet asphodel.
 Mindful of dear Aeganax, I'll drink,
 Till to the lees the rosy bowl I sink.

Two shepherds sweetly on the pipe shall play,
 And Tityrus exalt the vocal lay:
 Shall sing how Daphnis the coy damsel lov'd,
 And, her pursuing, o'er the mountains rov'd; 90
 How the rough oaks bewail'd his fate, that grow
 Where Himera's meandering waters flow;
 While he still urg'd o'er Rhodope his flight,
 O'er Hæmus, Caucasus, or Athos' height,
 And, like the snow that on their tops appears,
 Dissolv'd in love, as that dissolves in tears.
 Next he shall sing the much enduring hind
 By his harsh lord in cedar chest confin'd;
 And how the honey bees, from roseat bowers,
 Sustain'd him with the quintessence of flowers;
 For on his lips the muse her balm distill'd, 100
 And his sweet mouth with sweetest nectar fill'd.
 O blest Comatas! nobly hast thou sped,
 Confin'd all spring, to be with honey fed!
 O had'st thou liv'd in these auspicious days!
 I'd drive thy goats on breezy hills to graze,
 While thou should'st under oaken shades recline,
 Or sweetly chant beneath the verdant pine."

He sung—and thus I answer'd: " Friendlily swain,
 ' Far other numbers me the wood-nymph train 110
 ' Taught, when my herds along the hills I drove,
 ' Whose fame, perchance, has reach'd the throne
 ' of Jove.

' Yet, for thy sake, the choicest will I choose;
 ' Then lend an ear, thou darling of the muse!"

" On me bland Cupids sneez'd, who Myrto love
 Dearly, as kids the spring-embellish'd grove:
 Aratus too, whose friendship is my joy,
 Aratus fondly loves the beauteous boy:
 And well Ariflis, to the muses dear,
 Whose lyre Apollo would vouchsafe to hear, 120
 And well Ariflis knows, renown'd for truth,
 How fond Aratus loves the blooming youth.
 O Pan! whose Omole's fair mountain charms,
 Place him, uncall'd, in dear Aratus' arms!
 Whether Philinus, or some softer name;
 Then may Arcadian youths no longer maim,
 With scaly squills, thy shoulders or thy side,
 When in the chase no venison is supply'd.
 But may'st thou, if thou dar'st my boon deny,
 Torn by fell claws, on beds of nettles lie, 130
 All the cold winter freeze beneath the pole
 Where Hebrus' waves down Edon's mountains
 In summer, glow in Ethiopia's fires, [roll;
 Where under Blemyan rocks scorch'd Nile retires.
 Leave, O ye loves, whose cheeks out-blush the rose!
 The meads where Hyetis and Byblis flows,
 To fair Dione's sacred hill remove,
 And bid the coy Philinus glow with love.

Though as a pear he's ripe, the women say,
Thy bloom, alas! Philinus, fades away! 140
No more, Aratus, let us watch so late,
Nor nightly serenade before his gate:
But in this school let some unmeaning sot [his lot.
Toil when the first cock crows, and hanging be
Rest be our portion! and, with potent charm,
May some enchantress keep us free from harm!"
I sung: he view'd me with a smiling look;
And for my song presented me his crook:
Then to the left he turn'd, through flowery meads,
The winding path-way that to Pyxa leads; 150
While with my friends I took the right-hand road
Where Phrasidamus makes his sweet abode;
Who courteous bade us on soft beds recline
Of lentisk, and young branches of the vine;
Poplars and elms above, their foliage spread,
Lent a cool shade, and wav'd the breezy head;
Below, a stream, from the nymphs sacred cave,
In free meanders led its murmuring wave:
In the warm sun-beams, verdant shrubs among,
Shrill grasshoppers renew'd their plaintive song: 160
At distance far, conceal'd in shades, alone,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her tuneful moan:

The lark, the goldfinch warbled lays of love,
And sweetly pensive coo'd the turtle dove:
While honey-bees, for ever on the wing, [spring.
Hum'd round the flowers, or sipt the silver
The rich, ripe season gratify'd the sense
With summer's sweets, and autumn's redolence.
Apples and pears lay strew'd in heaps around,
And the plum's loaded branches kiss'd the ground.
Wine flow'd abundant from capacious tuns, 171
Matur'd divinely by four summers suns,
Say, nymphs of Castaly: for ye can tell,
Who on the summit of Parnassus dwell,
Did Chiron e'er to Hercules produce
In Pholus' cave such bowls of generous juice?
Did Polyphemus, who from the mountain's steep
Hurl'd rocks at vessels sailing on the deep,
E'er drain the goblet with such nectar crown'd,
Nectar that nimbly made the Cyclops bound, 180
As then, ye nymphs! at Ceres' holy shrine
Ye mix'd the milk, the honey, and the wine.
O may I prove once more that happy man
In her large heaps to fix the purging fan!
And may the goddess smile serene and bland,
While ears of corn, and poppies grace her hand.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM VII.

THIS idyllium is called ΘΑΛΥΣΙΑ, ἢ ΕΑΡΙΝΗ ΟΔΟΙΠΟΙΑ, which has always been translated Thalyfia; or, the Vernal Journey, but certainly very absurdly, as it implies a contradiction, the Thalyfia being celebrated in autumn. Heinſius has proved, that οδοιπορία signifies ο πλους, a navigation or voyage. this poem, therefore, may be styled the Vernal Voyage of Ageanax. It is well known that the ancients undertook no voyages but in the spring or autumn; the vernal navigation was called εαρινή, and the other χειρηνή. Lycidas, therefore, the preceding spring, had composed a poem on the vernal voyage of his friend, which, as they are travelling on the road, he repeats: It contains the most ardent wishes and vows for his safety, and seems to have given Horace the hint for his third Ode of the first book, on Virgil's voyage.

Ver. 10. The Scholiast says, that Clytia was the daughter of Merops, and married to Eurypilus, king of the Coans, who was contemporary with Hercules; she was the mother of Chalcon. Homer mentions Eurypilus as king of Cos;

Cos, where Eurypilus possess'd the sway
Till great Alcides made the realms obey.

Pope's II. B. I.

Ver. 13.

—hic candida populos antro
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites.

Ecl. 9. 41.

Here, o'er the grotto, the pale poplar weaves
With blushing vines, a canopy of leaves. Warton.

Ver. 15.

Hinc adeo media est nobis via; namque sepulchrum
Incipit apparere Bianoris.

Ecl. 9. 59.

Ancient tombs were usually placed by the road side; hence the expression *siste viator*, which is absurdly introduced into modern epitaphs not placed in such situations.

Ver. 29.

Quo te, Mæri, pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?
Ecl. 9. 1.

The grammarians have puzzled themselves to find out who this Simichidas was; it is strange they did not recollect a passage of Theocritus, in his poem called the Syrinx, where he claims this appellation to himself:

Ω, τοῦ περὶ φοροῦντος
Παρις Παρις ὅτι Σιμιχίδης
Ψυχας, Cui (Paris) hunc peras-phantum

anabilem thesaurum Paris fessit Simichidas animo; where, in a mystical manner, he confesses Simichidas and Theocritus to be the same person: Paris and Theocritus are the same; for Paris, when he was made judge of the beauty of the three goddesses, was Theocritus, that is, Θεῶν Κριτής. Thus Paris metaleptically is taken for Theocritus.

Heinſius.

Ver. 31. The green lizard is very common in Italy; it is larger than our common est, or swift: this circumstance strongly marks the time of the day. —Virgil imitates the passage,

Nunc virides etiam occultant spineta lacertos.

Ecl. 2. 3.

Ver. 36. The Greek is αἰβυλιδανίς: αἰβυλή was a kind of wooden shoe armed with iron nails, peculiar to the Boeotians, with which they used to tread the grapes in the wine-press.

Ver. 44.

—Neque illum
Flava Ceres alto necquicquam spectat Olympo.

Geor. B. 1. 95.

Ver. 47.

Cantantes licet usque, minus via lædet, canus.

Ecl. 9. 64.

Ver. 49.

—Et me fecere poetam
Fierides : sunt et mihi carmina : me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis.

Ecl. 9. 64.

Ver. 52. Virgil follows very close ;

Nam neque adhuc Varo videor, nec dicere Cinna
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores.

Ecl. 9. 35.

Ver. 53. That is, Asclepiades, the son of Sicelidas ; the father's name is put for the son's : he was a Samian poet, a writer of epigrams. Philotas was of Cos. Both these are mentioned in that beautiful Idyllium which Moschus wrote on the death of Bion ; indeed this mention is in the six verses which were wanting in the ancient editions of that poet, and which are supposed to have been supplied by Marcus Musurus of Crete ; though Scaliger affirms that they were written by Moschus : Sicelidas, the Samian shepherd sweet, And Lycidas, the blithest bard of Crete ; Whose sprightly looks erst spoke their hearts elate, Now sorrowing mourn thy sad untimely fate ; Mourns too, Philotas' elegiac muse.

F. F.

Ver. 57.

At tu fume pedum.

Ecl. 5. 88.

Ver. 60. This was the name of a mountain in the island of Cos, which seems to have taken its appellation from a giant who was slain and buried there. Propertius mentions Oromedon as one of the giants who waged war against the gods ;

—Canam cœloque minantem
Cœum, & Phlegra's Oromedonta jugis. B. 3. El. 3.
Oromedon on Phlegra's heights I'll sing,
And Cœus threatening heaven's eternal king.

Ver. 61. The literal sense of the original, is, as Heinſius observes : " And those birds, or cocks of the muses (poets), that pretend to rival the Chian cock or bard (Homer), strive to no purpose : " for the word *œnis* and *œoides* means the same thing : Theocritus calls Homer the Chian bard or cock, in the same manner as Horace styles Varius the cock of the Mæonian song, or the prince of Epic poetry :

Scriberis Vario fortis, & hostium

Victor Mæonii carminis alite.

B. 1. Ode 6.

This passage of Theocritus might, perhaps, be thus translated :

Nor do those muse-cocks merit more regard,
Who crow defiance to the Chian bard.

Ver. 65.

Imo hæc, in viridi nuper quæ cortice fagi
Carmina descripsi, & modulans alterna notavi,
Experiar.

Ecl. 5. 13.

Ver. 66. The Greek is *σὺ ὄρνις*, in a mountain ; instead of which, Heinſius rightly reads *σὺ ὄρεα*, in the spring ; for *ὄρεα* sometimes signifies *το σαρ*, the spring.

Ver. 70.

—Quam magnus Orion,
Cum pedes incedit mediis per maxima Nerei
Stagnâ, viam scindens, humero supereminet undas.

Æn. 10. 763.

So through mid-ocean when Orion strides,
His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides. Pitt.

Mr. Warton observes, that Virgil has not borrowed this thought from Homer : but he does not seem to have taken it from Theocritus.

Ver. 73. The fable of Ceyx and his wife Halcyone being turned into birds, is beautifully related in the eleventh book of Ovid's Metamorph. The mutual love of these persons subsisted after their change ; in honour of which the gods are said to have ordained, that while they sit on their nest, which floats on the sea, there should be no storm ;

—Alcyone compressit,
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest,
A wintery queen her fire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind ;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smoothes the seas.

Dryden.

Ver. 81.

Ante focum, si frigus erit ; si messis, in umbrâ ;
Vina novum fundam calathis arvisia nectar.

Ecl. 5. 70.

In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire ; by summer in the shade. Dryden.

The ancients held three things requisite towards indulging their genius, namely, a good fire, wine, and music : Lycidas promises himself these three blessings, if Ageanax is favoured with a prosperous voyage.

Heinſius.

Ver. 84. See note on Idyl. 4. 34. Asphodel ; or the day-lily : Asphodels were by the ancients planted near burying places, in order to supply the manes of the dead with nourishment.

Johnson's Dict.

By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel. Pope's St. Cecilia.

Ver. 86. At entertainments, when they drank healths, it was usual to drain the vessel they drank out of as far as the sediment : thus, Horace, B. 3. Ode 15, addressing himself to an ancient lady, says, it did not become her to empty the vessel of wine to the lees ; *ne poti vetulam face tenui cadi*.

Ver. 87.

Cantabunt mihi Damocetas, & Lyctius Ægon.

Ecl. 5. 72.

Ver. 89. The Greek is, *Ἰωνας*, and commonly understood as a proper name, but Heinſius observes, that it is here only appellative, and signifies a certain damsel ; as *Ἰωνὸς Ἀθηναίας* is *Atheniensis quidam*, a certain Athenian : the mistress of Daphnis was named Echenais. See note on Idyl. 1. 107.

Ver. 91.

Illum etiam lauri, illum etiam flevire myricæ.

Ecl. 10. 13.

Ver. 92. See note on Idyl. i. 71.

Ver. 93. Virgil imitates this passage twice :

Aut Tmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes.
Ecl. 8. 44.

Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia.
Geor. i. 332.

The disjunctive particle *aut*, in each verse, is thrice repeated agreeable to Theocritus,

И Аѳы, и Родопа, и Кикасѳы.

Ver. 105.

Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique fuissim
Aut custos gregis, &c. *Ecl. 10. 35.*

Ver. 115. Some sneezes were reckoned profitable, others prejudicial : Caufabon observes, that sneezing was a disease, or at least a symptom of some infirmity : and therefore, when any one sneezed, it was usual to say, *Zñi, May you live ; or Zñi euston, God bless you.* See Potter's *Antiq.* ch. 17.

Ver. 117. Supposed to be the author of the *Phænomena*.

Ver. 123. A mountain of Thessaly, near Othrys, the seat of the Centaurs. See Virg. *Æn. B. 7. 674.*

Ver. 126. It was usual for the ancient heathens to treat the images of their gods well or ill, just as they fancied they had been used by them : in like manner the modern Indians chastise their idols with scourges whenever any calamity befalls them. There is a passage in Anacreon, Ode 10. where a rustic thus addresses a little waxen image of Cupid :

This instant, love, my breast inspire,
There kindle all thy gentle fire ;
But, if thou fail'st to favour me,
I swear I'll make a fire of thee.

F. F.

Fan had a festival in Arcadia, the country he chiefly delighted in, at which the Arcadians, if they missed of their prey in hunting, in anger at the god whom they reputed the president of that sport, used to beat his statue with squills, or sea-onions.

Potter's Ant. ch. 20.

Ver. 131.

Nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniasque nives hiemis fubeamus aquosæ :
Nec si, cum moriens altâ liber aret in ulmo,
Ethiopum versemus oves sub sidere Cancri.

Ecl. 10. 65.

Thus also Horace, B. i. Ode 22. "Pone me pigris," &c.

Place me where no soft summer gale
Among the quivering branches sighs,
Where clouds, condens'd, for ever veil
With horrid gloom the frowning skies :

Place me beneath the burning zone,
A crime deny'd to human race ;

My flame for Lalagé I'll own ;
Her voice and smiles my song shall grace.

Duncombe.

Ver. 132. A river, and mountain of Thrace.

Ver. 140. Thus Anacreon, Ode 11th. *Ἀνὰ ποταμὸν ὡς γυναικὶς.*

Of, with wanton smiles and jeers,
Women tell me I'm in years.

Ver. 150. This is supposed to be a city in the island of Cos.

Ver. 154. See Idyl. 5. 138.

Ver. 160. I am aware, that the Greek word, *πτερόν*, and the Latin *scadua*, means a different insect from our grasshopper ; for it has a rounder and shorter body, is of a dark green colour, sits upon trees, and makes a noise five times louder than our grasshopper : it begins its song as soon as the sun grows hot, and continues singing till it sets : its wings are beautiful, being streaked with silver, and marked with brown spots ; the outer wings are twice as long as the inner, and more variegated ; yet, after the example of Mr. Pope, (see *Iliad* 3. ver. 200.) I retain the usual term.

Ver. 164.

Nec gemere aëriâ cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

Ecl. i. 59.

Ver. 167.

Tuis hic omnia plena
Muneribus ; tibi pampineo gravidus autumnus
Flore't ager ; spumat plehis vindemia labris.

Geor. 2. 5.

Here all the riches of thy reign abound ;
Each field replete with blushing autumn glows,
And in deep tides for thee the foaming vintage flows.

Warton.

Ver. 172. Horace has, "quadrimum merum."

B. i. Ode 9.

Ver. 175. Two centaurs : Chiron is said to have taught Æsculapius physic, Apollo music, and Hercules astronomy, and was tutor to Achilles.

Ver. 178.

A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round ; it sung across the main ;
It fell and brush'd the stern ; the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and reluctant beat the shore.

Pope's Odys. B. 9.

Ver. 180. Horace seems to allude to this,

Pastorem saltaret uti Cyclopa rogabat.

B. i. Sat. 5.

Ver. 182.

Cui tu la'ste favos, et miti dilue Baccho.

Geor. B. i. 344.

Mix honey sweet, with milk and mellow wine.

Warton.

IDYLLIUM VIII.

THE BUCOLIC SINGERS.

THE ARGUMENT.

A contest in singing, between the shepherd Menalcas and the neatherd Daphnis, is related; a goat-herd is chosen judge; they stake down their pastoral pipes as the reward of victory; the prize is decreed to Daphnis. In this Idyllium, as in the fifth, the second speaker seems to follow the turn of thought used by the first. Dr. Spence observes, there are persons in Italy, and particularly in Tuscany, named *Improvisatori*, who are like the shepherds in Theocritus, surpringly ready at their answers, *respondere parati*, and go on speech for speech alternately, *alternis dictis, amant alterna camena*. This Idyllium is addressed to his friend Diophantus.

Daphnis, Menalcas, Goatberd.

DEAR Diophantus, some few days ago,
Menalcas, on the mountain's breezy brow,
By chance met Daphnis, bonny, blithe, and fair;
This fed his herds, and that his fleecy care.
Both grac'd with golden tresses, both were young,
Both sweetly pip'd, and both melodious sung:
Then first Menalcas, with complacent look,
Survey'd the master of the herd, and spoke:

Menalcas.

Daphnis, thou keeper of the bellowing kine!
Wilt thou to me the palm of song resign?
Or try thy skill, and then thy master own?
Thus Daphnis answer'd:

Daphnis.

Thou sheep-tending clown,
Poor-piping shepherd! sing'st thou e'er so well,
Thou canst not Daphnis at the song excel.

Menalcas.

Stake then some wager; let us trial make:

Daphnis.

I'll make the trial, and the wager stake.

Menalcas.

What shall we lay, to equal our renown?

Daphnis.

I'll lay a calf, and thou a lamb full-grown.

Menalcas.

A lamb I dare not: for my parents keep
Strict watch, and ev'ry ev'ning count my sheep.

Daphnis.

What wilt thou stake? and what the victor's gains?

Menalcas.

A pipe I form'd of nine unequal strains,
Sweet-ton'd, with whitest wax compacted tight;
This, this I'll stake.—but not my parent's right.

Daphnis.

And I have one of nine unequal strains, [pains,
Sweet-ton'd, and wax'd throughout with nicest
Which late I made, ev'n now my finger bleeds,
Sore wounded by a splinter of the reeds.

Who shall decide the honours of the day?

Menalcas.

Yon goatherd, let him judge the vocal lay; 30
Our dog barks at him—call—the man is near:
The shepherds call'd, the goatherd came to hear:

The last decided, while the former sung.
Menalcas first essay'd his tuneful tongue:
Thus in alternate strains the contest ran,
Daphnis reply'd—Menalcas first began;

Menalcas.

Ye vales, ye streams, from source celestial sprung,
If e'er Menalcas sweetly pip'd or sung,
Feed well my lambs, and if my Daphnis need
Your flowery herbage, let his heifers feed. 40

Daphnis.

Fountains and herbs, rich pasturage, if e'er
Sung Daphnis meet for nightingales to hear,
Fatten my herds; if to these meadows fair
Menalcas drives, O feed his fleecy care.

Menalcas.

When here my fair one comes, spring smiles a-
round,

Meads flourish, and the teats with milk abound,
My lambs grow fat; if she no longer stay,
Parch'd are the meads, the shepherd pines away.

Daphnis.

Where Milo walks, the flower-enamour'd bees
Work food nectareous, taller are the trees, 50
The goats bear twins; if he no longer stay,
The herdsman withers, and the herds decay.

Menalcas.

O goat, the husband of the white-hair'd flock!
Drink at the shady fount by yonder rock,
'Tis there she lives; and let young Milo know,
Proteus fed sea-calves in the deep below.

Daphnis.

Not Pelops' lands, not Cræsus' wealth excite
My wish, nor speed to match the winds in flight;
But in yon cave to carol with my friend,
And view the ocean, while our flocks we tend. 60

Menalcas.

To teats the drought, to birds the snare, the wind
To trees, and toils are fatal to the hind;
To man the virgin's scorn. O, father Jove!
Thou too hast languish'd with the pains of love.

Thus in alternate strains the contest ran,
And thus Menalcas his last lay began:

"Wolf, spare my kids, my young and tender
sheep;

Though low my lot, a numerous flock I keep.

Rouse, Lightfoot, rouse from indolence profound;
 Ill sits a shepherd's dog to sleep so sound. 70
 Fear not, my sheep, to crop the verdant plain;
 The pastur'd herbage soon will grow again:
 Feed well, and fill your udders in the vale,
 And when my lambs have suckled, fill the pail."

He sung, and Daphnis sweetly thus reply'd:
 "Me, from her grot, a lovely nymph espy'd,
 As late I drove my cattle cross the plain; [swain.
 A long, long look she cast, and call'd me handsome
 I answer'd not, but, as in thought profound,
 Pursu'd my road, with eyes upon the ground. 80
 The heifer sweetly breathes, and sweetly lows,
 Sweet is the bullock's voice, and sweet the cow's:
 'Tis passing sweet to lie by murm'ring streams,
 And waste long summer-days in gentle dreams.
 On oaks smooth acorns ornamental grow,
 And golden apples on the pippen glow;
 Calves grace the cows, light-skipping on the plain,
 And lully cows commend the careful swain."

They sung; the goatherd thus:

Goatherd.

Thy verse appears

So sweet, O Daphnis! to my ravish'd ears,
 More pleasing far thy charming voice to me
 Than to my taste the nectar of the bee.
 Receive these pipes, the victor's rightful meed:
 And wouldst thou teach me, while my kids I feed,
 This goat rewards thy pains, that never fails
 Each morn to fill the largest of my pails.
 As skips the fawn her mother doe around,
 So Daphnis leap'd for joy, and dancing beat the
 ground:

As grieve new-married maids their fires to leave,
 So deeply sighing, did Menalcas grieve. 100

Since that time Daphnis, chief of shepherd-
 swains,
 Daphnis supreme without a rival reigns:
 And, to complete his happiness, he led
 The blooming Nais to his nuptial bed.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM VIII.

Ver. 1. The Greek 'is, *Μαλα νημων* (*as φαντι*)
κατ' ωρεα μακρα Μινυλκας the expression *as φαντι*,
as they say, seems very flat, and not correspondent
 with the native elegance of Theocritus: and there-
 fore the learned and ingenious John Pierſon (see
 his *Verisimilia*, p. 46.) proposes to read *Μαλα νημων*,
Διοφαντι, κατ' ωρεα κ. τ. λ. observing that Theo-
 critus inscribes several Idylliums to his intimate
 friends; for instance, he addresses the 6th to Ara-
 tus, the 11th and the 13th to Nicias the physician,
 and to this same Diophantus the 21st. This very
 plausible emendation I have followed in my transla-
 tion. That the librarians often obliterated pro-
 per names will appear in the note on ver. 53. of
 this Idyllium. Virgil imitates this passage;

*Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in
 unum;*

Thyrsis oves, Corydon discentas lætæ capellas:
 Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo:

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati. Ecl. 7. 2.

Ver. 6.

Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus.

Ecl. 5. 2.

Ver. 15.

Vis ergo inter nos, quid possit uterque, vicissim
 Experiamur?

Ecl. 3. 28.

Ver. 18.

Ego hanc vitulam, ne forte recuses, Depono.

Ibid.

Ver. 19.

De grege non ausim quicquam deponere tecum:
 Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta noverva:
 Bisque die numerant ambo pecus, alter et hædos.

Ecl. 3. 32.

Ver. 22. Though nine strains, or reeds, are here
 mentioned, yet the shepherd's pipe was generally
 composed of seven reeds, unequal in length, and of
 different tones, joined together with wax. See
 note on Idyl. I. 169; and Virgil,

*Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
 Fistula.*

Ecl. 2. 36.

It is difficult to conceive how the ancient shep-
 herds could pipe and sing at the same time: cer-
 tainly that was impracticable: the most probable
 opinion is, that they first played over the tune,
 and then sung a verse or stanza of the song answer-
 ing thereto, and so played and sung alternately;
 which manner of playing and singing is very com-
 mon with the pipers and fiddlers at our country
 wakes, who, perhaps, originally borrowed the
 custom from the Romans, during their residence
 in Britain. We find the old English minstrels
 used to warble on their harps, and then sing—See
 Percy's essay on the subject.

Ver. 29. The same verse occurs, Idyl. 5. 71.

Ver. 35.

*Alternis igitur contendere versibus ambo Cæpère:
 Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis.*

Ecl. 7. 18.

Ver. 45.

Phyllidis adventu nostræ nenus omne virebit.

Ecl. 7. 59.

Ver. 48.

Aret ager; vitio moriens fuit æris herba. *Ib. 57.*

Pope has finely imitated both Theocritus and
 Virgil;

Strephon.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping
 flowers;

If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

Daphnis.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
 And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM VIII.

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Ver. 51.

At si formosus Alexis
Montibus hic abeat, videas et flumina sicca.

Ecl. 7. 55.

Ver. 55. The Greek is, Μη μὴ γὰρ Πειλοσος, μη μὴ χροσεῖα τάλαντα εἶναι. May the territories of Pelops. and golden talents, never fall to my share! χροσεῖα τάλαντα is very frigid; one expects something better than this from the Sicilian muse, and therefore the ingenious Pierfon (see his Verisimilita) observing that the librarians frequently obliterated proper names, instead of χροσεῖα reads Κροισοῖο τάλαντα; then a new beauty arises in the opposition between the extensive territories of Pelops; and the talents, or treasures of Cræsus: and what adds to the probability that this is the true reading, Theocritus mentions the riches of Cræsus in the tenth Idyl. ver. 39. and likewise Anacreon, Ode 26. ver. 3. Δοκὸν δ' ἔχεν τα Κροισοῦ, Rich I seem as Lydia's king: indeed every school-boy knows that the riches of Cræsus became a proverb.

Ver. 56.

Proteus turpes pascit sub gurgite phocas.

Georg. 4. 395.

Ver. 58.

Curfuque pedum prævertere ventos.

Æn. 7. 807.

Ver 61. The present reading in the original is, ὕδασι δ' ἀνχμοῖς, the drought is fatal to waters; but a friend of mine reads ὕδασι ἀνχμοῖς, drought is fatal to the teats, which is far more natural, and agreeable to the idea of a shepherd.

Triste lupus stabulis, maturis frugibus imbres,
Arboribus venti; nobis Amaryllidis iræ.

Ecl. 3. 80.

Ver. 70. This seems to be an imitation of a verse in Homer:

Ὁς κρη πανουχίων ὑδαν βεληφόρον ἀνδρα.

Il. B. 2. 24.

Ill fits a chief, who mighty nations guides,
To waste long nights in indolent repose. Pope.

Ver. 72. Thus Virgil,

Gregibus non gramina defunt, &c.

Georg. B. 2. 200.

There for thy flocks fresh fountains never fail,
Undying verdure clothes the grassy vale;
And what is cropp'd by day the night renews.

Warton.

Ver 78.

Et longum, formosè, vale, vale, inquit, Iola!

Ecl. 3. 79.

Ver. 81. This verse occurs, Idyl. 9. ver. 7. in the Greek.

Ver 83.

Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.

Ecl. 1. 52.

Ver. 85.

Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,
Ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis.

Ecl. 5. 32.

As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn.
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn.

Dryden.

Ver. 91.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta, &c.

Ecl. 5. 45.

Mr. Gay has imitated this passage, in his fifth pastoral:

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,
Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or bunnis and fugar to the damsel's tooth.

Ver. 93.

Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, musæ.

Ecl. 6. 69.

Ver. 101.

Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

Ecl. 7. 70.

IDYLLIUM IX.

DAPHNIS AND MENALCAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The herdsmen Daphnis, and the shepherd Menalcas, are urged by a neighbouring shepherd to contend in singing: the song is in alternate strains, and each receives a prize; Daphnis a finely-finished club, and Menalcas a conch. The beauty of this Idyllium consists in the true character of low life, full of self-commendation, and boastful of its own fortune.

DAPHNIS, begin! for merrily you play,
Daphnis begin the sweet bucolic lay;
Menalcas next shall sing; while pasturing near
Calves mix with cows, the heifer with the steer;
The bulls together with the herd may browse,
Rove round the copse, and crop the tender boughs;

Daphnis, begin the sweet bucolic strain;
Menalcas next shall charm the shepherd-swain.

Daphnis.

Sweet low the herds along the pastur'd ground,
Sweet is the vocal reed's melodious sound;

Sweet pipes the jocund herdsman, sweet I sing,
And lodge securely by yon cooling spring,
Where the soft skins of milk-white heifers, spread
In order fair, compose my decent bed :
Ah luckless ! browsing on the mountain's side,
The south wind dash'd them headlong, and they died.

There I regard no more bright summer's fires
Than youthful lovers their upbraiding fires.
Thus Daphnis chanted his bucolic strain ; 19
And thus Menalcas charm'd the shepherd-swain.

Menalcas.

Ætna's my parent ; there I love to dwell,
Where the rock-mountains form an ample cell :
And there, with affluence blest, as great I live,
As swains can wish, or golden slumbers give ;
By me large flocks of goats and sheep are fed,
Their wool my pillow, and their skins my bed :
In cauldrons boil'd, their flesh sustains me well ;
Dry beechen faggots wint'ry frosts expel.
Thus I regard no more the cold severe
Then toothless men hard nuts when pulse is near. 30

Here ceas'd the youths ; I prais'd their pastoral strains,
And gave to each a present for his pains :

A well-form'd club became young Daphnis' due,
Which in my own paternal woodlands grew,
So exquisitely shap'd from end to end,
An artist might admire, but could not mend.
A pearly conch, wreath'd beautifully round,
Late on the Icarian rocky beach I found,
The shell I gave Menalcas for his share ; 39
Large was the conch, its flesh was rich and rare,
(This in five equal portions I divide)
And to five friends a plenteous meal supply'd,
Pleas'd he receiv'd, and lik'd his present well,
And thus he sweetly blew the shining shell :

Hail, rural muses, teach your bard those strains
Which once I sung, and charm'd the list'ning swains :
Then would my tongue repeat the pleasing lore,
And painful blisters never gall it more.
To grasshoppers the grasshoppers are friends,
And ant on ant for mutual aid depends ; 50
The ravenous kite protects his brother kite ;
But me the muse and gentle song delight.
O, may my cave with frequent song be blest !
For neither refeed spring, nor downy rest,
So sweat the labourer sooth ; nor to the bee
Are flowers so grateful, as the muse to me :
For Circe's strongest magic ne'er can harm
Those whom the muses with soft rapture charm.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM IX.

Ver. 1. The first eight lines in the translation of this Idyllium are supposed to be spoken by the shepherd, who endeavours to engage Daphnis and Menalcas to sing :

Incipe, Mopse, prior.

Ecl. 4. 10.

Ver. 2.

Incipe, Damoceta ; tu deinde sequere, Menalca.

Ecl. 3. 58.

Ver. 9. This verse occurs Idyllium 8th, 77, in the original :

Dulce satis humor, depulsis arbutus hædis,
Lenta salix sæcto pecori, mihi solus Amyntas.

Ecl. 3. 82.

Ver. 19.

Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis.

Ecl. 7. 20.

Ver. 22. Ovid has a similar description of Polyphemus's cave :

Sunt mihi pars montis vivo pendentia saxo

Antra. *Metamorph.* B. 13. 810.

Ver. 28.

Hic focus, et tædæ pingues ; hic plurimus ignis
Semper, et assiduâ postes fuligine nigri.

Hic tantum Boreæ curamus frigora, quantum

Aut numerum lupo, aut torrentia flumina ripas.

Ecl. 7. 49.

Here ever-glowing hearths embrown the posts,
Here blazing pines expel the pinching frosts,

Here cold and Boreas' blasts we dread no more
Than wolves the sheep, or torrent streams the shore. *Warton.*

Ver. 30. The Greek is ἀμύλως, which I apprehend signifies wheat boiled, without having been first ground in the mill, something in the nature of frumenty.

Ver. 31. Here the shepherd resumes his account of the contest between Daphnis and Menalcas, and describes the presents he made them.

Ver. 45.

Nymphæ, nostro amor, Libethrides, aut mihi curmen,

Quale meo Codro, concedite.

Ecl. 7. 21.

Give me the lays, nymphs of th' inspiring springs,
Which Codrus, rival of Apollo, sings. *Warton.*

Ver. 48. The ancients believed that a lie was always followed by some punishment, as a blister on the tip of the tongue, a pimple on the nose, &c. See Idyl. 12. verse 32. see also Hor. B. 3. Ode 8.

Ver. 49. Juvenal has a similar passage, Sat. 15. 163.

Indica tigris agit rabidâ cum tygride pacem
Perpetuam : sævis inter se convenit uris.

Tiger with Tiger, bear with bear you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd. *Tate*

Ver. 52.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia mufæ,
Quarum sacrâ fero, ingenti perculfus amore,
Accipiant. *Geor. 2. 475.*

Ye sacred mufes with whose beauty fir'd,
My foul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd.
Whose priest I am, give me, &c. *Dryden.*

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale fopor feflis in gramine, quale per æftum

Dulcis aquæ faliente fitim reftinguere rivò.

E l. 5. 461

Mr. Pope has something very fimilar :

Not bubbling fountains to the thirfty fwain,
Not balmy fleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, or funfhine to the bee,
Are half fo charming as thy fight to me.

Paf. 3.

IDYLLIUM X.

THE REAPERS

THE ARGUMENT.

Milo and Battus, two reapers, have a conference as they are at work; Battus (not reaping fo fast as usual, Milo asks him the reason of it: he frankly confeffes it was owing to love; and, at the request of Milo, fings a fong in praife of his miftrefs: Milo afterwards repeats the poetical maxims of Lytierfes.

MILLO AND BATTUS.

Milo.

BATTUS, fome evil fure afflicts you fore;
You cannot reap as you have reap'd before;
No longer you your fheaves with vigour bind,
But like a wounded fheep, lag heavily behind.
If thus you fail with early morning's light,
How can you work till noon or flow-pac'd night?

Battus.

Milo, thou moiling drudge as hard as ftone,
An abfent miftrefs did'ft thou ne'er bemoan?

Milo.

Not I—I never learnt fair maids to woo;
Pray what with love have labouring men to do?

Battus.

Did love then never interrupt thy fleep?

Milo.

No, Battus: dogs fhould never run at fheep.

Battus.

But I have lov'd thefe ten long days and more.

Milo.

Yes, you're a wealthy man, and I am poor.

Battus.

Hence all things round me in confufion lie.

Milo.

But tell me who's this charmer of your eye?

Battus.

Old Polybuta's niece, the gay, the young,
Who harveft-home at Hypocoon's fong.

Milo.

Then for your fins you will be finely fped;
Each night a grizzle graffhopper in bed.

Battus.

Yet spare your infults, cruel and unkind!
Plutus, you know, as well as love, is blind.

Milo.

No harm I mean—But, Battus, as you play
On the fweet pipe, and fmg an amorous lay,

With mufic's charm's our pleafing toils prolong;
Your miftrefs be the fubject of your fong.

Battus.

Ye mufes fweetly let the numbers flow,
For you new beauty on all themes beflow.
Charming Bombyce, though fome call you thin,
And blame the tawny colour of your fkin;
Yet I the luftre of your beauty own,
And deem you like Hyblæan honey brown.
The letter'd hyacinth's of darkfome hue,
And the fweet violet a fable blue;
Yet thefe in crowns ambrofial odours fhed,
And grace fair garlands that adorn the head.
Kids flowery thyme, gaunt wolves the kidpurfue,
The crane the plough-fhare, and I follow you.
Were I as rich as Cræfus was of old,
Our ftatues foon fhould rife of pureft gold.
In Cytherea's fâcred fhrine to ftand,
You with an apple, rofe, and lute in hand;
I like a dancer would attraâ the fight,
In gaudy fândals gay, and habit light.
Charming Bombyce, you my numbers greet;
How lovely, fair, and beautiful your feet!
Soft is your voice—but I no words can find
To represent the moral of your mind.

Milo.

How fweetly, fwain, your carols you rehearfe?
How aptly fcan the meafure of your verfe?
A wit fo barren with a beard fo long—
Attend to tuneftul Lytierfes' fong.

O fruitful Ceres, blefs with corn the field;
May the full ears a plenteous harveft yield! [fay,
Bind, reapers, bind your fheaves, left ftangers
"Ah, lazy drones! their hire is thrown away."
To the frefh north wind, or the zephyrs rear
Your fhocks; thofe breezes fill the fwelling ear.
Ye threfhers, never fleep at noon of day;
For then the light chaff quickly blows away,
Reapers fhould rife with larks to earn their hire,
Reft in the heat, and when they rooft, retire.

How happy is the fortune of a frog,
He wants no moisture in his watery bog. [mean;
Steward, boil all the pulse; such pinching's
You'll wound your hand by splitting of a bean.

These songs the reapers of the field improve;
But your sad lay, your starveling tale of love,
Which soon will bring you to a crust of bread,
Keep for your mother, as she yawns in bed. 70

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM X.

This Idyllium, as Dr. Martyn observes, being a dialogue between two reapers, is generally excluded by the critics from the number of the pastorals: and yet, perhaps, if we consider that a herdsmen may very naturally describe a conversation between two of his country neighbours, who entertain each other with a rural song, we may soften a little the severity of our critical temper, and allow even this to be called a pastoral.

Ver. 4. Virgil, speaking of a sickening sheep, says, *you will see it*.

Extremaque sequi, aut medio procumbere campo
Pascentem. Georg. B. 3. 466.

Ver. 12.

Ut canis a corio nunquam absterbitur uncto.

Horace, B. 2. Sat. 5.

Ver. 14. The original is, *Ex πινυ ἀντλίας ὄλον* *ἔγω δ' ἔχω πινυ ἀλίας ἔξος*, instead of *δύλον*, Hoelzinus (See his notes on Apollonius, B. 3. ver. 902.) reads *πύλον*, and then the interpretation will be, "You drink red wine out of a hoghead; but I have scarcely vinegar enough."

Ver. 18. This line occurs Idyllium 6. 54.

Ver. 20. Heinsius observes, that the grasshopper, here called *μυρτίς*, is the same that was called *γρᾶνις*: *στρίψας γρᾶνις* was a proverbial expression, and equal to *anus quæ in virginitate consensuit: metabora sumpta est a sylvestri locustâ, quam vocant γρᾶνι στρίψαν καὶ μυρτιν*. Suid. Milo therefore humourously laughs at Battus for falling in love with an old virgin.

Ver. 33. The Greek is, *καὶ τοσοῦτον μέλαν ὡς καὶ α γράσται ναυήτας*, which Virgil has literally translated;

— Quid tum si fuscus Amyntas?

Et nigre violæ sunt, et vaccinia nigra. Ecl. 10. 38.

What if the boy's smooth skin be brown to view,
Dark is the hyacinth and violet's hue. Warton.

Virgil likewise has, "Inscripti nomina regum flores." Ecl. 3. 106.

Ver. 37.

Torva læna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;

Florentem cytissum sequitur lasciva capella:

Te Corydon, ô Alexi. Ecl. 2. 63.

Ver. 30. A king of Lydia, whose riches became a proverb.

Ver. 40.

Nunc te marmoreum pro tempore fecimus: at tu,
Si factura gregem suppleverit, aureus esto.

Ecl. 7. 36.

But if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold. Dryden.

Ver. 46. Thus in Solomon's Song, Ch. vii. 1. we read, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes!" On which Mr. Percy observes, "Or more exactly, *within thy sandals*." The Hebrew women were remarkably nice in adorning their sandals, and in having them fit neatly, so as to display the fine shape of the foot: *Vid. Clerici Comment.* Judith's sandals are mentioned along with the bracelets and other ornaments of jewels, with which she set off her beauty when she went to captivate the heart of Holofernes, chap. x. 4. And it is expressly said, that "her sandals ravish'd his eyes," chap. xvi. 9.

Ver. 51. A long beard was looked on as a mark of wisdom: see Hor. Sat. 3. B. 2. ver. 35. "Sapientem pacere barbam."

Ver. 52. Lytiferes was a bastard son of Midas, king of Phrygia; the poets tell us, that in a trial of skill in music between Apollo and Pan, Midas gave sentence in favour of the latter, whereupon Apollo clapt a pair of asses ears on his head. On the other hand, Conon, in his first narration (apud Phot. Biblioth.) tells us that Midas had a great many spies dispersed up and down the country, by whose information he knew whatever his subjects did or said; thus he reigned in peace and tranquillity to a great age, none daring to conspire against him. His knowing by this means whatever his subjects spoke of him, occasioned the saying, that Midas had "long ears;" and as asses are said to be endowed with the sense of hearing to a degree of perfection above other animals, he was also said to have asses ears; thus what was at first spoken in a metaphorical sense, afterwards ran current in the world for truth. As to Lytiferes, he reigned, after Midas, at Celænæ, the chief city of Phrygia, and is described as a rustic, unsociable and inhuman tyrant: of an insatiable appetite, devouring, in one day, three large baskets of bread, and drinking ten gallons of wine. He took great pleasure in agriculture; but, as acts of cruelty, were his chief delight, he used to oblige such as happened to pass by while he was reaping, to join with him in the work; and then, cutting off their heads, he bound up their bodies in the sheaves. For these, and such like cruelties, he was put to death by Hercules, and his body thrown into the Mæander: however, his memory was cherished by the reapers of Phrygia, and an hymn, from him called Lytiferes, sung in harvest time, in honour of their fellow labourer. See Univ. Hist. vol. 4. 8vo. page 459.

This anecdote is taken from one of the tragedies of Scobius, an ancient Syracusan poet, who, according to Vossius, flourished in the 166th Olymp.

piad. As this passage is scarce, I shall take the liberty to lay it before the learned reader, exactly as the illustrious Casaubon has corrected and amended it, together with a translation: the two verses between comma's, are supposed to be spoken by a different person of the drama, and therefore omitted in the translation.

Αἰδ' οἱ Κελαινὴν πατρίν, ἀρχαία πόλιν
Μῖδαν γεραιότερον, ὅστις οὐτ' ἔχων οὐκ,
Ἠνώσθη: "καὶ νῦν φωνῶν ἐνὶ οἴκῳ ἀγῶν."
Οὗτος δ' ἐκείνῳ παῖς παραπλάγιος νόθος.
"Μῆτρος δ' ὁποῖός ἢ τέκος ἐπιστάται."
Ἔσθι μὲν ἄρτων τρεῖς οὐκ κενελεύεις.
Τρεῖς τῆς βραχμίας ἡμέρας πινὺς ἄμα,
Καλὸν μετρητὴν τοῖς δέκαμφορον πιδόν'
Ἐργαζέσθαι δ' ἐλαφρὰ πρὸς τὰ τιτίμ.
Οἶμον θείρεῖς τῇ μῆνι δ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
Λακαγυὸν ὀμπνὴν συντὶν εἰς τέλος
Χ' ὅταν τις ἐλθῇ ξένος, ἢ παρξέῃ,
Φαγεῖν τ' ἰδοῦκεν εὐ, καὶ εὐ περχοτάσθην.
Καὶ τὰ ποτὶς πρῶτευσεν ὡς ἀνὴρ θείρεν
Πλῆρον. φθονεῖν γὰρ ὀκνεῖ τοὺς βανυμεινοῖς.
Ἐπεὶ δ' ἀγῶν ἐδίεξε Μαιανδρὸς ῥοαῖς
Καρπυμάτων ἀρδύοντα δαψύλλαι ποτῶ
Τοὺς ἀνδρομυκὴν πυρὸν κρονομένην
Ἀρτὴν θείρεῖς. τοὺς ξῆνοι δὲ δραγματὶ
Αὐτῶ κυλίσας, πρῶτος ὀρφαὶνον φέρει.
Γέλων φέρεισθαι ὡς ἀνὴρ ἡρτίσιν.

Lytierfes

Celænæ, city fam'd in former years,
Where Midas reign'd, renown'd for asses ears:
Whose bastard son, that like a monster fed,
Daily devour'd * three asses loads of bread;

* A close translation would be, "three asses of bread," that is, the burden which three asses carry; agreeable to that passage in Samuel, ch. xvi. ver. 10. "Jesse took an ass laden with bread," the Hebrew is, "he took an ass of bread." See Poole's Synopsis.

A large wine cask, which once a day he drain'd,
He call'd two gallons, though it ten contain'd.
Daily he labour'd in the corn-clad ground,
Reap'd ten whole acres, and in bundles bound.
If chance a stranger in his fields he spy'd,
Abundant wine and viands he supply'd,
Largely to drink, and sumptuously to feed,
Nor envied he the wretch he doom'd to bleed.
He points to meadows, arrogant and vain,
Of richest pasture, fields of golden grain,
Where through irriguous vales Mæander winds;
Then lops his head, and in the sheaves he binds
The trembling carcase, and with horrid jest
Laughs at the rashness of his murder'd guest.

Menander mentions this song in his Carchedonium: *οὐκ ἔστι δὲ αὐτὴν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ τις*, "Singing Lytierfes soon after dinner."

Heinfius very justly observes, that this Lytierfes is only a set of formulary maxims, or old sayings, and as such I have distinguished them in distichs, as they are in the Greek.

Ver. 59. Virgil has something similar;

At rubicunda Ceres medeo succiditur æstu;
Et medeo tostas æstu terit area fruges.

Geor. B. I. 297.

But cut the golden corn at mid-day's heat,
And the parch'd grain at noon's high ardour beat.

Warton.

The ancients did not thresh or wianow their corn: in the heat of the day, as soon as it was reaped, they laid it on a floor, made on purpose, in the middle of the field, and then they drove horses and mules round about it, till they trod all the grain out.

Benson.

Ver. 66. A fordid miser used formerly to be called *καμνοσπῆρας*, that is, a "bean-splitter."

IDYLLIUM XI.

CYCLOPS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS is the last of those Idylliums that are generally allowed to be true pastorals, and is very beautiful. The poet addresses himself to Nicias, a physician of Miletus, and observes, there is no cure for love but the Muses: he then gives an account of Polyphemus's passion for Galatea, a sea-nymph, the daughter of Nereus and Doris: he describes him sitting upon a rock that overlooked the ocean, and soothing his passion with the charms of poetry.

No remedy the power of love subdues;
No medicine, dearest Nicias, but the muse;
This plain prescription gratifies the mind
With sweet complacency—but how hard to find!

This well you know, who first in physic shine,
And are the lov'd familiar of the nine.
Thus the fam'd Cyclops, Polypheme, when young,
Calm'd his fond passion with the power of song;

When blooming years imbib'd the soft desire,
And Galatea kindled amorous fire: 10
He gave no wreaths of roses to the fair,
Nor apples, nor sweet parsley for her hair:
Love did the tenor of his mind controul,
And took the whole possession of his soul.
His flocks untended oft refus'd to feed,
And, for the fold, forsook the grassy mead;
While on the sedge shore he lay reclin'd,
And sooth'd with song the anguish of his mind.
From morn to night he pin'd; for love's keen dart
Had pierc'd the deep recesses of his heart:
Yet, yet a cure he found—for on a steep,
Rough-pointed rock, that overlook'd the deep,
And with brown horror high impending hung,
The giant monster sat, and thus he sung:
"Fair nymph, why will you thus my passion
slight!

Softer than lambs you seem, than curds more white,
Wanton as calves before the udder'd kine,
Harsh as the unripe fruitage of the vine.
You come when pleasing sleep has clos'd mine eye,
And like a vision with my slumbers fly, 30
Swift as before the wolf the lambkin bounds,
Panting and trembling, o'er the furrow'd grounds.
Then first I lov'd, and thence I date my flame,
When here to gather hyacinths you came:
My mother brought you—'twas a fatal day;
And I, alas! unwary led the way:
E'er since my tortur'd mind has known no rest;
Peace is become a stranger to my breast:
Yet you nor pity, nor relieve my pain—
Yes, yes, I know the cause of your disdain; 40
For, stretch'd from ear to ear with shagged grace,
My single brow adds horror to my face:
My single eye enormous lids enclose,
And o'er my blubber'd lips projects my nose.
Yet homely as I am, large flocks I keep,
And drain the udders of a thousand sheep; [fill,
My pails with milk, my shelves with cheese they
In summer scorching, and in winter chill.
The vocal pipe I tune with pleasing glee,
No other Cyclops can compare with me: 50
Your charms I sing, sweet apple of delight!
Myself and you I sing the live long night.
For you ten fawns, with collars deck'd I feed,
And four young bears for your diversion breed:
Come, live with me; all these you may command,
And change your azure ocean for the land:
More pleasing slumbers will my cave bestow,
There spiry cypress and green laurels grow;

There round my trees the fable ivy twines;
And grapes as sweet as honey loads my vines; 60
From grove-crown'd Ætna, rob'd in purest snow,
Cool springs roll nectar to the swains below.
Say, who would quit such peaceful scenes as these
For blustering billows and tempestuous seas?
Though my rough form's no object of desire,
My oaks supply me with abundant fire:
My hearth unceasing blazes—though I swear
By this one eye, to me for ever dear,
Well might that fire to warm my breast suffice,
That kindled at the lightning of your eyes. 70
Had I, like fish, with fins and gills been made,
Then might I in your element have play'd,
With ease have div'd beneath your azure tide,
And kiss'd your hand though you your lips deny'd?
Brought lilies fair, or poppies red that grow
In summer's solstice or in winter's snow;
These flowers I could not both together bear
That bloom'd in different seasons of the year.
Well, I'm resolv'd, fair nymph, I'll learn to dive,
If e'er a sailor at this port arrive, 80
Then shall I surely by experience know
What pleasures charm you in the depths below.
Emerge, O Galatea! from the sea,
And here forget your native home like me.
O would you feed my flock and milk my ewes,
And e'er you press my cheese the runnet sharp in-
fuse!

My mother is my only foe I fear;
She never whispers soft things in your ear,
Although she knows my grief, and every day
Sees how I languish, pine, and waste away. 90
I, to alarm her, will aloud complain,
And more disorders than I suffer feign,
Say my head aches, sharp pains my limbs oppress,
That she may feel and pity my distress.
Ah Cyclops, Cyclops, where's your reason fled!—
If with the leafy spray your lambs you feed,
Or ev'n wove baskets, you would seem more wise;
Milk the first cow, pursue not her that flies:
You'll soon, since Galatea proves unkind,
A sweeter, fairer Galatea find. 100
Me gamefome girls to sport and toy invite,
And meet my kind compliance with delight:
Sure I may draw this fair conclusion hence,
Here I'm a man of no small consequence.

Thus Cyclops learn'd love's torment to endure,
And calm'd that passion which he could not cure.
More sweetly far with song he sooth'd his heart,
Than if his gold had brib'd the doctor's art.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XI.

Ver. I. Ovid makes Apollo express the same
sentiment as he is pursuing Daphne;
Hei mihi, quod nullis Amor est medicabilis herbis!
Nec profunt domino, quæ profunt omnibus, artes!

Metam. B. I. 523.

To cure the pains of love no plant avails;
And his own physic the physician fails. Dryden.

Ver. II. The Greek is, *ἤπειθ' ὅτι γόδοις, ἢ μέ-
λοις, οὐκ ἰκεῖται*; which Heinsius has very properly
corrected, and reads *δὲς σελαισῶν*, nor with parsley-
wreaths; and observes, that our author is never
more entertaining than when he alludes to some
old proverb, as in this place he does: your com-
mon lovers, such as were not quite stark staring

mad, and not extravagantly profuse in their presents to their mistresses, were said, *ἰσταν μῦθους, καὶ ῥόδους*, to love with apples and roses; or, as others affirm, *μῦθους καὶ στεφάνους*, with apples and garlands, which were generally composed of roses and parsley. See *Idyllium* 3. ver. 35.

Where rose-buds mingled with the ivy wreath,
And fragrant parsley sweetest odours breath.

Ver. 21. Bion imitates this passage, see his 7th Idyl. ver. 3.

Such as the Cyclops, on a rock reclin'd,
Sung to the sea-nymph to compose his mind,
And sent it in the whispers of the wind. F. F.

This fable of Polyphemus and Galatea has furnished matter for several poets, particularly Ovid, who, in the 13th book of the *Metamorphoses*, fable the 6th, has borrowed very freely from Theocritus. see Dryden's elegant translation of that fable

Ver. 25.

Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cygnis, hederâ formosior albâ. *Ecl.* 7. 37.

O Galatea! nymph than swans more bright,
More sweet than thyme, more fair than ivy white.
Warton.

Are not our author's images far more natural, and consequently more adapted to pastoral than Virgil's?

Ver. 27. Ovid has,
Splendidior vitro; tenero lascivior hœdo.
Brighter than glass seems but a puerile sentiment.

Ver. 31.

Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in alterâ
 Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
 Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu. *Hor. B. I. Ode 15.*
 Whose rage thou fly'st, with trembling fear,
 As from the wolf the timorous deer. *F. F.*

—Quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres Agna lupis.
Ibid. B. 5. Ode 12.

Ver. 34.

Scipibus in nostris parvam te rōscida mala,
(Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem.
Ed. 8.

Ver. 41.

O digno conjuncta viro! dum despicias omnes,
Dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque capellæ,
Hirsutumque supercilium, proluxaque barba.

Has not Virgil's wonderful judgment once more deserted him? *Hirsutum supercilium*, the shaggy eyebrow, being mentioned only as a single one, might suit a Cyclops with great propriety; it is indeed a translation of Theocritus's *ἡλκιστὸν ὀφρύς μιν* *μικράν*; but can this horrid eyebrow, with any accuracy, come into the description of an Italian shepherd?

Ver. 43. Unum est in mediâ lumen mihi fronte.
Ovid. Metam.

Ver. 45.

Mille meæ Siculis erant in montibus agnæ;
Lac mihi non æstate novum, non frigore desit.
Ecl. 2. 21.

TRANS. II.

Ver. 47. Martyn thinks this *casei*, or, as in Virgil, "preli copia lactis," means curd, from which the milk has been squeezed out, in order to make cheese. We find in the third Georgic, ver. 400, that the shepherds used to carry the curd, as soon as it was pressed, into the town; or else salt it, and so lay it by for cheese against winter, "Quod furt gente die," &c.

Ver. 53. The Greek is *ἐνδεκα ἵππους Πνεύματι ἐμφορούς*, eleven young hinds, and all of them pregnant; which, certainly, as Casaubon observes, cannot be probable, viz. that young hinds should be pregnant: there is an old Roman edition of Theocritus, which elucidates this passage, for it reads, *πνεύματι κορυμβοφόροι*, all bearing collars: and nothing is more manifest, than that the ancients, as well as moderns, were fond of ornamenting those animals which they brought up tame with such sort of appendages.

Vér. 54. Ovid imitates Theocritus,
Inveni geminos, qui tecum ludere possunt,
Villofae catulos in fumis montibus urfae.

Met. 13. 831.

These bears are highly in character, and well adapted presents from Polyphemus to his mistress.

Ver. 55.
Huc ades, O Galatea; quis est nam ludus in udus?
Hic ver purpureum, varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores; hic candida populus antro
Imminet, & lenta textunt umbracula vites.
Huc ades; infani feriant sine littora fluctus.

Ecl. 9. 39.

O lovely Galatea! hither haste!
For what delight affords the watery waste?
Here purple spring her gifts profusely pours,
And paints the river-banks with balmy flowers;
Here, o'er the grotto, the pale poplar weaves
With blushing vines a canopy of leaves;
Then quit the seas! against the founding shore
Let the vast ocean's billows idly roar. Warton.

Ver. 69. I here follow the interpretation of
Heinsius.

Ver. 75.
Tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt nymphae calathis : tibi candida Nais
Pallentes violas, & summa papavera carpens.

Ecl. 2. 45.

Ver. 85.
O tantum libeat tecum tibi fordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casae, & figere cervos,
Hædorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco!
Ecl. 2. 28.

Ecl. 2. 28.

O that you lov'd the fields and shady grots,
To dwell with me in bowers and lowly cots,
To drive the kids to fold ! &c. *Warton.*

Warton.

Ver. 95.
Ah, Corydón, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit?
Ecl. 2

Ecl. 2.

What phrenzy, Corydon, invades thy breast?

Ver. 98. Thus Ovid,
Melius lequerere volentem
Optantemque eadem, parilique cupidine captam.
Met. l. 14. 28.

Met. B. 14. 28.

H

When maids are coy, have manlier arts in view;
Leave those that fly, but those that like pursue.

Guth.

Ver. 100.

Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexim. *Ecl.* 2. 73.

Theocritus here greatly excels his imitator; for

to waive the superiority he holds in his application to one of the fair sex, there seems to be great consolation implied in the assurance that he shall find *ισως και καλλιον καλλων*, "perhaps a fairer mistress;" in Virgil is implied desperation, *si et hic fastidit*.

IDYLLIUM XII.

AITES.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS piece is in the Ionic dialect, and supposed not to have been written by Theocritus. The word Aites is variously interpreted, being taken for a *person beloved*, a *companion*, a *man of probity*, a *cohabitant*, and *fellow-citizen*: see the argument. The amorofo addresses his friend, and wishes an union of their souls, a perpetual friendship, and that, after death, posterity may celebrate the affection and harmony that subsisted between them. He then praises the Megarensians for the divine honours they paid to Diocles, who lost his life in the defence of his friend.

SAY, are you come? but first three days are told:

Dear friend, true lovers in one day grow old.

As vernal gales exceed the wint'ry blast,

As plums by sweeter apples are surpass;

As in the woolly fleece the tender lambs

Produce not half the tribute of their dams;

As blooming maidens raise more pleasing flames

Than dull, indifferent, thrice married dames;

As fawns outleap young calves; as Philomel

Does all her rivals in the grove excel;

So me your presence cheers; eager I run,

As swains seek umbrage from the burning sun.

O may we still to nobler love aspire,

And every day improve the concord higher!

So shall we reap renown from loving well,

And future poets thus our story tell:

'Two youths late liv'd in friendship's chain com-

bin'd,

'One was benevolent, the other kind;

'Such as once flourish'd in the days of old,

'Saturnian days, and stamp'd the age with gold.'

O grant this privilege, almighty Jove!

That we, exempt from age and woe, may rove

In the blest regions of eternal day;

And when six thousand years have roll'd away,

Some welcome shade may this glad message bear,

Ev'n in Elysium would such tidings cheer;

'Your friendship and your love by every tongue

'Are prais'd and honour'd---chiefly by the young.'

But this I leave to Jove's all-ruling care;

If right he'll grant, if wrong reject my prayer. 30

Meantime my song shall celebrate your praise,

Nor shall the honest truth a blister raise: [part,

And though keen sarcasms your sharp words im-

I find them not the language of your heart;

You give me pleasure double to my pain,

And thus my loss is recompens'd with gain. 10

Ye Megarensians, fam'd for well tim'd oars,

May bliss attend you still on Attic shores!

To strangers kind, your deeds themselves com-

mend,

To Diocles the lover and the friend: 40

For at his tomb each spring the boys contest

In amorous battles who succeeds the best;

And he who master of the field is found,

Returns with honorary garlands crown'd.

Blest who decides the merits of the day!

Blest, next to him, who bears the prize away!

Sure he must make to Ganymede his vow,

That he sweet lips of magic would bestow,

With such resistless charms and virtues fraught,

As that fam'd stone from Lydia's confines brought,

By whose bare touch an artist can explore 51

The baser metal from the purer ore.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XII.

Ver. 1.

—Longo post tempore venit.

Ecl. 1. 39.

Ver. 3.

Lenta falix quantum pallenti cedit olive,

Punicis humilis quantum saluinea rosetis:

Judicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas.

Ecl. 5. 16.

Ver. 4. *Ερασιλος* is a sort of large indifferent plum.

Ver. 11. Horace has something similar:

—Vultus ubi tuus

Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,

Et soles melius nitent.

B. 4. Ode 5.

So, in thy presence, smoother run
The hours, and brighter shines the sun. *Duncombe.*

Ver. 17.

His amor unus erat.

Æn. 9. 182.

Ver. 20. The Greek is, *ἡμεῖς ἀνδρῶν*, which Heinſius takes to mean something amiable and delightful; thus Horace,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aures :
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
Sperat.

B. 1. Od. 5.

Aurum et amabilem he looks upon as synonymous : The Greeks have *ἡμεῖς ἀφ' ἑαυτῶν*, and Virgil, *Venus aurea*,

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.

Georg. B. 2. 538.

Ver. 22. *Ὀδυσσεύς*, thus in the *Odyssey*, *B. 5.* Calypso says of Ulyſſes,

She promis'd (vainly promis'd) to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe. *Pope.*

Ver. 24. The Greek is, *τρεῖς διηκροῖσιν*, two hundred ages : an age, according to the common computation, is thirty years; thus Mr. Pope understands the word *ταῖς* in the first book of the *Iliad*, speaking of the age of Nestor,

Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wife by his rules, and happy by his sway.

Ver. 31. See *Idyl.* 9. ver. 48. and the note.

Ver. 40. At Megara, a city of Achaia, between Athens and the Isthmus of Corinth, was an annual festival held in the spring, in memory of the Athenian hero Diocles, who died in the defence of a certain youth whom he loved : whence there was a contention at his tomb, wherein a garland was given to the youth who gave the sweetest kiss. *Potter's Arch.* ch. 20.

IDYLLIUM XIII.

HYLAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

If the severity of critics will not allow this piece the title of a pastoral, yet as the actions of gods and heroes used to be sung by the ancient herdsmen, we may venture to affirm that our author intended it as such. It contains a relation of the rape of Hylas by the nymphs, when he went to fetch water for Hercules, and the wandering of that hero, and his extreme grief for the loss of him.

Love, gentle Nicias, of celestial kind,
For us alone, sure never was design'd ;
Nor do the charms of beauty only sway
Our mortal breasts, the beings of a day :
Amphitryon's son was taught his power to feel,
Though arm'd with iron breast and heart of steel,
Who slew the lion fell, lov'd Hylas fair,
Young Hylas graceful with his curling hair.
And, as a son by some wise parent taught,
The love of virtue in his breast he wrought, 10
By precept, and example was his guide,
A faithful friend, for ever at his side :

Whether the morn return'd from Jove's high hall
On snow-white fleeds, or noontide mark'd the
wall,

Or night the plaintive chickens warn'd to rest,
When careful mothers brood, and flutter o'er the
nest :

That, fully form'd and finish'd to his plan,
Time soon might lead him to a perfect man.
But when bold Jason, with the sons of Greece,
Sail'd the salt seas to gain the golden fleece, 20
The valiant chiefs from every city came,
Renown'd for virtue, or heroic fame,
With these assembled for the host's relief,
Alcmena's son, the toil enduring chief,
Firm Argo bore him cross the yielding tide
With his lov'd friend, young Hylas, at his side ;
Between Cyane's rocky isles she pass'd,
Now safely fix'd on firm foundations fast,

Thence as an eagle swift with prosperous gales
She flew, and in deep Phasis furl'd her sails. 30

When first the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And grass-green meads pronounce'd the summer
near,

Of chiefs a valiant band, the flower of Greece,
Had plann'd the emprise of the golden fleece,
In Argo lodg'd they spread their swelling sails,
And soon pass'd Hellespont with southern gales,
And smooth Propontis, where the land appears
Turn'd in straight furrows by Cyanean steers.
With eve they land; some on the greenward
spread

Their hasty meal; some raise the spacious bed 40
With plants and shrubs that in the meadows grow,
Sweet-flowering rushes, and cyperus low.
In brazen vase fair Hylas went to bring
Fresh fountain-water from the crystal spring.

For Hercules, and Telamon his guest :
One board they spread, associates at the feast :
Fast by, in lowly dale, a well he found
Beset with plants, and various herbage round,
Cerulean celandine, bright maiden-hair,
And parsley green, and bindweed flourish'd there,
Deep in the flood the dance fair Naiads led, 50
And kept strict vigils to the rustic's dread,
Eunica, Malis form'd the festive ring,
And fair Nychæa, blooming as the spring :
When to the stream the hapless youth apply'd
His vase capacious to receive the tide,

H ij

The Naiads seiz'd his hand with frantic joy,
 All were enamour'd of the Grecian boy :
 He fell, he sunk ; as from th' ethereal plain
 A flaming star falls headlong on the main ;
 The boatfmain crys aloud, ' Unfurl your sails,
 ' And spread the canvass to the rising gales.'
 In vain the Naiads sooth'd the weeping boy,
 And strove to lull him in their laps to joy.
 But care and grief had mark'd Alcides' brow,
 Fierce as a Scythian chief he grasp'd his bow,
 And his rough club, which well he could command,
 The pride and terror of his red right hand :
 On Hylas thrice he call'd with voice profound,
 Thrice Hylas heard the unavailing sound ;
 From the deep well soft murmurs touch'd his ear,
 The sound seem'd distant, though the voice was
 near.
 As when the hungry lion hears a fawn
 Distressful bleat on some far distant lawn,

Fierce from his covert bolts the savage beast ;
 And speeds to riot on the ready feast.
 Thus, anxious for the boy, Alcides takes
 His weary way through woods and pathless brakes ;
 Ah wretched they that pine away for love !
 O'er hills he rang'd and many a devious grove.
 The bold adventurers blam'd the hero's stay,
 While long equipt the ready vessel lay ;
 With anxious hearts they spread their sails by
 night,
 And with'd his presence with the morning light :
 But he with frantic speed regardless stray'd,
 Love pierc'd his heart, and all the hero sway'd.
 Thus Hylas, honour'd with Alcides' love,
 Is number'd with the deities above,
 While to Amphitryon's son the heroes give
 This shameful term, ' The Argo's fugitive :'
 But soon on foot the chief to Colchos came,
 With deeds heroic to redeem his fame.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XIII.

Theocritus addresses this Idyllium, as he did the eleventh, to his friend Nicias, a Milesian physician.

Ver. 1.

Omne adeo genus in terris hominum, &c.

Georg. 3. 242.

Thus man and beast, the tenants of the flood,
 The herds that graze the plain, the feathery brood,
 Rush into love, and feel the genial flame,
 ' For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.'

Warton.

Ver. 6. Thus Horace, " Illi robur et as triplex
 Circa pectus erat."

B. 1. O. 3.

And Moschus, in his poem intitled Megara, speaking of Hercules,

— Πίστες οὐ γὰρ σίδηρον, οὐ καὶ σίδηρον
 Κατὰ γὰρ ἐν στήθεσσι.

— His heart, like iron or a rock,
 Unmov'd, and still superior to the shock.

Ver. 7. Hylas was the son of Theodamus, whom Hercules slew, because he denied him a supply of provision.

Ver. 9.

— Infuevit pater optimus hoc me, &c.

Hor. B. 1. Sat. 4.

Ver. 14. The Greek is *λευκάνωρος*: Dr. Spence very justly observes that the poets are very inconsistent in their descriptions of Aurora, particularly in the colour of her hories; here they are *rubite*, whereas Virgil represents them *rose-coloured*, "*roseis Aurora quadrigis*." *Æn.* 6. 535. and B. 7. 26. "*Aurora in roseis fulgebatur lutea bigis*." The best critics have ever thought, that consistency is required in the most unbounded fictions: if I mistake not, Homer is more regular in this, as in all other fictions.

Essay on the Odyssey.

Ver. 18. Thus Bion;

— Ἦν δ' αὖτις ἐς μέγαν ἄλκιον.

Idyl. 2.

As soon as time shall lead you up to man. F. F.

Ver. 21.

Alter erit tum. Tiphys et altera quæ vehat Argo
 Delectos heroas.

Ecl. 4. 34.

Ver. 27. The Cyanean isles, or Symplegades, are two small islands near the entrance of the Euxine, or Black Sea, in the mouth of the Straits of Constantinople; over against one another; at so small a distance, that to a ship passing by they appear but one; whence the poets fancied, that they sometimes met, and came together, therefore called them *concurrentia saxa Cyaneæ*. *Juvenal, Sat. 15.*
 19. See also *Idyl. 22 ver. 29.*

Ver. 29.

— Illa noto citius, volucrique sagittâ
 Ad terram fugit, et portu se condidit alto.

Æn. 5. 242.

Ver. 30. A large river of Colchis, which discharges itself into the Euxine. Ovid, speaking of the Argonauts, says,

Multaque perpeffi claro sub Jafone, tandem
 Contigerant rapidas limosi Phafidos undas.

Met. B. 7. 5.

Ver. 31. The Pleiades rise with the sun on the twenty-second of April, according to Columella.

Ver. 33. The Argonauts were fifty-two in number: Pindar calls them *the flower of sailors*, Theocritus, *the flower of heroes* and Virgil, *chosen heroes*, "*delectos heroas*;" see *ver. 21.*

Ver. 42. The Greek is *Βουραν ὄξυ*, which there is great reason to believe is the *carex acuta* of Virgil, *Fronibus hirsutis, et carice pastus acutâ.*

Georg. B. 3. 231.

On prickly leaves and pointed rushes fed. Warton

Ovid applies the same epithet to the *juncus*, *acutâ cuspide junci*. The word comes from *βασ*, an ox, and *τεμνω* to cut; so called, because the leaves of this plant are so sharp, that the tongue and lips of oxen, who are great lovers of it, are wounded by it. See Butomus in Miller.

Ver. 49. The Greek is, *Κυανον χελιδονιον*.

Ver. 50. The Greek is, *Ελιστινης αγρωσις*; as it is difficult to determine what plant Theocritus here means. I have rendered it *linde-weed*, or *convolvulus*, which seems an exact translation of *ελιστινης*.

Ver. 55. The Greek is, *Ητοι ο κρηος ιταχι ποτη πολυχρυδια κρησσον*; instead of *ποτη*, Pierſon reads *ετα*, which is probably right, being the same word which Appollonius Rhodius makes use of, when treating of the same subject. See b. i. ver. 1234.

Αυταρ ου' ως ταπεινω βοη' εν καλαιν ιριδι.

Ver. 59. Hylas falling into a well, was said to be snatched away by the Nymphs. Ovid, speaking of Phaeton, has something very similar to this passage.

*Volvitur in præceps, longoque per ætra traclu
Fertur; ut interdum de cælo stella sereno,
Eti non cecidit, potuit cecidisse videri.*

Met. B. 2. 319.

The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop.

Addison.

Ver. 60. These sort of meteors were reckoned prognostics of winds,

Sæpe etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis

Præcipites cælo labi. *Geor. B. 1. 365*

Ver. 61.

Solve vela citi.

Æn. 4. 574.

Ver. 65. Virgil of Hercules,
Hic vero Alcidae furis exarserat atro

*Felle dolor; rapit arma manu, nodisque gravatum
Robur.* *Æn. B. 8. 219.*

Alcides seiz'd his arms, inflam'd with ire,
Rage in his looks, and all his soul on fire;
Fierce in his hands the ponderous club he shook.

Pitt.

Ver. 69.

Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret. *Ec. 6. 44.*

And Spenser,

And every wood, and every valley wide,
He fill'd with Hyla's name, the Nymphs eke Hy-
las cride. *Faery Queen, B. 3. c. 12.*

Antoninus has given us an explanation of the circumstance of Hyla's name being so often repeated, which is so particularly insisted on by the poets: "Hercules," says he, "having made the hills and forests tremble, by calling so mightily on the name Hylas; the Nymphs who had snatched him away, fearing lest the enraged lover should at last discover Hylas in their fountain, transformed him into Echo, which answered Hylas to every call of Hercules."

Warton's Observations.

Ver. 73. This simile seems to have pleased Appollonius so well, that writing on the same subject, the Rape of Hylas, he has imitated it twice; see book i. ver. 1243, &c. Ovid also had it in view;

*Tigris ut, auditis diversâ valle duorum
Extimulata fame mugitibus armentorum, &c.*

Met. B. 5. 164.

Ver. 79.

Ah, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras!
Ec. 6. 52.

Ver. 87. Horace says,

— Sic Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules. *B. 4. Ode 8.*

This *Κατακοιμησις*, or fate of Hylas, as Heinſius observes, with which the poet concludes this charming poem, is extremely elegant and agreeable;

Ουτο μιν καλλιστος Τλας μακρον αριθμεται,

Thus the beautiful Hylas is numbered among the blessed.

He would not say, *Ουτος ο Τλας τειχεται*, "thus Hylas died;" but, "thus he is numbered with the blessed." See his notes.

IDYLLIUM XIV.

CYNISCA'S LOVE.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆSCHINES being in love with Cynisca, is despised by her, she having placed her affections on Lycus. Æschines accidentally meets with his friend Thyonichus, whom he had not seen of a long time, and tells him his lamentable tale, and that he is determined to turn soldier. Thyonichus advises him to enter into the service of Ptolemy Philadelphus, on whom he bestows a short but very noble encomium.

ÆSCHINES AND THYONICHUS.

Æschines.

ALL health to good Thyonichus, my friend.

Thyonichus.

May the same blessing Æschines attend.

Æschines.

I see you seldom.—*Thy.* Well, what ails you now?

Æschines.

All is not well with me.—*Thy.* You therefore grow so much a sloven, so exceeding thin,

Your hair untrimm'd, your beard deforms your

H iii

A poor Pythag'rist late I chanc'd to meet,
Pale fac'd, like you, and naked were his feet;
He came from learned Athens, as he said,
And was in love too—with a loaf of bread. 10

Æschines.

You jest; but proud Cynisca makes me sad;
Nay, I'm within a hair-breadth raving mad.

Thyonichus.

Such is your temper, so perverse you grow,
You hope all smooth: but what affects you now?

Æschines.

I and Cleonicus and the Greek agreed
With Apis skill'd Thessalian colts to breed,
In my green court, with wine to cheer our souls:
A sucking pig I dress'd, and brace of fowls:
And fragrant wine produc'd, four summers old,
Phœnicia's generous wine that makes us bold: 20
Onions and shell-fish last the table crown'd,
And gaily went the cheering cup around;
Then healths were drunk, and each oblig'd to name
The lovely mistress that inspir'd his flame.
Cynisca (she was by) then charm'd my soul,
And to her health I drain'd the foaming bowl:
She pledg'd me not, nor deign'd a kind reply:
Think how my rage, inflam'd with wine, ran
high.

'What, are you mute?' I said—a waggish guest,
'Perhaps she's seen a Wolf,' rejoin'd in jest: 30
At this her cheeks to scarlet turn'd apace;
Sure you might light a candle at her face.
Now Wolf is Laba's son, whom most men call
A comely spark, is handsome, young, and tall.
For him she sigh'd; and this by chance I heard;
Yet took no note, and vainly nurs'd my beard.
We four, now warm, and mellow with the wine,
Arch Apis, with a mischievous design,
Nam'd Wolf, and sung encomiums of the boy,
Which made Cynisca fairly weep for joy. 40
Like a fond girl, whom love maternal warms,
That longs to wanton in her mother's arms.
I swell'd with rage, and, in revengeful pique,
My hand discharg'd my passion on her cheek:
"Since thee," I cry'd, "my love no more en-
dears,
"Go court some other with those tender tears."
She rose, and gathering in a knot her vest,
Flew swiftly; as the swallow from her nest,

Beneath the tiling skims in quest of food,
To still the clamours of her craving brood. 50
Thus from her downy couch in eager haste,
Through the first door, and through the gate she
pass'd.

Where'er her feet, where'er her fancy led;
The proverb says, 'The bull to wood is fled.'
Now twenty days are past, ten, nine, and eight,
Two and eleven add—two months complete,
Since we last met, and like the boors of Thrace,
In all that time I never trimm'd my face.
Well now enjoys her, is her sole delight:
She, when he calls, unbars the door at night: 60
While I, alas! on no occasion priz'd,
Like the forlorn Megareans am despis'd.
Oh could I from these wild desires refrain,
And love her less, all would be well again!
Now like a mouse ensnar'd on pitch I move;
Nor know I any remedy for love.
Yet in love's flames our neighbour Simus burn'd,
Sought ease by travel, and when cur'd return'd;
I'll sail, turn soldier, and though not the first
In fighting fields I would not prove the worst. 70

Thyonichus.

May all that's good, whate'er you wish, attend
On Æschines, my favourite and friend.
If you're resolv'd, and failing is your plan.
Serve Ptolemy, he loves a worthy man.

Æschines.

What is his character? *Thy.* A royal spirit,
To point out genius, and encourage merit:
The poet's friend, humane, and good, and kind;
Of manners gentle, and of generous mind.
He marks his friend, but more he marks his foe;
His hand is ever ready to bestow: 80
Request with reason, and he'll grant the thing,
And what he gives, he gives it like a king.
Go then, and buckle to your manly breast
The brazen corslet, and the warrior vest;
Go brave and bold, to friendly Egypt go,
Meet in the tented field, the rushing foe.
Age soon will come, with envious hand to shed
The snow of winter on the hoary head,
Will sap the man, and all his vigour drain,
'Tis ours to act while youth and strength re-
main. 90

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XIV.

Ver. 1. Thus Terence,
Salvere Hegionem plurimum Jubeo.

Adelpb. Act 3. Sc. 5.

Ver. 6.

—Vultus gravis, horrida sicca Sylva comæ.

Juv. Sat. 9. 12.

Ver. 8. He ridicules and distinguishes the Pythagorists by the same marks as Aristophanes does the disciples of Socrates.

Τῶν πυθαγοριστῶν, τὴν ἀνιστοδοκίαν λυγρὴν.

Plut. Act 1. Sc. 1.

"You would say that they were pale-faced and
"barefoot."

Ver. 9.

—Mediis sed natus Athenis.

Juv. Sat. 3.

Ver. 17. The Greek is, *Εν χορῇ παρ' ἡμῖν*, which Heinſius corrects *Εν χορῇ παρ' ἡμῖν*, that is, in that part of the house where the ancients used to dine and sup; which being originally *ἐν χορῇ*, "on the grass," well adapted to the ancient shepherd as still retained its name, though it was afterward

surrounded with various apartments; therefore it probably means the inner court.

Ver. 20. The Greek is, *βυβλίων οἶνον*, which Athenæus, B. 1. chap. 28. allows to be Phœnician wine.

Ver. 28.

Quid mihi tunc animi credis, germane, fuisse?

Ovid. Epist. Can. to Macar.

Ver. 30 That is, *Λύκος*, "Wolf," her sweet-heart.

—*Lupi Mœrim videre priores. Ec. 9. 54.*

On which Dr. Martyn observes, 'that a notion obtained among the ancient Italians, that if a wolf saw any man first, it deprived him of his voice for the present; but, says he, Theocritus gives this story a contrary turn; as if the seeing a wolf, instead of being seen by him, made a person mute.' The doctor, and likewise Mr. Warton, did not observe our author's double meaning, viz. that *λύκος* signified not only a wolf, but was likewise the name of Cynisca's lover.

Ver. 36. *Μάταιος εἰς ἀνδρα γυνίαν*, "quod de iis dicebatur, quorum conjuges impune cum aliis solebant; quique hanc contumeliam leni et pacato animo ferebant." *Heinsius.*

Ver. 47.

Nodoque sinus collecta fluentes. Æn. 1. 324.
Close, in a knot, her flowing robes she drew. *Pitt.*

Ver. 48. Virgil has plainly borrowed this simile from our author, though Mr. Warton says he is obliged to Apollonius for it: it is not improbable but that Virgil's may be the copy of the copier.

*Nigra velut magnas domini cum divitis ædes
Pervolat, et pennis alta atria lustrat hirundo,
Pabula parva legens, nidisque loquacibus efcas,
Et hunc porticibus vacuis, nunc humida circum
Stagna sonat. Æn. B. 12. 473.*

As the black swallow, that in quest of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
When for her children she provides the feast,
To still the clamours of the craving nest;
Now wild excursions round the cloyster takes;
Now sportive winds, or skims along the lakes.

Pitt.

Virgil has spun this simile into more than four lines, whereas Theocritus comprehends it in two.

Ver. 54. A proverb signifying that he will not return.

Ver. 55. The literal interpretation is, "And now twenty and eight, and nine, and ten days are past, to-day is the eleventh, add two more, and there will be two months." A similar but more perplexing method of numeration we meet with in the 17th Idyl. ver. 95.

Ver. 62. The Megareans entertaining a vain conceit that they were the most valiant of the Grecians, inquired of the oracle if any nation excelled them: the conclusion of the answer was,

*Τῆς δ', Μεγαρέων, οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲ τίς αὐτοῖς
Οὐτὶ δουλεύεται, οὐτ' ἐν λόγῳ, οὐτ' ἐν ἀνδρείῳ.*

Nor in the third, nor in the fourth, Megareans call,
Nor in the twelfth, nor any rank at all.

Ver. 65. The Greek is, *ὡς μὲν γυμνὰ πρὸς οὐρανὸν*
'like a mouse I have tasted pitch.'

Ver. 71.

Tibi Dî, quæcunque preceris, Commoda dent.

Hor. B. 2. Sat. 8.

Ver. 82. To this noble encomium of Ptolemy by the Sicilian poet, I shall briefly show the favourable side of his character, as it is given by the historians. He was a prince of great learning, and a zealous promoter and encourager of it in others, an industrious collector of books, and a generous patron to all those who were eminent in any branch of literature. The fame of his generosity drew seven celebrated poets to his court, who, from their number, were called *Pleiades*; these were Aratus, Theocritus, Callimachus, Lycophron, Apollonius, Nicander, and Philicus. To him we are indebted for the Greek translation of the scripture, called the *Septuagint*. Notwithstanding his peculiar taste for the sciences, yet he applied himself with indefatigable industry to business, studying all possible methods to render his subjects happy, and raise his dominions to a flourishing condition. Athenæus called him the richest of all the princes of his age; and Appian says, that he was the most magnificent and generous of all kings in laying out his money, so he was of all the most skilful and industrious in raising it. He built an incredible number of cities, and left so many other public monuments of his magnificence, that all works of an extravagant taste and grandeur, were proverbially called *Philadelphian works*.

Univer. Hist.

Ver. 90.

Dumque virent genus.

Hor. Epod. 13.

IDYLLIUM XV.

THE SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two Syracusan women, who had travelled to Alexandria, go to see the solemnity of Adonis's festival, which had been prepared by Arsinoë, the queen of Ptolemy Philadelphus: the humours of these gossips are naturally described. Theocritus, to gratify the queen, introduces a Grecian singing girl who rehearses the magnificence of the pomp which Arsinoë had provided.

GORG0, EUNOE, PRAXINOE, OLD WOMAN AND STRANGER.

Gorgo.

PRAY, is Praxinoë at home?

Eunoe.

Dear Gorgo, yes,—how late you come!

Praxinoë.

Well! is it you? Maid, bring a chair
And cushion. *Gor.* Thank you. *Prax.* Pray sit there.

Gorgo.

Lord bless me! what a bustling throng!
I scarce could get alive along:
In chariots such a heap of folks!
And men in arms, and men in cloaks—
Besides I live so distant hence
The journey really is immense.

Praxinoë.

My husband, heav'n his senses mend!
Here will inhabit the world's end,
This horrid house, or rather den;
More fit for savages than men.
This scheme with envious aim he labours,
Only to separate good neighbours—
My plague eternal!

Gorgo.

Softly, pray,

The child attends to all you say;
Name not your husband when he's by—
Observe how earnest is his eye!--

Praxinoë.

Sweet Zopy! there's a bonny lad,
Cheer up! I did not mean your dad.

Gorgo.

'Tis a good dad---I'll take an oath,
The urchin understands us both.

Praxinoë.

(Let's talk as if *some time ago*,
And then we shall be safe, you know)
This person happen'd once to stop
To purchase nitre at a shop,
And what d' ye think? the silly creature
Bought salt, and took it for saltpetre.

Gorgo.

My husband's such another honey,
And thus, as idly spends his money;

Five fleeces for seven drachms he bought,
Coarse as dog's hair; not worth a groat.
But take your cloak, and garment grac'd
With clasps, that lightly binds your waist;
Adonis' festival invites,
And Ptolemy's gay court delights:
Besides our matchless queen, they say,
Exhibits some grand sight to-day.

Praxinoë.

No wonder---every body knows
Great folks can always make fine shows:
But tell me what you went to see,
And what you heard---'tis new to me.

Gorgo.

The feast now calls us hence away,
And we shall oft keep holiday.

Praxinoë.

Maid? water quickly---set it down---
Lord! how undelicate you're grown!
Disperse these cats that love their ease---
But first the water, if you please---
Quick! how she creeps; pour, hussy, pour;
You've spoil'd my gown---so, so---no more.
Well, now I'm wash'd---ye gods be blest!--
Here---bring the key of my large chest.

Gorgo.

This robe becomes you mighty well;
What might it cost you? can you tell?

Praxinoë.

Three pounds or more; I'd not have done it,
But that I'd set my heart upon it.

Gorgo.

'Tis wondrous cheap. *Prax.* You think so?--Maid,
Fetch my umbrella and my shade;
So, put it on---fy, Zophy, fy!
Stay within doors, and don't you cry:
The horse will kick you in the dirt---
Roar as you please, you shan't get hurt.
Pray, maid, divert him---come, 'tis late:
Call in the dog, and shut the gate.

Lord! here's a bustle and a throng---
How shall we ever get along?
Such numbers cover all the way,
Like emnets on a summer's day.

O Ptolemy! thy fame exceeds
Thy godlike fire's in noble deeds:
No robber now with Pharian wiles
The stranger of his purse beguiles;

No ruffians now infect the street,
And stab the passengers they meet.

What shall we do? lo here advance
The king's war-horses--how they prance!
Don't tread upon me, honest friend--
Lord, how that mad horse rears an end! 80
He'll throw his rider down, I fear--
I'm glad I left the child my dear.

Gorgo.

Don't be afraid; the danger's o'er;
The horses, see! are gone before.

Praxinoe.

I'm better now, but always quake
Whene'er I see a horse or snake:
They rear, and look so fierce and wild--
I own, I've loath'd them from a child.
Walk quicker--what a crowd is this? 89

Gorgo.

Pray, come you from the palace? *Old Wo.* Yes.

Gorgo.

Can we get in, d'y'e think? *Old Wo.* Make trial--
The steady never take denial;
The steady Greeks old Ilium won:
By trial all things may be done.

Gorgo.

Gone, like a riddle in the dark;
These crones, if we their tales remark,
Know better far than I or you know
How Jupiter was join'd to Juno.
Lo! at the gate what crowds are there!

Praxinoe.

Immense, indeed! Your hand, my dear; 100
And let the maids join hands, and close us,
Lest in the bustle they should lose us.
Let's crowd together through the door--
Heav'n's blest me! how my gown is tore!
By Jove, but this is past a joke--
Pray, good Sir, don't you rend my cloak.

Man.

I can't avoid it; I'm to press.

Praxinoe.

Like pigs they jostle, I protest.

Man.

Cheer up, for now we're safe and sound.

Praxinoe.

May you in happiness abound: 110
For you have serv'd us all you can--
Gorgo!---a mighty civil man---
See how the folks poor Eunoe jostle!
Push through the crowd, girl!---bustle, bustle---
Now we're all in; as Dromo said,
When he had got his bride in bed.

Gorgo.

Lo! what rich hangings grace the rooms--
Sure they were wove in heavenly looms.

Praxinoe.

Gracious! how delicately fine
The work! how noble the design! 120
How true, how happy is the draught!
The figures seem inform'd with thought--
No artifice the story wove;
They're real men--they live, they move.
From these amazing works we find,
How great, how wise the human mind.
Lo! stretch'd upon a silver bed,
Scarce has the down his cheeks o'er-spread)

Adonis lies; O charming show!
Lov'd by the sable powers below. 130

Stranger.

Hist! your Sicilian prate forbear:
Your mouths extend from ear to ear,
Like turtles that forever moan;
You flun us with your rustic tone.

Gorgo.

Sure! we may speak: what fellow's this?

And do you take it, Sir, amiss?

Go, keep Egyptian slaves in awe:

Think not to give Sicilians law:

Besides, we're of Corinthian mold,

As was Bellerophon of old: 140

Our language is entirely Greek--

The Dorians may the Doric speak.

Praxinoe.

O sweet Proserpina, sure none

Presumes to give us law but one!

To us there is no fear you should

Do harm, who cannot do us good.

Gorgo.

Hark! the Greek girl's about to raise

Her voice in fair Adonis' praise;

She's a sweet pipe for funeral airs:

She's just beginning, she prepares: 150

She'll Sperchis, and the world excel,

That by her prelude you may tell.

The Greek Girl sings.

"O chief of Golgos, and the Italian grove,

And breezy Eryx, beauteous queen of Love!

Once more the soft-foot hours approaching flow,

Restore Adonis from the realms below;

Welcome to man they come with silent pace,

Diffusing benisons to human race.

O Venus, daughter of Dione fair,

You gave to Berenice's lot to share 160

Immortal joys in heavenly regions blest.

And with divine ambrosia fill'd her breast.

And now in due return, O heavenly born!

Whose honour'd name a thousand fanes adorn,

Artinoe pays the pompous rites divine,

Rival of Helen, at Adonis' shrine;

All fruits the offers that ripe autumn yields,

The produce of the gardens, and the fields;

All herbs and plants which silver baskets hold;

And Syrian unguents flow from shells of gold. 170

With finest meal sweet paste the women make,

Oil, flowers and honey mingling in the cake:

Earth and the air afford a large supply

Of animals that creep, and birds that fly.

Green bow'rs are built with dill sweet-smelling

crown'd,

And little Cupids hover all around;

And as young nightingales their wings essay,

Skip here and there, and hop from spray to spray.

What heaps of golden vessels glittering bright!

What stores of ebony black, and ivory white! 180

In ivory carv'd large eagles seem to move,

And through the clouds bear Ganymede to Jove.

Lo! purple tapestry arrang'd on high

Charms the spectators with the Tyrian dye,

The Samian and Milesian swains, who keep

Large flocks, acknowledge 'tis more soft than sleep:

Of this Adonis claims a downy bed,

And lo! another for fair Venus spread!

Her bridegroom scarce attains to nineteen years,
 Rosy his lips, and no rough beard appears. 190
 Let raptur'd Venus now enjoy her mate,
 While we, descending to the city gate,
 Array'd in decent robes that sweep the ground,
 With naked bosoms, and with hair unbound,
 Bring forth Adonis, slain in youthful years,
 Ere Phœbus drinks the morning's early tears.
 And while to yonder flood we march along,
 With tuneful voices raise the funeral song.

Adonis, you alone of demigods,
 Now visit earth, and now hell's dire abodes: 200
 Not fam'd Atreides could this favour boast,
 Nor furious Ajax, though himself an host;
 Nor Hector, long his mother's grace and joy
 Of twenty sons, not Pyrrhus safe from Troy,

Not brave Patroclus of immortal fame,
 Nor the fierce Lapithæ, a deathless name;
 Nor sons of Pelops, nor Deucalion's race,
 Nor stout Pelasgians, Argos' honour'd grace.

As now, divine Adonis, you appear
 Kind to our prayers, O bless the future year! 210
 As now propitious to our vows you prove,
 Return with meek benevolence and love.

Gorgo.

O, fam'd for knowledge in mysterious things!
 How sweet, Praxinoë, the damsel sings!
 Time calls me home to keep my husband kind,
 He's prone to anger if he has not din'd.
 Farewell, Adonis, lov'd and honour'd boy;
 O come propitious, and augment our joy.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XV.

Ver. 1. Anne est intus Pamphilus? *Ter. And. Act. 5. Sc. 2.*

Ver. 17. Ni dictu sedum, visuque, &c. *Juv. Sat. 14. 44.*

Suffer no lewdness, or indecent speech
 Th' apartment of the tender youth to reach.

Dryden.

Ver. 33. A drachma is seven-pence three-farthings.

Ver. 35. Hence we learn, says Casaubon, that the ladies formerly had an under garment, which was fastened to the breast by clasps: the ladies of fashion had clasps of gold;

Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.

Æn. B. 139.

A golden clasp her purple garment binds. *Pitt.*

Ver. 51.

—Move vero occys Te, nutrix. *Ter. Eun. Act. 5.*

Ver. 67.

Di boni quid turbæ est! *Ter. Heaut. Act. 2.*

Ver. 70.

Ac veluti ingentem formicæ, &c. *Æn. 4. 401.*

Ver. 78.

Post bellator equus. *Æn. 11. 98.*

Ver. 80.

Tollit se arrectum quadrupes. *Æn. 10. 892.*

Ver. 86. The Greek is *Ψυχρον οφιν*, a cold snake, thus Virgil,

Frigidus, ô pueri, fugite hinc latet anguis in herbâ.

And *Ecl. 3. 93.*

Frigidus in partis cantando rumpitur anguis.

Ecl. 8. 71.

Ver. 97. Plautus seems to have imitated this,

Id quod in aurem rex reginæ dixerit
 Sciunt; quod Juno fabulata est cum Jove.

Ver. 117. Thus Telemachus expresses his surprise to Pisistratus at the magnificent furniture of Menelaus's palace at Sparta;

View'st thou unmov'd, O ever honour'd most!
 These prodigies of art and wondrous cost!
 Above, beneath, around the palace shines
 The sumless treasure of exhausted mines;
 The spoils of elephants the roof inlay,
 And fludded amber darts a golden-ray:
 Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
 My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove.

Pope's Odyss. B. 4.

Ver. 124.

—Velut si

Re verâ pugnent, serient, videntque moventes
 Arma viri. *Hor. B. 2. Sat. 7.*

Ver. 127. At the feast of Adonis they always placed his image on a magnificent bed; thus Bion,

Εἰς ἀγυῖα τριβῆς κ. τ. λ.

Idyl. 1. 69.

—Behold the stately bed,
 On which Adonis, now depriv'd of breath,
 Seems sunk in slumbers, beauteous ev'n in death.

F. F.

Ver. 128.

—Flaventem prima lanugine malas.

Æn. B. 10. 324.

Ver. 134. A citizen of Alexandria finds fault with the Syracusan gossips for opening their mouths so wide when they speak; the good women are affronted, and tell him, that as they are Dorians, they will make use of the Doric dialect: hence we may observe, that the pronunciation of the Dorians was very coarse and broad, and founded harsh in the ears of the politer Grecians.

Martyn's Pref. to Virgil.

Ver. 145. Here I entirely follow the ingenious interpretation of Heinsius.

Ver. 151. A celebrated singer.

Ver. 153. Golgos was a small but very ancient town in Cyprus, where Venus was worshipped. Catullus has translated this verse of Theocritus.

Quæque regis Golgos, quæque Idaliæ frondosum.
De *Nup. Pl. & Tbet.*

Ver. 154. Eryx was a mountain in Sicily.

Ver. 162. Ovid has imitated this passage; speaking of the deification of Æneas, he says,

—Ambrosiæ cum dulci nectare mistâ
Contigit, os; fecitque Deum. *Met. B. 14. 606.*

Ver. 164. This is similar to the beginning of Sappho's first ode,

Ποικιλοχρὸν κ. τ. λ.

Venus, bright goddess of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise.

F. F.

Ver. 169. The Greeky is *παλαιοι κηποι, soft gardens*; Archbishop Potter observes, that at the feast of Adonis, there were carried shells filled with earth, in which grew several sorts of herbs, especially lettuces, in memory that Adonis was laid out by Venus on a bed of lettuces: these were called *κηποι, gardens*; whence *Ἀδωνιδος κηποι* are proverbially applied to things unfruitful, or fading, because those herbs were only sown so long before the festival, as to sprout forth, and be green at that time, and afterwards cast in the water.
See Antiquit. vol. I.

Nam quotæcunque ferunt campi, quos Theßala magnis
Montibus ora creat. *Catull. & de Fel. & Tbet.*

Ver. 176. Thus Bion, *Ἀμφὶ δὲ μὴν κ. τ. λ.*

Epit. Adon.

Surrounding Cupids heave their breasts with sighs.

And Moschus,

The little loves, lamenting at his doom,
Strike their fair breasts, and weep around his tomb.

F. F.

But as Longepierre observes, images of Cupids were never omitted at this festival. Ovid seems to have had this in view when he wrote,

Ecce puer Veneris fert everfamque pharetram,

Et fractos arcus, et sine luce facem.

Aspicte demissis ut eat miserabilis alis,

Pecloraque infestis tundit aperta manu.

Excipiunt lacrymas sparsi per colla capilli,

Oraque singultu concutiente sonant.

Amor. B. 3 El. 9.

See Venus' son his torch extinguish'd brings,

His quiver all revers'd, and broke his bow!

See, pensive how he droops with flagging wings,

And strikes his bared bosom many a blow!

Loose and neglected, scatter'd o'er his neck,

His golden locks drink many a falling tear;

What piteous sobs, as if his heart would break,

Shake his swol'n cheek? Ah, sorrow too severe!

Ver. 178. Thus Bion, speaking likewise of Cupid,

καὶ καὶ τὸν Ἐρωτὰ μεταλυσεν,

How here and there he skipt, and hopt from tree to tree.

Ver. 181. Virgil has an image of this sort,
Intextuque puer—quem præpes ab Idâ, &c.

Æn. B. 5.

There royal Ganymede, inwrought with art,
O'er hills and forests hunts the bounding hart;
The beauteous youth, all wondrous to behold:
Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold:
From towering Ida shoots the bird of Jove,
And bears him struggling through the clouds above;

With out-stretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry,
And the loud hounds spring furious at the sky.

Pitt.

I transcribed this fine passage from Mr. Pitt's translation of Virgil, that I might lay before the reader Mr. Warton's note upon it. "The description of this beautiful piece of tapestry is extremely picturesque: the circumstances of the boy's pining, the old men lifting up their hands, and above all, the dogs locking up and barking after him, are painted in the liveliest manner imaginable. There is a very fine painting by Michael Angelo on this subject, who has exactly copied Virgil's description, except that he has omitted the circumstance of the dogs, which Spenser has likewise, in describing this story, as part of the tapestry with which the house of Busyrane was adorned."

—When as the Trojan boy so faire
He snatch'd from Ida hill, and with him bare,
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
How the rude shepherds after him did stare,
Trembling through fear lest he down fallen should,
And often to him calling to take surer holde.

F. Q. B. 3. c. 11.

Ver. 185. Thus Virgil,
Quamvis Milesia magno
Vellera mutantur Tyrios incocta rubores.

Geor. B. 3. 306.

Ver. 186. See Idyl. v. ver. 58, and the note.

Ver. 210.

Sis bonus ô felixque tuis.

Ecl. 5. 65.

Sis felix, nostrumque leves quæcunque laborem.

Æn. I. 330.

Ver. 212. This superstitious mystery, of lamenting for Adonis, may be thus explained: Adonis was the sun; the upper hemisphere of the earth, or that which we think so, was anciently called Venus, the under Proserpine, therefore; when the sun was in the six inferior signs, they said, he was with Proserpine; when he was in the six superior, with Venus. By the boar that slew Adonis, they understood Winter; for they made the boar, not unaptly, the emblem of that rigid season. Or, by Adonis, they meant the fruits of the earth, which are for one while buried, but at length appear flourishing to the sight; when, therefore, the seed was thrown into the ground, they said, Adonis was gone to Proserpine; but when it sprouted up, they said, he had revisited the light and Vepus. Hence probably it was

that they sowed corn, and made gardens for Adonis.

Univ. Hist. vol. ii.

Milton has some fine melodious lines on this subject.

Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis, from his native rock,
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

Par. Lost. B. 1.

Give me leave here to insert the account given by the late Mr. Maundrel of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition. "We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates, viz. That this stream (the river Adonis) at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody colour; which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in

"the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains, out of which this stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness; and as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned, doubtless, by a sort of minium or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from the blood of Adonis." The prophet Ezekial saw the women at Jerusalem lamenting Tammuz, ch. viii. ver. 14. "He brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord's house which was towards the north, and behold there sat women weeping for Tammuz."

Ver. 216.

Thus Horace,
Impransus non qui oivem dignosceret hoste.

B. 1. Ep. 15.

With hunger keen,
On friends and foes he vented his chagrin.

Duncombe.

IDYLLIUM XVI.

THE GRACES, OR HIERO.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS Idyllium is addressed to Hiero, the last tyrant of Sicily. Theocritus having before celebrated this prince without being recompensed for his trouble, composed this poem, in which he complains of the ingratitude of princes to poets, who can alone render their actions immortal. He observes that not only the Lycian and Trojan heroes, but even Ulysses himself, would have been buried in oblivion, if their fame had not been celebrated by Homer.

It fits the muse's tongue, the poet's pen,
To praise th' immortal gods, and famous men:
The nine are deities and gods retound,
But bards are men, and sing of men renown'd.
Yet who that lives beneath heav'n's cope regards
The incense, or the sacrifice of bards?
Who opens now the hospitable door,
And makes the muses richer than before?
Barefoot, unpaid, indignant they return,
Reproach my zeal, and unavailing mourn;
To the dark chest their labours they consign,
And on cold knees the languid head recline;
For none, alas! the race of men among,
Receives the bard, or hears his lofty song;
Men thirst not now for glory as of old,
But all their passions are confin'd to gold;
To their mean breast their thrifty hands they
join,
And scarce will give the canker of their coin.
Hint at a recompense, they thus begin;
Close is my shirt, but closer is my skin:
My own I'll keep; and may the gods reward,
And crown with honours every living bard.
Homer's the prince of poets—sure 'tis sense,
To read the noblest works at no expence.

What profit, wretched churls, can gold afford,
Which thus in coffers ye abundant heard?
The wise a different use for riches know,
And love on men of genius to bestow;
Part on themselves, to others part they spare,
And some their friends, and some their kinsmen
share: 3*

To every man their bounty shines display'd,
And yet the offerings of the gods are paid.
With prudent hospitality they spend,
And kindly greeting speed the parting friend.
But most the muses' sons these honours claim,
Whose deathless lays immortalize their fame;
Then will they never rove, inglorious shades,
(Like those who living labour'd with their spades)
Along cold Acheron's infernal river,
And mourn hereditary want for ever. 4*
Aleua and Antiochus we're told,
Reign'd rich, and mighty potentates of old,
And to a thousand slaves, their menial train,
In lots distributed the monthly grain:
In Scopas' fields unnumber'd heifers fed, [head:
And bulls that proudly tois'd the rough-horn'd
For good Creondas' use the shepherd-swains
Fed flocks in myriads on Cranonian plains:

These after death their sweet enjoyments lost,
When in hell's spacious barge their ghosts had crost
Th' infernal river, and unhonour'd all, 51
To other heirs their vast possessions fall;
And these among the miserable train
Had long in darkness and oblivion lain,
Had not the Cean muse extoll'd their name,
Awak'd his sounding lyre, and giv'n them death-
less fame [meed,

Verse crowns the race-horse with fair honour's
That in the field has signaliz'd his speed.
Who had the Lycian thieves, and Trojan known,
Or Cynus, delicate with milk-white crown, 60
Had not the BARD delighted to rehearse
Their bold achievements in heroic verse?
Ulysses ne'er had endless glory gain'd,
Though for ten tedious summers he sustain'd
Unnumber'd toils, while he observant stray'd
From clime to clime, and men and states survey'd;
Ev'n though he 'scap'd the Cyclops' gloomy cell,
And quick descended to the realms of hell:
Philæus and Eumæus with the dead
Had lain as nameless as the beasts they fed; 70
And brave Laertes with his parting breath
Had dy'd, but Homer snatch'd their names from
death.

All human fame is by the muses spread,
And heirs consume the riches of the dead.
Yet 'tis an easier task, when tempests roar,
To count the waves that ceaseless lash the shore:
'Tis easier far to bleach the Ethiop soul,
Than turn the tenor of the miser's foul.
Curse on the wretch, that thus augments his store!
And much possessing, may be wish for more! 80
I still prefer fair fame, with better sense,
And, more than riches, mens benevolence.
And yet, alas! what guardian shall I choose,
What princely chief to patronize my muse?
In perilous paths the race of poets rove,
Dubious their fate, without the aid of Jove.
But still the sun rolls glorious in the skies;
And future victors in the race will rise:

The chief will rise, who shall my numbers claim,
Equal to great Eacides in fame, 90
Equal to Ajax on the Phrygian plains,
Where Illus' tomb near Simois' streams remains.
The bold Phœnicians, sons of Libya far,
Shrink at the rumour of approaching war:
For lo! their spears the Syracusians wield,
And bend the pliant fallow to a shield:
These Hiero leads, superior to the rest,
And on his helmet nods the horse-hair crest.
O Jupiter, and thou Minerva chaste,
And Proserpine, to our protection haste, 100
With Ceres thou dearest to partake
Those fair built walls by Lysimelia's lake:
Oh, may the fates, in pity to our woes,
On the Sardonian main disperse our foes!
And let the few that reach their country tell
Their wives and children how their fathers fell!
And let the natives dwell in peace and rest
In all the cities which the foes possess!
May swains, along the pastures, fat and fair,
In flocks of thousands tend their bleating care! 110
And lowing herds, returning to the stall,
Wind o'er the plain, as slow as foot can fall!
May the crops flourish, and with feeble voice,
On leafy shrubs the grasshopper rejoice!
While spiders stretch their webs along the shore,
And war's dread name be never mention'd more!
May godlike poets, in undying strain,
Bear Hiero's praise beyond the Scythian main,
Beyond the walls, with black bitumen made,
Where proud Semiramis the sceptre sway'd. 120
I am but one; Jove's daughters fair regard
With sweetest favour many a living bard;
These shall Sicilian Arethusa sing,
The happy people, and the valiant king.
Ye Graces Eteoclean, who reside
Where Minyas, curst by Thebans, rolls his tide,
Unask'd I'll rest; yet not, if call'd, refuse
With you to bring my sweet associate muse:
Without you what to men can pleasures give?
Oh! may I ever with the Graces live! 130

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XVI.

This little piece abounds with so many beauties and graces, that it is with great propriety styled *Xaprus*; or, the Graces. Hiero, the subject of this poem, was the son of Hierocles, one of the descendants of Gelon the first king of Syracuse. Hiero succeeded to the throne of Syracuse 265 years before Christ. He was remarkable for his constant attachment to, and generous friendship for the Romans.

Ver. 2. In like manner Horace says,
*Quem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ, vel acri-
Tibiâ fumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum?*

B. I. Ode 12.

What man, what hero shall inspire,
My Clio's life with sprightly lays?

Or will she choose to strike the lyre

Devoted to the gods in hymns of praise?

Ver. 5.

*Quis tibi Mæcenas? quis nunc erit aut Proculius,
Aut Fabius? quis Cotta iterum? quis Lentulus al-
ter?*

Juv. Sat. 7. 94.

All these great men were celebrated for their generosity and liberality to the Muses.

Ver. 7.

Nemo cibo, nemo hospitibus, tectoque jvabit.

Juv. Sat. 3. 211.

Through the wide world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?

In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and mock insult your woes.

S. Johnson.

Ver. 9. The protection of princes is the greatest incentive to the diligence of poets, and often of more avail than the inspiration of Apollo, "Et spes & ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum." Juvenal says,

Tædia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque, suamque
Terplichoren odit facunda & nuda senectus. *Sat. 7.*

Last, crush'd by age, in poverty ye pine,
And sighing curse the unavailing nine.

Bur. Greene.

Ver. 17. Illiberal persons were said to hold their hands in their bosoms.

Ver. 20. The Greek is ἀσπασίτην ἢ γόστου πνεύματι. My leg is further off than my knee. I would not recollect an English proverb more correspondent to the original than what I have substituted; the Romans have one similar,

Tunica pallio proprior.

Plaut.

My waistcoat is nearer than my cloak.

Ver. 23.

Priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus.

Hor. B. 4. Ode 9.

Ver. 25.

Nullus argento color est, avaris
Abditæ terris inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato

Splendeat usu. *Hor. B. 2. Ode 2.*

My Sallust's generous thoughts disdain
The sordid miser's hoarded gain;
Since silver with no lustre glows,
But what a moderate use bestows.

Duncombe.

Ver. 28. Horace has something similar;
Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite? &c.

B. 2. S. 2.

Then, like the sun let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh, impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

Pope.

Ver. 34. Here are some admirable precepts for social life; some of them seem to be borrowed from Homer's *Odyssey*, B. 15. which I shall give in Mr. Pope's version.

True friendship's laws are by this rule express,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Which he has adopted in his imitation of the 2d satire of the 2d book of Horace.

Ver. 38. The sense of the original is, "Like some ditcher, who by labouring hard with his spade, has rendered his hands callous."

Ver. 40.

Nunc et pauperiem & duos perferre labores.

Æn. B. 6. 636.

Ver. 41. Antiochus was king of Syria: the Alenadæ and Scopadæ reigned in Thessaly and the neighbouring islands.

Ver. 44. Anciently the masters of families used to distribute to their slaves, every month, such a measure of corn as would keep them the month, which they called *Demenium*; thus Terence,

Quod ille unciatim vix de demenso suo,
Suum defraudans genium, comparit miser.

Plor. Act. 1. Sc. 2.

Ver. 48. Cranon was a city of Thessaly.

Ver. 50.

Et ferruginea subvehat corpora cymba.

Æn. 6. 304.

Ver. 52.

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens

Uxor—

Hor. B. 2. Ode 14.

Ver. 53.

—Omnes illachrymabiles Urgentur, &c.

Hor. B. 4. Ode 9.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!

They had no poet, and they dy'd.

In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!

They had no poet, and are dead.

Pope.

Ver. 53. Simonides, a native of Céos, an island in the *Ægæan* Sea. He was a moving and a passionate writer, and succeeded chiefly in elegies: he gained as much honour as he gave by his poems on the four celebrated battles at Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis and Plataea.

Ver. 59. These were Sarpedon and Glaucus: Cycnus, the son of Neptune, was slain by Achilles, and turned into a swan: Hefiod, according to the Scholiast, describes Cycnus with a white head.

Ver. 65. Thus Horace,

—Mukorum providus urbes,

Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor,
Dum sibi, dum focii reditum parat, aspera multa
Pertulit.

B. 1. Ep. 2.

Ver. 69. It is here worth observation, that after the enumeration of these great heroes, Theocritus does not forget his pastoral capacity, or omit to mention the swineherd Eumæus, and the neatherd Philoxenus. See *Homer's Odyssey*.

Ver. 73.

Dignum laude virum musam vetat mori.

Hor. B. 4. Ode 8.

Ver. 74.

—Extructis in altum Divitiis potietur hæres.

Hor. B. 2. Ode 3.

Ver. 75. Virgil seems to have imitated this passage:

Quem qui scire velit, &c.

Geor. B. 2. 105.

Or tell the billows, as they beat the shores,

When all th' Ionian sea with raging Boreas roars.

Warton.

Ver. 88. Thus Virgil:

Alter erit Tiphys, et altera quæ vebat Argo

Delectas heroas: erunt etiam altera bella,

Atque iterum ad Trojan magnus mittetur Achilles.

4.

Another Tiphys shall new seas explore,

Another Argos land the chiefs on shore;

New wars the bleeding nations shall destroy,

And great Achilles find a second Troy.

Dryd. and War.

Ver. 92. Homer has,

—Σὺν πατρὶ ἐσθλῶντι Ἴλῳ.

Iliad, B. II. 415.

From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument.

Pope.

Ver. 96. Thus Virgil,
—FleSuntque Ialignas
Umbonum crates.

Æn. B. 7. 632.

And for the shield the pliant fallow bend. *Pitt.*

Pindar seems to make an allusion to this circumstance, in his first Pythian Ode, which I shall give in the excellent translation of the late Gilbert West, Esq.

And do thou aid Sicilia's hoary lord,
To form and rule his son's obedient mind;
And still in golden days of sweet accord,
And mutual peace the friendly people bind,
Then grant, O son of Saturn, grant my pray'r!
The bold Phœnician on his shore detain, &c.

Ver. 98.
—Cristâ hirsutus equinâ.

Æn. 10. 369.

High on his head the crested helm he wore. *Pitt.*

Ver. 99. *Αἰ γὰρ, Ζεὺ κρυδίῳ πατέρῃ κ. σ. λ.*
This verse is an imitation of that of Homer;

Αἰ γὰρ Ζεὺ σὶ πατέρῃ καὶ Ἀθηναίῃ καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι.

Sic pater ille deum faciat, sic altus Apollo.

Virg. Æn. 10. 375.

So may great Jove, and he, the god of light. *Pitt.*

Ver. 100. These deities were worshipped by the Syracusians.

Ver. 102. A lake not far from Syracuse.

Ver. 104. These were the Carthaginians, who used frequently to invade Sicily.

Ver. 105. The Greek is *αριθμητὸς*, numerabiles, *easy to be told*, which is elegantly used for a few: Horace has the same expression, "Quo
"fane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus."

Art. Poet. 206.

Ver. 110. Thus the Psalmist, "That our flocks
"may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in
"our streets;" that is, in their pastures or walks;
or, may they increase so as not only to fill our
pastures, but the streets of our villages.

Ver. 114.
Sole sub ardenti resonant arbuta cicadis.

Virg. Ecl. 2.

Ver. 115.

In foribus laxos suspendit aranea casset.

Virg. Georg. 4. 247.

Ver. 119. Thus Ovid;

—Ubi dicitur altam

Cocclibus muris cinxisse Semiramis arbem.

Met. 4. 57.

—Where proud Semiramis, for state,
Rais'd walls of brick magnificently great. *Eusden.*

Ver. 125. By the Graces are meant the Muses: Eteocles was the elder son of Oedippus by Jocasta: he is said to have first sacrificed to the Muses at Orchomenos: whence they are called the Eteoclean Deities, or Graces. Homer mentions the river Minyas. *Iliad, B. 11.*

Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main. *Pope.*

Ver. 130. Milton seems to allude to this,

These delights if thou cast give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

There is a beautiful passage in my friend Mr. William Whitehead's excellent poem called, "The
"Danger of Writing Verse," which I shall beg leave
to transcribe, as the subject is the same with this
Idyllium, and the last line refers to our next poem,
"The Encomium of Ptolemy:" complaining that
the great showed no regard to the Muses, he says,

Yet let ev'n these be taught in mystic rhyme,
'Tis verse alone arrests the wings of time.

Fast to the thread of life annex'd by fame,
A sculptur'd medal bears each human name:
O'er Lethe's streams the fatal threads depend,
The glittering medal trembles as they bend;
Close but the shears, when chance or nature calls,
The birds of rumour catch it as it falls;
A while from bill to bill the trifle's tost,
The waves receive it, and 'tis ever lost.

But should the meanest swan that cuts the stream,
Consign'd to Phœbus, catch the favour'd name,
Safe in her mouth she bears the sacred prize,
To where bright Fame's eternal altars rise:
'Tis there the Muse's friends true laurels wear,
There * Egypt's monarch reigns, and great Augustus there.

* Ptolemy Philadelphus.

IDYLLIUM XVII.

P T O L E M Y.

THE ARGUMENT.

TAEOCRITUS rises above his pastoral style when he celebrates the praises of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the son of Ptolemy Lagus and Berenice: he derives his race from Hercules; enumerates his many cities; describes his immense treasures, and though he extols him for his military preparations, he commends his love of peace: but above all he commemorates his royal munificence to the sons of the Muses.

WITH Jove begin, ye nine, and end with Jove,
Whene'er ye praise the greatest god above:

But if of noblest men the song ye cast,
Let Ptolemy be first, and midst, and last.

Heroes of old, from demigods that sprung,
 Chose lofty poets who their actions sung:
 Well skill'd, I tune to Ptolemy my reed;
 Hymns are of gods above the honour'd meed.
 To Ida, when the woodman winds his way,
 Where verdant pines their towering tops display,
 Doubtful he stands, with undetermin'd look, 11
 Where first to deal the meditated stroke:
 And where shall I commence? new themes arise,
 Deeds that exalt his glory to the skies.
 If from his fathers we commence the plan,
 Lagus, how great, how excellent a man!
 Who to no earthly potentate would yield
 For wisdom at the board, or valour in the field:
 Him with the gods Jove equals, and has given
 A golden palace in the realms of heaven; 20
 Near him sits Alexander, wise and great,
 The fell destroyer of the Persian state.
 Against them, thron'd in adamant, in view
 Alcides, who the Cretan monster slew,
 Reclines, and, as with gods the feast he shares,
 Glories to meet his own descendant heirs,
 From age and pain's impediments repriev'd,
 And in the rank of deities receiv'd.
 For in his line are both these heroes clasp'd,
 And both deriv'd from Hercules the last. 30
 Thence, when the nectar'd bowl his love inspires,
 And to the blooming Hebe he retires,
 To this his bow and quiver he allots,
 To that his iron club, distinct with knots;
 Thus Jove's great son is by his offspring led
 To silver-footed Hebe's rosy bed.

How Berenice shone! her parents pride;
 Virtue her aim, and wisdom was her guide:
 Sure Venus with light touch her bosom prest,
 Infusing in her soft ambrosial breast 40
 Pure, constant love: hence faithful records tell,
 No monarch ever lov'd his queen so well;
 No queen with such unceasing passion burn'd,
 For more than equal fondness the return'd.
 Whene'er to love the chief his mind unbends,
 To his son's care the kingdom he commends.
 Unfaithful wives, dissatisfied at home,
 Let their wild thoughts on joys forbidden roam:
 Their births are known, yet of a numerous race,
 None shows the features of the father's face. 50
 Venus, than all the goddesses more fair,
 The lovely Berenice was thy care;
 To thee 'twas owing, gentle, kind and good,
 She past not Acheron's woe-working flood.
 Thou caught'st her e'er she went where spectres
 dwell,

Or Oharon, the grim ferryman of hell;
 And in thy temple plac'd the royal fair,
 Thine own high honour's privilege to share.
 Thence gentle love in mortals he inspires,
 And soft solicitudes, and sweet desires. 60
 The fair Despyle to Tydeus bare
 Stern Diomed, the thunderbolt of war:
 And Thetis, goddess of the azure wave,
 To Peleus brought Achilles, bold and brave:
 But Berenice nobler praise hath won,
 Who bore great Ptolemy as great a son:
 And sea-girt Cos receiv'd thee soon as born,
 When first thine eyes beheld the radiant morn.

For there thy mother to Læcinia pray'd,
 Who sends, to those that suffer child-bed, aid. 70
 She came, and friendly to the genial bed,
 A placid, sweet tranquillity she shed
 O'er all her limbs: and thus serene and mild,
 Like his lov'd sire, was born the lovely child.
 Cos saw, and fondling in her arms the boy,
 Thus spoke transported, with the voice of joy:
 "Quick rise to light, auspicious babe be born!
 "And me with equal dignity adorn
 "As Phœbus Delos;—on fam'd Triop's brow,
 "And on the neighbouring Dorian race bestow 80
 "Just honours, and as favourably smile, [ille."
 "As the god views with joy Rhenæa's fertile
 The island spoke; and thrice the bird of Jove
 His pinions clang'd, refunding from above;
 Jove's omen thunder'd from his eagle's wings;
 Jove loves and honours venerable kings,
 But whom in infancy his care befriends,
 Him power, and wealth, and happiness attends:
 He rules below'd unbounded tracts of land,
 And various oceans roll at his command. 90
 Unnumber'd nations view their happy plains,
 Fresh fertiliz'd by Jove's prolific rains:
 But none, like Egypt, can such plenty boast,
 When genial Nile o'erflows the humid coast:
 No realm for numerous cities thus renown'd,
 Where arts and fam'd artificers abound:
 Three times ten thousand towery towns obey
 Illustrious Ptolemy's pacific sway.
 He o'er Phenicia, Syria, Libya reigns,
 Arabian deserts, Ethiopian plains, 100
 Pamphylians, and Cilicians bold in war,
 And Carians brave, and Lycians fam'd afar:
 The distant Cyclades confess his reign,
 Whose fleets assert the empire of the main;
 So far his ships their conquering flags display,
 Him seas, and lands, and sounding floods obey.
 Horsemen and spearmen guard the monarch round,
 Their arms resplendent send a brazen sound;
 Such tributes daily aggrandize his store,
 No king e'er own'd such boundless wealth be-
 fore. 110

His peaceful subjects ply at ease their toil,
 No foes invade the fertile banks of Nile,
 Nor pitch their camps along the peaceful plains
 With war to terrify the village swains:
 No pirates haunt the shore in quest of prey,
 Nor bear by stealth the lowing herds away;
 For graceful Ptolemy renown'd in arms,
 Guards his extended plains from hostile harms,
 Like a wise king, the conquests of his sire
 He knows to keep, and new ones to acquire. 120
 And yet he hoards not up his useless store,
 Like ants still labouring, still amassing more;
 The holy shrines and temples are his care,
 For they the first fruits of his favour share:
 To mighty kings his bounties he extends,
 To states confederate, and illustrious friends.
 No bard at Bacchus' festival appears,
 Whose lyre has power to charm the ravish'd ears,
 But he bright honours and rewards imparts,
 Due to his merits, equal to his arts: 130
 And poets hence, for deathless song renown'd,
 The generous fame of Ptolemy refund.

At what more glorious can the wealthy aim,
Than thus to purchase fair and lasting fame?
The great Atreidæ this alone enjoy,
While all the wealth and spoil of plunder'd

Troy,

That scap'd the raging flame, or whelming
wave,

Lies buried in oblivion's greedy grave.

Cloſe trode great Ptolemy, at virtue's call,

His father's footsteps, but surpass them all. 140

He rear'd the fragrant temple, and the shrine,

And to his parents offer'd rites divine :

Whose forms in gold and ivory are design'd,

And worshipp'd as the guardians of mankind.

There oft as circling moons divide the year,

On the red altar bleeds the fatten'd steer ;

His hands the thighs for holy flames divide,
Fair blooms the lov'd Arfinoë at his side ;
Than whom no nobler queen of mortal race,
A greater prince detains in fond embrace; 150

And, as kind nature the soft tie approves,

Dearly the brother and the husband loves.

Such are the nuptials in the blest abodes,

And such the union of immortal gods :

Iris, who still retains her virgin bloom,

Whose radiant fingers breathe divine perfume,

For Jove prepares the bed, where at his side

Fair Juno sleeps, his sister and his bride.

Hail, noble Ptolemy ! illustrious king !

Thee peer to mighty demigods I'll sing ; 160

And future ages shall the verse approve :

Hail ! and fair virtue only ask of Jove.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XVII.

The common title of this Idyllium is "The Encomium of Ptolemy." Heinſius makes no doubt but that the inscription should be simply "Ptolemy:" for Theocritus had written two poems, one was called "Ptolemy," the other "Berenice;" the first celebrated the virtues of that illustrious monarch, the second those of his royal mother, who at that time was enrolled among the gods. For Ptolemy's character, see Idyllium XIV. and the note on verse 82.

Ver. 1. The Greek is, *Ex Διὸς ἀρχαῖς μουσῶν*, which are the very words with which Aratus begins his poem called *Phænomena*: as Theocritus and Aratus were intimate friends, and flourished nearly at the same time, though the Sicilian bard was older, it is hard to say which borrowed from the other: Virgil has,

A Jove principium, Musæ. *Ecl.* 3.

A te principium, tibi desinet. *Ecl.* 8.

With thee began my songs, with thee shall end.

Wart.

Ver. 4. Milton has,

On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Milton has greatly improved this by adding, "and without end;" as he is celebrating God, and Theocritus only a man,

Ver. 8.

Carminè Disuperi placanter, carmine manes.

Hor. B. 2. Ep. 1.

Verse can the gods of heaven and hell appease.

Ver. 16. Ptolemy Lagus was one of Alexander's captains, who upon that monarch's death, and the division of his empire, had Egypt, Libya, and that part of Arabia which borders upon Egypt, allotted to his share: but at the time of his death, he held several other countries, which are enumerated below. See ver. 97, &c.

Ver. 21.

Quos inter Augustus recumbens. *Hor. B. 3. O. 3.*

TRANS. II.

—*wise*, &c.] I would choose to read, *πολιμετρίαι*, varium consilium habens, and not *πολιμετρίαις* with Casaubon.

Ver. 24.

Tu Cressia mactas Prodigia. *Æn.* 8. 294.

You slew the bull whose rage dispeopled Crete.

Pitt.

Ver. 25.

—Sic Jovis interest

Optatis epulis impiger Hercules. *Hor. B. 4. Ode 8.*

Ver. 26. The Greek is, *Ἀθανάτοι δὲ καλῶνται θεοὶ νεποδὲς γυναικῶν*, which is rendered, "immortal tales vero vocantur Dii, sine pedum usu facti;" and being formed without feet they are called immortal gods. It is amazing how a clear and elegant passage should be corrupted into such nonsense: Heinſius undoubtedly reads right; *θεοὶ νεποδὲς γυναικῶν*, that is, *αὐτῶν υἱοὶ νεποδῶν*, "those that were his nephews;" he rejoices that his nephews are called (or are become) immortal.

Ver. 30.

Julius, a magno demissum nomen Jūlo. *Æn.* 1. 288.

Ver. 31.

Purpureo bibit ore nectar. *Hor. B. 3. O. 3.*

Ver. 33. Thus Ovid. *Met. B. 3. 165.*

—Nympharum tradidit uni

Armigeræ jaculum, pharetramque arcusque retentos.

Ver. 45. Ptolemy made his son Philadelphus partner with him in the empire.

Ver. 49. The Greek is, *Ῥηΐδιαι δὲ γοναί*, which is wrong translated, "faciles quidem partus sunt," their births are easy; whereas it should be rendered, as Casaubon rightly observes, "their births are easily to be judged of," viz. that they are adulterous; the latter part of the verse explains the *Ῥηΐδιαι*, *Ῥηΐδιαι δὲ γοναί*, *τινα δ' ὅτι πατρὶς οἰκιστὰ πατρὶς*, "their births are easy to be judged, for the children do not resemble their father." The ancients imagined those children not to be legitimate who

were unlike their parents; and therefore Hesiod reckons it among the felicities which attend good men, that

The wives bear sons resembling their own fires.

ΤΙΝΤΥΣΙΝ ΔΕ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΕΣ ΕΙΚΟΝΤΑ ΤΙΝΑ ΓΟΝΙΟΙ.

Ver. 233.

Ver. 56.

Portitor has horrendus aquas ad flumina servat

Terribili squalore Charon. *Æu. B. 6. 298*

Ver. 73. Virgil has something similar.

At Venus Alcanio placidam per membra quietem Irrigat, &c. *Æn. B. 1. 695.*

Mean time the goddess on Alcanius throws

A balmy slumber, and a sweet repose;

Lull'd in her lap to rest, &c.

Pitt.

Ver. 75. The personifying of this island is sublime and noble, and bear a great resemblance to that passage in Isaiah; "Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein!" Virgil has,

Ipſi lætitiæ coeſes ad ſidera jactant

Intonſi montes.

Ecl. 5. 62.

Ver. 79. An island in the Ægean sea, where Latona was delivered of Apollo and Diana, it was once a floating island, but fixed by Apollo.

Quam pius Arcitenens, &c. *Virg. Æn. 3. 75.*

Which Phœbus fix'd; for once she wander'd round

The shores, and floated on the vast profound;

But now, unmov'd the peopled region braves

The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.

Pitt.

Ver. 79. The Scholiast says Triops was a king of Cos, from whom the promontory near Cnidus took its denomination.

Ver. 82. An island separated from Delos by a narrow strait about three times as big as Delos.

Ver. 86. Thus Callimachus, *Ex de Διοσ βασιλῆς* "kings are from Jupiter;" which Virgil has translated, "Ab Jove sunt reges;" but they all seem to have copied after Hesiod. Theog. ver. 96.

Ex de Διοσ βασιλῆς. Ο δ' ὀβλίος οὐτινα Μῦσαι Φιμνύνται.

—Kings are deriv'd from Jove;

And blest the mortal whom the muses love.

Ver. 94. The Nile is the greatest wonder of Egypt: as it seldom rains there, this river, which waters the whole country by its regular inundations, supplies that defect, by bringing, as a yearly tribute, the rains of the other countries. To multiply so beneficent a river, Egypt was cut into numberless canals, of a length and breadth proportioned to the different situation and wants of the lands; the Nile brought fertility every where with its salutary streams; it united cities one with another, and the Mediterranean with the Red sea; maintained trade at home and abroad, and fortified the kingdom against the enemy; so that it was at once the nourisher and pro-

tect of Egypt. There cannot be a more delightful prospect than the Nile affords at two seasons of the year; for if you ascend some mountain, or one of the great pyramids of Grand Cairo, about the month, of July and August, you behold a vast sea, in which a prodigious number of towns, villages, turrets, and spires appear, like the isles in the Ægean sea, with causeways leading from place to place, intermixed with groves and fruit-trees, whose tops only are visible; this view is terminated by mountains and woods, which, at a distance, form the most agreeable perspective that can be imagined. But in the winter, that is, in the months of January and February, the whole country is like one continued scene of beautiful meadows, enamelled with all kinds of flowers: you see on every side herds and flocks scattered over the plain, with infinite numbers of husbandmen and gardeners: the air is then embalmed by the great quantity of blossoms on the orange, lemon, and other trees; and is so pure, that a wholesomer and more agreeable is not to be found in the world: so that nature, which is then as it were dead in so many other climates, seems to revive only for the sake of so delightful an abode.

Kollin's Ant. Hist.

Ver. 97. The original is extremely perplexing; literally translated it would run thus,

He has three hundred cities,	-	-	-	300
Add three thousand	-	-	-	3000
To thirty thousand,	-	-	-	30000
Twice three	-	-	-	6
And three times eleven,	-	-	-	33

33339

I have made it the round number of thirty thousand. We meet with an embarrassed method of numeration in the 14th Idyl. ver. 55.

Ver. 104. Waller has a passage resembling this,

Where'er thy navy spreads her canvass wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings.

Which Creech stuck in his translation. Ptolemy intended to engross the whole trade of the east and west to himself; and therefore fitted out two great fleets to protect his trading subjects: one of these he kept in the Red sea, the other in the Mediterranean: the latter was very numerous, and had several ships of an extraordinary size; two of them in particular had thirty oars on a side, one of twenty, four of fourteen, two of twelve, fourteen of eleven, thirty of nine, thirty-seven of seven, five of six, seventeen of five, and besides these, an incredible number of vessels with four and three oars on a side. By this means, the whole trade being fixed at Alexandria, that place became the chief mart of all the traffic that was carried on between the east and the west, and continued to be the greatest emporium in the world above seventeen hundred years, till another passage was found out by the Cape of Good Hope: but as the road to the Red sea lay cross the deserts, where no water could be had, nor any convenience of towns or houses for lodging

passengers, Ptolemy, to remedy both these evils, opened a canal along the great road, into which he conveyed the water of the Nile, and built on it houses at proper distances; so that passengers found every night convenient lodgings, and necessary refreshments for themselves, and their beasts of burden.

Univ. Hist. vol. ix. 8vo p. 383.

Ver. 111. The amiable picture Theocritus here gives us of the happiness the Egyptians enjoyed under the mild administration of Ptolemy, very much resembles that which Paternulus gives of the happiness of the Romans, in the reign of Augustus, B. 2. ch. 89. "Finita vicissimo anno bella civilia, sepulta externa, revocata pax, fopitus ubique armorum furor; restituta vis legis, judiciis auctoritas, senatui majestas, &c. prisca illa et antiqua reipublice forma revocata; rediit cultus agris, sacris honos, securitas hominibus, certa cuique rerum suarum possessio; leges emendatæ utiliter, lætæ salubriter." In his twentieth year, all wars, both civil and foreign, were happily extinguished; peace returned; the rage of arms ceased; vigour was restored to the laws; authority to the tribunals; majesty to the senate, &c. the ancient and venerable form of the republic revived; the fields were again cultivated; religion honoured, and every one enjoyed his own possessions with the utmost security; the old laws were revised and improved, and excellent new ones added.

Ver. 112. Thus Horace;

Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis exiget otium. *B. 4. Ode 15.*

While Cæsar reigns, nor civil jars
Shall break our peace, nor foreign wars.

Duncombe.

Ver. 122.
Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo.

Hor. B. 1. Sat. 1.

Ver. 123.
— Iua largâ
Sæpe manu multique oneravit limina donis.

Virg. Æn. B. 10. 619.

To thy great name due honours has he paid,
And rich oblations on thy altars laid. *Pitt.*

Ver. 131. The same of Ptolemy's munificence

drew several celebrated poets to his court. See Note on verse 82. Idyl. XIV.

Ver. 139. The original is a little perplexed, but I follow Heinsius, and take the sense to be this: "Ptolemy alone treading close in the footsteps of his forefathers, yet warm in the dust, defaced and rose over them." Theocritus alludes to a contest usual among the ancients, wherein the antagonist used to place his right foot in the left footstep of his competitor, who went before him, and his left foot in the right footstep, which if he could exceed, he would cry aloud, *Εἰσιβίβηκα σοὶ Τριγώνω ἑμῷ*, "I have stepped over you, I am beyond you." Homer, speaking of Ulysses contending with Ajax in the race, has something very similar. *Iliad. B. 23. 763.*

Αὐτὰς ἐπισθεῖ

Ἰχθυα τυττε ποδίσσας, παρὸς κοινὸν ἀμφιχύβηται.

Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep e'er the duet can rise.

Pope.

Ver. 150. Virgil thus speaks of Venus embracing Vulcan,

— Niveis hinc atque hinc, &c.

Æn. B. 8. 387.

— Her arms, that match the winter snows,
Around her unresolving lord she throws. *Pitt.*

Ver. 158. Juno, speaking of herself, says,

Alt ego, quæ divum incedo regina, Jovisque
Et soror et conjux. *Æn. 1. 47.*

But I, who move supreme in heav'n's abodes,
Jove's sister-wife, and empress of the gods.

Pitt.

Ver. 162. Theocritus having already celebrated Ptolemy's riches and power, which were so great, that he could not even with an increase of them, nobly concludes his poem with this fine precept, *Ἀρετὰν γὰρ μὲν ἐν Ἀνδρα ἀρετὴν*, "Ask virtue of Jupiter:" as if he could not have too large a share of virtue, though eminently renowned for it: by this the poet proves himself an excellent moralist, and plainly hints at that maxim of the Stoics, who maintained that virtue was entirely sufficient for a happy life.

IDYLLIUM XVIII.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN.

ARGUMENT.

TWELVE Spartan virgins of the first rank are here introduced singing this song at the nuptials of Helen, before the bride-chamber: first they are jocular; then they congratulate Menelaus on his being preferred to so many rival princes, and made the son-in-law of Jupiter: they celebrate the beauty of Helen, and conclude with wishing the married couple prosperity.

WHEN Sparta's monarch, Menelaus, led
The beauteous Helen to his bridal bed,

Twelve noble virgins, blooming, young, and fair,
With hyacinthine wreaths adorn'd their hair,

And pleas'd the vocal benison to shower,
 To the soft cithern danc'd before the bower;
 As bounding light in circling steps they move,
 Their feet beat time, and every heart beat love:
 This was the nuptial song—' Why, happy groom,
 Steal you thus early to the genial room? 10
 Has sleep or wine your manly limbs oppress'd,
 That thus, thus soon you seek the bed of rest?
 If drowsy slumbers lull you to a drone,
 Go take refreshing sleep, but sleep alone;
 Leave Helen with her maiden mates, to play
 At harmless pastimes till the dawn of day:
 This night we claim, then yield her yours for life,
 From morn to night, from year to year your wife.
 Hail happy prince! whom Venus wasteful o'er,
 With prosperous omens to the Spartan shore; 20
 To bless her bed, from all the princely crowd,
 Fair Helen chose you—Cupid sneez'd aloud.
 Of all our demigods 'tis you aspire,
 Alone, to call Saturnian Jove your sire:
 Jove's daughter now your warm embraces meets,
 The pride of Greece between two lily sheets.
 Sure will the offspring from that soft carefs,
 The mother's charms in miniature express.
 Thrice eighty virgins of the Spartan race,
 Her equals we in years, but not in face, 30
 Our limbs diffusing with ambrosial oil,
 Were wont on smooth Eurota's banks to toil
 In manly sports; and though each nymph was fair,
 None could with her in beauty's charms compare:
 When winter thus in night no longer lours,
 And spring is usher'd by the blooming hours,
 The rising morning with her radiant eyes,
 Salutes the world, and brightens all the skies.
 So shines fair Helen, by the Graces dress'd,
 In face, shape, size, superior to the rest: 40
 As corn the fields, as pines the garden grace,
 As steeds of Theffaly the chariot race;
 So Helen's beauties bright encomiums claim,
 And beam forth honour on the Spartan name.

What nymph can rival Helen at the loom;
 And make fair art like living nature bloom?
 The blended tints in sweet proportion join'd,
 Express the soft ideas of her mind.
 What nymph like her of all the tuneful quire,
 Can raise the voice, or animate the lyre? 50
 Whether of Pallas great in arms she sings,
 Or Dian bathing in the silver springs.
 A thousand little Loves in ambush lie,
 And shoot their arrows from her beaming eye.
 O lovely Helen, whom all hearts adore,
 A matron now you rise, a maid no more:
 Yet ere another sun shall gild the morn,
 We'll gather flowers your temples to adorn,
 Ambrosial flowers, as o'er the meads we stray,
 And frequent sigh that Helen is away: 60
 Mindful of Helen still, as unwean'd lambs
 Rove round the pastures bleating for their dams;
 Fair flowers of love we'll cull, that sweetly breathe,
 And on yon spreading plane suspend the wreath.
 But first from silver shells shall unguents flow,
 Bedew the spreading plane and all the flowers
 below:
 And on the rind we'll write, that all may see,
 " Here pay your honours, I am Helen's tree."
 Joy to the bride, and to the bridegroom joy,
 And may Latona bless you with a boy! 70
 May Venus furnish both with equal love!
 And lasting riches be the gift of Jove!
 May these descend and by possession grow,
 From fire to son, augmenting as they flow!
 Now sweetly slumber, mutual love inspire,
 And gratify the fulness of desire:
 Rise with the blushing morning, nor forget
 The due of Venus, and discharge the debt:
 And, ere the day's loud herald has begun
 To speak his early prologue to the sun, 80
 Again we'll greet your joys with cheerful voice,
 O Hymen, Hymen, at this match rejoice!

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XVIIH.

There are two sorts of Epithalamiums, or Nuptial Songs among the ancients; the first was sung in the evening, after the bride was introduced into the bride-chamber, it was named *Κοιμητικόν*, and intended to dispose the married couple to sleep; the second was sung in the morning, termed *Εγχετικόν*, and designed to awaken them. See the conclusion of this Idyllium. As Theocritus lived at the polite court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, during the time that the seventy interpreters resided there, he would probably, by reading their translation of the Old Testament, borrow some beautiful images from the Scriptures, conceived in oriental magnificence; a few specimens of these will be found in the notes on this Idyllium.

Ver. 6 Thus Horace,

*Iunctæque Nymphis Gratæ decentes
 Alternò terram quatiunt pede.*

E. I. Ode 4.

Ver. 22 Sneezing was sometimes reckoned a lucky omen. See Potter's *Archæologia*, ch. 17. and Catullus de *Acme & Septimio*;

*Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistram, ut ante
 Dextram, sternuit approbationem.*

See also the note on Idyllium 7. ver. 115.

That new-married persons were attended by singers and dancers, Homer acquaints us in his description of the shield of Achilles, *Iliad*, B. 18.

Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
 And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite;
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound
 To the soft flute and cithern's silver sound:
 Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row,
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show. *Pope.*

Ver. 31. Thus the handmaids of Nausicaa in Homer anoint themselves with oil. *Odyf. B. 6.* Then with a short repast relieve their toil, And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil. *Pope.*

Ver. 35. Thus Solomon's Song, ch. ii. ver. 11. "Lo the winter is past, the rain is overland gone."

Ver. 37. "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning," ch. vi. ver. 10. and in the book of Job, ch. xli. ver. 18. speaking of the Leviathan, we read "His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning."

Here the marks of imitation appear very strong.

Ver. 41. Virgil has,
Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis.
Ecl. 7. 65.

Ver. 42. Theocritus still seems to borrow from the royal author; "I have compared thee, O my love to a company of horses in Pharoah's chariots," Solomon's Song, ch. i. ver. 9.—The original literally signifies, "I have compared thee to my mare, &c." Nor ought we to think the comparison coarse or vulgar, if we consider what beautiful and delicate creatures the eastern horses are, and how highly they are valued.

See Percy on Solomon's Song.

Ver. 53. Thus Hero is described in Musæus,

Εἰς δὲ τις ἦρως ὀφθαλμοῖς γέλοιον. *α. τ. λ.*
Ver. 64.

When Hero smiles, a thousand Graces rise,
Sport on her cheek, and rival in her eyes. *F. F.*

Ver. 63. Millar says the leaves of the lote-tree, or nettle tree, are like those of the nettle; the flower consists of five leaves, expanded in form of a rose, containing many short stamina, in the bosom; the fruit, which is a roundish berry, grows single in the bosom of its leaves. *Dr. Martyn* says,

it is more probable, that the lotus of the Loto-phagi is what we call zizyphus or the jujube-tree; The leaves of this are about an inch and a half in length, an inch in breadth, of a shining green colour and serrated, about the edges; the fruit is of the shape and size of olives, and the pulp of it has a sweet taste like honey; and therefore cannot be the nettle-tree, the fruit of which is far from that delicacy which is ascribed to the lotus of the ancients. See Martyn on the *Geor. B. 2. 84.* But the lotus here spoken of is most probably an herb the same which Homer describes in the *Odyssæy*, *B. 9.* and which Eustathius takes to be an herb; he says, there is an Egyptian lotus which grows in great abundance along the Nile, in the time of its inundations. *Prosper Alpinus*, an author of good credit, who travelled into Egypt, assures us, that the Egyptian lotus does not at all differ from our great white water-lily.

Ver. 67. The custom of writing on the bark of trees was very common among the ancients, thus Virgil;

*Centum est in sylvis, inter spelæa ferarum
Malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores
Arboribus: crescent illæ, crescetis amores.* *Ecl. 10.*

See Ovid in *Oenone*, *Propertius, B. 1. Eleg. 18. &c.*

Nothing can be more beautifully pastoral than this inscription on the bark of the plane-tree, as also the simile at the 61st and 62d verses.

Ver. 73.
Quæ sepirabat amores. *Hor. B. 4. Ode 13.*

Ver. 81. The chorus of virgins here promise to return early in the morning, and sing the carmen *Εγερτικον.*

Ver. 82. Thus Catullus, *Carm. Nup.*
Hymen, O Hymenæe, Hymen ades, O Hymenæe,

IDYLLIUM XIX.

THE HONEY-STEALER.

THE ARGUMENT.

As Cupid is stealing honey from a bee-hive, he is stung by a bee; on which he runs and complains to his mother, that so small an animal should inflict so great a wound; she immediately answers, that he himself is but little like a bee, yet the wounds he gives are grievous.

As Cupid, the sliest young wanton alive,
Of its hoard of sweet honey was robbing a hive,
The centinel bee buzz'd with anger and grief,
And darted his sting in the hand of the thief.
He sobb'd, blew his fingers, stamp'd hard on the ground,
And leaping in anguish show'd Venus the wound;

Then began in a sorrowful tone to complain,
That an insect so little should cause so great pain,
Venus smiling, her son in such taking to see,
Said, "Cupid, you put me in mind of a bee; so
"You're just such a busy, diminutive thing,
"Yet you make woful wounds with a desperate
"sting."

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XIX.

In this small poem Theocritus has copied the 40th Ode of Anacreon, in every thing but the measure of his verse: the original of this is in Hexameter, and therefore I thought it improper to give it Anacreontic numbers. I shall take the liberty to insert a translation of the Teian bard's little poem, that the English reader may have the pleasure to see the manner in which the ancient poets copied their predecessors.

Once, as Cupid, tir'd with play,
On a bed of roses lay,
A rude bee that slept unseen,
The sweet breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With its little pointed lance.

Straight he fills the air with cries,
Weeps and sobs, and runs and flies;
Till the god to Venus came,
Lovely, laughter-loving dame:
Then he thus began to plain;
"Oh! undone—I die with pain—
"Dear mamma, a serpent smail,
"Which a bee the ploughmen call,
"Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,
"Oh!—has stung me to the heart."
Venus thus replied, and smil'd;
"Dry those tears, for shame! my child;
"If a bee can wound so deep,
"Causing Cupid thus to weep,
"Think, O think, what cruel pains
"He that's stung by thee sustains."

F. F.

IDYLLIUM XX.

EUNICA, OR THE NEATHERD.

THE ARGUMENT.

A ROUGH neatherd complains of the pride and insolence of a city girl, who refused to let him kiss her, and rallied his awkward figure: he appeals to the neighbouring shepherds, and asks them if he is not handsome; if his voice is not sweet, and his songs enchanting: and relates examples of goddesses that have been enamoured of herdsmen. In this Idyllium the poet is thought to be severe on those who with arrogance despise the sweetness and simplicity of bucolic numbers. It is strange that the commentators will not allow this piece to be styled a pastoral: surely it is bucolical enough.

WHEN lately I offer'd Eunica to kiss,
She fier'd, and she flouted, and took it amiss;
"Begone, you great buoby, she cry'd with a
"frown, [clown?
"Do you think that I long to be kiss'd by a
"The sparks of the city my kisses esteem;
"You never shall kiss me, no, not in a dream.
"How pleasing you look, and how gently you
"play!
"How soft is your voice! and what fine things
"you say!
"So neat is your beard, and so comely your hair!
"Your hands are so white, and your lips, a sweet
"pair!
"But on your dear person, I never shall doat:
"So pray keep your distance—you smell like a
"goat."
Thus spoke the pert hussy, and view'd me all round
With an eye of disdain, and thrice spit on the
ground,
Look'd proud, of her charms, with an insolent sneer,
And sent me away with a flea in my ear.
My blood quickly boil'd in a violent pique,
And red as a rose, passion glow'd on my cheek;

For it vex'd me, that thus in derision she jeer'd
My looks, and my voice, and my hair and my
beard. 20
But, am I not handsome, ye shepherds, say true?
Or has any god alter'd my person anew?
For lately on oaks, like the ivy, with grace
My hair and my beard added charms to my face:
My eyebrows were sable, my forehead milkwhite,
And my eyes, like Minerva's, were azure and
bright;
My lips, sweet as cream, were with music replete,
For from them flow'd sounds as the honey-comb
sweet;
My songs are enchanting; nor ought can exceed
The tunes of my pipe, or the notes of my reed. 30
The girls of the country, if they had their wills,
Would kiss me, and press me to stay on the hills;
For they say that I'm fair; but this flirt of the
town
Refus'd my sweet kisses, and call'd me a clown.
Alas! she forgot, or perhaps did not know,
That Bacchus fed herds in the valley below;
That Venus a swain lov'd with hearty goodwill,
And help'd him his cattle to tend on the hill;

Adonis, while living, in groves she ador'd,
And dead in the groves and on mountains de-
plor'd.

If right my conjecture, Endymion, I ween,
Like me too once tended his steers on the green;
Yet the Moon in this neatherd took such a delight,
That she met him at Latmos, and kiss'd him all
night.

Ev'n Cybele mourn'd for a herdsman; and Jove
Snatch'd a boy from his herd to be waiter above.

But Eunice disdains me, nor lifts to my vow;
Is she better than Cynthia, or Cybele, trow?
Does she think that in bloom, and the beauty of
face
She is equal to Venus? if that be the case, 50
May she never behold sweet Adonis again
On the hill, in the vale, in the city or plain;
And may the proud minx, for her crime 20
atone,
If she can, sleep contented—but always alone!

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XX.

This Idyllium has by Daniel Heinsius, and other learned critics, been ascribed to Moschus, and for that reason I published a translation of it some time ago, along with a version of the other beautiful pieces of that, and of four other Greek poets, viz. Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, and Musæus; but as in all probability Theocritus is the real author, I here insert it with several alterations and corrections, as I shall entirely omit it in the second edition of my work abovementioned, which will shortly be published; the first having been very favourably received by the public.

Ver. 5. The Greek is *μυπαθήκη ασηκα χείλη* *θλίβω*. "Didici urbana labra terere," which Virgil seems to have had an eye to, when he says, "Calamo trivisse labellum:" on which Mr. War- ton observes, there is a fondness in mentioning this circumstance of "wearing his lip." The constant effect of playing on the "fistula," which is used to this day in the Grecian islands, is making the lips thick and callous. Mr. Dawkins assured me he saw several shepherds with such lips.

Ver. 13. Virgil has something similar.

Talia dicentem jamdudum averfa tuetor,
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis. *Æn. B. 4. 362.*

Ver. 14. The Greek is, *τρεῖς ἅς τὸν ἐσπύρει κόλ- πον*, and should be rendered, "She thrice spit into her bosom." Archbishop Potter observes, see Archæol. ch. xvii. it was customary for the ancient Grecians to spit three times into their bosoms at the sight of a madman, or one troubled with an epilepsy; this they did in defiance, as it were, of the omen: for spitting was a sign of the greatest contempt and detestation, whence *πτύειν*, "to spit," is put for "to contemn."

Ver. 22. The poet here seems to allude to a passage in Homer's *Odys. B. 13.* where Minerva changes Ulysses into the figure of an old beggar,

She spake, and touch'd him with her powerful
wand;
The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A swift old age o'er all his members spread;
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
No longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.

Pope.

Ver. 26. Theocritus seems to have Anacreon in view, Ode 28.

All thy art her eyes require,
Make her eyes of living fire,
Glowing with celestial sheen,
Like Minerva's, bright and keen;
On her lips, that sweetly swell,
Let divine persuasion dwell.

F. F.

Ver. 27. This is entirely taken from Solomon's Song, ch. iv. 11. "Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue."

Ver. 40. See Bion's beautiful Idyllium on the death of Adonis.

Ver. 41.
Latmius Endymion non est tibi, Luna, rubori.
Ovid. Art. Aman. 3. 85.

Ver. 54. Sappho, with the most elegant simplicity complains, that she is deserted and left alone

Ἀνδρὺς μὲν ἀσιτάνα, κ. τ. λ. See her Frag.

The Pleiads now no more are seen,
Nor shines the silver moon serene,
In dark and dismal clouds o'er-cast;
The love appointed hour is past;
Midnight usurps her fable throne,
And yet, alas! I lie alone.

F. F.

IDYLLIUM XXI.

THE FISHERMEN.

ARGUMENT.

This piece is a dialogue between two fishermen; which for its singular simplicity of sentiment, as well as character, is peculiarly beautiful and regular: one of them relates his dream; which was

that he had caught a large fish of solid gold, on which he resolves to follow his laborious occupation no longer, but live luxuriously : in the morning his fish and his hopes vanish, and necessity compels him to return to his accustomed labours. This Idyllium admonishes every one to rest content with his lot ; and, under the shadow of a golden dream, beautifully displays the vanity of all human hopes and desires.

Need, Diophantus, ready wit imparts,
Is labour's mistress, and the nurse of arts :
Corroding cares the toiling wretch infest,
And spoil the peaceful tenor of his breast ;
And if soft slumbers on his eye-lids creep,
Some cursed care steals in, and murders sleep.

Two ancient fishers in a straw-thatch'd shed,
Leaves were their walls, and sea-weed was their bed,

Reclin'd their weary limbs : hard by were laid
Baskets, and all their implements of trade, [bairns,
Rods, hooks, and lines, compos'd of stout horse-
And nets of various sorts, and various snares,
The seine, the cast-net, and the wicker maze,
To waste the watery tribes a thousand ways :

A crazy boat was drawn upon a plank ;
Mats were their pillow, wove of osier dank ;
Skins, caps, and rugged coats, a covering made :
This was their wealth, their labour, and their trade,

No pot to boil, no watch-dog to defend ;
Yet blest they liv'd with penury their friend. 20
None visited their shed, save every tide
The wanton waves that wash'd its tottering side.
When half her course the moon's bright car had sped,

Joint labour rous'd the tenants of the shed.
The dews of slumber from their eyes they clear'd,
And thus their minds with pleasing parley cheer'd :

Asphalion.

I held, my friend, that trite opinion wrong,
That summer-nights are short when days are long.
Yes—I have seen a thousand dreams to-night,
And yet no morn appears, nor morning-light : 30
Sure on my mind some strange illusions play,
And make short nights wear heavily away.

Friend.

Fair summer seasons you unjustly blame,
Their bounds are equal, and their pace the same ;
But cares, Asphalion, in a busy throng,
Break on your rest, and make the night seem long.

Asphalion.

Say, hast thou genius to interpret right
My dream ? I've had a jolly one to-night. [wist,
Thou shalt go halves, and more thou can't not
We'll share the vision as we share our fish. 40
I know thee shrewd, expert of dreams to spell ;
He's the best judge who can conjecture well.

We've leisure time, which can't be better spent
By wretched carles in wave-wash'd cabin pent,
And lodg'd on leaves : yet why should we repine,
While living lights in Prytaneum shine ?

Friend.

To thy fast friend each circumstance recite,
And let me hear this vision of the night.

Asphalion.

Last evening, weary with the toils of day,
Lull'd in the lap of rest secure I lay ;
Full late we sup'd, and sparingly we eat ;
No danger of a surfeit from our meat.
Methought I sat upon a shelly sleep,
And watch'd the fish that gambol'd in the deep :
Suspended by my rod, I gently shook
The bait fallacious, which a huge one took ;
(Sleeping, we image what awake we wish ;
Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish.)
Bent was my rod, and from his gills the blood
With crimson stream disdain'd the silver flood. 60
I stretch'd my arm out, lest the line should break ;
The fish so vigorous, and my hook so weak !
Anxious I gaz'd : he struggled to be gone :

' You're wounded—I'll be with you, friend, anon—'
Still do you tease me ?' for he plagu'd me fore ;

At last, quite spent, I drew him safe on shore,
Then grasp'd him with my hand, for surer hold,
A noble prize, a fish of solid gold !

But fears suspicious in my bosom throng'd,
Left to the god of ocean he belong'd ; 70

Or, haply wandering in the azure main,
Some favourite fish of Amphitrite's train.
My prize I loos'd, and strictest caution took,
For fear some gold might stick about the hook ;
Then safe secur'd him, and devoutly swore
Never to venture on the ocean more ;
But live on land as happy as a king :
At this I wak'd : what think you of the thing ?
Speak free, for know I am extremely loth,
And greatly fear to violate my oath. 80

Friend.

Fear not, old friend ; you took no oath, for why ?
You took no fish—your vision's all a lie.
Go search the shoals, not sleeping, but awake,
Hunger will soon discover your mistake ;
Catch real fish ; you need not sure be told
Those fools must starve who only dream of gold,

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXI.

Ver. 1. Thus Virgil,
Tum varix vendere artes : labor omnia vincit
Improbis, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.

Geor. I. 145.

Then all those arts that polish life succeed ;
What cannot ceaseless toil, and pressing need !

Warton,

And Persius, Prol.

Quis expedit pſittaco ſuum *χαιρς*,
Picaſque docuit verba noſtra conari?
Magiſter artiſ, ingeniſque largitor Venter.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endued the chattering pyc?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their maſters, and their maſters theſe.

Dryd.

Ver. 3.
Nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. *Virg.*

Ver. 5 Juvenal haſ,
Nocte brevem ſi forte induliſt cura ſoporem.
Sat. 13. 217.

Ver. 6.
— Sub noctem cura recurſat. *Virg. Æn. B. 1.*

Ver. 19. The Greek iſ *νύκτα*, and iſ an emendation of the learned Johannes Auratus; before it waſ read *νχ νκ*. *Heinfuſ.*

Ver. 33. Here I entirely follow the emendation of Heinfuſ; the text ſtandſ thus:

*Ασφαλίων, μίμνη το καλον θεροσ, η γαρ ο καιροσ
Αντοματοσ περιβα τον ιον δρομον.*

"Aſphalion, you accuſe the fair ſummer; for that ſeaſon never willingly paſſeſ its boundſ:" which iſ nonſenſe; but, by tranſpoſing the firſt word of each verſe, thuſ,

*Αντοματοσ, μίμνη το καλον θεροσ, η γαρ ο καιροσ,
Ασφαλίων, περιβα τον ιον δρομον.*

"In vain, and without any reaſon, you accuſe the
"fair ſummer, &c."

Ver. 42. This ſeemſ to be taken from that verſe of Euripideſ, which we read in Plutarch,

Μαντις δ' αριτεσ οτισ ιναζι καλοσ,

Which Tully haſ thuſ tranſlated,

Qui bene conjeçit, vatem perhibebo optumum.

Ver. 46. The Prytaneum waſ a common-hall in the cities of Greece, where thoſe that had de-

ſerved well of their country were maintained at the public charge; where alſo the fire conſecrated to Vulcan waſ kept, aſ that ſacred to Veſta waſ at Rome. Cicero de Orat. 1. 54. ſayſ, "Ut ei videtſ quotidianuſ in Prytaneo publice præberetur." If thiſ be underſtood of the Prytaneum at Athens, Scaliger obſerveſ that there iſ great impropriety in Sicilian fiſhermen mentioning placeſ ſo far remote from the ſcene of their labourſ: but from what followſ, it appearſ that there waſ a place in the neighbourhood, very commodiouſ for fiſhing, named Prytaneum, on which nocturnal lampſ were fixed, aſ waſ cuſtomary for the convenience of fiſhing by night. Sanſazariuſ waſ not ignorant of thiſ cuſtom, who in hiſ ſecond Piſcatory Eclogue ſayſ,

Dumque Alii notoſque ſinuſ, piſcoſque circum
Æquora colloſtrant flammiſ.

While otherſ on the well-known bay,
Or fiſhy ſeaſ, their lightſ diſplay.

Ver. 55. Ovid haſ ſomething ſimilar,
Nunc in mole ſedens moderabar arundine limuſ.
Met. B. 13. 923.

Ver. 57. There iſ ſomething very beautiful in what Ovid makeſ Sappho ſay to Phaon,

Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra reducuſ;
Somnia formoſo candidiora die, &c.

Which Mr. Pope haſ greatly improved upon,

Oh night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy giveſ what abſence takeſ away,
And, dreſſed in all its viſionary charmſ,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my armſ!

Ver. 77. The expreſſion in the original iſ remarkable, *τω χρωσθ βασιλευν*, "to reign in richelſ;" ſpeakinſ of the happineſſ of the old Corycian farmer. Virgil ſayſ,

Reguſ æquabat opes animiſ. *Geor. 4. 132.*
Ver. 81. Solve metuſ. *Virg.*

IDYLLIUM XXII.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS iſ a hymn, after the manner of the ancient Arcadianſ, in praiſe of Caſtor and Pollux. The firſt part deſcribeſ the combat between Pollux and Amycuſ, the ſon of Neptune, and king of the Bebrycianſ; who valuing himſelf on hiſ ſuperiority in ſtrength, and the art of boxing, uſed to compel every ſtranger that touch'd upon hiſ coaſt to take up the cæſtuſ, and make trial of hiſ ſkill in the management of that rude inſtrument of death; for ſo it proved to many, till Pollux, who arrived there with the Argonautſ, encounter'd him, and conquer'd: Apolloniuſ ſayſ he ſlew him; but thiſ iſ denied by other authorſ.

THE ſonſ of Leda, and of Jove, I ſing,
Immortal Jove, the ægiſ-bearing king,
Caſtor and Pollux, with the ceſtuſ grac'd, [brac'd:
Which round hiſ wriſt thick thongſ of bull-hide

In ſtrainſ repeated ſhall my muſe reſound
The Spartan twinſ with manly virtueſ crown'd:
Safeguardſ of men diſtreſt, and generous ſteedſ,
When in the fieldſ of death the battle bleedſ;

Safeguards of sailors, who the Twins implore,
When on the deep the thundering tempests roar.
These in the hollow vessel from the side, 11
Or head or helm pour the high swelling tide:
Burst are the planks, the tackling torn, the mast
Snapt, the sails rent before the furious blast:
Suspended showers obscure the cheerful light,
Fades the pale day before approaching night,
Rise the rough winds refounding storms prevail,
And the vext ocean roars beneath the scourging
hail.

Still you the wreck can save, the storm dispel,
And snatch the sailors from the jaws of hell. 20
The winds disperse, the roaring waves subside,
And smooth'd to stillness sleeps the lenient tide.
When shine the Bears, and 'twixt the Asses seen,
Though faint their manger, ocean proves serene.
O, friends of human kind, in utmost need,
Fam'd for the song, the lyre, the gauntlet, and the
steed!

Whose praises first shall my rapt muse rehearse?
Both claim my praise, but Pollux first my verse.

When Argo reach'd (Cyane's islands past)
Cold Pontus harass'd by the northern blast, 30
Soon to Bebrycia, with the fons of fame,
A freight of chiefs and demigods, she came.
Forth from her sides, the country to explore,
The crew descended to the breezy shore:
On the dry beach they raised the leafy bed,
The fires they kindled, and the tables spread.

Meanwhile the royal brothers devious stray'd
Far from the shore, and sought the cooling shade.
Hard by, a hill with waving forests crown'd
Their eyes attracted; in the dale they found 40
A spring perennial in a rocky cave,
Full to the margin flow'd the lucid wave:
Below small fountains gush'd, and murmuring
near,

Sparkled like silver, and as crystal clear:
Above tall pines and poplars quivering play'd,
And planes and cypress in dark green array'd:
Around balm-breathing flowers of every hue,
The bee's ambrosia, in the meadows grew.

There sat a chief, tremendous to the eye,
His couch the rock, his canopy the sky: 50
The gauntlet's strokes, his cheeks and ears around,
Had mark'd his face with many a desprate wound.
Round as a globe, and prominent his chest,
Broad was his back, but broader was his breast;
Firm was his flesh, with iron sinews fraught,
Like some Colossus, on an anvil wrought.
As rocks, that in the rapid streams abound,
Are wash'd by rolling torrents smooth and round,
The ridges rise, in crystal streams beheld:
So on his brawny arms the rising muscles swell'd.
A lion's spoils around his loins he draws, 61
Beneath his chin suspended by the paws:
Victorious Pollux, with attentive look,
View'd, and complacent, thus the chief bespoke:

Pollux.

Peace, gentle friend! to wandering strangers tell
What tribes, what nations in these regions dwell?

Amycus.

What peace to me, while on my native shore,
I see strange guests I never saw before?

Pollux.

Fear not; no foes, nor mean of birth are here.

Amycus.

Thou hast no cause to bid me not to fear. 70

Pollux.

Rude are your words, and wrongfully apply'd,
Your manners fierce, your bosom swollen with pride.

Amycus.

Thou see'st me as I am: these lands are mine;
I never yet have troubled thee or thine.

Pollux.

Whene'er you come, you will a welcome find,
And presents, as befits a liberal mind.

Amycus.

Nor I thy welcome, nor thy gifts partake;
I gave no welcome, and no presents make.

Pollux.

May I not taste the stream that murmurs by?

Amycus.

I'll solve that question when thy throat is dry. 80

Pollux.

Will gold, or other bribe the purchase gain?

Amycus.

Nought but to prove thy prowess on the plain;
Stand forth; let man oppos'd to man provoke,
With gauntlet-guarded arm, th' impending stroke;
Eye meeting eye, exert thy utmost might,
By feint or force to triumph in the fight.

Pollux.

Whom must I fight? mine adversary who?

Amycus.

Thou see'st thy match, no despicable foe.

Pollux.

But what reward shall the stout victor have?

Amycus.

The conquer'd man shall be the conqueror's slave.

Pollux.

This is cock's play, and such the terms severe 91
In fight of scarlet-crested chanticleer.

Amycus.

Or be it cock's, or be it lion's play,
These are the fix'd conditions of the fray.

This said, his hollow conch he instant blew,
Quick through the coast the sounds alarming
flew;

The signal rous'd the stout Bebrycian train,
Who join'd their chief beneath the shady plain.
Illustrious Castor from the neighbouring strand,
Call'd to the conflict Argo's chosen band. 100
Meanwhile the combatants, of mind elate,
Drew on their hands the dreadful gloves of fate;
The leathern thongs, that brac'd their shoulders
round,

Firm to their arms the ponderous gauntlets bound,
Amid the circle now the champions flood,
Breathing revenge, and vehement for blood.
Studious each strove the piercing light to shun,
And on his shoulders catch the gleaming sun:
You call'd, O Pollux, prudence to your aid;
In Amycus's eyes the solar splendors play'd. 110
This did th' enormous chieftan's rage provoke
To strike at once some death-denouncing stroke;
But watchful Pollux dealt a weighty blow
Full on the cheek of his advancing foe;

Incens'd more ardent to the fight he came,
And forward bent to take the surer aim;
Through the Bebrycian band loud clamours run;
Nor less the Greeks encourag'd Leda's son.
Yet rising fears their generous breasts appal,
Left on their friend the bulk of Amycus should fall:
Vain fears! for with both hands brave Pollux
ply'd

121

His furious blows, and storm'd on every side;
The quick-repeated strokes his rival stun,
And curb the force of Neptune's lawless son.
Giddy with blows the tottering hero stood,
And from his mouth discharg'd the purple blood.
Loud shouted the Greek warriors when they saw
Bebrycia's champion's batter'd cheeks and jaw.
His eyes, within their sockets deep impell'd,
Seem'd lessen'd, and his bruised visage swell'd. 130
Still the prince ply'd his mighty rival hard,
And feintful soon surpris'd him off his guard;
And as he stagger'd, fall upon his brow
With all his force he drove the furious blow,
And mash'd his front; the giant with the wound
Fell flat, and stretch'd his bulk unwieldy on the
ground.

But soon his vigour and his strength return'd,
He rose, and then again the battle burn'd:
With iron hands their hollow sides they pound,
And deal vindictive many a desperate wound. 140
Fierce on his foe Bebrycia's monarch prest,
And made rude onsets on his neck and breast:
But Jove's unconquer'd son far better sped,
Who aim'd his thunder at his rival's head.

Fall down their limbs the sweat began to flow,
And quickly lay the lofty champion low;
Yet Pollux firmer stood with nobler grace,
And frether was the colour of his face.

How Amycus before Jove's offspring fell,
Sing, heaven-descended muse; for you can tell:
Your mandates I implicitly obey, 151
And gladly follow where you lead the way.

Resolv'd by one bold stroke to win renown,
He seiz'd on Pollux' left hand with his own;
Then bent oblique to guard against a blow,
And sped his right with vengeance on the foe,
In hopes to strike his royal rival dead,
Who 'scap'd the blow, declining back his head;
Then Pollux aim'd his weighty stroke to well,
Full on the crest of Amycus it fell, 160
And gor'd his temples with an iron wound;
The black blood issuing flow'd and trickled to the
ground.

Still with his left he maul'd his faltering foe,
Whose mash'd teeth crackled with each boisterous
blow;

With strokes redoubled he deform'd his face;
Bruis'd cheeks and jaws proclaim'd his foul disgrace.
All on the ground he measur'd out his length,
Stunn'd with hard thwacks, and destitute of strength,
And, hands up rais'd, with death-prefaging mind,
At once the fight and victory declin'd. 170
Brave son of Jove, though you the conquest gain'd,
With no base deed the glorious day you stain'd;
The vanquish'd by his father Neptune swore,
That he would never, never injure strangers more.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXII.

Virgil, in his description of the contest between Dares and Entellus, has borrowed some circumstances from this encounter between Amycus and Pollux, which shall be specified in their course: Apollonius Rhodius, in his second book of the Argonautics, has likewise described this last-mentioned contest but is, in the opinion of Casaubon, far surpassed by Theocritus. Speaking of the first part of this Idyllium, he says, "Porro qui contulerit priorem partem, quæ Pollucis pugilatum cum Amyco describit, cum iis quæ habet Apollonius, reperiet profecto Theocritum tantum excellere Apollonium,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

As lofty cypresses low shrubs exceed. Warton.
And yet Scaliger, in his dogmatical manner, gives the preference to Apollonius: "Splendore & arte ab Apollonio Theocritus superatur." Poet. B. 5. C. 6. whose determination the ingenious translator of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics has adopted; but I am inclined to think, that my friend Mr. Warton, who perhaps admires Apollonius more, and understands him better than any man in the kingdom, may be too partial to his favourite author. I shall not take upon me to decide in this point, but after the Epigrams of The-

ocritus, I propose to print a translation of the combat between Pollux and Amycus from Apollonius, which I hope will be acceptable to the curious reader; as it has never, that I know of, been translated into English; he will then have an opportunity of forming a comparison, and in some sort judging of the merits of the two originals: I profess, without any kind of partiality, I have endeavoured to do all the justice in my power to them both. It is to be observed, that Apollonius flourished in the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes, and, therefore, as he wrote after Theocritus, he probably borrowed many things from him.

Ver. 1. In the same manner Horace,
Dicam et Alcidem, puerosque Leda;
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnâ
Nobilem. B. 1. Ode 12.

Ver. 3. "The cæssus, says Gilbert West, Esq. consisted of many thongs of leather, or raw hides of bulls, wound about the hand and arm up to the elbow: I must here observe that none of the three Greek poets, Homer H. B. 23 Apollonius, nor our author, who all have given us a description of the cæssus, make any mention of plates of lead or iron," as Virgil has done,

—Tantium ingentia septem
Terga boum plumbo infuto, ferroque regebant.

Æn. B. 5.

Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge disspread,
Ponderous with iron and a weight of lead. *Pitt.*
Amycus is said to have invented the combat of the
cælus.

Ver. 19. Archbishop Potter observes, "When
the two lambent flames, about the heads of Cas-
tor and Pollux, appeared together, they were
esteemed an excellent omen, foreboding good
weather." Thus Horace,

Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus, &c. *B. 4. Ode 8.*

Thys the twin-stars, indulgent, save
The shatter'd vessel from the wave. *Duncombe.*

And B. 1. Ode 12. Quorum simul alba nautis Stel-
la refulsit, &c.

Soon as their happy stars appear,
Hush'd is the storm, the waves subside,
The clouds disperse, the skies are clear,
And without murmurs sleeps th' obedient tide.

Duncombe.

Ver. 24. According to Aratus, there is a little
cloud in the shell of the crab, between the shoul-
ders, on each side of which is a star, called the
Asses, the intermediate cloud therefore is properly
styled their *Manger*.

Ver. 29. See *Idyllium xiii.* ver. 27. and note.

Ver. 31. A country near Bithynia in Asia,
bounded on the north by the Euxine sea.

Ver. 35.

Tunc litore curvo Extruimus toros. *Virg.*

Ver. 37. We may look upon every circumstance
relating to this remarkable combat to commence
here, the preceding lines being chiefly a noble
encomium on these illustrious twin-sons of Jupi-
ter, and then it is observable, that this conflict
in Theocritus takes up 103 verses, and the epi-
sode on the same subject in Apollonius 97.

Ver. 45.

Qua pinus ingens, albaque populus. *Hor.*

Ver. 49. Virgil, speaking of the Cyclops; says,
Nec visu facilis, nec dictu assabilis ulli.

Æn. 3. 621.

A savage fiend! tremendous to the fight. *Pitt.*

Ver. 57. This is surely a new and noble thought,
to compare the protuberant muscles of a giant to
the rocky shelves under water, that are worn
smooth and round by the transparent stream.

Ver. 61. Diomed is thus array'd. *Il. B. 10.*
This said, the hero o'er his shoulder slung
A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung. *Pope.*

Ver. 95. Before trumpets were invented, conchs
were used to sound the signal for battle. Virgil
says of Misenus,

Sed tum forte cavâ dum perfonat æquora conchâ.
Æn. B. 5.

Ver. 97. Thus in Virgil, the rustics are stirred
up to war by Alecto.

Tum vero ad vocem celeres, &c. *Æn. 7. 519.*

Then the mad rustics caught the dire alarms,
And at the horrid signal flew to arms.
Nor less in succour of the princely boy,
Pour forth to battle all the troops of Troy. *Pitt.*

Ver. 101.

Satus Auchisâ cæstus pater extulit æquos, &c.

Æn. 5. 424.

Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound
Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms around

Pitt.

Ver. 105. Theocritus has Homer frequently in
view in describing the combat of the cælus. See
Il. 23. 685.

Ες μιστρον ἀγῶνα.

Amid the circle now each champion stands. *Pope.*

Ver. 113.

Επὶ δ' ἀργυροὺς βῆλος Ἐπιος,

Κοψὲ δὲ παπτηνῶντα παρῆιον.

At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe. *Pope.*

Ver. 115.

Tum pudor incendit vires. *Æn. 5. 455.*

Ver. 117.

It clamor cælo, &c. *451.*

At once the Trojans and Sicilians rise,
And with divided clamours rend the skies. *Pitt.*

Ver. 121. Thus Virgil,
Creber utrâque manu pulsât versatque Dareta.

460.

Ver. 126. Thus Homer,

Αἶμα παχὺ πρηνότα.

His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore. *Pope.*

And Virgil,

—Crassumque cruorem Ore ejectiontem. *469.*

Ver. 137.

Acrior ad pugnam, &c. *454.*

Improv'd in spirit to the fight he came. *Pitt.*

Ver. 139.

Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant,
Multa cævo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos
Dant sonitus. *433.*

Ver. 145.

—Εἶρρε δ' ἰδρῶς

Παντοθεν ἐκ μελλίων. *Il. B. 23. 688.*

And painful sweat from all their members flows. *Pope.*

Ver. 150. These addresses to the muses are fre-
quent in the best poets.

Pandite nunc Helicon, Deæ, &c. *Æn. 7. 641.*
Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potellis,

Ver. 156. Virgil follows very close;
Ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus, et alto,

Extulit: ille istum venientem a vertice velox
Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.

Æn. B. 5. 443.

Ver. 163.

—Erratque aures et tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.

435.

With swift repeated words their hands fly round
Their heads and cheeks; their crackling jaws re-
found.

Pitt.

Ver. 162. The Greek verse consists of seventeen
syllables,

Ἰδὲ δὲ χυθὴν μάλαν αἵματι βόας προέλασσε χαιρώντας.

and was certainly intended to image the trickling
of the blood, which I have endeavoured to preserve
in an Alexandrine.

Ver. 169. It was customary in the ancient combats
for the vanquished person to stretch out his
hands to the conqueror, signifying that he declined
the battle, acknowledged that he was conquer-

ed, and submitted to the discretion of the victor:
thus Turnus in Virgil:

Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas Ausonii videre.

Thine is the conquest: lo! the Latian bands
Behold their general stretch his suppliant hands.

Pitt.

I shall finish my observations on this Idyllium,
with a translation of a Greek opinion of Lucillius,
showing that the consequences of these kind of bat-
tles were sometimes very terrible, though the com-
batants might escape with their lives and limbs.

On a Conqueror in the Cæstus, *Antbol. B. 2.*

This victor, glorious in his olive wreath,
Had once eyes, eye-brows, nose and ears, and teeth;
But turning cæstus champion, to his cost,
These and still worse! his heritage he lost;
For by his brother su'd, disown'd at last,
Confronted with his picture he was cast.

IDYLLIUM XXII.

PART II.

THE ARGUMENT.

CASTOR and **POLLUX** had carried off **Phæbe** and **Talaira**, the daughters of **Leucippus**, brother of the
deceased **Aphareus**, who were betrothed to **Lyneus** and **Idas**, the sons of **Aphareus**; the husbands
pursued the ravishers, and claimed their wives; on this a battle ensued, in which **Castor** kills **Lyneus**,
and **Idas** is slain by lightning. **Ovid** relates the event of this combat very differently. See
the Note.

POLLUX, thy name has dignify'd my song:
To **Castor** now the lofty lays belong;
Fam'd for bright armour on th' embattled plain,
And forming steeds obedient to the rein.

The bold twin-sons of **Jove** by stealth had led
Leucippus' daughters to their lawless bed.
Lyneus and **Idas**, much for strength renown'd,
Long since by promise to the damsels bound,
Alphareus' sons, the foul dishonour view'd,
And fir'd with wrath the ravishers pursued.
But when they reach'd deceas'd **Alphareus'** tomb,
Encompass'd round with venerable gloom,
Each hero leap'd impetuous from his car,
All arm'd, and well appointed for the war.
Lyneus aloud beneath his helmet spoke:

'Why will ye frantic thus the fight provoke?
'Of others wives why make unjust demands?
'Why gleam the naked saulchions in your hands?
'To us **Leucippus** has betroth'd them both
'Long since, and seal'd the contract with an oath:
'Tis base to make of others wives your prey, 21
'And bear their riches, mules, and lowing herds
'away,
'To threaten the fire with force, or bribe with
'wealth,
'And seize on others properties by stealth.

'Oft, though ungrac'd with eloquence and art,
'Thus have I spoke the language of my heart:
'Princes, my friends, should not on any score
'Solicit maids that are espous'd before:
'Sparta for virgins, **Elis** for swift steeds
'Are fam'd, large flocks and herds **Arcadia** breeds;
'**Messene**, **Argos** numerous natives boast, 31
'And fair looks **Corinth** on the sea-beat coast:
'There nymphs unnumber'd bloom, a lovely race,
'Acknowledg'd beauties both of mind and face:
'There ye may gain the dames your fancieschoofe;
'No parents will the rich and brave refuse.
'For you the love of noble deeds inspires;
'Ye are the sons of honourable fires.
'Let us our nuptials undisturb'd pursue,
'And we'll unite to find fit brides for you." 40
'My words ne'er mov'd your unrelenting minds,
'The waves receiv'd them from the driving winds.
'Yet now, ev'n now your deeds let justice guide;
'We both are cousins by the father's side.
'But if mad rage impels you not to yield,
'And arms must fix the fortune of the field;
'Let **Idas** and brave **Pollux** both refrain
'From the fell combat on the listed plain:
'And only I and **Castor** prove our might,
'By birth the youngest in decisive fight. 50

- * Why should we give our parents cause to grieve,
- * And their fond arms of all their sons bereave :
- * Let some survive our drooping friends to cheer,
- * And mate the virgins whom they held so dear,
- * The wife with prudence their diffensions state,
- * And lesser ills conclude the great debate.'

Thus he, nor thus in vain ; for on the ground
Pollux and Idas plac'd their arms around.

Lynceus first march'd undaunted to the field,
And shook his spear beneath his ample shield. 60

Castor to war his brandish'd lance addrest ;
And on each helmet wav'd the nodding crest.

First with their spears began the dreadful strife,
Each chief explor'd the avenues of life.

But thus unhurt the battle they maintain'd,
Broke in their shields the spears sharp points re-

main'd : [drew,

Then from their sheaths their shining swords they
And fierce to fight the raging heroes flew :

On Lynceus' buckler Castor boldly prest,
And his bright helmet with the triple crest ; 70

Lynceus, sharp-sighted, kept his foe at bay,
And struck his helmet's purple plume away ;

Who quick retreating all his art display'd,
And lopt the hand that held the glittering blade :

Down dropt the sword ; to his fire's tomb he flew,
Where Idas sat the fatal sight to view ;

Close follow'd Castor, all his force apply'd,
And furious drove the faulchion in his side,

Outgush'd his bowels through the gaping wound,
And vanquish'd Lynceus prest the gory ground ;

In dim, dark mists the shades of death arise, 81
And in eternal slumber seal his eyes.

Nor was brave Idas by his mother led,
Laocoössa to the nuptial bed :

For he, vindictive of fall'n Lynceus' doom,
Tore up a column from Aphareus' tomb,

Aiming at Castor, dreadfully he stood,
The bold avenger of his brother's blood ;

Jove interpos'd, and with the forked brand
Quick struck the polish'd marble from his hand ;

He wreath'd convulsive, scorch'd on every side,
And in a peal of rattling thunder dy'd. 92

Thus shall the brothers be with conquest
crown'd,

Brave of themselves, and sprung from chiefs re-
nown'd.

Hail, Leda's valiant sons ! my muse inspire,
And still preserve the honour of my lyre.

Ye, and fair Helen, to all bards are dear,
With joy the names of those bold chiefs they hear,

Who in the cause of Menelaus drew
Their conquering swords, proud Ilium to sub-
due. 100

Your praise, O kings, the Chian muse recites
Troy's famous city, and the Phrygian fights,

He sings the Grecian fleet renown'd afar,
And great Achilles, bulwark of the war.

I bring the tribute of a feeble lyre,
Sweet warbling what the rapturous nine inspire,

The best I may ; verse to the gods belongs ;
The gods delight in honorary songs.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXII. PART II.

Ver. 5. Ovid's account of this battle begins at
verse 700 of the 5th book of his *Fasti* ; "Abstu-
lerant raptas Phæben," &c.

The sons of Tyndarus, with conquest crown'd,
For boxing one, and one for steeds renown'd,
Had stol'n, injurious, as their lawful prey,
Leucippus' daughters from their mates away ;
Lynceus and Idas claim superior right,
Long since affianc'd, and prepare for fight.
Love urges both to combat on the plain,
These to retake, the others to retain.

The brother-twins might well escape by speed,
But held it base by flying to succeed.

All on an open plain the champions stood,
Aphidna nam'd, fit place for scenes of blood.

Castor by Lynceus' sword receiv'd a wound
Deep in his side, and lifeless prest the ground ;
Avengeful Pollux, quick advancing near,
Through Lynceus' shoulders drove the forceful

spear :

On him prest Idas, but Jove's flaming brand
Dash'd the pois'd javelin from his lifted hand.

F. F.

Ver. 16.
Quo, quo scelesti, ruitis ? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enses conditi ?
Hor. *Epode* 7.

Say, ye vile race, what phrenzy draws
Your darling faulchions in sedition's cause ?

Dancombe.

Ver. 33. Thus Æneas says,
Sunt alia innuptæ Latio & Laurentibus agris,
Nec genus indecores. *Æn. B. 12. 24.*

Ver. 38.
Turnus avis atavisq. potens. *Æn. 7. 56.*

Ver. 47.
Teucrum arma quiescant
Et Rutilum ; nostro dirimamus sanguine bellum. *Æn. 12. 78.*

The celebrated ballad called Chevy Chase, has
the same thought ;

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside, &c.

Ver. 51. Thus Nisus addresses Euryalus in the
same sense,

Neu matri miseræ tanti sim causa doloris.
Æn. 9. 216.

Why should I cause thy mother's soul to know
Such heart-felt pangs ! unutterable woe ! *Pitt.*

Ver. 60. Thus Mezentius in Virgil,
At vero ingentum quatiens Mezentius hastam
Ingreditur campo. *Æn. 10. 762.*

Ver. 63. In almost all heroic duels, the combatants first threw their spears, and then made use of their swords. Thus Hector and Achilles, Iliad, B. 20. and 22. Menelaus and Paris, B. 3. and the rest of the heroes attack one another. *Potter.*

Ver. 64.
Partes rimatur apertas,
Quà vulnus lethale ferat. *Virg. Æn. B. II. 748.*

Ver. 67.
Vaginâque cavâ fulgentem diripit ensem.
Æn. B. IO.
And from the sheath the shining faulchion drew. *Pitt.*

Ver. 71. Horace says,
Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus.
B. I. Ep. I.

Hence the proverb of Lyncean eyes: Pindar tells us, Lynceus could discover Castor and Pollux hid in the trunk of a tree from the top of mount Taygetus: nay, he had so piercing a sight, that if we believe the poets, he could see what was doing in heaven and hell: the ground of the fable was, that he understood the secret powers of nature. Though it may admit of a doubt, whether this is the sharp-sighted Lynceus that attended the Argonautic expedition; from the poet's words, *Ακρίως ομῶσαι Λυγρεως*, I think it manifest that he was.

Ver. 72.
Summaq; excussit vertice cristas. *Æn. II. 492.*
But the swift javelin strikes his plume away. *Pitt.*

Ver. 74.
Strymonio dextram fulgenti diripit ense.
Æn. B. IO. 414.
The faulchion lops his hand.

Ver. 81.
Olli dura quies oculos, et ferreus urget
Somnus; in æternum clauduntur lumina noctem.
Æn. IO. 745.

Ver. 94.
Fortes Creantur fortibus. *Hor. B. 4. Ode 4.*
Ver. 99.
Quincunque Iliacos ferro violavimus agros.
Æn. II. 255.

Ver. 101. I do not remember that Homer any where mentions Castor and Pollux, except in the third book of the Iliad, where the commemoration of them by their sister Helen is finely introduced, and in the true spirit of poetry. I shall beg leave to transcribe the whole passage in the admirable

translation of Mr. Pope, because I think it as beautiful and pathetic as almost any part of the whole work;

Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have fought, but fought in vain;

Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse:
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contain'd us, and one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refus'd to fail the seas:
Perhaps their sword some nobler quarrel draws,
Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause.

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brother's doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

As Theocritus both here and in the 7th Idyllium, styles Homer the Chian Bard, *Χίος Λαοῖν*, we have reason to conjecture, that Chios has the honour of being the place of his nativity: Simonides in his Epigram on Human Life, calls him the Man of Chios; for quoting a verse of Homer, he says,

Εν δὲ το καλλίστῳ Χίος ἄνθρωπος.

The Chians pleaded these ancient authorities for Homer's being born among them: they mention a race they had, called the Homeridæ, whom they accounted his posterity; they cast medals of him; they show to this day an Homerium, or temple of Homer, near Bolissus; and close their arguments with a quotation from the hymn to Apollo (which is acknowledged for Homer's by Theucydides), where he calls himself, "The blind man that inhabits Chios." One cannot avoid being surpris'd at the prodigious veneration for his character, which could engage mankind with such eagerness in a point so little essential; that kings should send to oracles for the inquiry of his birth-place; that cities should be in strife about it; that whole lives of learned men should be employ'd upon it; that some should write treatises, others call up spirits about it: that thus, in short, heaven, earth and hell, should be fought to, for the decision of a question which terminates in curiosity only. Thus far Mr. Pope, in his Essay on Homer. Yet, though this point is not essential, and only matter of curiosity, we may observe, that these inquiries, disputes, and contentions, plead strongly in favour of the muses, and set the character of a poet in the most eminent and exalted station.

IDYLLIUM XXIII.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

THE ARGUMENT.

AN unhappy lover, despairing to gain the affections of his mistress, by whom he is despised, makes away with himself: the cruel fair is soon after killed by the image of Cupid, that fell upon her as she was bathing.

AN amorous shepherd lov'd a cruel fair;
The haughty beauty plung'd him in despair: | She loth'd the swain, nor aught her breast could
She scorn'd the lover, and the god of love; [move

Nor knew the puissance of his bow and darts,
To tame the stubbornness of human hearts.
With cold disdain the griev'd the shepherd fore,
The more he sigh'd, the scorn'd him still the more.
No solace she afforded, no soft look,
Nor e'er the words of sweet compassion spoke : 10
Her eye, her cheek, ne'er glow'd her flame to prove,
No kiss she gave, the lenient balm of love :
But as a lion, on the desert plain,
With savage pleasure views the hunter train ;
Thus in her scorn severe delight she took ;
Her words, her eyes, were fierce, and death was
in her look.

She look'd her soul ; her face was pal'd with ire ;
Yet she was fair ; her frowns but rais'd desire.
At length, he could no more, but sought relief
From tears, the dumb petitioners of grief ; 20
Before her gate he wept, with haggard look,
And, kissing the bare threshold, thus he spoke :

' Ah, savage fair, whom no entreaties move !
Hard heart of stone, unworthy of my love !
Accept this cord, 'tis now in vain to live,
This friendly gift, the last that I shall give ;
I go where doom'd ; my love, my life are o'er,
No more I grieve, and you are teaz'd no more ;
I go the last kind remedy to prove,
And drink below oblivion to my love. 30
But, ah ! what draughts my fierce desires can
Or quench the raging fury of my flame ? [tame,
Adieu, ye doors ! eternally adieu !
I see the future, and I know it true.
Fragrant the rose, but soon it fades away ;
The violet sweet, but quickly will decay ;
The lily fair a transient beauty wears ;
And the white snow soon weeps away in tears :
Such is the bloom of beauty, cropt by time,
Full soon it fades, and withers in its prime. 40
The days will come when your hard heart shall
burn
In scorching flames, yet meet no kind return.

' Yet grant this boon, the last that I implore :
' When you shall see, suspended at your door,
' This wretched corse, pass not unheeding by,
' But let the tear of sorrow dim your eye :
' Then loose the fatal cord, and from your breast
' Lend the light robe, and screen me with your
' vest :

' Imprint one kiss when my sad soul is fled ;
' Ah, grudge not thus to gratify the dead ! 50
' Fear not---your kisses cannot life restore :
' Though you relent, yet I shall wake no more.
' And last, a decent monument prepare,
' And bury with my love my body there ;
' And thrice repeat, " Here rests my friend his
' head."

' Or rather add, " My dearest lover's dead."
' With this inscription be the stone supplied ;
' By Cupid's dart this hapless shepherd dy'd :
' Ah ! passenger, a little moment spare

" To stop, and say, He lov'd a cruel fair." 60
This said, he tries against the wall to shove
A mighty stone, and to a beam above
Suspends the cord, impatient of delay,
Fits the dire noose, and spurs the stone away ;
Quivering in air he hung, till welcome death
Securely clos'd the avenues of breath.
The fair one, when the pendant swain she saw,
Nor pity felt, nor reverential awe ;
But as she pass'd, for not a tear she shed,
Her garments were polluted by the dead. 70
Then to the circus, where the wrestlers fought,
Or the more pleasing bath of love she sought :
High on a marble pedestal above,
Frown'd the dread image of the god of love,
Aiming in wrath the meditated blow,
Then fell revengeful on the nymph below ;
With the pure fountain mix'd her purple blood---
These words were heard emerging from the flood :
" Lovers, farewell ; nor your admirers flight ;
" Resign'd I die, for Heav'n pronounces right."

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXIII.

The argument of this Idyllium is similar to the argument of Virgil's second eclogue, though this is more tragical : I have taken the liberty to make a general transformation, which renders it a thousand times more natural, decent, and gallant.

Ver. 1.

Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexim.

Virg. Ec. 2.

Young Corydon with hopeless love ador'd
The fair Alexis, favourite of his lord. Warton.

Ver. 7. Ovid says of Anaxareté,

Spernit et irridet ; factisque immitibus addit
Verba superba ferox ; et ipse quoque fraudat aman-
tem. Met. B. 14. 714.

Ver. 16. The Greek is, Εἰς τὴν ἀνάγκην, or, as Heinus more plausibly reads, Εἰς τὴν ἀνάγκην, " she looked necessity," that is, death or fate ; thus Horace has,

Semotique prius tarda necessitas

Lethi corripuit gradum. B. 1. O. 3.

And, Te semper anteit seiva necessitas. B. 1. O. 35.

Which elegant use of the word *necessitas* he has taken from the Grecians : Pindar has, ἐχθρὰ ἀνάγκη : and Euripides, διὸν ἀνάγκην, which is exactly the *diva necessitas* of Horace, B. 3. O. 24.

Ver. 21. Thus Ovid, speaking of Iphis,

Non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris
Iphis, et ante fores hæc verba novissima dixit.

Met. B. 14.

Ver. 30. Virgil says of souls that endure transmigration,

Lethæi ad fluminis undam

Securos latites, et longa oblivina potant. Æn. B. 6.

To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,
And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.

Pith.

Ver. 34. Haud ignara futuri. *Virg. Æn. 4. 50.*

Ver. 36. Thus Ovid, in his Art of Love,
Nec violæ semper nec hiantia lilia florent,
Et riget amissâ spina relicta rosâ. *B. 2. 115.*

Ver. 39. Thus Horace,
Fugit retrô
Levis juvenas et decor. *B. 2. O. 11.*

Ver. 46. Debitâ sparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici. *Hor. B. 2. O. 6.*

Ver. 53. Thus Virgil,
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.
Ec. 5.

With grateful hands his monument erect,
And be the stone with this inscription deck'd.
Warton.

Ver. 55. Of the inclamation at the tomb, Æneas thus tells Deiphobus,
Magnâ Manes ter voce vocavi. *Æn. 6. 506.*

Ver. 61. The fate of Isis in Ovid is very similar,
Dixit, et ad postes, &c. *Met. B. 14.*

Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreathes, he throws

The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose,
For death prepares, and bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life and love.
Garth.

Ver. 79. Moschus, Idyl. 6. has nearly the same thought. *Taura ληγε σαρην, κ. τ. λ.*

Ye scornful nymphs and swains, I tell
This truth to you; pray mark it well:
"If to your lovers kind you prove,
"You'll gain the hearts of those you love." *A. R.*

The fate of this scornful beauty is similar to that of a youth who was killed by the statue of his stepmother falling upon him. See Callimachus, Epig. 11. thus translated by Mr. Duncombe.

A youth, who thought his father's wife
Had lost her malice with her life,
Officious with a chaplet grac'd
The statue on her tomb-stone plac'd;
When, falling sudden on his head,
With the dire blow it struck him dead:
Be warn'd from hence, each foster-son,
Your stepdame's sepulchre to shun.

IDYLLIUM XXIV.

THE YOUNG HERCULES.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS Idyllium is entirely narrative: it first of all gives an account how Hercules, when only ten months old, slew two monstrous serpents which Juno had sent to devour him; then it relates the prophecy of Tiresias, and afterwards describes the education of Hercules, and enumerates his several preceptors. The conclusion of this poem is lost.

WASH'D with pure water, and with milk well
To pleasing rest her sons Alcmena led, [fed,
Alcides, ten months old, yet arm'd with might,
And twin Iphiclus, younger by a night:
On a broad shield, of fine brass metal made,
The careful queen her royal offspring laid;
(The shield from Pterilus Amphitryon won
In fight, a noble cradle for his son!)

Fondly the babes she view'd, and on each head
She plac'd her tender hands, and thus she said: 10
"Sleep, gentle babes, and sweetly take your rest,
"Sleep, dearest twins, with softest slumbers blest;
"Securely pass the tedious night away,
"And rise refresh'd with the fair rising day."

She spoke, and gently rock'd the mighty shield;
Obsequious slumbers soon their eye-lids seal'd.
But when at midnight sunk the bright-eyed Bear,
And broad Orion's shoulder 'gan appear,
Stern Juno, urg'd by unrelenting hate,
Sent two fell serpents to Amphitryon's gate, 20
Charg'd with severe commission to destroy
The young Alcides, Jove-begotten boy:
Horrid and huge, with many an azure fold,
Fierce through the portal's opening valves they
roll'd;

TRANS. II.

Then on their bellies prone, high swoln with gore,
They glided smooth along the marble floor;
Their fiery eye-balls darted sanguine flame,
And from their jaws destructive poison came.
Alcmena's sons, when near the serpents prest,
Darting their forked tongues, awoke from rest; 30
All o'er the chamber shone a sudden light,
For all is clear to Jove's discerning sight.
When on the shield his foes Iphiclus saw,
And their dire fangs that arm'd each horrid jaw;
Aghast he rais'd his voice with bitter cry,
Threw off the covering, and prepar'd to fly:
But Hercules stretch'd out his hands to clasp
The scaly monsters in his iron grasp;
Fast in each hand the venom'd jaws he prest
Of the curst serpents, which ev'n gods detest. 40
Their circling spires, in many a dreadful fold,
Around the slow-begotten babe they roll'd,
The babe unwean'd, yet ignorant of fear,
Who never utter'd cry, nor shed a tear.
At length their curls they loos'd, for rack'd with
pain
They strove to 'scape the deathful gripe in vain.
Alcmena first o'erheard the mournful cries,
And to her husband thus: "Amphitryon, rise;

K

"Distressful fears my boding soul dismay;
 "This instant rise, nor for thy sandals stay: 50
 "Hark, how for help the young Iphiclus calls!
 "A sudden splendour, lo! illumines the walls!
 "Though yet the shades of night obscure the skies;
 "Some dire disaster threatens: Amphitryon, rise."
 She spoke: the prince, obedient to her word,
 Rose from the bed, and seiz'd his rich-wrought

sword,
 Which, on a glittering nail above his head,
 Hung by the baldric to the cedar bed;
 Then from the radiant sheath, of lotos made,
 With ready hand he drew the shining blade: 60
 Instant the light withdrew, and sudden gloom
 Involv'd again the wide-extended room.

Amphitryon call'd his train, that slumbering lay,
 And slept secure the careless hours away.
 "Rise, rise, my servants, from your couches strait,
 "Bring lights this instant, and unbar the gate."
 He spoke: the train, obedient to command,
 Appear'd with each a flambeau in his hand:
 Rapt with amaze, young Hercules they saw
 Grasp two fell serpents close beneath the jaw: 70
 The mighty infant show'd them to his fire,
 And smil'd to see the wreathing snakes expire;
 He leapt for joy that thus his foes he slew,
 And at his father's feet the scaly monsters threw.
 With tender care Alcmena fondly prest,
 Half-dead with fear, Iphiclus to her breast;
 While o'er his mighty son Amphitryon spread
 The lamb's soft fleece, and sought again his bed.

When thrice the cock pronounc'd the morning
 near,

Alcmena call'd the truth-proclaiming seer, 80
 Divine Tiresias; and to him she told
 This strange event, and urg'd him to unfold
 Whate'er the adverse deities ordain: [plain;
 "Fear not," she cried, "but fate's whole will ex-
 "For well thou know'st, O! venerable seer,
 "Those ills which fate determines, man must
 "bear."

She spoke: the holy augur thus reply'd:
 "Hail, mighty queen, to Perseus near ally'd;
 "Parent of godlike chiefs: by these dear eyes,
 "Which never more shall view the morning
 "rise, 90

"Full many Grecian maids, for charms renown'd,
 "While merrily they twirl the spindle round,
 "Till day's decline thy praises shall proclaim,
 "And Grecian matrons celebrate thy fame.
 "So great, so noble will thy offspring prove,
 "The most gigantic of the gods above, [sway,
 "Whose arm, endow'd with more than mortal
 "Shall many men and many monsters slay:
 "Twelve labours past, he shall to heav'n aspire, 100
 "His mortal part first purified by fire,
 "And son-in-law be nam'd of that dread power
 "Who sent these deadly serpents to devour
 "The slumbering child: then wolves shall rove
 "the lawns,

"And strike no terror in the pasturing fawns.
 "But, O great queen! be this thy instant care,
 "On the broad hearth dry faggots to prepare,
 "Aspalathus, or prickly brambles, bind,
 "Or the tall thorn that trembles in the wind,

"And at dark midnight burn (what time they
 "came

"To slay thy son) the serpents in the flame. 110
 "Next morn, collected by thy faithful maid,
 "Be all the ashes to the flood convey'd, [wind,
 "And blown on rough rocks by the favouring
 "Thence let her fly, but cast no look behind.
 "Next with pure sulphur purge the house, and
 "bring

"The purest water from the freshest spring;
 "This, mix'd with salt, and with green olive
 "crown'd,

"Will cleanse the late contaminated ground.
 "Last, let a boar on Jove's high altar bleed,
 "That ye in all achievements may succeed." 120

Thus spoke Tiresias, bending low with age,
 And to his ivory car retir'd the reverend sage;
 Alcides grew beneath his mother's care,
 Like some young plant, luxuriant, fresh, and fair,
 That screen'd from storms defies the baleful blast,
 And for Amphitryon's valiant son he past.
 Linus, who claim'd Apollo for his fire,
 With love of letters did his youth inspire,
 And strove his great ideas to enlarge,
 A friendly tutor, faithful to his charge. 130
 From Eurytus his skill in shooting came,
 To send the shaft unerring of its aim.
 Eumolpus tun'd his manly voice to sing,
 And call sweet music from the speaking string.
 In list fields to wrestle with his foe,
 With iron arm to deal the deathful blow,
 And each achievement where fair fame is sought,
 Harpalyceus, the son of Hermes, taught;
 Whose look so grim and terrible in fight,
 No man could bear the formidable sight. 140

But fond Amphitryon, with a father's care,
 To drive the chariot taught his godlike heir,
 At the sharp turn with rapid wheels to roll,
 Nor break the grazing axle on the goal:
 On Argive plains, for generous steeds renown'd,
 Oft was the chief with race-won honours crown'd;
 And still unbroke his ancient chariot lay,
 Though cankering time had eat the reins away.
 To launch the spear, to rush upon the foe,
 Beneath the shield to shun the saulchion's blow,
 To marshal hosts, opposing force to force, 151
 To lay close ambush, and lead on the horse,
 These Castor taught him, of equestrian fame,
 What time to Argos exil'd Tydeus came,
 Where from Adrastus he high favour gain'd,
 And o'er a kingdom, rich in vineyards, reign'd.
 No chief like Castor, till consuming time
 Unnerv'd his youth, and crop'd the golden prime.

Thus Hercules, his mother's joy and pride,
 Was train'd up like a warrior: by the side 160
 Of his great father's his rough couch was spread,
 A lion's spoils compos'd his grateful bed.
 Roast meat he lov'd at supper to partake,
 The bread he fancied was the Doric cake,
 Enough to satisfy the labouring hind;
 But still at noon full sparingly he din'd.
 His dress, contriv'd for use, was neat and plain;
 His skirts were scanty, for he wore no train.

The conclusion of this Idyllium is wanting in the original.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXIV.

Ver. 7. Virgil says nearly the same thing of the coat of mail which was taken from Demoleus, *Loricam quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse Victor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Ilio alto.*

Æn. B. 5. 260.

By observing the use this shield is put to, we have an agreeable picture presented to the mind: it is an emblem of the peace and tranquillity which always succeed the tumults of war; and likewise a prognostic of the future greatness of this mighty champion in embryo.

Ver. 19. Pindar, in his first Nemæan Ode, tells this same story, which, as it may be a satisfaction to the curious to see how different writers manage the same subject, I shall take the liberty to give in Mr. West's translation.

Then glowing with immortal rage,
The gold-enthroned empress of the gods,
Her eager thirst of vengeance to assuage,
Strait to her hated rival's curs'd abodes
Bade her vindictive serpents haste.

They through the opening valves with speed
On to the chamber's deep recesses past,
To perpetrate their murderous deed:
And now, in knotty mazes to infold

Their destin'd prey, on curling spires they roll'd,
His dauntless brow, when young Alcides rear'd,
And for their first attempt his infant arms prepar'd.
Fast by their azure necks he held,
And grip'd in either hand his scaly foes;
Till from their horrid carcases expell'd,
At length the poisonous soul unwilling flows.

Ver. 27. The Greek is, *ατ' οφθαλμων δι κακοι πυρ Ερχομενι λαμπισαι*: "a pernicious flame shot from their eyes as they approached." Pierſon, (see his *Verſimilia*) reads with much more elegance and propriety *Δεχομενις*, "looking very keenly," as the eyes of serpents are always represented: Hesiod, speaking of dragons, uses the same word twice, *εκ κεφαλων πυρ κεινι δεχομενις*. Theog. ver. 828. and in the shield of Hercules, ver. 145, *λαμπομενις διδορκος*. He brings likewise the authorities of Homer, Æschylus and Opiſian, to support this reading. Virgil has,

*Ardentesq; oculi suffecti sanguine et igni,
Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.*

Æn. B. 2. 270.

Ver. 41. Thus Virgil, speaking of the serpents that devoured Laocoon's sons,

—*Parva duorum Corpora natorum, &c.*

Æn. B. 2. 213.

And first in curling fiery volumes bound
His two young sons, and wrapt them round and round.

Pitt.

Ver. 64. The Greek is, *οτινεν βαρυν εκθυσαντας*, similar to what Virgil says of Rhamnes, *Æn. g. 326.*

—In slumbers deep he lay,
And, labouring, slept the full debauch away.

Ver. 75. Thus Virgil,
Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.

Æn. B. 7. 518.

Ver. 84. Thus Achilles says to Calchas, *Il. B. 1.*
From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without con-
troul. *Pope.*

Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth;
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

Ver. 96. The words of Theocritus are *απο σιγης πλατυς ηρωις*, "the broad-breasted hero;" I am in doubt how it should be rendered: Creech has translated it, "The noblest burden of the bending Iky." In Homer's *Odyssey*, *B. 11.* Hercules is thus represented among the shades below,

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould;
A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a god among the gods. *Pope*

On which Mr. Pope observes, "The ancients imagined, that immediately after death, there was a partition of the human composition into three parts, the *body*, *image*, and *mind*, the *body* is buried in the earth; the *image*, or *ειδωλον*, descends into the regions of the departed; the *mind*, or *φενν*, the divine part, is received into heaven; thus the body of Hercules was consumed in the flames, his image is in hell, and his soul in heaven."

Ver. 109. The Greek is, *ενητα δε παντα πυρα Τραχινιος εζει*, "The Trachinian pyre will consume his mortal part." Trachin was a city of Thessaly built by Hercules, and the place to which he sent to Dejanira for the shirt which proved fatal to him, and was the occasion of throwing himself into the fire that consumed him; hence therefore, probably, Theocritus calls it the Trachinian pyre.

Ver. 103. Virgil has, "*Nec lupus insidias pectori*" &c. Both authors seem to have borrowed from Isaiah, chap. ii. ver. 6. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid."

Ver. 105. Archbishop Potter observes, "Some times the ominous thing was burnt with *ligna infelicia*, that is, such sort of wood as was in *tuicla inferum deorum avertentiumque*, sacred to the gods of hell, and those which averted evil omens, being chiefly thorns and such other trees as were fit for no other use than to be burned."

Sometimes the prodigy, when burnt, was cast into the water, and particularly into the sea, as Theocritus has described. Chap. xvii.

Ver. 107. A plant called the Rose of Jerusalem, or our Lady's Thora. *Johnson's Dict.*

The Greek is *παλιυρος*, "paliuros," which Martyn says, is most probably the plant which is cultivated in our gardens under the name of Christ's Thorn, and is supposed to be the thorn, of which the crown was made, that was put upon our Saviour's head. Notes on Virg. Ecl. 5.

Ver. 108. The Greek is *η ανημεν διδονμενην ανημεν*, "or the dry acherdus which is agitated by the wind;" it is uncertain what plant will answer to the acherdus of the ancients; Homer in the Odyssey, B. 14. ver. 10. has fenced the sylvan lodge of Eumæus with acherdus, *Και θρυγκωσιν αχιδρον*.

The wall was stone, from neighb'ring quarries borne;

Encircled with a fence of native thorn. *Pope.*

Ver. 111. The most powerful of all incantations was to throw the ashes of the sacrifice backward into the water. Thus Virgil, "Fer cineres, Amarilli, foras; rivoq; fluenti."

Transque caput jace; ne respexeris. *Ecl. 8.*

Ver. 124. Theocritus has borrowed this from Homer, Il. B. 18. Thetis, speaking of her son, says,

Την μεν εγω θειψασα, φυτει ως γυνη αλων.

Like some fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land.

Pope.

Ver. 140. Virgil says of Dares,

Nec quisquam ex agmine tanto
Audet adire virum, manibusq; inducere castus.

Æn. B. 5.

Ver. 144. In the chariot-race, the greatest care was to be taken to avoid running against the goal; Nestor, in the 23d book of the Iliad, very particularly cautions his son in regard to this point; and Horace says,

Metaque servidis Evitata rotis.

Od. 1.

Ver. 154. The Greek is,

*Κατορ ιταλιδας ιδαν, φυγας Αργιος ελδαν,
Οτποκα κλαροι απαντα και οισπειδον μεγα Τυδειος
Ναις, παρ Αδραστοι λαβων ιταλιδας Αργος.*

"These accomplishments Castor, skilled in horsemanship, taught him, when he came an exile from Argos, at the time that Tydeus ruled over the whole kingdom famed for vineyards, having received Argos from Adrastus. There is great inconsistency in this passage, which nobody, that I know of, has observed or tried to remedy: we have no account in history, that Castor came a fugitive to Argos, but that Tydeus did, we have indisputable authority. See Homer's Il. B. 14. ver. 119: Diomed says of his father, *πατερ ε' ελος Αργυ ναιστη, α. τ. α.*

My fire: from Calydon expell'd
He past to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd),
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd:
There rich in fortune's gifts his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.

Pope.

On which Eustathius observes; "This is a very artful colour: Diomed calls the flight of his father, for killing one of his brothers, *travelling* and dwelling at Argos, without mentioning the cause or occasion of his retreat." Might I venture to offer an emendation, I would read, *φυγας Αργιος ελδαν*, and then the construction might be, "Castor taught him these accomplishments at the time that Tydeus reigned over the kingdom of Argos, whither he had fled an exile, having received the sovereignty from Adrastus." Thus the passage becomes correspondent with Homer, with good sense and history; for Tydeus fled from Calydonia to Argos for manslaughter, where he married Deipyle, the daughter of Adrastus, and it should seem by this passage, afterwards succeeded him in the kingdom.

Ver. 164. A coarse bread like those cakes which the Athenians called *πιλαυι*.

IDYLLIUM XXV.

HERCULES THE LION-SLAYER.

THE ARGUMENT.

HERCULES having occasion to wait upon Augéas king of Elis, meets with an old herdsman, by whom he is introduced to the king, who, with his son Phyleus, had come into the country to take a view of his numerous herds: afterwards Hercules and Phyleus walk together to the city; in the way, the prince admiring the monstrous lion's skin which Hercules wore, takes occasion to inquire where he had it; this introduces an account how Hercules slew the Nemean lion.

The beginning is wanting.

THE good old herdsman laid his work aside,
And thus complacent to the chief reply'd:

'Whate'er you ask, O stranger, I'll impart,
'Whate'er you wish, and with a cheerful heart;
'For much I venerate the son of May,
'Who stands rever'd in every public way;

' Those most he hates of all the gods on high
 ' Who the lone traveller's request deny.
 ' The numerous flocks your eyes behold around,
 ' With which the vales are stor'd, the hills are
 ' crown'd,

' Augéas owns; o'er various walks they spread,
 ' In different meads, in different pastures fed;
 ' Some on the banks of Elisfuntus stray,
 ' Some where divine Alphéus winds his way,
 ' Some in Buprasium, where rich wines abound,
 ' And some in this well-cultivated ground.
 ' And though exceeding many flocks are told,
 ' Each separate flock enjoys a separate fold.
 ' Here, though of oxen numerous herds are seen,
 ' Yet springs the herbage ever fresh and green 20
 ' In the moist marsh of Menius: every mead,
 ' And vale irriguous, where the cattle feed,
 ' Produce sweet herbs, embalm'd in dewy tears,
 ' Whose fragrant virtue fattens well the steers.
 ' Behold that stall beyond the winding flood,
 ' Which to the right appears by yonder wood,
 ' Where the wild olive, and perennial plane,
 ' Grow, spread, and flourish, great Apollo's fane,
 ' To which the hinds, to which the shepherds bow,
 ' And deem him greatest deity below! 30
 ' Next are the stalls of swains, whose labours bring
 ' Abundant riches to the wealthy king;
 ' Four times each year the fertile soil they plough,
 ' And gather thrice the harvests which they sow;
 ' The lab'ring hinds, whose hands the vineyards
 ' dress,

' Whose feet the grapes in purple autumn press,
 ' Know well the vast domain Augéas owns,
 ' Rich fields, whose lap the golden ear imbrown,
 ' Or shaded gardens, far as yonder hills,
 ' Whose brows are water'd by replendent rills;
 ' This spacious tract we tend with daily care,
 ' As fits those swains who rural labours share.

' But say (and all my service you shall claim),
 ' Say for what cause you here a stranger came:
 ' Would you the king or his attendants see?
 ' I can conduct you; only trust to me.
 ' For such your form, and such your manly grace,
 ' You seem deriv'd from no ignoble race:
 ' Sure thus the gods, that boast celestial birth,
 ' Appear majestic to the sons of earth.' 30
 He spoke: and thus Jove's valiant son reply'd:
 ' My wandering steps let some kind shepherd
 ' guide

' To king Augéas, whom these realms obey;
 ' To see Augéas am I come this way.
 ' But if fair justice the good monarch draws
 ' To Elis, to administer the laws,
 ' Conduct me to some honourable swain,
 ' Who here presides among his rural train,
 ' That I to him my purpose may disclose,
 ' And follow what his prudence shall propose: 60
 ' For heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed,
 ' That man of man should ever stand in need.'
 Thus he: the good old herdsman thus reply'd:
 ' Sure some immortal being is your guide:
 ' For lo! your business is already done;
 ' Last night the king, descendant of the sun,
 ' With royal Phyleus, from the town withdrew,
 ' His flocks unnumber'd, and his herds to view.

' Thus when great kings their own concerns ex-
 ' plore,

' By wife attention they augment their store. 70
 ' But let me quick, for time is on the wing,
 ' In yonder tent conduct you to the king.'

This said, he walk'd before his royal guest,
 Much wondering, much revolving in his breast,
 When at his back the lion's spoils he saw,
 And in his hand the club insinuating awe.
 He wish'd to ask the hero whence he sprung?
 The rising query dy'd upon his tongue:
 He fear'd the freedom might be deem'd a fault:
 'Tis difficult to know another's thought. 80

The watchful dogs, as near the stalls they went,
 Perceiv'd their coming by their tread and scent,
 With open mouths from every part they run,
 And bay'd incessant great Amphitryon's son;
 But round the swain they wagg'd their tails and
 ' play'd,

And gently whining secret joy betray'd.
 Loose on the ground the stones that ready lay
 Eager he snatch'd, he drives them far away;
 With his rough voice he terrified them all, 89
 Though pleas'd to find them guardians of his stall.
 ' Ye gods! (the good old herdsman thus began)
 ' What useful animals are dogs to man?
 ' Had Heav'n but sent intelligence to know
 ' On whom to rage, the friendly or the foe,
 ' No creature then could challenge honour more,
 ' But now too furious, and too fierce they roar.'

He spoke; the growling mastiffs ceas'd to bay,
 And stole obsequious to their stalls away.
 The sun now westward drove his radiant steeds,
 And evening mild the noontide heat succeeds;
 His orb declining from the pastures calls 101
 Sheep to their folds, and oxen to their stalls.
 Herd following herd, it joy'd the chief to see
 Unnumber'd cattle winding o'er the lea.
 Like watery clouds arising thick in heaven,
 By the rough south or Thracian Boreas driven;
 So fast the shadowy vapours mount on high,
 They cover all the region of the sky;
 Still more and more the gathering tempest brings,
 And weightier burdens on its weary wings. 110
 Thus thickening march the cattle o'er the plain,
 More than the roads or meadows can contain;
 The lusty herds incessant bellowing keep,
 The stalls are fill'd with steers, the folds with
 ' sheep.

Though numerous slaves stand round of every kind,
 All have their several offices assign'd.
 Some tie the cow's hind legs, to make her stand
 Still, and obedient to the milker's hand:
 Some give to tender calves the swelling teat,
 Their sides distend with milky beverage sweet.
 Some form fat cheeses with the housewife's art,
 Some drive the heifers from the bulls apart. 123
 Augéas visited the stalls around,
 To see what stores in herds and flocks abound;
 With curious eye he mov'd majestic on,
 Join'd by Alcides and his royal son.
 Here Hercules, of great and steady soul,
 Whom mean amazement never could controul,
 Admir'd such droves in myriads to behold,
 Such spreading flocks that never could be told.

Not one king's wealth he thought them, nor of ten,

Though greatest of the rulers over men:
The sun his fire this privilege assign'd, [kind;
To be in flocks and herds more rich than all man:
These still increas'd; no plague e'er render'd vain
The gainful labour of the shepherd swain;
Year following year his industry was blest, [best.
More calves were rear'd, and still the last were
No cows e'er cast their young, or e'er declin'd,
The calves were chiefly of the female kind. 140
With these three hundred bulls, a comely fight,
Whose horns were crooked, and whose legs were
white;

And twice an hundred of bright glossy red,
By whom the business of increase was sped:
But twelve, the flower of all, exulting run
In the green pastures, sacred to the sun;
The stately swan was not so silver white,
And in the meads they took ineffable delight:
These, when gaunt lions from the mountain's
brow

Descend terrific on the herds below, 150
Rush to the war, the savage foe they gore,
Their eyes look death, and horribly they roar.
But most majestic these bold bulls among
Stalk'd Phaëton, the sturdy and the strong;
So radiant, so refulgent from afar,
The shepherd-swains compar'd him to a star.
When round the shoulders of the chief he spy'd,
Alarming sight! the lion's tawny hide,
Full at his flank he aim'd his iron head,
And proudly doom'd the matchless hero dead: 160
But watchful Hercules, devoid of fear,
Seiz'd his left horn, and stopp'd his mad career;
Prone to the earth his stubborn neck he prest,
Then writh'd him round, and bruis'd his ample
chest,

At one bold push exerted all his strength,
And high in air upheld him at arm's length.
Through all the wondering train amazement ran,
Silent they gaz'd, and thought him more than man.
Phyleus and Hercules (the day far spent)

Left the rich pastures, and to Elis went: 170
The footpath first, which tow'rd the city lay,
Led from the stalls, but narrow was the way:
Through vineyards next it past, and gloomy glades,
Hard to distinguish in the greenwood shades.
The devious way as noble Phyleus led,
To his right shoulder he inclin'd his head,
And slowly marching through the verdant grove,
Thus mild bespoke the progeny of Jove:

'By your last bold achievement it appears,
'Great chief, your fame long since has reach'd
'my ears, 180

'For here arriv'd a youthful Argive swain,
'From Helicé that borders on the main,
'Who for a truth among th' Epæans told,
'That late he saw a Grecian, brave and bold,
'Slay a fell lion, fell to husbandmen,
'That in the Nemean forest made his den:
'Whether the chief from sacred Argos came,
'Or proud Mycené, or Tirynthé claim
'His birth, I heard not: yet he trac'd his line,
'If true my tale, from Perseus the divine, 190

'No Greek but you could such a toil sustain;
'I reason from that mighty monster slain.
'A perilous encounter! whose rough hide
'Protects your shoulders, and adorns your side.
'Say then, if you are he, the Grecian bold,
'Of whom the Argive's wondrous tale was told:
'Say, what dread weapon drunk the monster's
'blood,

'And how he wander'd to the Nemean wood,
'For not in Greece such savages are found,
'No beasts thus huge infect Achaian ground; 200
'She breeds the ravenous wolf, the bear, the boar,
'Fervid monsters! but she breeds no more.
'Some wonder'd at accounts so strange and new,
'Thought the Greek boastful, and his tale un-
true.

Thus Phyleus spoke, and as the path grew wide,
He walk'd attentive by the hero's side,
To hear distinct the toil-sustaining man,
Who thus, obsequious to the prince, began:

'Son of Augéus, what of me you heard
'Is strictly true, nor has the stranger err'd. 210
'But since you wish to know, my tongue shall
'tell,
'From whence the monster came, and how he
'Though many Greeks have mention'd this affair
'None can the truth with certainty declare.
'Tis thought some god, by vengeful anger sway'd,
'Sent this sore plague for sacrifice unpaid,
'To punish the Phoroneans: like a flood
'He delug'd the Piscean fields with blood:
'The Bembizæans, miserable men,
'Felt his chief rage, the neighbours to his den.
'The hardy task, this hideous beast to kill,
'Eurystheus first enjoin'd me to fulfil,
'But hop'd me slain: on the bold conflict bent,
'Arm'd to the field with bow and darts I went,
'A solid club, of rude wild olive made,
'Rough in his rugged rind my right hand sway'd:
'On Helicon's fair hill the tree I found,
'And with the roots I wrench'd it from the
'ground.

'When the close covert I approach'd, where lay
'The lordly lion lurking for his prey, 230
'I bent my bow, firm fix'd the string, and strait
'Notch'd on the nerve the messenger of fate:
'Then circumspect I pry'd with curious eye,
'First, unobserv'd, the ravenous beast to spy.
'Now mid-day reign'd; I neither could explore
'His paw's broad print, nor hear his hideous roar;
'Nor labouring rustic find, nor shepherd swain,
'Nor cowherd tending cattle on the plain,
'To point the lion's lair: fear chill'd them all,
'And kept the herds and herdsmen in the stall. 240
'I search'd the groves and saw my foe at length;
'Then was the moment to exert my strength.
'Long ere dim evening clos'd, he sought his den,
'Gorg'd with the flesh of cattle and of men:
'With slaughter stain'd his squalid mane ap-
'pear'd, [smear'd,
'Stern was his face, his chest with blood be-
'And with his pliant tongue he lick'd his gory
'beard.

'Mid shady shrubs I hide myself with care,
'Expecting he might issue from his lair.

" Pull at his flank I sent a shaft, in vain, 250
 " The harmless shaft rebounded on the plain.
 " Stunn'd, at the shock, from earth the savage
 " rais'd
 " His tawny head, and all around him gaz'd :
 " Wondering from whence the feather'd ven-
 " geance flew,
 " He gnath'd his horrid teeth, tremendous to the
 " view.
 " Vex'd that the first had unavailing fled,
 " A second arrow from the nerve I sped :
 " In his broad chest, the mansion of his heart,
 " I launch'd the shaft with ineffectual art ;
 " His hair, his hide the feather'd death repel ;
 " Before his feet it innocently fell. 261
 " Enrag'd, once more, I try'd my bow to draw,
 " Then first his foe the furious monster saw :
 " He lash'd his sturdy sides with stern delight,
 " And rising in his rage prepar'd for fight.
 " With instant ire his main erected grew,
 " His hair look'd horrid, of a brindled hue ;
 " Circling his back, he seem'd in act to bound,
 " And like a bow he bent his body round :
 " As when the fig-tree skilful wheelers take, 270
 " For rolling chariots rapid wheels to make ;
 " The fellies first, in fires that gently glow,
 " Gradual they heat, and like a circle bow ;
 " Awhile in curves the pliant timber stands,
 " Then springs at once elastic from their hands.
 " On me thus from afar, his foe to wound,
 " Sprung the fell lion with impetuous bound.
 " My left hand held my darts direct before,
 " Around my breast a thick strong garb I wore ;
 " My right, club guarded, dealt a deadly blow 288
 " Full on the temples of the rushing foe :

" So hard his skull, that with the sturdy stroke,
 " My knotted club of rough wild-olive broke :
 " Yet ere I clos'd, his savage fury fled,
 " With trembling legs he stood, and nodding
 " head ;
 " The forceful onset had confus'd his brain,
 " Dim mists obscur'd his eyes, and agonizing pain.
 " This I perceiv'd ; and now, an easy prey,
 " I threw my arrows and my bow away,
 " And ere the beast recover'd of his wound, 290
 " Seiz'd his thick neck, and pinn'd him to the
 " ground ;
 " With all my might on his broad back I prest,
 " Left his fell claws should tear my adverse breast ;
 " Then mounting, close my legs in his I twin'd,
 " And with my feet secur'd his paws behind ;
 " My thigh I guarded and with all my strength
 " Heav'd him from earth, and held him at arms
 " length,
 " And strangled thus the fellest of the fell ;
 " His mighty soul descending sunk to hell.
 " The conquest gain'd, fresh doubts my mind
 " divide, 300
 " How shall I strip the monster's shaggy hide ?
 " Hard task ! for the tough skin repell'd the
 " dint
 " Of pointed wood, keen steel, or sharpest flint :
 " Some god inspir'd me, standing still in pause,
 " To slay the lion with the lion's claws.
 " This I accomplish'd, and the spoil now yields
 " A firm security in fighting fields :
 " Thus, Phyleus, was the Nemean monster slain,
 " The terror of the forest and the plain,
 " That flocks and herds devour'd, and many a
 " village twain." 310

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXV.

Though this noble Idyllium is by far the longest of any that Theocritus has left us, containing, exclusive of the beginning which is lost, no less than 281 verses, yet the commentators, Scaliger, Casaubon, and D. Heinſius, have not left us one single emendation or note upon it : and therefore I shall trouble the reader with but few observations : yet these gray old critics have been lavish of their remarks upon the 27th Idyllium, infinitely the most obscene of all the pieces that have been attributed to Theocritus. One remark is very obvious, that the first part of this Idyllium, as far as ver. 178 in the translation, is entirely pastoral and bucolic ; containing beautiful descriptions of meadows, pastures, hills, vales, rivers, shepherds, herdsmen, and their flocks and dogs, flocks and herds innumerable : the second part is an account of a famous exploit performed by Hercules, and therefore the whole must surely belong to the Arcadian poetry.

Ver. 6. The ancients erected statues to Mercury in the public roads, as guides to travellers, which they called *Hermæ* ; they were of marble

and four square ; nothing but the head was finished ; thus Juvenal, Sat. 8. 53.

— Truncoque simillimus *Hermæ*.

Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine, quam quod illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago.

Ver. 13. A river near Elis.

Ver. 14. A famous river of Arcadia near Elis, which the ancients feigned to have sunk under ground, and so passed through the sea, without mixing its streams with the salt waters, till arriving at Sicily, it mingled its current with the fountain Arethusa near Syracuse. Thus Virgil, *Æn.* 3. 694. "*Alpheum fama est*," &c.

Hither 'tis said *Alphæus* from his source
 In Elis' realms, directs his watery course :
 Beneath the main he takes his secret way,
 And mounts with *Arethusa* up to day. *Pin.*

Ver. 15. A city and country of Arcadia near Elis, from *Buprasium* its founder.

Those where fair Elis and *Buprasium* join

Pope's H. B. 2.

K. 11j

Ver. 20.
Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina defunt.
Geor. 2. 200.

There for thy flocks fresh fountains never fail,
Undying verdure clothes the grassy vale. *Warton.*

Ver. 27. This tree was sacred to Apollo, and substituted as a temple where presents were offered to him: Virgil, speaking of an olive tree, *Æn. 12. 766.* says,
Servati ex undis ibi figere dona solebant
Laurenti divo.

The shipwreck'd sailors, on the hallow'd wood,
Hung their devoted vests in honour of the god.
Pitt.

Ver. 33. Virgil says, that the soil for vines,
Quotannis
Terque quaterque solum scindendum. *Geor. B. 2.*
Thrice and four times, the soil, each rolling year,
The ponderous ploughs and heavy drags must bear.
War.

Ver. 46.
Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum.
Virg.

Ver. 55.
Evandrum petimus. *Æn. B. 8.*

Ver. 55. Thus Dido in Virgil,
Jura dabat legesq. viris, operumque laborem
Partibus æquabar justis. *Æn. B. 1. 511.*

Ver. 64.
Dis equidem auspiciis reor, et Junone secundâ,
Huc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas. *Æn. 4.*
Ver. 81. Here Theocritus imitates Homer; see
Odyl. B. 14. 20.

Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew. *Pope.*
On which Mr. Pope observes, 'What Homer
speaks of Ulysses, Theocritus applies to Hercules;
a demonstration that he thought it to be a picture
of nature, and therefore inserted it in that heroic
Idyllium.'

Ver. 88. Thus also Eumæus did,
With show'rs of stones he drives them far away,
The scattering dogs around at distance bay. *Pope.*

Ver. 100. Thus the herds in Virgil return home
in the evening,
Vesper ubi c. pastu vitulos ad tecta reducit.
Geor. 4. 433.

When evening homewards drives the calves and
sheep. *Warton.*

Ver. 105. This simile finely represents the un-
numbered herds of Augéas, and is very like a pas-
sage in Homer's *Il. B. 4.* which I shall beg leave
to transcribe.

In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from a lofty promontory's brow,
A swain surveys the gathering storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,

Till black as night the swelling tempest shows
The clouds condensing as the west-wind blows.
Pope.

Ver. 122. Thus Virgil says in regard to the
management of bulls,
Aut intus clausos satura ad præsepia servant.
Geor. 3. 214.

Ver. 126. Thus Virgil,
——ibat rex oblitus ævo;
Et comitem Æneam juxta natumque tenebat. *B. S.*

Ver. 133. We may here observe, that Theo-
critus makes the great increase of the herds of
Augéas, to arise from the gift and influence of the
sun, his father.

Ver. 140. This circumstance must occasion a
prodigious propagation: thus exceedingly increas-
ed the cattle of Jacob. *Genesis xxx. 30—43.* "Thy
cattle is now increased to a multitude: and the
man increased exceedingly, and had much cattle."
And chap. xxxi. 38. Jacob says, "These twenty
years have I been with thee; thy ewes and thy
she-goats have not cast their young."

Ver. 149. The Greek word is *lægis*, and in this
place properly signifies lions, as it does also in the
Iliad, *B. 15. ver. 586*; and the bull Phæton's be-
ing alarmed at seeing the skin of the Nemean lion,
ver. 158. seems in a very agreeable manner to
determine this construction.

Ver. 182. Was once a city of Achaia, three
quarters of a league from Corinth, but swallowed
up by the sea.

Ver. 186. Thus Virgil,
Tu mactus vastum Nemeâ sub rupe leonem.
Æn. 8. 294.

Beneath thy arm the Nemean monster fell. *Pitt.*

Ver. 188. A city near Argos where Hercules
was nursed, whence he is called Tirynthius.

* Ver. 190. Was grandfather to Amphitryon,
the husband of Alcmena.

Ver. 200. Thus Horace,
Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis, &c. *B. 1. Od. 22.*

Ver. 202.
At rabidæ tigres absunt, et sæva leonum semina.
Virg. Geor. 2. 151.

Ver. 211.
At si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros.
Æn. B. 2. 10.

Ver. 217. Inhabitants of a city in Argos: Pho-
roneus, the son of Inachus, succeeded his father,
enlarged his territories, and gathered the people,
who were before dispersed about the country into
one city, which was called from him Phoronium.
Universal Hist. B. 1. Ch. 16.

Virgil compares Pyrrhus to a flood. *Æn. 2. 496.*
Not half so fierce the foamy deluge bounds,
And bursts resistless o'er the levell'd mounds;
Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
Sweeps herds and hinds, and hoves to the main.
Pitt.

Ver. 222.

—Ut duros mille labores

Reges sub Eurythæo, fatis Junonis iniquæ,
Pertulerit. *Æn. B. 8. 291.*The thousand labours of the hero's hands,
Enjoin'd by proud Eurythæus' stern commands.

Ver. 224. Virgil says of Hercules:

—Raptit armo manu, nodisque gravatum
Rubor. *Æn. B. 8. 220.*

Ver. 232. Thus Pandarus in Homer, Il. 4.

—Couching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-string bow.*Pope.*Ver. 237. Ovid speaking of the Calydonian
boar, says,Diffugiunt populi; nec se, nisi mœnibus urbis,
Esse putant tutos. *Met. B. 8. 298.*Ver. 256. Thus Hector is vexed, that his lance
did not penetrate the armour of Ajax, Il. B. 14.Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And cur'd the lance that unavailing flew.*Pope.*Ver. 264. There is an image in Virgil very
similar to this; B. 12. v. 6. "Ium demum," &c.As, pierc'd at distance by the hunter's dart,
The Libyan lion rouses at the smart;
And loudly roaring traverses the plain;
Scourges his sides; and rears his horrid mane;
Tugs furious at the spear; the foe defies,
And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat
flies. *Pitt.*Ver. 270. The Greek is, *αμνίς, capri*, a wild
fig-tree: the same word occurs in Homer, Il. B.
21, 37, which Mr. Pope renders a sycamore;As from a sycamore, his founding steel
Lopp'd the green arms, to spoke a chariot wheel.Ver. 278. Thus Cadmus encountering with the
dragon;Instantiaque ora retardat
Cuspide pretentâ. *Ovid. Metam. B. 3.*Ver. 297. The construction of this passage is
perplexed, but I hope I have hit upon the right,
as the circumstance of Hercules's heaving the lion
from the ground, is exactly the same as happened
to the bull Phæton,

And high in air upheld him at arm's length.

Ver. 166.

Indeed the words in the original are very similar.

Ver. 298. Thomson in his Seasons, joins this
epithet to the hyena: "The keen hyena, fellest of
the fell."Ver. 306. Aventinus, the son of Hercules, is
represented by Virgil in the same dress.Ipse pedes tegmen torquens immane leonis, &c.
*Æn. B. 7. 666.*He stalk'd before his host; and, wide disspread,
A lion's teeth grin'd horrid o'er his head;
Then fought the palace in this strange attire,
And look'd as stern, and dreadful as his fire.*Pitt.*

IDYLLIUM XXVI.

BACCHÆ.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS Idyllium contains a short account of the death of Pentheus, king of Thebes; who refusing to
own the divinity of Bacchus, and endeavouring to prohibit his orgies, is torn in pieces by his own
mother Agavé, and by his aunts Ino and Autonoe.AUTONOE, and Agavé, whose rough cheeks
Resembled the ripe apple's ruddy streaks,
With frantic Ino had resolv'd to keep
Three holy revels on the mountain's steep:
Green ivy, and sweet asphodel they took,
And leafy branches from the shagged oak,
With these the madding Bacchanalians made
Twelve verdant altars in an opening glade;
Three to fair Semele they rais'd, and nine
To youthful Bacchus, jolly god of wine. *10*
From chests they take, and joyful shouting, lay
Their offerings on the fresh erected spray;
Such rites they practis'd, and such offerings
brought,
As pleas'd the god, and what himself had taught.Lodg'd in a lentisk-tree, conceal'd from sight,
Astonish'd Pentheus saw the mystic rite;
Autonoe first the latent monarch spy'd,
With horrid yellings down the hill she hy'd,
The orgies of the frantic god o'erthrew,
Which no profane, unhallow'd eye must view. *20*
Maddening the rag'd, the rest all rag'd: and dread
Supplied with pinions Pentheus as he fled;
He hop'd by flight their fury to elude:
With robes tuck'd up they eagerly pursu'd:
Then Pentheus thus: "What means this rage?
"forbear;"Autonoe thus: "You'll feel before you hear."
His mother roar'd, and snatch'd his head away,
Loud as the female lion o'er her prey;

Ino, her foot upon his breast display'd,
Wrench'd off his shoulder, and the shoulder blade;
Autonoe steep'd her hands in royal gore; 31
And all the monarch limb from limb they tore:
Thus drench'd in blood the Theban towers they
fought,
And grief, not Pentheus, from the mountain
brought.

Be warn'd; let none the jolly god offend,
Left sorer penalties the wretch attend;
Let none behold his rites with eyes impure;
Age is not safe, nor blooming youth secure.

For me, the works of righteousness I love,
And may I grateful to the righteous prove! 40
For this is pleasing to almighty Jove.
The pious blessings on their sons derive;
But can the children of the impious thrive?
Hail Bacchus, whom the ruler of the sky,
Great Jove, enclos'd, and foster'd in his thigh!
Hail, with thy sisters, Semele renown'd!
Offspring of Cadmus, with bright praises crown'd,
In hymns of heroines: let none defame
This act: from Bacchus the incentive came:
'Tis not for man the deeds of deities to blame.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXVI.

Mr. Warton observes, "That Euripides, in his *Bacchantes*, has given a very fine description of the Bacchanalian women tearing Pentheus in pieces, for secretly inspecting their mysteries, which is worked up with the greatest fire, and the truest poetical enthusiasm. Theocritus has likewise nobly described this event.

Ver. 1. These were all sisters and the daughters of Cadmus and Harmonia.

Ver. 3. Anacreon, *Epig.* 4. describes three Bacchæ, and ivy is one of their oblations to Bacchus:

First Heliconias with a thyrsus past,
Xanthippe next, and Glauca was the last;
Lo' dancing down the mountains they repair,
And grateful gifts to jolly Bacchus bear;
Wreaths of the rustling ivy for his head,
With grapes delicious, and a kid well fed. F. F.

Ver. 8. Thus Virgil, *Ecl.* 5.

En quatuor aras:

Ecce duas tibi, Daphni, quoque altaria Phœbo.

Ver. 15. The story of Pentheus is told by Ovid in the *Metam.* B. 3. in a manner something different, which I shall give in Mr. Addison's translation.

Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dances and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy javelin at her son she cast,
And cries, "The boar that lays our country
waste!

"The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
"And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gathering round,
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.

"Help! help! my aunt Autonoe, he cry'd;
"Remember how your own *Agæon* dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
His mother howl'd, and heedless of his prayer,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
"And this, she cry'd, shall be Agave's share;"
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore.
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As flaring in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours calls,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strew'd the plain.

Ver. 27.

Quid? caput abscissum demens cum portat Agave
Nati infelicit, sibi tum furiosa videtur?

Hor. B. 2. Sat. 3.

Ver. 34. There is great beauty in the original. *Εξ αἰῶνος ἀνθρώπων, καὶ ὡς Πενθεῖα, φηγομένη*, which, arising from the similarity of the words *ανθρώπων* and *Πενθεῖα*, cannot be kept up in the translation.

Ver. 45. Ovid mentions the same thing, *Met.* B. 3: 310.

Imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo
Eripitur, patrioque tener (si credere dignum)
Insuitur femori, maternaque tempora complet.

Ver. 46. She was the mother of Bacchus, and sister to Ino, Agave, and Autopoe.

Ver. 50. There is a similar thought in Bion, *Idyl.* 6.

Κοίτην ἢ καὶ τὸν δόρυ γὰρ ἐπέσται.

It ill becomes frail mortals to define

What's best and fittest of the works divine. F. F.

IDYLLIUM XXVII.

Is by the commentators generally attributed to Moschus, and therefore I may well be excused from translating it as the work of Theocritus. Were that not the case, it is of such a nature that it cannot

be admitted into this volume: Scaliger, Cafaubon, and Dan. Heinfius, have left more notes upon it in proportion than upon any of the other Idylliums. Creech has done it into English; but the spirit is evaporated, and nothing remains but a *caput mortuum*. Dryden generally improves and expatiates upon any subject that is ludicrous, and therefore the tenor of his translation will be found very different. The last five lines in Greek he has expanded into fourteen.

IDYLLIUM XXVIII.

THE DISTAFF.

ARGUMENT.

THEOCRITUS, going to visit his friend Nicias, the Milesian physician, to whom he has addressed the 11th and 13th Idylliums, carries an ivory distaff as a present for Theuigenis, his friend's wife, and accompanies it with these verses, in which he modestly commends the matron's industry and virtue.

O DISTAFF, friend to warp and woof, dost thou
Minerva's gift in man's behoof, yet own'd by
Whom careful housewives still retain,
And gather to their household's gain;
With me repair, no vulgar prize,
Where the fam'd towers of Nileus rise,
Where Cytherea's swayful power
Is worshipp'd in the reedy bower.
Thither, would Jove kind breezes send,
I steer my course to meet my friend,
Nicias, the graces' honour'd child,
Adorn'd with sweet persuasion mild;
That I his kindness may requite,
May be delighted, and delight.
Thee, ivory distaff I provide,
A present for his blooming bride.
With her thou wilt sweet toil partake,
And aid her various vests to make.
For Theuigenis, the shepherds shear
The sheep's soft fleeces twice a-year.

So dearly industry she loves, which had you any of
And all that wisdom points approves:
I ne'er design'd to bear thee hence, had rather set
To the dull house of indolence: that you should
For in that city thou wert fram'd, which e'er was
Which Archias built, Corinthian fam'd, the good
Fair Syracuse, Sicilia's pride, set as before
Where troops of famous men abide. Dwell thou with him whose art can cure
Dwell thou with him whose art can cure
Each dire disease that men endure; yet thou
Thee to Miletus now I give, and out of
Where pleasure crown'd Ionians live, shouldst
That Theuigenis by thee may gain, shouldst
Fair honour with the female train;
And thou renew within her breast
Remembrance of her muse-charm'd guest.
Admitting thee, each maid will call
The favour great, the present small;
For love the smallest gift commends;
All things are valued by our friends.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXVIII.

Ver. 6. That is, Miletus, a famous city of Ionia, lying south of the river Mæander on the sea-coast. It was founded, according to Strabo, by Nilius the son of Codrus, king of Athens, when he first settled in that part of Asia. See Universal History. The fine garments made of Milesian wool were in great esteem with the Roman ladies: Horace has, "Mileti textam chlamydem," B. 1. Ep. 17. and "Virgil, Milesia veller," Geor. 3.

Ver. 25. Syracuse, once the metropolis of all Sicily, and a most flourishing commonwealth, was,

according to Tully, the greatest and most wealthy of all the cities possessed by the Greeks. Thucydides equals it to Athens, when that city was at the height of its glory; and Strabo calls it one of the most famous cities of the world for its advantageous situation, the stateliness of its buildings, and the immense wealth of its inhabitants. It was built by Archias, one of the Heraclidae, who came from Corinth into Sicily, in the second year of the eleventh Olympiad. *Univ. Hist.*

Ver. 38. *Inest sua gratia parvis.*

IDYLLIUM XXIX.

THE MISTRESS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS is an expostulation with his mistress for her inconstancy in love. In the original it is called *Haidas*. I have taken the liberty to make a change in the application of it, which renders it far more obvious and natural.

WINE, lovely maid, and truth agree;
I'm mellow—learn this truth from me;
And hear my secret thoughts; "I find,
" You love me not with all your mind."
Your beauty life and vigour gives,
In you my half-existence lives;
The other half has sadly sped,
The other half, alas! is dead.
Whene'er you smile auspicious love,
I'm happy as the gods above;
Whene'er your frowns displeasure show,
I'm wretched as the fiends below.
Sure 'tis unmeet with cold disdain
To torture thus a love-sick swain:
But could my words your thoughts engage,
Experience is the boast of age;
Take counsel, and when crown'd with store
Of blessings, then you'll praise me more.

" Build in one tree a single nest,
" Which no curst reptile can infest."
Fond and unfix'd you wander now
From tree to tree, from bough to bough.
If any youth your charms commends
You rank him with your faithful friends,
Your first true lovers set aside;
This looks like vanity and pride.
Would you live long and happy too,
Love some kind equal that loves you.
This will esteem and favour gain,
Such love will never give you pain;
This wins all hearts, and will controul
The stubborn temper of my soul.
If with my counsel you agree,
Give me sweet kisses for my fee.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXIX.

Ver. 1.

In vino veritas.

Ver. 6. Thus Horace,

Et servas animæ dimidium mæx.

B. 1. Ode. 3.

Ver. 10.

Decorum vitam adepti fumus. *Ter. Haut. Act. 4. Sc. 3.*

Ver. 16.

—Seris venit usus ab annis:

Consilium ne sperne meum.

Ovid. Met. B. 6.

IDYLLIUM XXX.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

VENUS orders the Cupids to bring the boar that had slain Adonis before her: she severely upbraids him with his crime, but being satisfied that it was accidentally done, she orders him to be released. The measure of the verse is Anacreontic.

WHEN Venus saw Adonis dead,
And from his cheeks the roses fled,
His lovely locks disstain'd with gore:
She bade her Cupids bring the boar,

The boar that had her lover slain,
The cause of all her grief and pain.
Swift as the pinion'd birds they rove
Through every wood, through every grove;

And when the guilty boar they found,
 With cords they bound him, doubly-bound; 10
 One with a chain, secure and strong,
 Haul'd him unwillingly along;
 One pinch'd his tail to make him go,
 Another beat him with his bow:
 The more they urg'd, the more they dragg'd,
 The more reluctantly he lagg'd.
 Guilt in his conscious looks appear'd;
 He much the angry goddess fear'd.
 To Venus soon the boar they led—
 "O cruel, cruel beast! she said,
 "Durst thou that thigh with blood distain?
 "Halt thou my dearest lover slain?"
 Submissive he replies; "I swear
 'By thee, fair queen; by all that's dear;
 'By thy fond lover; by this chain;
 'And by this numerous hunter-train;
 'I ne'er design'd, with impious tooth,
 'To wound so beautiful a youth:

"No; but with love and frenzy warm,
 (So far has beauty power to charm!)
 'I long'd, this crime I'll not deny
 'To kiss that fair, that naked thigh.
 'These tusks then punish, if you please,
 'These are offenders, draw out these.
 'Of no more use they now can prove
 'To me, the votaries of love!
 'My guilty lips, if not content,
 'My lips shall share the punishment."
 These words, so movingly express'd,
 Infus'd soft pity in her breast;
 The queen relented at his plea,
 And bade her Cupids set him free:
 But from that day he join'd her train,
 Nor to the woods return'd again;
 And all those teeth he burnt with fire,
 Which glow'd before with keen desire.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXX.

This little poem is a fine imitation of Anacreon: Theocritus had before, in his nineteenth Idyllium, copied that delicate master in every thing but the measure of his verse. Bion has a most beautiful Idyllium on the same subject. Longepierre says of this Ode of Theocritus, "Cette petite pièce m'a toujours paru si jolie, que je croy qu'on me pardonnera aisément si j'en donne icy une traduction."

Ver. 14. Thus Ulysses drives the horses of Rhesus with his bow, ll. B. 10.

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
 And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;

These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along.

Poff.

Ver. 23. Thus Sinon in Virgil,

Vos, æterni ignes, &c.

You, the eternal splendours, he exclaims,
 And you divine inviolable flames,
 Ye fatal swords, and altars, which I fled,
 Ye wreaths which circled this devoted head;
 All, all attest.

Pitt.

Ver. 45. The Greek is, *Enna tus spotas, exussit amores*, i. e. *amatorios dentes*.

THE EPIGRAMS OF THEOCRITUS.

I. Offerings to the Muses and Apollo.

THIS wild thyme, and these roses, moist with
 dews,
 Are sacred to the Heliconian Muse,
 The bay, Apollo, with dark leaves is thine;
 Thus art thou honour'd at the Delphic shrine;
 And there to thee this shagg'd he-goat I vow,
 That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendant bough.

II. An Offering to Pan.

DAPHNIS the fair, who with bucolic song,
 And pastoral pipe could charm the listening throng,

To Pan presents these emblems of his art,
 A fawn's soft skin, a crook, and pointed dart,
 Three rural pipes, adapted to his lip,
 And for his homely food a leathern scrip.

III. To Daphnis Sleeping.

ON earth's soft lap, with leafy honours spread,
 You, Daphnis, lull to rest your weary head:
 While on the hill your snares for birds are laid,
 Pan hunts your footsteps in the secret shade,
 And rude Priapus, on whose temples wave
 Gold ivy's leaves, resolv'd to find your cave:
 Ah! fly these revellers, at distance keep,
 And instant burst the silken bands of sleep.

IV. *A Vow to Priapus.*

Is by those oaks with roving step you wind,
 An image fresh of fig-tree form'd you'll find;
 Though cloth'd with bark, three leg'd and void
 of ears,
 Prompt for the pranks of pleasure he appears
 Springs gush perennial from the rocky hill,
 And round the grotto roll their sparkling rill:
 Green myrtles, bays, and cypress sweet abound,
 And vines diffuse their circling arms around.
 The vernal ousels their shrill notes prolong,
 And modulate the loudly varied song:
 Sweet nightingales in soft-opponent strain,
 Perch'd on the spray melodiously complain.
 Repose you there, and to Priapus pray,
 That Daphne may no more my bosom sway:
 Grant this, a goat shall at his altar bleed;
 But if I gain the maid, three victims are decreed;
 A stall-fed lamb, a goat, and heifer fair:
 Thus may the god propitious hear my prayer.

V. *The Concert.*

SAY wilt thou warble to thy double flute;
 And make its melody thy music suit?
 Then, by the nymphs I swear, I'll snatch the quill,
 And on the rural lyre essay my skill:
 The herdsman, Daphnis, on his reed shall play,
 Whose sprightly numbers make the shepherds gay,
 Fast by yon rugged oak our stand, we'll keep,
 And rob th' Arcadian deity of sleep.

VI. *Thyrsis has lost his Kid.*

WHAT profit gain you, wretched Thyrsis, say,
 Thus, thus to weep and languish life away!
 Lost is your favourite kid; the wolf has tore
 His tender limbs, and feasted on his gore;
 Your very dogs exclaim, and cry, "What gain,
 When neither bones, nor ashes now remain!"

VII. *On the Statue of Æsculapius.*

AT fam'd Miletus, Pæon's son the wise
 Arriv'd, with learned Nicias to advise,
 Who to his shrine with daily offerings came,
 And rais'd this cedar statue to his fame;
 The cedar statue by Eëtion wrought,
 Illustrious artist! for large sums he bought;
 The work is finish'd to the owner's will,
 For here the sculptor lavish'd all his skill.

VIII. *Orthon's Epitaph.*

To every toping traveller that lives,
 Orthon of Syracuse this warning gives,
 With wine o'erheated, and depriv'd of light,
 Forbear to travel on a winter's night;
 This was my fate; and for my native land
 I now lie buried on a foreign strand.

IX. *On the Fate of Cleonicus.*

O STRANGER! spare thy life so short and frail,
 Nor, but when times are seasonable, fail.
 Poor Cleonicus, innocent of guile,
 From Syria hasten'd to rich Thafos' isle;

The Pleiads sunk as he approach'd the shore;
 With them he sunk, to rise, alas! no more.

X. *On a Monument Erected to the Muses.*

HERE Xenocles hath rais'd this marble shrine,
 Skill'd in sweet music to the tuneful nine:
 He from his art acquires immortal fame,
 And grateful owns the fountain whence it came.

XI. *Epitaph on Euthenes the Physiognomist.*

To Euthenes, the first in wisdom's list,
 Philosopher and physiognomist,
 This tomb is rais'd: he from the eye could scan
 The cover'd thought, and read the very man.
 By strangers was his decent bier adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by poets mourn'd:
 Whate'er the sophist merited he gain'd,
 And dead, a grave in foreign realms obtain'd.

XII. *On a Tripod dedicated to Bacchus, by Demoteles.*

DEMOTEALES, who near this sacred shrine
 This tripod plac'd, with thee, O god of wine!
 Whom blithest of the deities we call,
 In all things prov'd, was temperate in all;
 In manly dance the victory he gain'd,
 And fair the tenor of his life maintain'd.

XIII. *On the Image of the Heavenly Venus.*

HERE Venus, not the vulgar, you survey;
 Style her celestial, and your offering pay:
 This in the house of Amphicles was plac'd,
 Fair present of Chrysogona the chaste:
 With him a sweet and social life she led,
 And many children bore, and many bred.
 Favour'd by thee, O venerable fair,
 Each year improv'd upon the happy pair;
 For long as men the deities adore,
 With large abundance heav'n augments their
 store.

XIV. *Epitaph on Eurymedon.*

DEAD in thy prime, this tomb contains,
 Eurymedon, thy dear remains;
 Thou, now with pious men enshrin'd,
 Hast left an infant heir behind;
 The state due care of him will take,
 And love him for his father's sake.

XV. *On the same.*

O TRAVELLER, I wish to know
 If you an equal praise bestow
 On men of honourable fame,
 Or to poltroons you give the same:
 Then "Fair befall this tomb," you'll cry,
 As oft you pass attentive by,
 "Eurymedon, alas! is dead;
 "Light lie the stone upon his head."

XVI. *On Anacreon's Statue.*

WITH curious eye, O traveller, survey
 This statue's form, and home-returning say,

" At Teos late with infinite regard,
" I saw the image of the sweetest bard,
" Anacreon : who, if ancient poets claim
" The meed of praise, deserves immortal fame ;"
Add this : " He lov'd (for this with truth you can)
" The fair, the gay, the young," you'll paint the
very man.

XVII. *On Epicharmus.*

THE style is Doric ; Epicharmus he,
The poet who invented comedy :
This statue, Bacchus, sacred stands to you ;
Accept a brazen image for the true.
The finish'd form at Syracuse is plac'd,
And as is meet, with lasting honours grac'd.
Far fam'd for wisdom, the preceptive bard
Taught those who gave the merited reward ;
Much praise he gains who form'd ingenuous youth,
And shew'd the paths to virtue, and to truth.

XVIII. *Epitaph on Clita, the Nurse of Medeus.*

MEDEUS rais'd, inspir'd by grateful pride,
This tomb to Clita by the high way side :
We still commend her for her fostering care ;
And praise the matron when we praise the heir.

XIX. *On Archilochus.*

ARCHILOCHUS, that ancient bard, behold !
Arm'd with his own iambics keen and bold ;

Whole living fame with rapid course has run
Forth from the rising to the setting sun.
The muses much their darling son approv'd,
The muses much, and much Apollo lov'd :
So terse his style, so regular his fire,
Composing verse to suit his sounding lyre.

XX. *On the Statue of Pisander, who wrote a Poem styled, The Labours of Hercules.*

THIS statue fam'd Pisander's worth rewards,
Born at Camirus, first of famous bards
Who sung of Hercules, the son of Jove,
How with the lion he victorious strove,
And all the labours of this hero bold
The faithful bard in lofty numbers told.
The state regardful of the poet's name,
Hath rais'd this brazen statue to his fame.

XXI. *Epitaph on the Poet Hipponax.*

OLD Hipponax the satirist lies here ;
If thou'rt a worthless wretch, approach not near ;
But if well bred, and from all evil pure,
Repose with confidence, and sleep secure.

XXII. *Theocritus on his own Works.*

A SYRACUSIAN born, no right I claim
To Chios, and Theocritus my name :
Praxagoras' and fam'd Philina's son ;
All praise I scorn'd but what my numbers won.

NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

These epigrams were never translated into English before. The six that first present themselves, are a true model of the rustic sweetness, and delicate simplicity of the ancient Greek epigram.

I. Ver. 2. That the rose was consecrated to the Muses, appears from Anacreon, Ode 53. *χαρὸν ποτὶ Μουσῶν.*

In fabled song, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite rose the Muses praise.

And Sappho, Frag. 2.

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose,
That on the mountain of Pieria blows. F. F.

Ver. 5. Virgil and Horace have something similar.

— Illius aram

Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuit agnus.

Æl. I.

Voveram album Libero caprum. B. 3. Ode 8.

II. Ver. 1. This Daphnis was probably the son of Mercury, the same whose story is sung in the first Idyllium. Diodorus Siculus supposes him to be the author of bucolic poetry ; and, agreeable to this, Theon, an old Scholiast on Theocritus, in his note on the first Idyllium, ver. 141. mentioning Daphnis, says, *Καὶ οὗτος ὁμιλεῖ Βυκολικῶν*, Inasmuch as he was the inventor of bucolics : however

that be, probably this Daphnis was the first subject of bucolic songs.

III. Ver. 6. The Greek is, *κροκύντα κισσόν*. This is probably the *pullens*, or *alba bedera* of Virgil, on which Dr. Martyn observes (see his notes on Ecl. 7. ver. 38.) it is most likely that sort of ivy with yellow berries, which was used in the garlands with which poets used to be crowned, and Ecl. 8. ver. 13. The poetical ivy is that sort with golden berries, or *hedera bacca aureis*.

IV. Ver. 2. The ancients often hewed the image of Priapus out of a fig-tree.

Olim truncus eram ficulnus, &c. *Hor. Sat. 8. B. I.*

Ver. 14. I have taken the liberty to address this Epigram to Daphne, instead of Daphnis, *puella et non pastor*.

Ver. 15. Here I follow the ingenious interpretation of Dan. Heinsius.

V. Ver. 8. In the first Idyllium, the shepherds are afraid of disturbing the Arcadian god's repose. See ver. 20.

VII. Ver. 1. Æsculapius, the son of Apollo, was called *Pæon* or *Παῖων*, because of his art in assuaging and curing diseases.

VIII. Ver. 5. I here follow the ingenious commendation of Heinsius.

IX. In all the editions of Theocritus in the original, there is only the first distich of this Epi-

gram, but in Piclion's *Verisimilia*, I find two more added from a MS. in the Palatine library, which was collated by D. Ruhnkenius; as I have translated, I likewise take the liberty to transcribe the whole.

Ἀνθρώποι ζωῆς περιφειδίο, μὴδε παρ' ὤρων
Ναυτιλὸς ἰδί, ὡς ὃ πολὺς ἀνδρὶ βίος.

Ἀεὶ λαὸν Κλειονικῇ, εὐ δ' εἰς λιπαρὴν Θάσον ἐλ-
θάν.

Ἦπειρ' ἂν κοίτης ἡμπαρὸς ἐκ Συρίας.

Ἐμπόρος ὡ Κλειονικῇ, δὲ τιν' δ' ἀπο κλεικὸς αὐτῆς,
Ποιτοπορεῖν αὐτῇ πλειάδι σωματίδους.

Ver. 4. An island near Thrace, formerly famous for gold, marble, and wine.

XI. Heinsius has rendered this epigram intelligible, whose emendations I follow.

XII. Ver. 6 The Greek is,
Καὶ τὸ καλὸν, καὶ τὸ πρῶτον ὄρων.

Thus Horace,

Quid verum, atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis
in hoc sum.

B. I. Ep. I. II.

XIII. Ver. 1. Plato in *Convivio* says, there were two Venuses, one was the daughter of Cælus, which we call *ουρανία* or celestial: the other the daughter of Jupiter and Dione, which we call *πανδημὸν* or popular.

XVII. Ver. 1. Was brought to Sicily when an infant from the island of Cos, and is therefore called a Sicilian; he was the disciple of Pythagoras, and said to be the first inventor of comedy. Plautus imitated him, according to Horace.

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi.
B. 2. Ep. I. 58.

Even Plato himself borrowed many things from him. He presented fifty-five, or as some say, thirty-five plays, which are all lost. He lived, according to Lucian, 97 years. Laertius has preserved some verses which were inscribed on one of his statues, which, as they are a testimony of the high esteem antiquity had for his worth, I shall transcribe.

Εἰ τι παραλασσει φαίδην μέγας ἄλιος ἀστρῶν,
Καὶ ποτὸς ποταμῶν μείζον ἔχει δύναμιν
Φαίη τοσούτοι γὰρ σοφία προέχειν Ἐπὶ χαρμῶν,
Οἱ πατέρες ἱστῶντες· ἀδὲ Συρακοσίαν.

As the bright sun outshines the starry train,
And streams confess the empire of the main;
We first in wisdom Epicharmus own,
On whom fam'd Syracuse bestow'd the crown.

Ver. 9. The Greek is,

Πολλὰ γὰρ ποταμὸν ζῶντι τοῖς παισὶν ἐπὶ χερσὶν αὐτῶν
Μεγὰλα χερσὶ αὐτῶν.

Mr. Upton, in his observations on Shakspeare, instead of *παισιν* "children," reads *πανσιν* "all mankind; which is plausible, for the philosophic comedian spoke what was useful for all mankind to know, and fitting for common life; and then the translation may run,

Much praise, much favour he will ever find,
Whose useful lessons mended all mankind.

XIX. Ver. 1. He was a Greek poet, born at Paros, in the third Olympiad. His invectives against Lycambes (who after having promised his daughter in marriage, gave her to another) were so keen and severe, that they made him hang himself. He is said to have been the inventor of iambic verse.

Thus Horace,

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.

XX. Pisander was a native of Camirus, a city of Rhodes; he is mentioned by Strabo and Macrobius, as the author of a poem styled *Heraclea*, which comprehended in two books all the exploits of Hercules: he is said to have been the first that represented Hercules with a club.

Univ. Hist. B. 2. Cb. 1.

XXI. Hipponax was a witty poet of Ephesus, but so deformed, that the painters drew hideous pictures of him; particularly Bupalus and Anthermus, two brothers, eminent statuarys, made his image so ridiculous, that in resentment he dipped his pen in gall, and wrote such bitter iambics against them, that, it is said, they dispatched themselves: at least they left Ephesus upon the occasion. Horace calls Hipponax, *Acet hostis Bupalus*, *Epod. 6.*

Alcæus on Hipponax: *Anthol. B. 3. Cb. 25.*

No vines the tomb of this old bard adorn
With lovely clusters, but the pointed thorn,
And spiny brambles that unseen will tear
The eyes of passengers that walk too near:
Let travellers that safely pass request,
That still the bones of Hipponax may rest.

Leonidas on the same. *Ibid.*

Softly this tomb approach, a cautious guest,
Left you should rouse the hornet in his nest:
Here sleeps at length old Hipponax's ire,
Who bark'd sarcastic at his harmless fire.
Beware; stay not on this unhallow'd ground;
His fiery satires ev'n in death will wound.

Another on the same. *Ibid.*

Fly, stranger, nor your weary limbs relax
Near the tempestuous tomb of Hipponax,
Whose very dust, deposited below,
Stings with iambics Bupalus his foe.
Rouse not the sleeping hornet in his cell:
He loads his limping lines with satires fell;
His anger is not pacified in hell.

3

THE COMBAT BETWEEN POLLUX AND AMYCUS*.

FROM APOLLONIUS, BOOK II.

Fast by the beach ox stalls and tents were spread
 By bold Bebrycians, Amycus their head,
 Whom, on the precincts of the winding shore.
 A fair Bithynian Hamadryad bore
 To genial Neptune, in safe commerce join'd,
 Proud Amycus, most barbarous of mankind,
 Who made this stern, inequitable law,
 That from his realm no stranger should withdraw,
 Till first with him compell'd in fight to wield
 The dreadful gauntlet in the lifted field: 10
 Unnumber'd guests his matchless prowess slew:
 Stern he accosts swift Argos' valiant crew,
 Curious the reason of their course to scan,
 Who, whence they were: and scornful thus began:
 'Learn what 'tis meet, ye knew, ye vagrant host,
 'None that e'er touches on Bebrycia's coast,
 'Is hence by law permitted to depart,
 'Till match'd with me he prove the boxer's art.
 'Choose then a chief that can the gauntlet wield,
 'And let him try the fortune of the field: 20
 'If thus my edicts ye despise, and me,
 'Yield to the last immutable decree.'
 Thus spoke the chief with insolent disdain,
 And rous'd repentment in the martial train:
 But most his words did Pollux' rage provoke,
 Who thus, a champion for his fellows, spoke:
 "Threat not, whoe'er thou art, the bloody fray;
 "Lo, we obsequious thy decrees obey!
 "Unforc'd this instant to the lists I go,
 "Thy rival I, thy voluntary foe." 30
 Stung to the quick with this severe reply,
 On him he turn'd his fury-flaming eye:
 As the grim lion pierc'd by some keen wound,
 Whom hunters on the mountain top surround;
 Though close hemm'd in, his glaring eye-balls
 glance
 On him alone who threw the pointed lance.
 Then Pollux doff'd his mantle, richly wrought,
 Late from the Lemnian territory brought,
 Which some fair nymph who had her flame avow'd,
 The pledge of hospitable love bestow'd: 40
 His double cloak, with clasps of sable hue,
 Bebrycia's ruler on the greenward threw,
 And his rough sheephook of wild olive made,
 Which lately flourish'd in the woodland shade.
 Then fought the heroes for a place at hand
 Commodious for the fight, and on the strand
 They plac'd their friends, who saw, with wonder-
 ing eyes,
 The chiefs how different, both in make and size;
 For Amycus like fell Typhæus stood
 Enormous, or that miscreant brood 50

Of mighty monsters, which the heaving earth,
 Incens'd at Jove, brought forth, a formidable birth,
 But Pollux shone like that mild star on high
 Whose rising ray illumines the evening sky.
 Down spread his cheek, ripe manhood's early sign,
 And in his eye fair beam'd the glance divine:
 Such seem'd Jove's valiant son, supremely bright,
 And equal to the lion in his might.
 His arms he pois'd, advancing in the ring,
 To try if still they kept their pristine spring, 60
 If pliant still and vigorous as before,
 Accustom'd to hard toil, the labour of the oar.
 But Amycus aloof and silent stood,
 Glar'd on his foe, and seem'd athirst for blood:
 With that his quire Lycoreus in full view
 Two pair of gauntlets in the circle threw,
 Of barbarous fashion, harden'd, rough, and dried;
 Then thus the chief, with insolence and pride:
 'Lo, two stout pair, the choice I give to thee;
 'Accuse not fate, the rest belong to me. 70
 'Securely bind them, and hereafter tell
 'Thy friends how much thy prowess I excel:
 'Whether to make the cestus firm and good,
 'Or stain the cheeks of enemies with blood.'
 Thus spoke he boastful; Pollux nought reply'd,
 But smiling chose the pair which lay beside.
 Castor, his brother both by blood and fame,
 And Taläus, the son of Bias, came;
 Firm round his arms the gloves of death they bind,
 And animate the vigour of his mind. 80
 To Amycus, Aratus, and his friend,
 Bold Ornytus, their kind assistance lend:
 Alas! they little knew, this conflict o'er,
 Those gauntlets never should be buckled more.
 Accoutred thus each ardent hero stands,
 And raises high in air his iron hands;
 With clashing gauntlets fiercely now they close,
 And mutual meditate death-dealing blows.
 First Amycus a furious onset gave,
 Like the rude shock of an impetuous wave, 90
 That, heap'd on high by driving wind and tide,
 Bursts thundering on some gallant vessel's side;
 The wary pilot, by superior skill,
 Foresees the storm, and shuns the menac'd ill.
 Thus threatening Amycus on Pollux prest,
 Nor suffer'd his antagonist to rest:
 But Jove's brave son observes each coming blow,
 Quick leaps aside, and disappoints the foe;
 And where a weak unguarded part he spies,
 There all the thunder of his arms he plies. 100
 As busy shipwrights stoutly labouring strive
 Through sturdy planks the piercing spikes to
 drive,
 From head to stern repeated blows go round,
 And ceaseless hammers send a various sound.

* See this combat described by Theocritus, page 137.

Thus from their batter'd cheeks loud echoes sprung,
Their dash'd teeth crackled, and their jaw-bones
rung :

Nor ceas'd they from the strokes that threaten'd
Till faint with toil they fairly gasp'd for breath :

Then first awhile remit the bloody fray,
And panting wipe the copious sweat away. 110

But adverse soon they meet, with rage they glow,
Fierce as two bulls fight for some favourite cow.

Then Amycus, collecting all his might,
Rose to the stroke, resolv'd his foe to smite,

And by one blow the dubious war conclude ;
His wary foe, the ruin to elude,
Bent back his head ; defeated of its aim

The blow impetuous on his shoulder came.

Then Pollux with firm step approaching near,
Vindictive struck his adversary's ear ; 120

Th' interior bones his ponderous gauntlet broke ;

Flat fell the chief beneath his dreadful stroke ;

The Grecians shouted, with wild rapture fir'd,

And, deeply groaning, Amycus expir'd.

NOTES ON THE COMBAT BETWEEN POLLUX AND AMYCUS.

Ver. 33. Mr. Paul Whitehead has written a spirited poem, called the *Gymnasiad*, and besides several other things, seems to have borrowed this simile ;

Like the young lion wounded by a dart,
While fury kindles at the galling smart ;
The hero rouses with redoubled rage,
Flies on his foe, and foams upon the stage. B. 3.

Ver. 112. Mr. Whitehead has improved upon his original ;

As when two monarchs of the brindled breed
Dispute the proud dominion of the mead,
They fight, they foam, then, wearied in the fray,
Aloof retreat, and lowering stand at bay.

THE WORKS

OF

A N A C R E O N.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

1

МОСКОВСКИЙ

INTRODUCTION.

It may be necessary to inform the reader that many of the following odes were translated several years ago, at College, for the author's amusement, without any intention of making them public. But being encouraged by the partiality of friends, and allowed to insert those odes * of Anacreon, which are elegantly translated by the late Dr. Broome, and a few others †; he determined to give an entire version of the Teian bard, as no one of this nation had hitherto done it. Mr. John Addison's translation is incomplete, and, excepting a few odes, harsh and crude, and far from being well done. What the late ingenious and learned Mr. West says of Cowley's Pindar, may be applied to his odes of Anacreon: "That they have not the least resemblance to the manner of the author whom they pretend to imitate, or, if any, it is such a resemblance only as is expressed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted likeness."

It may be thought a bold undertaking to attempt Sappho, after the high encomiums which Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, has passed on Philips's translation of her two odes. But, with

* Dr. Broome's Odes were printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the name of Charles Chefter, M. D.

† Viz. Odes 2, 11, 45, 49, and 51.

deference to the authority of so good a judge, besides what the reader will find observed with regard to Mr. Philips's mistaking the true sense of his author, the three first lines are amazingly rough and awkward.

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while, &c.

It is surprising, that such unpoetical expressions, as those here marked should escape the censure of the accurate Mr. Addison, unless we suspect that the partiality of the friend biased the judgment of the critic.

It is equally surprising, that the beautiful Idylliums of Bion and Moschus, which charm every reader in the original, should scarce ever have been attempted in English. The translator, therefore, may justly claim some merit in endeavouring to make these elegant Greek writers speak his native language.

He cannot conclude this short introduction, without returning his thanks to an ingenious and worthy friend (whose name would do honour to the title-page) for his review and correction of this little work, and for those excellent translations of the Idylliums of Moschus, marked D.

THE LIFE OF ANACREON.

ANACREON was born at Teos, a sea-port town of Ionia. Who were his parents is uncertain, though it is conjectured, from good authority, that his family was noble. The time of his birth, according to Barnes, was in the second year of the 55th Olympiad, about the beginning of the reign of Cyrus, in the year of Rome 194, and the 554th before Christ. According to this account, he was about eighteen years of age, when Harpagus, the general of Cyrus, came with an army against the confederate cities of the Ionians and Æolians. The Teians, finding themselves too weak to withstand

the enemy, rather chose to abandon their country, than their liberty, and therefore transported themselves and their families to the city of Abdera in Thrace; where they had not been long settled, before the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endeavoured to give them disturbance. It is probable, that in these conflicts, Anacreon lost those friends whom he laments in some of his epigrams.

We cannot expect many particulars of the life of this poet, because he seems to have been a professed despiser of business, and the cares of the

world. It is certain, that wine, love, and the muse, had the disposal of all his hours.

From Abdera he went to the court of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, at that time one of the most gay and flourishing in Asia. A person of Anacreon's character must undoubtedly meet with a welcome reception, wherever wit and pleasure were esteemed: Accordingly we find, that he was so highly honoured by Polycrates, as not only to be admitted into a share of his friendship, but even into his most secret counsels. How long he continued at Samos is uncertain; but it is probable, that the friendship of Polycrates, and the splendour of his court, had influence enough to detain him there the greatest part of his reign. This opinion also seems confirmed by Herodotus, who assures us, that Anacreon was with that prince in his chamber, when he received a message from Orætes, governor of Sardis, by whose treachery Polycrates was soon after betrayed, and inhumanly crucified*.

A little before this remarkable incident, Anacreon left Samos, and removed to Athens, having been invited thither by Hipparchus the eldest son of Pisistratus, one of the most virtuous and learned princes of his time; who, as Plato assures us, sent the most obliging letters, with a vessel of fifty oars, to convey him over the Ægean. The same philosopher who relates this, does Anacreon the honour to style him "the wife Anacreon;" which is the foundation of Monsieur Fontenelle's ingenious dialogue, where he introduces Anacreon and Aristotle disputing the prize of wisdom, and gives the advantage to our poet.

Hipparchus being assassinated, he returned to his native country Teos; for, after the death of Cyrus, the Teians had been suffered to reinhabit their country unmolested. Here he remained, as Suidas informs us, till another commotion in the state obliged him once more to fly to Abdera; where he died in the 85th year of his age.

The manner of his death was very extraordinary; for we are told, that he was choked with a grape-stone, as he was regaling on some new wine: which has afforded Mr. Cowley a subject for a fine elegy, the conclusion of which is very happy:

It grieves me, when I see what fate
Does on the best of mankind wait,
Poets or lovers let them be;
'Tis neither love nor poetry
Can arm against death's smallest dart
The poet's head, or lover's heart.
But when their life in its decline
Touches th' inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to them then,
And wine is aconite to men.
Nay, in death's hand the grape-stone proves
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

A small part only of his works has escaped the malice of time; for, besides the odes and epigrams that still remain, he composed elegies

* See *Universal History*, vol. 8. 8vo. page 271.

hymns, and iambics. Some writers honour him with the invention of the lyre. How much he was the delight both of the ancients and moderns, appears sufficiently from those extravagant praises which they have bestowed on him. Horace mentions him with honour:

"Nec, si quid olim lussit Anacreon,
"Delevit ætas——— Lib. 4. Ode 9.

———blithe Anacreon's sportive lay
Still lives, in spite of time's destructive sway.
Duncombe.

Anacreon had a delicate genius, and there are inexpressible charms and graces in his poetry. "His chief excellence, says Madam Dacier, consists in imitating nature, and following reason: "He presents no images to the mind but what are "noble and natural." "The odes of Anacreon," says Rapin, "are flowers, beauties, and perpetual "graces: it is familiar to him to write what is "natural: He has an air so delicate, easy, and "graceful, that among all the ancients, there is "nothing comparable to the method he took, nor "to that kind of writing he followed. He flows "soft and easy, every where diffusing the joy and "indolence of his mind through all his compositions, and turning his harp to the pleasant and "happy temper of his soul."

But no one has given us a juster character of his writings, than that little god who inspired them, as Mr. Cowley has made him speak:

All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves, or sparrows;
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound.

I cannot better conclude this account of Anacreon, than with the following epitaph, as it is translated in the *Spectator*, No. 551.

ON ANACREON. BY ANTIPATER.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around
Let ivy wreath, let flow'rets deck the ground,
And from its earth, enrich'd by such a prize,
Let wells of milk, and streams of wine arise:
So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
If any pleasure reach the shades below.

To which let me add a fine stanza from Dr. Akenfide's Ode on Lyric Poetry, in honour of our poet:

I see Anacreon smile and sing:
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me listen to his lay,
While flowery dreams my soul employ;
While, turtle-wing'd the laughing hours
Lead hand in hand the festal powers,
Lead youth, and love, and harmless joy.

ODES OF ANACREON.

With roses crown'd, on flowers supinely laid,
Anacreon blithe the sprightly lyre essay'd,
In light fantastic measures beat the ground,
Or dealt the mirth-inspiring juice around:
No care, no thought, the tuneful Teian knew,
But mark'd with bliss each moment as it flew.

PROGRESS OF POETRY. *By a Lady.*

ODE I.

ON HIS LYRE.

WAKE, O lyre, thy silent strings,
Celebrate the brother-kings,
Sons of Atreus, fam'd afar,
Cadmus and the Theban war"—
Rapt I strike the vocal shell—
Hark—the trembling chords rebel;
All averse to arms they prove,
Warbling only strains of love.
Late I strung anew my lyre—
Heavenly muse my breast inspire;
While the swelling notes resound
Hercules for toils renown'd."
Still the chords rebellious prove,
Answering only strains of love!
Farewell heroes, farewell kings!
Love alone shall tune my strings.

ODE II.

By another Hand.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE gives all creatures arms,
Faithful guards from hostile harms;
Jaws, the lion to defend,
Horrid jaws that wide distend!
Horns, the bull, resistless force!
Solid hoofs, the vigorous horse;
Nimble feet, the fearful hare;
Wings to fly, the birds of air;
Fins to swim, the wat'ry kind;
Man, the bold undaunted mind.
Nature lavishing her store,
What for woman had she more?
Helpless woman! to be fair;
Beauty fell to woman's share.
She that's beauteous needs not fear
Sword, or flame, or shield, or spear:

Beauty stronger aid affords,
Stronger far than flames or swords,
Stronger far than swords or shields;
Man himself to beauty yields.

ODE III.

CUPID BENIGHTED.

THE fable night had spread around
This nether world a gloom profound;
No silver moon nor stars appear,
And strong Beötes urg'd the Bear:
The race of man, with toils oppress'd
Enjoy the balmy sweets of rest;
When from the heav'nly court of Jove
Descended swift the god of love,
(Ah me! I tremble to relate)
And loudly thunder'd at my gate. to
"Who's there?" I cry'd, "Who breaks my door
"At this unseasonable hour?"
The god, with well-dissembled sighs,
And moan insidious thus replies:
"Pray ope the door, dear Sir—'tis I,
"A harmless miserable boy;
"Benumb'd with cold and rain I stray
"A long, uncomfortable way—
"The winds with blust'ring horror roar—
"Tis dismal dark—Pray ope the door." 20
Quite unsuspecting of a foe
I listen'd to the tale of woe,
Compassion touch'd my breast, and strait
I struck a light, unbarr'd the gate;
When, lo! a winged boy I spy'd,
With bow and quiver at his side:
I wonder'd at his strange attire;
Then friendly plac'd him near the fire. 10
My heart was bounteous and benign,
I warm'd his little hands in mine, 30
Cheer'd him with kind assiduous care,
And wrung the water from his hair.
Soon as the fraudulent youth was warm,
"Let's try," says he, "if any harm
L iiiij

"Has chanc'd my bow this stormy night;
 "I fear the wet has spoil'd it quite:"
 With that he bent the fatal yew,
 And to the head an arrow drew:
 Loud twang'd the sounding firing, the dart
 Pierc'd through my liver and my heart.
 Then laugh'd amain the wanton boy,
 At d, "Friend," he cry'd, "I with thee joy;
 "Undamag'd is my bow, I see,
 "But what a wretch I've made of thee."

ODE IV.

ON HIMSELF.

Reclin'd at ease on this soft bed,
 With fragrant leaves of myrtle spread
 And flow'ry lot, I'll now resign
 My cares, and quaff the rosy wine.
 In decent robe behind him bound,
 Cupid shall serve the goblet round:
 For fast away our moments steal,
 Like the swift chariot's rolling wheel:
 The rapid course is quickly done,
 And soon the race of life is run;
 Then, then, alas! we droop, we die,
 And sunk in dissolution die;
 Our frame no symmetry retains;
 Nought but a little dust remains.
 Why on the tomb are odours dead?
 Why pour'd libations to the dead?
 To me far better while I live,
 Rich wines and balmy fragrance give;
 Now, now the rosy wreath prepare,
 And hither call the lovely fair.
 Now, while I draw my vital breath,
 Ere yet I lead the dance of death,
 For joy my sorrows I'll resign,
 And drown my cares in rosy wine.

ODE V.

ON THE ROSE.

To make the beverage divine,
 Mingle sweet roses with the wine;
 Delicious will the liquor prove,
 For roses are the flowers of love:
 And while with wreaths of roses crown'd,
 Let laughter and the cup go round.

Hail, lovely rose! to thee I sing,
 Thou sweetest daughter of the spring:
 All mortals prize thy beauties bright;
 In thee the pow'rs above delight.
 Gay Cupid, with the graces bland,
 When lightly bounding hand in hand,
 With nimble feet he beats the ground,
 Shows his bright locks with roses crown'd.
 Here then the flow'ry garland bring;
 With numbers sweet I'll wake the spring,
 And crown'd with roses, heav'nly flow'rs!
 Admitted, Bacchus, to thy bow'rs,
 With snowy-bosom'd Sappho gay
 I'll dance the feather'd hours away.

ODE VI.

THE PARTY OF PLEASURE.

While roses round our temples twine,
 We'll gayly quaff the sparkling wine:

And, lo! the love alluring fair
 Her Thyrsus brandishes in air,
 With clust'ring ivy wreath'd around,
 Whose branches yield a rustling sound;
 With graceful ease her steps she suits
 To notes of soft Ionian lutes.
 A youth, whose hair luxuriant flows,
 In curls, with breath ambrosial blows
 The well-pair'd pipes, and sweetly clear,
 Pours melting music on the ear.
 Here Cupid too with golden hair,
 And Bacchus, ever young and fair,
 With Cytherea, who inspires
 Delightful thoughts and warm desires,
 Gay-smiling join the festive train,
 And make an old man young again.

ODE VII.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Love waving awful in his hand
 His hyacinth-encircled wand,
 Forc'd me, averse, with him to run;
 In vain I strove the talk to shun.
 Swift o'er the plain our course we ply'd,
 Through foaming floods, o'er forests wide,
 O'er hills where rocks impending hung,
 Till me, alas! a serpent stung:
 Sore heav'd my heart with dire dismay,
 My spirits sunk—I dy'd away—
 Pleas'd Cupid caught my trembling hand,
 My face with his soft pinions fann'd,
 And cry'd, 'Since now my pow'r you prove,
 'Dare you still boast, you will not love?'

ODE VIII.

THE DREAM.

As on a purple bed supine,
 Rapt in the pleasing joys of wine,
 I lull'd my weary limbs to rest,
 Methought, with nymphs supremely blest,
 A beauteous band, I urg'd the chase,
 Contending in the rapid race;
 While fairest youths, with envy stung,
 Fair as Lyæus ever young,
 With jealous leer and bitter jest,
 Their keen malevolence express'd.
 Intent on love, I strive to greet
 The gamefome girls with kisses sweet,
 And, as on pleasure's brink I seem,
 Wake, and, behold! 'tis all a dream.
 Vex'd to be thus alone in bed,
 My visionary charmer's fled,
 To dream once more I close my eyes:
 Again, ye soft illusions, rise!

ODE IX.

THE DOVE.

"Tell me, dear, delightful dove,
 "Emblematic bird of love,
 "On your waving wings descending,
 "Whence you come, and whither tending?"

" Tell me whence your snowy plumes
" Breathe such fragrance of perfumes?
" And what master you obey,
" Gentle bird of Venus, say!"

" Blithe Anacreon, the wife,
(Thus the feather'd page replies)
" Sends me o'er the meads and groves
" To Bathyllus whom he loves,
" To Bathyllus, beauteous boy,
" Men's delight, and maidens joy.
" For a sonnet terse and trim,
" Which the poets call a hymn,
" Venus, in her sweet regard,
" Sold me to the gentle bard:
" Happy in his easy sway,
" All his mandates I obey;
" Often through the fields of air
" Song or billet-doux I bear.
" If you serve me well, says he,
" I will shortly make you free.
" He may free me, if he will,
" Yet I'll stay and serve him still:
" For what comfort can I know
" On the mountain's barren brow?
" Or in d. ferts left alone,
" There to murmur and to moan?
" Or in melancholy wood,
" Pecking berries, nauseous food!
" Now I eat delicious bread,
" By my liberal master fed:
" Now I drink of his own bowl,
" Rofy wine that cheers my soul;
" Sometimes dance, and sometimes play,
" Ever easy, ever gay;
" Or my fragrant pinions spread,
" Hovering o'er my master's head:
" When my limbs begin to tire,
" Then I perch upon his lyre;
" Soothing sounds my eye-lids close,
" Sweetly lulling my repose.
" Now I've told you all I know,
" Friend, adieu—'tis time to go;
" You my speed so long delay,
" I have chatter'd like a jay."

ODE X.

CUPID IN WAX.

A RUSTIC brought, of curious mold,
A waxen Cupid to be sold,
" What price, I cry'd, ingenuous fay,
" For this small image shall I pay?"
" Small is the price, reply'd the clown,
" Take it, e'en take it at your own:
" To tell you all without a lie,
" I make no images, not I;
" But dare not in my mansion trust
" This patron of unbounded lust."
" If so, then for this little coin,
" Said I, the deity is mine.
" And now, great god, my breast inspire,
" There kindle all thy gentle fire:
" But, if thou fail'st to favour me,
" I swear I'll make a fire of thee."

ODE XI.

By another Hand.

ON HIMSELF.

20 OFT, with wanton smiles and jeers,
Women tell me, I'm in years;
I, the mirror when I view,
Find, alas! they tell me true;
Find my wrinkled forehead bare,
And regret my falling hair;
White and few, alas! I find
All that time has left behind.
But my hairs, if thus they fall,
If but few, or none at all,
30 Asking not, I'll never share
Fruitless knowledge, fruitless care.
This important truth I know,
If indeed in years I grow,
I must snatch what life can give;
Not to love, is not to live.

ODE XII.

ON A SWALLOW.

30 SAY, chattering bird, that dar'st invade
My slumbers with thy serenade,
And steal't my visionary blifs,
How shall I punish thee for this?
Say, shall I clip thy soaring wing;
Or, like stern Tereus, Thracian king,
To swallows name of dire dismay,
Tear by the roots thy tongue away?
For, with thy execrable scream,
Thou wak'st me from a golden dream,
40 And from my arms had snatch'd away
Phyllis the fair, the young, the gay.

ODE XIII.

ON ATYS.

As o'er the mountains, o'er the plains,
Unmanly Atys, in loud strains
Great Cybele invoking, mourn'd,
His love to sudden madness turn'd.
Some to the Clarian fountain throng
Of laurel'd Phœbus, god of song,
And, with prophetic draughts inspir'd,
Enraptur'd rave, with frenzy fir'd;
I too, inspir'd with generous wine,
While round me breathe perfumes divine,
10 And with fair Chloe blest, will prove
The sweetest madness—wine and love.

ODE XIV.

LOVE IRRESISTIBLE.

10 Yes, I yield—thy sovereign sway,
Mighty Cupid, I'll obey.
Late with soft persuasive art
Love enay'd to win my heart:
I, in am'd with rebel pride,
His omnipotence defy'd—
I

With revengeful fury rung,
Strait his bow he bent, he strung,
Snatch'd an arrow wing'd for flight,
And provok'd me to the fight:
I, disdainful base retreat,
Clad in radiant arms complete,
Like Achilles, boldly wield
Glittering spear, and ample shield;
Thus equipt, resolve to prove
The terrific power of love.

From his bow the arrows sped;
I, alas! inglorious fled—
When the quiver at his side
Feather'd shafts no more supply'd,
Love, transform'd into a dart,
Pierc'd, like light'ning, through my heart,
Of my vitals made his prey,
And dissolv'd my soul away.
Now, alas! in vain I wield
Glittering spear, and ample shield,
Victory in vain dispute,
Love, I find is absolute;
All defence to folly turns
When within the battle burns.

ODE XV.

By Dr. Broome.

HAPPY LIFE.

THE wealth of Gyges I despise,
Gems have no charms to tempt the wife;
Riches I leave, and such vain things,
To the low aim and pride of kings.

Let my bright hair with unguents flow,
With rosy garlands crown my brow:
This sun shall roll in joy away;
To-morrow is a distant day.

Then while the hour serenely shines,
Toss the gay die, and quaff thy wines;
But ever in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Lest death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man—taste no more the cup of joy.

ODE XVI.

By Dr. Broome.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

SOME sing of Thebes, and some employ
Their numbers on the siege of Troy.
I mourn, alas! in plaintive strains,
My own captivity and chains.

No navy, rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horseman arm'd to slay,
My peace alarm: far other foes,
Far other hosts create my woes;
Strange dangerous hosts, that ambush'd lie
In every bright, love-darting eye!
Such as destroy, when beauty arms,
To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XVII.

THE SILVER BOWL.

MULCIBER, this silver take,
And a curious goblet make,

Let thy utmost skill appear
Not in radiant armour there;
Let me there no battles see;
10 What are arms or wars to me?
Form it with a noble sweep,
Very wide, and very deep.
Carve not there the Northern Team,
Nor Orion's dreadful beam;
Pleiads, Hyads, Bears displease;
What have I to do with these?
Why should flow Boötes roll,
Why should horrid monsters prow,
On the margin of my bowl?
20 Draw me, what I value more,
Vines with purple clusters store,
Bacchus, ever young and fair,
Cupid with the golden hair,
Gay Bathyllus too be there.
See that, beautiful and bold,
All these figures rise in gold:
In the wine-press let them join
Hand in hand to tread the wine.

ODE XVIII.

ON THE SAME.

CONTRIVE me, artisan, a bowl
Of silver ample as my soul;
And in the bright compartments bring
The sweet profusion of the spring:
Let that fair season, rich in flowers,
Shed roses in ambrosial showers;
Yet simply plain be thy design,
A festive banquetting of wine;
No hieroglyphics let it have,
No foreign mysteries engrave:
10 Let no blood-thirsty heroes wield
Rough armour in the silver field;
But draw me Jove's delightful boy,
Bacchus the god of wine and joy:
Let Venus with light step advance,
And with gay Hymen lead the dance.
Beneath the leaf-embellish'd vine,
Full of young grapes that promise wine,
Let love, without his armour meet
The meek-eyed graces laughing sweet.
20 And on the polish'd plain display
A group of beauteous boys at play;
But no Apollo, god of day.

ODE XIX.

WE OUGHT TO DRINK,

THE thirsty earth sucks up the showers
Which from his urn Aquarius pours;
The trees, which wave their boughs profuse,
Imbibe the earth's prolific juice;
The sea, in his prodigious cup,
Drinks all the rain and rivers up;
The sun too thirsts, and strives to drain
The sea, the rivers, and the rain,
And nightly, when his course is run,
The merry moon drinks up the sun.

Then give me wine, and tell me why,
My friends, should all things drink but I!

ODE XX.

By Dr. Broome.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
And steal them from themselves away.
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image stands;
And Philomel up-borne on wings,
Through air her mournful story sings.

Would heaven indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wish allow;
Thy envy'd mirror I would be,
That thou might'st always gaze on me;
And, could my naked heart appear,
Thoud'st see thyself—for thou art there!
Or were I made thy folding vest,
That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast!
Or, turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy bosom cincture I would grow,
To warm those little hills of snow:
Thy ointment, in such fragrant streams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
Thy chain of shining pearl, to deck
And close embrace thy graceful neck:
A very scandal I would be,
To tread on—if trod on by thee.

ODE XXI.

SUMMER.

FILL, fill, sweet girls, the foaming bowl,
And let me gratify my soul:
I faint with thirst—the heat of day
Has drank my very life away.

O! lead me to yon cooling bowers,
And give me fresher wreaths of flowers;
For those that now my temples shade,
Scorch'd by my burning forehead, fade:
But O! my heart, what can remove,
What winds, what shades, this heat of love? 10
These are all vain, alas! I find;
Love is the fever of the mind.

ODE XXII.

By E. G. B. Esq.

THE BOWER.

HERE, my Cloe, charming maid,
Here, beneath the genial shade,
Shielded from each ruder wind,
Lovely Chloe, lie reclin'd!
Lo! for thee the balmy breeze
Gently fans the waving trees:
Streams that whisper through the grove
Whisper low the voice of love,
Sweetly bubbling wanton sport,
Where persuasion holds her court.

Ye who pass th' enamell'd grove
Through the rustling shade who rove,
Sure my bliss your breast must fire!
Can you see, and not admire?

ODE XXIII.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

IF the treasure'd gold could give
Man a longer term to live,
I'd employ my utmost care
Still to keep, and still to spare;
And when death approach'd, would say,
"Take thy fee, and walk away."

But since riches cannot save
Mortals from the gloomy grave,
Why should I myself deceive,
Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve?
Death will surely be my lot,
Whether I am rich or not.

Give me freely while I live
Generous wines, in plenty give
Soothing joys my life to cheer,
Beauty kind, and friends sincere;
Happy! could I ever find
Friends sincere, and beauty kind.

ODE XXIV.

ENJOYMENT.

SINCE I'm born a mortal man,
And my being's but a span?
'Tis a march that I must make;
'Tis a journey I must take:
What is past I know too well;
What is future who can tell?
Teazing care, then set me free,
What have I to do with thee?
Ere I die, for die I must,
Ere this body turns to dust,
Every moment I'll employ
In sweet revelry and joy,
Laugh and sing, and dance and play,
With Læus young and gay.

ODE XXV.

WINE BANISHES CARES.

WHEN gay Bacchus cheers my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest:
Griefs that weep, and toils that tease,
What have I to do with these?
No sollicitudes can save
Mortals from the gloomy grave.
Shall I thus myself deceive?
Shall I languish? shall I grieve?
Let us quaff the generous juice;
Bacchus gave it for our use.
For when wine transports the breast,
All our cares are lull'd to rest.

ODE XXVI.

THE TRANSPORTS OF WINE.

WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest,

Rich I seem as Lydia's king,
 Merry catch or ballad sing;
 Ivy-wreaths my temples shade,
 Ivy that will never fade:
 Thus I sit in mind elate,
 Laughing at the force of state.
 Some delight in fighting fields,
 Nobler transports Bacchus yields:
 Fill the bowl—I ever said,
 'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

ODE XXVII.

THE PRAISE OF BACCHUS.

Bacchus, Jove's delightful boy,
 Generous god of wine and joy,
 Still exhilarates my soul
 With the raptures of the bowl;
 Then with feather'd feet I bound,
 Dancing in a festive round;
 Then I feel, in sparkling wine,
 Transports delicate, divine;
 Then the sprightly music warms,
 Song delights and beauty charms:
 Debonair, and light, and gay,
 Thus I dance the hours away.

ODE XXVIII.

From the Guardian.

HIS MISTRESS'S PICTURE.

Best and happiest artisan,
 Best of painters, if you can,
 With your many-colour'd art
 Paint the mistress of my heart.

Describe the charms you hear from me
 (Her charms you could not paint and see)
 And make the absent nymph appear
 As if her lovely self were here.

First draw her easy-flowing hair,
 As soft and black as she is fair;
 And, if your art can rise so high,
 Let breathing odours round her fly.

Beneath the shade of flowing jet,
 The ivory forehead smoothly set,
 With care the fable brows extend,
 And in two arches nicely bend;
 That fair space which lies between
 The meeting shade may scarce be seen.
 The eye must be uncommon fire,
 Sparkle, languish, and desire;
 The flames, unseen, must yet be felt,
 Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
 The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
 Amidst the white of new-fall'n snow.

Let her lips persuasion wear,
 In silence elegantly fair;
 As if the blushing rivals strove,
 Breathing and inviting love.

Below her chin be sure to deck
 With every grace her polish'd neck;
 While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet,
 In the swelling bosom meet.
 The rest in purple garments veil,
 Her body, nor her shape conceal.

Enough!—the lovely work is done,
 The breathing paint will speak anon.

THE SAME ODE IMITATED.

IN THE YEAR 1755,

By another Hand.

BEST of painters, show thy art,
 Draw the charmer of my heart;
 Draw her as she shines away
 At the rout, or at the play:
 Carefully each mode express,
 Woman's better part is dress.
 Let her cap be mighty small,
 Bigger just than none at all,
 Pretty, like her sense, and little,
 Like her beauty, frail and brittle.
 Be her shining locks confin'd
 In a threefold braid behind;
 Let an artificial flower
 Set the fissure off before;
 Here and there weave ribbon pat in,
 Ribbon of the finest satin.

Circling round her ivory neck
 Frizzle out the smart Vandyke;
 Like the ruff that heretofore
 Good Queen Bess's maidens wore;
 Happy maidens, as we read,
 Maids of honour, maids indeed.
 Let her breast look rich and bold
 With a stomacher of gold;
 Let it keep her bosom warm,
 Ample stretch'd from arm to arm;
 Whimsically travers'd o'er,
 Here a knot, and there a flower,
 Like her little heart that dances,
 Full of maggots, full of fancies.

Flowing loosely down her back
 Draw with art the graceful sack;
 Ornament it well with jimping,
 Flounces, furbelows and crimping.
 Let of ruffles many a row
 Guard her elbows, white as snow;
 Knots below, and knots above,
 Emblems of the ties of love.

Let her hoop, extended wide,
 Show what petticoats should hide,
 Garters of the softest silk,
 Stockings whiter than the milk;
 Charming part of female dress,
 Did it show us more or less.

Let a pair of velvet shoes
 Gently press her pretty toes,
 Gently press, and softly squeeze,
 Tottering like the fair Chinese,
 Mounted high, and buckled low,
 Tott'ring every step they go.

Take these hints, and do thy duty,
 Fashions are the tests of beauty;
 Features vary and perplex,
 Mode's the woman and the sex.

ODE XXIX.

BATHYLLUS.

Now, illustrious artisan,
 Paint the well proportion'd man;

Once again the tints prepare,
Paint Bathyllus young and fair.
Draw his tresses soft and black,
Flowing graceful down his back,
Auburn be the curl'd extremes;
Glowing like the solar beams;
Let them negligently fall,
Easy, free, and artless all.

Let his bright cerulean brow
Grace his forehead white as snow.

Let his eyes, that glow with fire,
Gentlest, mildest love inspire;
Steal from Mars his radiant mien,
Softness from th' Italian queen;
This with hope the heart to bless,
That with terror to depress.

Next, his cheeks with roses crown,
And the peach's dubious down;
And, if art can this bestow,
Let the blush ingenuous glow.

But description would be faint,
Teaching you his lips to paint:
There let fair persuasion dwell,
Let them gently, softly swell,
Seem in sweetest sounds to break
Willing air, and silent speak.

Now you've finish'd high the face,
Draw his ivory neck with grace;
All the charms and beauty add,
Such as fair Adonis had.

Let me, next, the bosom see,
And the hands of Mercury.
But I'll not presume to tell,
Artist, you who paint so well,
How the foot should be express'd,
How to finish all the rest.

I the price you ask will give,
For the picture seems to live:
Gold's too little, view this piece,
Tis the pictur'd pride of Greece;
This divine Apollo take,
And from this Bathyllus make.
When to Samos you repair,
Ask for young Bathyllus there,
Finest figure eye e'er saw,
From Bathyllus Phæbus draw.

ODE XXX.

CUPID TAKEN PRISONER.

LATE the muses Cupid found,
And with wreaths of roses bound,
Bound him fast, as soon as caught,
And to blooming beauty brought.
Venus with large ransom strove
To release the god of love.
Vain is ransom, vain is fee,
Love refuses to be free.
Happy within his rosy chain,
Love with beauty will remain.

ODE XXXI.

THE PLEASING FRENZY.

INDULGE me, Stoics, with the bowl,
And let me gratify my soul;

Your precepts to the schools confine,
For I'll be nobly mad with wine.

Alcmæon and Orestes grew
Quite mad when they their mother's flew:
But I, no man, no mother kill'd,
No blood but that of Bacchus spill'd,
Will prove the virtues of the vine,
And be immensely mad with wine.

When Hercules was mad, we know
He grasp'd the Iphitean bow;
The rattling of his quiver spread
Astonishment around and dread.
Mad Ajax with his sevenfold shield,
Tremenduous stalk'd along the field.
Great Hector's flaming sword he drew,
And hosts of Greeks in fancy flew.

But I with no such fury glow,
No sword I have, nor bend no bow:
My helmet is a flowery crown;
In this bright bowl my cares I'll drown,
And rant in ecstasies divine,
Heroically mad with wine.

ODE XXXII.

THE NUMBER OF HIS MISTRESSES.

WHEN thou can'st fairly number all
The leaves on trees that fade and fall,
Or count the foaming waves that roar,
Or tell the pebbles on the shore:
Then may'st thou reckon up the names
Of all my beauties, all my flames.

At Athens, flames that still survive,
First count me only thirty-five.
At Corinth next tell o'er the fair,
Tell me a whole battalion there.
In Greece the fairest nymphs abound,
And worse than banner'd armies wound.
Count all that make their sweet abodes
At Lesbos, or delightful Rhodes.
Then Carian and Ionian dames,
Write me at least two thousand flames.

What! think'st thou this too large a sum?
Egypt and Syria are to come.
And Crete where love his sway maintains,
And o'er a hundred cities reigns.
Yet still unnumber'd, still remain
The nymphs of Persia and of Spain,
And Indians, scorch'd by Titan's ray,
Whose charms have burnt my heart away.

ODE XXXIII.

THE SWALLOW.

LOVELY swallow, once a year,
Pleas'd you pay your visit here;
When our clime the sun-beams gild,
Here your airy nest you build;
And, when bright days cease to smile,
Fly to Memphis or the Nile:
But, alas! within my breast
Love for ever makes his nest;
There the little Cupids lie,
Some prepare their wings to fly,

Some unhatch'd, some farm'd in part,
Lie close nestling at my heart,
Chirping loud; their ceaseless noise
All my golden peace destroys:
Some, quite fledg'd and fully grown,
Nurse the younglings as their own;
These, when feather'd, others feed,
And thus propagate their breed.
Dreadful torment I sustain,
What, alas! can ease my pain:
The vast flocks of loves that dwell
In my breast no tongue can tell.

ODE XXXIV.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THOUGH cold winter o'er my brow
Sheds a scatter'd shower of snow,
Waving locks of silver hair;
Fly me not, capricious fair.
Though the spring's enlivening power
Blossoms in your beauty's flower,
Fly me not, nor slight my love;
In this chaplet, lo! are wove
Lucid colours blending bright
Roses red, and lilies white:
We, methinks, resemble those;
I the lily, you the rose.

ODE XXXV.

ON THE PICTURE OF EUROPA.

THIS pictur'd bull is mighty Jove,
Who meditates some prank of love;
On his broad back, with pleasing care,
He safely bears the Tyrian fair:
Lo! buoyant on the foaming tide,
He throws the circling winds aside,
Securely steering through the sea,
No other daring bull but he,
Would leave his heifers on the plain,
To tempt the dangers of the main.

ODE XXXVI.

By Dr. Broome.

LIFE SHOULD BE ENJOYED.

TALK not to me of pedant rules,
I leave debates to learned fools,
Who solemnly in form advise;
At best impertinently wise.
To me more pleasing precepts give,
And teach the science how to live;
To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that spring from too much thought;
To learn soft lessons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.
Alas! I'm old—I see my head
With hoary locks by time o'erspread:
Then instant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at least in thought.
Alas! incessant speeds the day,
When I must mix with common clay;

When I must tread the dismal shore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII.

By Dr. Broome.

THE SPRING.

SEE! winter's past; the season's bring
Soft breezes with returning spring;
At whose approach the graces wear.
Fresh honours in their flowing hair;
The raging seas forget to roar,
And smiling, gently kiss the shore;
The sportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now rises into day;
The cranes from freezing skies repair,
And sailing float to warmer air;
Th' enlivening suns in glory rise,
And gayly dance along the skies;
The clouds disperse, or, if in showers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers.
See! verdure clothes the teeming earth;
The olive struggles into birth;
The swelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promise future wine:
Blest juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XXXVIII.

ON HIMSELF.

YES, I'm old, I'm old, 'tis true;
What have I with time to do?
With the young and with the gay,
I can drink as much as they.
Let the jovial band advance,
Still I'm ready for the dance:
What's my sceptre, if you ask,
Lo! I sway a mighty flask.
Should some mettled blade delight
In the bloody scenes of fight,
Let him to this stage ascend,
Still I'm ready to contend—
Mix the grape's rich blood, my page,
We in drinking will engage.
Yes, I'm old; yet with the gay
I can be as brisk as they;
Like Silenus 'midst his train,
I can dance along the plain.

ODE XXXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my soul:
To the nine I raise my song,
Ever fair and ever young.
When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counsels, then farewell:
Let the winds that murmur, sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.
When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bowers,
Full of fragrance, full of flowers.

When I quaff the sparkling wine,
And my locks with roses twine,
Then I praise life's rural scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I sink the bowl profound,
Richest fragrance flowing round,
And some lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain.

When from goblets deep and wide
I exhaust the generous tide,
All my soul unbends—I play
Gamesome with the young and gay.

When the foaming bowl I drain,
Real blessings are my gain;
Blessings which my own I call:
Death is common to us all.

ODE XL.

CUPID WOUNDED.

ONCE as Cupid, tir'd with play,
On a bed of roses lay,
A rude bee that slept unseen,
The sweet-breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With its little pointed lance.
Straits he fills the air with cries,
Weeps, and sobs, and runs, and flies;
Till the god to Venus came,
Lovely laughter-loving dame;
Then he thus began to plain;
"Oh! undone—I die with pain—
"Dear mamma, a serpent small,
"Which a bee the ploughmen call,
"Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,
"Oh!—has stung me to the heart."
Venus thus reply'd, and smil'd;
'Dry those tears, for shame! my child;
'If a bee can wound so deep,
'Causing Cupid thus to weep,
'Think, O think! what cruel pains
'He that's stung by thee sustains.'

ODE XLI.

THE BANQUET OF WINE.

Now let us gaily drink, and join
To celebrate the god of wine,
Bacchus, who taught his jovial throng
The dance, and patroniz'd the song;
In heart, in soul, with love the same,
The favourite of the Cyprian dame.

Revelry he nam'd his heir;
The graces are his daughters fair:
Sadness in Lethe's lake he sleeps;
Solicitude before him sleeps.

When in large bowls fair boys produce
The heart-exhilarating juice,
Then all our sorrows are resign'd,
They fly and mingle with the wind.
The generous bowl then let us drain,
Dismissing care, forgetting pain:
For life, what pleasure can it give,
If with anxiety we live?

And what hereafter may betide
No living casuist can decide.

The days of man are fix'd by fate,
Dark and obscure, though short the date.

Then let me, warm with wine, advance,
And revel in the tipsy dance;
Or, breathing odours, sport and play
Among the fair, among the gay.
As for those stubborn fools that will
Be wretched, be they wretched still.
But let us gaily drink, and join
To celebrate the god of wine.

ODE XLII.

ON HIMSELF.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites,
In sprightly dance my heart delights;
When with blithe youths I drain the bowl,
The lyre can harmonize my soul:
But when, indulging amorous play
I frolic with the fair and gay,
With hyacinthine chaplet crown'd,
Then, then the sweetest joys abound;
My honest heart nor envy bears,
Nor envy's poison'd arrows fears;
By ranking malice never stung,
I shun the venom-venting tongue.
And at the jovial banquet hate
Contentions, battles, and debate:
When to the lyre's melodious sound
With Phyllis in the dance I bound,
The blooming fair, the silver lyre,
Should only dance and love inspire:
Then let us pass life's peaceful day
In mirth and innocence away.

ODE XLIII.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

THEE, sweet grasshopper, we call
Happiest of insects all,
Who from spray to spray canst skip,
And the dew of morning sip:
Little sips inspire to sing;
Then thou'rt happy as a king.
All, whatever thou canst see,
Herbs and flowers belong to thee;
All the various seasons yield,
All the produce of the field,
Thou, quite innocent of harm,
Lov'st the farmer and the farm;
Singing sweet when summer's near,
Thou to all mankind art dear;
Dear to all the tuneful nine
Seated round the throne divine;
Dear to Phœbus, god of day,
He inspir'd thy sprightly lay,
And with voice melodious blest,
And in vivid colours dress'd,
Thou from spoil of time art free;
Age can never injure thee.
Wifest daughter of the earth!
Fond of song, and full of mirth;

Free from flesh, exempt from pains,
No blood riots in thy veins;
To the blest I equal thee;
Thou'rt a demi-deity.

ODE XLIV.

THE DREAM.

I DREAM'D that late I pinions wore,
And swiftly seem'd through air to soar;
Me fleetest Cupid quick as thought,
Pursu'd, and in an instant caught,
Though at his feet hung weights of lead:
What can this vision mean, I said?
Its mystic sense I thus explain;
I who ere-while have worn the chain
Of many a fair-one for a day,
Then flung the flowery band away,
Am now involv'd and fetter'd fast
In links that will for ever last.

ODE XLV.

By another Hand.

CUPID'S DARTS.

As the god of manual arts
Forg'd at Lemnos missile darts,
Darts of steel for Cupid's bow,
Source of joy, and source of woe;
Venus, fast as Vulcan wrought,
Ting'd them in a honey'd draught:
But her son in bitter gall
Ting'd them, doubly-ting'd them all.
Here, releas'd from wars alarms,
Enters the fierce god of arms;
Whether led by will or chance,
Here he shakes his weighty lance.
Cupid's shafts with scornful eyes
Strait he views, and strait decries:
"This is slight, and that a toy,
Fit for children to employ."
These (said Cupid) I admit
Toys indeed, for children-fit:
But, if I divine aright,
Take it——this is not so slight.
Mars receives it; Venus smiles
At her son's well-season'd wiles.
Mars with sudden pain possess'd,
Sighs from out his inmost breast:
"Cupid, you aright divine,
Not so slight this shaft of thine;
Small of size: but strong of make!
Take it—I have try'd it—take."
No, reply'd the wanton boy,
Keep it, Mars, 'tis but a toy.

ODE XLVI.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

Love's a pain that works our woe;
Not to love, is painful too:
But, alas! the greatest pain
Waits the love that meets disdain.

What avails ingenuous worth,
Sprightly wit, or noble birth?
All these virtues useless prove;
Gold alone engages love.

May he be completely curst,
Who the sleeping mischief first
Wak'd to life, and vile before,
Stamp'd with worth the sordid ore.
Gold creates in brethren strife;
Gold destroys the parent's life;
Gold produces civil jars,
Murders, massacres, and wars:
But the worst effect of gold,
Love, alas! is bought and sold.

ODE XLVII.

YOUNG OLDAGE.

Yes, yes, I own, I love to see
Old men facetious, blithe, and free;
I love the youth that light can bound,
Or graceful swim th' harmonious round:
But when old-age jocosely though gray,
Can dance and frolic with the gay;
'Tis plain to all the jovial throng,
Though hoar the head, the heart is young.

ODE XLVIII.

By Dr. Broome.

GAY LIFE.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the sound my breast inspire!
But with no troublesome delight
Of arms, and heroes slain in fight:
Let it play no conquests here,
Or conquests only o'er the fair!
Boy, reach that volume—book divine!
The statutes of the god of wine:
He, legislator, statutes draws.
And I, his judge, enforce his laws;
And, faithful to the weighty trust,
Compel his votaries to be just;
Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,
Till to the sprightly dance we rise;
We frisk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound;
Then pour forth, with an heat divine,
Rapturous songs that breathe of wine.

ODE XLIX.

By another Hand.

TO A PAINTER.

WHILE you my lyre's soft numbers hear,
Ingenious painter, lend an ear,
And, while it charms your ravish'd heart,
Display the wonders of your art.
First draw a nation blithe and gay,
Laughing and sporting life away;
Let them in sprightly dances bound,
While their shrill pipes the Bacchæ found;

And, if you can perfection give,
Bid every breathing figure live :
And then, lest life insipid prove,
To make them happy, bid them love.

ODE L.

By Dr. Broome.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

SEE ! see ! the jolly god appears,
His hand a mighty goblet bears ;
With sparkling wine full char'd it flows,
The sov'reign cure of human woes
Wine gives a kind release from care,
And courage to subdue the fair ;
Instructs the cheerful to advance,
Harmonious in the sprightly dance.
Hail, goblet, rich with generous wines !
See ! round the verge a vine-branch twines. 10
See ! how the mimic clusters roll,
As ready to refill the bowl.

Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady ;
Our best physician all the year ;
Thus guarded, no disease we fear,
No troublesome disease of mind
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health—new wine. 20

ODE LI.

By another Hand.

ON A DISK, REPRESENTING VENUS.

RARE artist, whose inventive skill
Could this orb with wonders fill !
Where the mimic ocean glides
Soft with the well dissembled tides ;
The waves seem floating, and above
Shines the beauteous queen of love :
The workman's fancy mounted high,
And stole th' idea from the sky.
Transporting sight !—the waves conceal
But what 'twere impious to reveal !
She, like some flower all blossom'd gay ;
Shines along the smiling way.
The amorous waters, as she swims,
Crowd to embrace her snowy limbs ;
Then, proudly swelling to be prest,
Beneath her snowy fragrant breast,
Ambitiously uprise on high.
And lift the goddess to the sky :
And, while her lucid limbs they lave,
She brightens the transparent wave ;
So violets enlighten'd glow,
Surrounded by the lily's snow. 20

But see ! a lovely smiling train,
Conspicuous o'er the limpid main,
The queen attends ! in triumph moves
Gay Cupid with his laughing loves.
On dolphins borne, in state they ride,
And beautify the silver tide ;

TRANS. II.

Dancing around in shoals they play,
And humble adoration pay.

Rare art, that life to phantoms gives !
See ! see ! a second Venus lives.

ODE LII.

By Dr. Broome.

GRAPES, OR THE VINTAGE.

Lo ! the vintage now is done !
And purpled with th' autumnal sun :
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The sweetest product of the year !
In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And swift the damsels trip away :
The youths alone the wine-press tread,
For wine's by skilful drunkards made.
Meantime the mirthful song they raise,
Lo ! Bacchus to thy praise ! 10
And viewing the blest juice in thought,
Quaff an imaginary draught.
Gaily through wine the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance :
In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are gray.

Through wine the youth completes his loves ;
He haunts the silence of the groves :
Where stretch'd beneath th' embowering shade
He sees some love-inspiring maid ; 20
On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
Inviting sleep to close her eyes :
Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
Her hand he presses—breathes his vows ;
And cries, " My love, my soul, comply
" This instant, or alas ! I die."
In vain the youth persuasion tries !
In vain !—her tongue at least denies :
Then, scorning death through dull despair,
He storms th' unwilling willing fair ;
Blessing the grapes that could dispense
The happy, happy impudence. 30

ODE LIII.

By Dr. Broome.

THE ROSE.

Come, lyrist, tune thy harp, and play
Responsive to my vocal lay ;
Gently touch it, while I sing
The rose, the glory of the spring.
To heaven the rose in fragrance flies,
The sweetest incense of the skies.
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waste of flowers,
The gaily smiling graces wear 20
A trophy in their flowing hair :
Thee Venus, queen of beauty, loves,
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.
In faul'd song, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite rose the muses praise :
To pluck the rose the virgin train
With blood their pretty fingers stain ;

M

Nor dread the pointed terrors round,
That threaten and inflict a wound :
See ! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiss, now snuff the fragrant joy.

The rose the poets strive to praise,
And for it would exchange their bays ;
O ! ever to the sprightly feast
Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest !
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And rosy wreaths adorn our brows !

Lovely smiling rose, how sweet
All objects where thy beauties meet !
Aurora, with a blushing ray,
And rosy fingers, spreads the day :
The graces more enchanting show,
When rosy blushes paint their snow ;
And every pleas'd beholder seeks
The rose in Cytherea's cheeks.

When pain afflicts, or sickness grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves ;
And, after death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead ;
And when its withering charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.

Come, lyrist, join to sing the birth
Of this sweet offspring of the earth !

When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head ;
When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above,
To grace the world the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth ;
And, " This," she cry'd, " I this ordain
" My favourite, queen of flowers to reign."

But first, th' assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create ;
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich nectareous dew :
A bramble-stem the drop receives,
And straight the rose adorns the leaves.

The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV.

By Dr. Broome.

CROWN YOUNG.

WHEN sprightly youth my eyes survey,
I too am young, and I am gay ;
In dance my active body swims,
And sudden pinions lift my limbs.

Haste, crown, Cybeba, crown my brows,
With garlands of the fragrant rose !
Hence, hoary age !—I now am young,
And dance the mirthful youths among.

Come then, my friends, the goblet drain !
Blest juice !—I feel thee in each vein !
See ! how with active bounds I spring !
How strong, and yet how sweet I sing !

How blest am I, who thus excel
In pleasing arts of trifling well !

ODE LV.

By Dr. Broome.

THE MARK.

THE stately steed expressive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs :
The turban, that adorns the brows
Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows :
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart :
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too foolish, or too wise.

ODE LVI.

By Dr. Broome.

OLD AGE.

ALAS ! the powers of life decay !
My hairs are fall'n, or turn'd to gray ;
The smiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is banish'd from my faded face :
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himself half dead before he dies.

For this, and for the grave I fear,
And pour the never-ceasing tear :
A dreadful prospect strikes my eye,
I soon must sicken, soon must die.

For this the mournful groan I shed,
I dread—alas ! the hour I dread !
What eye can steadfastly survey
Death, and its dark tremendous way ?
For soon as fate has clos'd our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies !
All pale, all senseless in the urn !
Never, ah ! never to return.

ODE LVII.

THAT WE SHOULD DRINK WITH MODERATION.

BRING hither, boy, a mighty bowl,
And let me quench my thirsty soul ;
Fill two parts water, fill it high,
Add one of wine, for I am dry :
Thus let the limpid stream allay
The jolly god's too potent sway.

Quick, boy, dispatch—My friends, no more,
Thus let us drinking rant and roar ;
Such clamorous riot better suits
Unpolish'd Scythia's barbarous brutes :
Let us, while music tunes the soul,
Mix temperance in the friendly bowl.

ODE LVIII.

THE LOVE-DRAUGHT.

As late of flow'rets fresh and fair
I wove a chaplet for my hair,
Beneath a rose, gay summer's pride,
The wanton god of love I spy'd,
I seiz'd him, resolute of soul,
And plung'd him in my flowing bowl,
Resolv'd to have a draught divine,
And fairly swallow'd him in wine :
E'er since his fluttering wings impart
Strange titillations to my heart.

ODE LIX.

TO A SCORNFUL BEAUTY.

W^HY thus with scornful look you fly,
 Wild Thracian filly, tell me why?
 Think'st thou that I no skill possess,
 And want both courage and address?
 Know, that whenever I think fit
 To tame thee with a galling bit,
 Just where I please, with tighten'd rein,
 I'll urge thee round the dusty plain,
 Now on the flowery turf you feed,
 Or lightly bound along the mead,
 So wild, so wanton, and untry'd,
 You want some youth to mount and ride.

ODE LX.

EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF STRATO-
CLES AND MYRILLA.

V^{EN}US, fair queen of gods above,
 Cupid thou mighty power of love,
 And Hymen bland, by heaven design'd
 The fruitful source of human kind:
 To you, as to the lyre I sing,
 Flows honour from the sounding string;
 Propitious to the numbers prove,
 O, Venus, Hymen, god of love.
 View, gentle youth, with rapture view
 This blooming bride, ordain'd for you:
 Rise quick, and feast on all her charms,
 Left, like a bird, she fly your arms.
 O happy youth! by Venus blest,
 But happier on Myrilla's breast:
 ' See how the fair one, sweetly coy,
 ' All soft confusion, meets the joy,
 ' Blooming as health, fresh as May-flowers,
 ' And bright as radiant noon-tide hours.'

Of all the flowers upon the plains,
 The rose unmatched in beauty reigns;
 Myrilla thus in charms excels,
 She shines the rose among the belles.
 O may, blest youth, the god of day
 The pleasing toils of love survey;
 And may a beauteous blooming boy
 Crown your soft vows with lasting joy!

ODE LXI.

ON GOLD.

W^HEN gold, that fugitive unkind,
 With pinions swifter than the wind,
 Flies from my willing arms away,
 (For gold with me will never stay)
 With careless eyes his flight I view,
 Who would perfidious foes pursue?
 When from the glittering mischief free,
 What mortal can compare with me?
 All my inquietudes of mind
 I give to murmur with the wind:
 Love sweetly tunes my melting lyre
 To tender notes of soft desire.

But when the vagrant finds I burn
 With rage, and flight him in his turn,

He comes, my quiet to destroy,
 With the mad family of joy:
 Adieu to love, and soft desire!
 He steals me from my soothing lyre.

O faithless gold! thou dear deceit!
 Say, wilt thou still my fancy cheat?
 This lute far sweeter transport brings,
 More pleasing these love-warbled strings:
 For thou with envy and with wiles
 Me of my dearest love beguilest,
 Dashing the cup of sweet desire,
 And robb'st me of my golden lyre.
 Then, for with me thou wilt not stay,
 To faithless Phrygians speed'st away,
 Proud and assiduous to please
 Those sons of perfidy and ease.

Me from the muse thou would'st detain,
 But all thy tempting arts are vain;
 Ne'er shall my voice forget to sing,
 Nor this right hand to touch the string:
 Away to other climes! Farewell! —
 Leave me to tune the vocal shell.

ODE LXII.

ON THE SPRING.

W^HAT bright joy can this exceed,
 This of roving o'er the mead?
 Where the hand of Flora pours,
 Sweetest, voluntary flow'rs:
 Where the zephyr's balmy gale
 Wantons in the lovely vale.
 O! how pleasing to recline
 Underneath the spreading vine,
 In the close concealment laid
 With a love inspiring maid:
 Fair, and sweet, and young, and gay,
 Chatting all the live-long day.

ODE LXIII.

TO CUPID.

M^IGHTY god of flames and darts,
 Great controul'er of all hearts;
 With thee Venus, lovely fair,
 Venus with the golden hair,
 And the bright-ey'd Dryads play,
 Nymphs that on the mountains stray:
 Come, propitious to my vow,
 Leave the the mountain's rugged brow;
 Quick descend into the plain,
 Where the object of my pain,
 Sweet Eurypyle imparts
 Anxious hopes to youthful hearts;
 Melt to love the yielding fair,
 Teach her not to give despair;
 Thou my passion must approve,
 Melt the yielding fair to love.

ODE LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

I^TALIAN god, with golden hair,
 O Cupid, ever young and fair,

Fly to my aid, and safely shroud
Me in a purple-beaming cloud,
And on thy painted wings convey
A faithful lover on his way.
Thy blandishments disturb my rest,
And kindle tumults in my breast;
The pleasing poison was convey'd
Late from the lovely Lesbian maid;
Her sun-bright eye discharg'd a dart,
That rankling preys upon my heart:
In sparkling wit beyond compare,
She flights, alas! my silver hair,
Regardless of my heart-felt pain,
And fondly loves some happier swain.

ODE LXV.

ON HIMSELF.

I LATELY thought, delightful theme!
Anacreon saw me in a dream,
The Teian sage, the honey'd bard,
Who call'd me with a sweet regard;
I, pleas'd to meet him, ran in haste,
And with a friendly kiss embrac'd.
'Tis true, he seem'd a little old,
But gay and comely to behold;
Still bow'd to Cytherea's shrine,
His lip was redolent of wine:
He reel'd as if he scarce could stand,
But Cupid led him by the hand.
The poet, with a gentle look,
A chaplet from his temples took,
That did of sweet Anacreon breathe,
And smiling gave to me the wreath.
I from his brow the flow'ry crown
Receiv'd, and plac'd it on my own:
Hence all my woes unnumber'd flow,
E'er since with raging love I glow.

ODE LXVI.

By Dr. Broome.

ON APOLLO.

ONCE more, not uninspir'd, the string
I waken and spontaneous sing:
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
That lifts ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay;
Some god impells and I obey.
Attend, ye groves! the muse prepares
A sacred song in Phrygian airs;
Such as the swan expiring sings,
Melodious, by Cayster's springs,
Where listening winds in silence hear,
And to the gods the music bear.
Celestial muse! attend and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus sing;
To Phœbus and the muse belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song.
Begin, begin the lofty strain!
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain!
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame.
With glorious pride his vows she hears,
And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,

To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.

Ah! how, on wings of love convey'd,
He flew to clasp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes!—but heaven deceives
His hope—he seizes only leaves.

10 Why burns my raptur'd breast? ah! why?
Ah! whither strives my soul to fly;
I feel the pleasing frenzy strong,
Impulsive to some nobler song:
Ler. let the wanton fancy play,
But guide it, lest it devious stray.

But, O! in vain—my muse denies
Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes;
Suffice it to rehearse the pains
Of bleeding nymphs and dying swains;
Nor dare to wield the shafts of love
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove.

40 I yield! Adieu the lofty strain!
Anacreon is himself again:
Again the melting song I play,
Attempter'd to the vocal lay,
See! see! how, with attentive ears,
The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs!
And quaff, in bow'ry shades reclin'd,
My precepts, to regale the mind.

ODE LXVII.

ON LOVE.

To love I wake the silver string,
And of his soft dominion sing:
A wreath of flowers adorns his brow,
The sweetest, fairest flowers that blow:
All mortals own his mighty sway,
And him the gods above obey.

ODE LXVIII.

THE SUPPLICATION.

QUEEN of the woodland chafe, whose darts
Unerring pierce the mountain-harts,
Diana chaste, Joves daughter fair,
Suppliant to thee I breathe my prayer.
Descend, propitious to my vow,
To where the streams of Lethe flow:
In pity aid a hapless race,
Bright goddesses of the woodland chafe;
With holy awe they own thy sway,
And meek in reverence obey.

ODE LXIX.

ARTEMON.

A Fragment.

Now Artemon, a favourite name,
Inspires Eurypyle with flame:
An upstart of ignoble blood,
Who plodded late in shoes of wood;
And round his waist, instead of vest,
Wore a cow's skin, hide undrest,
Which might, on fit occasion, yield
Rank covering for a rotten shield.

This wretch, with other wretches vile,
Liv'd hard by drudgery and toil;
Oft sentenc'd cruel pains to feel
At whipping-post, or racking-wheel:
But now, conspicuous from afar,
He rides triumphant in his car;
With golden pendants in his ears,
Aloft the silken reins he bears,
Proud, and effeminately gay:
His slaves an ivory screen display,
To guard him from the solar ray.

10

ODE LXX.

TO HIS BOY.

Boy, while here I sit supine,
Bring me water, bring me wine;
Bring me, to adorn my brow,
Wreaths of flowers that sweetly blow:
Love invites—O! let me prove
The joys of wine, the sweets of love.

NOTES ON THE ODES.

ODE I.

This ode is, with great reason and propriety, placed at the head of these beautiful little poems: for love, the argument, is in a good measure the argument of all the rest.—The invention of it has been esteemed so happy and gallant, and the turn so delicate, that the best masters of antiquity have copied this excellent original. Horace had it in view, Ode 12. Book 2.

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
Nec dirum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare,
Fæno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
Aptari citharæ modis.

Dire Hannibal, the Roman dread,
Numantian wars which rag'd so long,
And seas with Punic slaughter red,
Suit not the softer lyric song.

Lord Chief Baron Gilbert.

Ovid has imitated it in several of his elegies: in the following distich he seems to have comprehended the substance of the whole ode. *Eleg. 12. Book 3.*

Quæ Thebæ, cum Troja forent, cum Cæsaris acta;
Ingenium movit sola Corinna meum.

Though Thebes and Troy remain, and Cæsar's
praise,
Illustrious themes that might my fancy raise,
Corinna only can inspire my lays.

Bion of Smyrna has beautifully imitated this ode at the end of the fourth idyllium.

Ὡς μὴ γὰρ βροτὸν ἄλλον ἢ ἀθανάτων τινα μέλπω,
καί μιν αἶνει μὲν γλῶσσαι, καὶ ὡς παρὸς ἔκ' ἐστ' αἰ-
δεῖ.

[δα,

Ὡς δ' αὖτ' ἐς τὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἐς Λυκιδᾶν τι μέλισ-
σαι τοκα μοι χαιρεῖσιν δια φορέατος εἶναι ὕδα.

To praise a hero, when I strike the lyre,
Or nobly daring to some god aspire,
In strains more languid flows the nerveless song,
The fault'ring accents die upon my tongue;

But when with love or Lycidas I glow,
Smooth are my lays, the numbers sweetly flow.

Ver. 3. Agamemnon and Menelaus, the chief commanders at the siege of Troy. By the Atridae the poet means the Trojan, and by Cadmus the Theban war.

Ver. 9. M. Dacier judiciously observes, in his notes on the twenty-sixth ode of the first book of Horace, that the poets, when they would celebrate any extraordinary subject, were wont to say they had new-strung their lyre.

—Hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro,
Teque tuasque decet foreores.

To sound his praise, O muse, is thine,
In concert with the tuneful nine,
On the fam'd Lesbian lyre new-strung,
In numbers sweet, as old Alcæus sung.

Ver. 14. The Greek word, ἀντιφωνεῖν, is very strong and expressive, and means, "to return a contrary sound." To understand this passage clearly, we must imagine that Anacreon is singing and playing upon the lyre; which, instead of answering to his voice in heroic numbers, returned only the sounds of love. Tibullus has a similar expression, *Eleg. 4. Book 3.*

Tunc ego nec cithara poteram gaudere sonora,
Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos.

No more I tun'd the loud resounding string,
Nor to the lyre's sweet melody could sing.

Ver. 15.

—Heroum clara valete
Nomina, non apta est gratia vestra mihi.

Ovid, *Eleg. 1. Book 2.*

Ye heroes of immortal fame, adieu!
Ill suits the warbling of my lyre with you.

ODE II.

Phocylides has copied great part of this ode in his admonitory poem:

M iii

Ὅπλον ἱκανὸν νεμὶ Θιες φύσιν' ἡροφίτοι
Οἷσι μιν πολλὰν ταχύνει, ἀλκὴν τε λυγρὰν,
Ταυροῖς δ' αὐτοχύτοις κρησίν, κνήκῃ μελισσῶν
Εμφύον ἀλκὰς ἰδοκί' ἰγὸς δ' ἱερὸν ἀνθρώποις.

Arms to all creatures God's abundant care
Affords; light pinions to the birds of air;
The lordly lion boasts his matchless might;
The bull's bright horns are terrible in fight;
The sting sharp-pointed is the bee's defence;
The shield and buckler of mankind is sense.

Ver. 10. The Greek word *φρονιμα* generally signifies prudence; and so Stephen has translated it: But as it would be highly absurd to suppose that nature had forgot that useful ingredient in the composition of the ladies we must look out for another interpretation. *Φρονιμα* equally signifies magnanimity. It is similar to an expression of Tully, in *Off. 1. 19.*—“*Elatio et magnitudo animi.*” And as Mr John Addison, in his note on this passage observes, “By courage, when applied to man, is properly meant that superiority of mind, which is man's peculiar characteristic and charter of dominion.”

Ver. 14. Coluthus, in his poem on the Rape of Helen, has the same thought, speaking of Venus:

Μὴν Κοτρίη ἀναλκίς ἐν Διὶ. ἡ βασιλῆων
Κοίτην, ὃν ἔχρος ἀρσέν, ἡ δίος ἰλκὼ
Ἀλλὰ τι δειμαίνω τριώντων; ἀντί μιν αἰχμῆς,
Ὡς Διὸς ἔχρος ἔχουσα μελίσσῃσιν ἀσμον ἐρωτῶν.

Of all the gods, no regal sway I bear,
Nor, weak and timid, wield the martial spear;
Yet great my pow'r, for my resistless darts
Are smiles and loves that triumph over hearts.

And a little further,

Ἔργα μόνον καὶ οὐδ' αὖ τι γὰρ σάκτιον Ἀφροδίτῃ;
Ἀγλαὴ πολλὰ μάλλον ἀριστεύει γυναικίς.

No fights I know, averse to war's alarms;
Idalian Venus has no need of arms:
The fair are irresistible in charms.

Nonnus introduces Venus speaking after the same manner:

Ἐχρος ἔμον πτεῖ καλλος, ἔμον ξίφος πτεῖ σὺ μασθῆ.

Resistless beauty for a sword I wear,
And charms more piercing than the pointed spear.

The Romans were so fully convinced of the power of beauty, that the word *fortis*, strong or valiant, signifies likewise fair or handsome; as appears by two passages in Plautus.—*Bacchid. Act 2. Sc. 2. 38.* “*Sed Bacchis etiam tibi fortis visa est?*” *Et Miles Glor. Act. 4. Sc. 3. 13.* *Ecquid fortis visa est?*

ODE III.

This, as Longepierre observes, is one of the most beautiful of Anacreon's odes. Nothing can

be more ingenious than the fiction, which is something similar to the fable of the Serpent and the Labourer.

Ver. 4. Two constellations near the northern pole. Bootes is also called *Arctophylax*, or the Bear-keeper. Aratus, in his *Phenomena*, has three lines perfectly similar to this passage of Anacreon.

Ἐξωσίβην δ' ἑλίκης φρεσὶν ἑλκῶν τοικῶς
Ἀρκτοφύλαξ, τὸν δ' ἀνδρὲς ἐπικλίνει βοώτην,
Ὀφινχ' ἀμαρτῆς ἰταφόμενος εἰδὶναι Ἀρκίην.

Behind, and seeming to urge on the Bear,
Arctophylax, on earth Boötes nam'd,
Sheds o'er the arctic car his silver light.

Ver. 40. The ancients placed the seat of love in the liver, as might be proved from several passages.

Cum tibi fervens amor et libido,
Quæ solet matres furere equorum,
Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum.

Hor. B. 1. Ode 2,

And burning love and lothsome lust,
Such as the madding fillics fires,
Still in thy canker'd liver rage.

Duncombe.

Theocritus, *Idyll. 11. ver. 16.*

—το εἰ ἥπαρ παθεῖ βλιμένον.

—She in his liver fix'd a dart.

And in the thirteenth *Idyl. ver. 72.* speaking of Hercules, he says,

—Χαλκίτος γὰρ ἐν Διὶ ἥπαρ ἀμύνει.

For in his liver love had fix'd a wound.

There is an epigram in the seventh book of the *Anthologia*, to the same purpose.

Ἀπὸν, ἔρος, κρηδὶς τε καὶ ἥπαρ. εἰ δ' ἐπιθυμῆς
Βάλλειν, ἄλλο τι μὲν τῶν μελιῶν μέλει.

Cease, love, to wound my liver and my heart:
If I must suffer, choose some other part.

ODE IV.

Ver. 2. Madam Dacier observes, that the ancients, by way of indulgence, used to repose themselves on large heaps of fragrant herbs, leaves, and flowers.

Ver. 7. Seneca, in his *Hercules Furens, Act 1. Scene 2. Ver. 177.* has the same sentiment.

—Properat cursu

*Vita citato, volucrique die
Rota præcipitis vertitur anni.*

With rapid motion, never at a stay,
Life swiftly posts along, and, day by day,
The year's great wheel incessant rolls away.

Ver. 14. *Anthologia, Book 7.*

Ἐν ζωοῖσι τα τριετία τα Κοιμήδος ἐν δ' Ἀχαιοῖσι
Ὅσα καὶ στίδι, παρὲν, κοινομένη.

Phyllis, while living, let us life employ
In the soft transports of Idalian joy :
For when we die, (and die alas! we must)
All that remains is ashes, bones, or dust.

Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas quo Tullus dives, et Ancus.
Pulvis et umbra fumus. *Hor.*

But to the dreary realms below
Who sink, must not return for ever know !
Enroll'd among the mighty dead,
Our body will be dust, our soul a shade.

Duncombe.

There are two epigrams in the second book of the Anthologia, very similar to this passage of Anacreon :

Και πινε, και, τερπνε, Δημοκρατες· ε γαρ ες αιει
Πιομεν, εδ αιει τερπνιος εξομενα.

Και σεφανης κεφαλός πυκατωμεθα, και μυρισταιν
Αυτες, πριν τυμωεις ταυτα φερει ιτερος.
Νυν εν εμοι πιστω μεθι το πλιον οσια ταμα.

Νικηα δε Δευκαλιων αυτα κατακλυσεται.

Drink and rejoice, for let us wisely think,
My friend, we must not always laugh and drink :
Our heads we'll crown with flow'rs and rich per-
fumes

Before they're vainly lavish'd on our tombs.
Cares and anxieties I now resign,
Or drown them in a mighty bowl of wine.
When dead, Deucalion may, if he thinks good,
Drench my cold carcase in a wat'ry flood.

Με μυρα, μη σεφανης λιθιναις σιλαται χαρις,
Μηδε το περ φλεβης· εις κινος η δαπανα.
Ζηντι μοι, ειτι θελοις χερσαι.

On the cold tombs no fragrant unguents shed,
No flow'ry chaplets unavailing spread,
Nor kindle living lamps to light the dead.
Vain are these honours; rather while I live,
To me the sweet, the rich oblation give.

Of these customs of the ancients of pouring sweet unguents on the tombs of the dead, and crowning them with flowers, &c. See Potter's Antiquities.

Ver. 22. The ancients believed, that the happy souls in the Elysian fields enjoyed those pleasures which they most delighted in when living. Thus Virgil,

Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
Those raise the song divine, and these advance
In measur'd steps to form the solemn dance. *Pitt.*

Tibullus, Book I. Eleg. 3.
Sed me, quod facilis tenero sum semper amori,
Ipse Venus campos ducet in Elysios:
Hic choreæ, cantus vigent, &c.

Then love my ghost (for love I still obey'd)
Will grateful usher to th' Elysian shade:
There joy and ceaseless revelry prevail,
There soothing music floats on ev'ry gale;

There painted warblers hop from spray to spray,
And, wildly-pleasing, swell the gen'ral lay :
There ev'ry hedge, untaught, with cassia blooms,
And scents the ambient air with rich perfumes :
There ev'ry mead a various plenty yields ;
There lavish Flora paints the purple fields :
With ceaseless light a brighter Phœbus glows,
No sickness tortures, and no ocean flows :
But youths associate with the gentle fair,
And stung with pleasure, to the shades repair :
With them love wanders wherefoe'er they stray,
Provokes to rapture, and inflames the play :
But chief the constant few, by death betray'd,
Reign, crown'd with myrtle, monarchs of the shade.

Grainger.

I hope the reader will not think this quotation tedious, as the passage is admirably translated, and contains a beautiful description of Elysium.

ODE V.

The Grecians esteemed the rose more than any other flower, and admitted it to all their entertainments, of which there needs no other proof than this ode of Anacreon, and likewise the fifty-third, where he praises this beautiful flower with the greatest address and delicacy. The Romans equally valued it. Horace says,

Hunc vina et unguenta, et nimum breves
Flores amenæ ferre jube rosæ.

Here wine, and oil, and roses bring,
Too short-liv'd daughters of the spring.

Duncombe.

His complaint of the shortness of the rose's duration is an artful and delicate manner of praising that flower.

Ver. 5. The ancients used wreaths of flowers, and perfumes at their entertainments, not only for pleasure, but because they imagined that odours prevented the wine from intoxicating them.

ODE VI.

This ode, in the original bears the same title as the former, *Ες ρόδον*, On the Rose, But, as it is universally agreed, to be a mistake of the copyists, the editors of Anacreon have given it various appellations. Barnes calls it *Κωμος*, which he translates *Festivum amatoria*, The Festival of Love. Dr. Trapp intitles it *Συμπотιον*. *Convivium*, The Banquet. Madam Dacier would have it called The Masquerade : but I agree with Longepierre, who thinks it ought to be styled The Party of Pleasure.

Ver. 4. The hyrús was a spear enriched with wreaths of ivy, and sometimes of vine-leaves : It was used as a weapon by those who attended the revels of Bacchus.

Ver. 10. Mr. Longepierre quotes a most beautiful epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, near the end, similar to this passage ; which, I think, cannot have justice done it in an English translation :

M iij

Κυρη τις μ' ἐφίλησε ποθηπτερα χεῖλεσιν ὕγροις
 Νεκταρ ἐν το Φίλημα' το γὰρ σομα νεκταρος ἐπ-
 ρει.

Νυν μεθύω το Φίλημα, πολυν τον εἶντα πικτικώς.

Phyllis the gay, in robe of beauty drest,
 Late on my lips a humid kiss imprest;
 The kiss was nectar which the fair bestow'd,
 For in her am'rous breath a gale of nectar flow'd.
 What love, ye gods! what raptures in her kiss!
 My soul was drunk with ecstasy of bliss.

Ver. 12. Προχυν λυγραιν ομφν, "pouring a liquid fount." The expression is very delicate. Horace has something like it, Ode 24 B. 1.

Cui liquidam pater vocem cum cithara dedit.

Who shar'f't from Jove the melting voice and lyre.
Duncombe

Ver. 14. The ancient poets always represented Bacchus young and beautiful. So Ovid, *Metam.* book 4. ver. 17.

—Tibi enim inconsumpta juventas,
 Tu puer æternas, tu formosissimus alto
 Conspecteris cælo: tibi, cum sine cornibus additas,
 Virgineum caput est—

To thee eternity of youth is giv'n;
 Unrivall'd in thy bloom thou shin'st in heav'n:
 Conceal thy horns, and ev'ry charming grace
 Of virgin beauty brightens in thy face.

ODE VII.

Ver. 2. Madam Dacier and Barnes thought, *δακνιδινη* might signify the colour of the wand or rod; but as the hyacinth is no where described to be of any colour, the interpretation will not hold good. The thought is poetical, and worthy of Anacreon, to suppose Cupid's wand adorned with little wreaths of that delicate flower tied round it: Or perhaps, by *δακνιδινη ραβδω*, the poet meant only a single hyacinth; for *ραβδος* may signify the stalk or stem of a flower: and then the moral of this charming ode will latently inculcate the irresistible force of love, in whose hands a flower is as powerful as his bow and arrows that are tipped with fire.

A late right reverend author, much admired for the elegance of his writings, seems to have had an eye to this ode when he composed the following lines on a fan:

Flavia the least and slightest toy
 Can with resisters art employ:
 This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
 An engine of small force in love;
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
 Not to be told or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton motions so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To every other breast a flame.

Ver. 8. His being stung by a serpent, as Madam Dacier observes, was to punish his insensibili-

ty, and to show that love, if he would submit to his dominion, would take him under his protection.

ODE VIII.

Ver. 8. Lyæus was a name given to Bacchus. It is derived from the word *λυειν*, to loose or free, because wine frees the mind from anxieties.

Ver. 15. Madam Dacier commends the delicacy and beauty of this ode, though in her translation all the spirit evaporates: The two last lines

Μημοναυμενος δ' ὁ τλημων Παλιον εἶλον καθυυδην.

Thus miserably left alone, I wish'd to sleep again; she has rendered thus: "Etant donc tout triste de me voir ainsi demeure seul, je ne trouvai point de meilleure consolation, que de me remettre à dormir." There are some beautiful lines in Ovid's Epistle of Sappho to Phaon, as Mr. Pope has taught her to speak, which will elucidate this passage of Anacreon.

O night more pleasing than the brightest day,
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And drest in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 But when with day the sweet delusions fly,
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes, to dream of you again.

ODE IX.

Faber says of this ode, that it does not seem to be the work of one man only, but that the Graces joined in concert with the Muses to finish this beautiful little piece.

To understand it properly, we must remember, that it was a custom among the ancients, when they undertook long journeys, and were desirous of sending back any news with uncommon expedition, to take tame pigeons along with them. When they thought proper to write to their friends, they let one of these birds loose, with letters fastened to its neck: The bird, once released, would never cease its flight till it arrived at its nest and young ones. The same custom still obtains among the Turks, and in several eastern countries. Longepierre has a quotation from Ælian, book 6. chap. 7. which proves that the crow, *Κροαν* was sometimes employed in this office. The passage may be thus translated: "In Egypt, near the lake Myris, the natives show the monument of a crow, of which they give the following account: That it was brought up by one of their kings called Marrhes, whose epistles it carried, wheresoever he pleased, with greater expedition than the swiftest of his messengers: That, when he gave his orders, it immediately understood which way to direct its flight, through what country to pass, and where to stop. To recompense these services, when it died, Marrhes honoured it with a monument and an epitaph."

Ver. 6. 'The Greeks perfumed their birds, as we perfume our lap-dogs.' *Madam Dacier.*

Ver. 12. Bathyllus was a young Samian of great beauty, and admired by Anacreon. See Ode 29th. Horace has taken notice of this passion:

Non aliter Samio dicunt arfisse Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teium,
Qui perſepe carvâ teſtudine flevit amorem,
Non elaboratum ad pedem. *Epod. 14.*

Such was the fate Anacreon prov'd
So fondly he Bathyllus lov'd,
Accuſtom'd his complaints to ſuit
In eaſy meaſures to the lute. *Duncombe.*

This youth was alſo a favourite of Polycrates, who erected a ſtatue to him that repreſented Apollo playing upon the lyre.

Ver. 15, 16. The poet could not pay himſelf a more delicate compliment, than by ſaying that Venus, the mother of the Graces, was glad to purchaſe a little hymn of his compoſing at the price of one of her favourite doves. This paſſage is a proof, that Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods; which are all loſt, except, perhaps, part of the 50th and 52d odes to Bacchus, the 58th to Cupid, the 60th to Diana, and the 64th to Apollo. The 62d ode is alſo an hymeneal hymn.

Ver. 35. The dove praiſes the liberality of his maſter for admitting him to drink of the ſame wine as himſelf, which was an indulgence the ancients never allowed to any but their favourites. Thus Homer introduces Achilles entertaining Ajax, Ulyſſes, and Phoenix, Iliad 9. ver. 202.

With that the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread.
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every foul.
Of all the warriors yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.
Pope.

ODE X.

The commentators obſerve, that Anacreon makes this young country man ſpeak in the Doric dialect, which was the moſt ruſtic, to ridicule the unpoliteness of a perſon who could be ſo inſenſible of the charms of love, as to wiſh to part with his images.

Ver. 11. In the Greek, the price offered is a drachm, an Attic coin, value about ſevenpence halfpenny Engliſh.

Ver. 16. Barnes obſerves, that it was uſual for the ancient heathens to treat the images of their gods well or ill, juſt as they fancied they had been uſed by them. The modern Indians chaſtiſe their idols with ſcourges, whenever any calamity befalls them. There is a paſſage in the ſeventh Idyllium of Theocritus, ſimilar to this of our poet, where a perſon, after having made his ſupplication to the god Pan, pleaſantly enough threatens him:

Εἰ δ' ἄλλως νυνταῖς, καὶ μὲν χροῶ παντ' οὐχ ἔστι
Ἀνακτεμένοιο κνέσας, κ. τ. λ.

But may'ſt thou, if thou dar'ſt my boon deny,
Torn by fell claws on beds of nettles lie;
All the cold winter freeze beneath the pole,
Where Heber's waves down Edon's mountains roll;
And in the ſcorching heats of ſummer glow,
Where under Blemyan rocks Nile's boiling waters flow.

ODE XI.

That natural facility of thought, and that ſweet ſimplicity of expreſſion, which are ſo deſervedly admired in the writings of Anacreon, abound in the original of this beautiful ode. Horace gives us his true character, when he tells us he wrote, "non elaboratum ad pedem," in unlaboured verſe; verſe that flows with ſo much eaſe, that it ſeems to have coſt him no care or trouble. He played upon his lyre, and the numbers came; therefore he ſays of him in another place:

Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas—— *Hor. L. 4. Od. 9.*

——and bliſſe Anacreon's ſportive lay
Still lives, in ſpite of time's deſtructive way.
Duncombe.

We have an imitation of this ode in an epigram of Palladas, in the 47th chapter of the 2d book of the Anthologia.

Γραλλίον με λυμαινέας ἀποσκαπώσῃσι, λειγώνῃσι
Εἰς τὸ κατωπρόν ἔραν λειψάνον ἡλικίας.
Ἀλλ' ἴγω ἢ λιυκὰς φέρω τριχὰς, ἢ τε μιλαινὰς,
Οὐκ ἀλιγὼ βίωσιν πρὸς τέλος ἐρχόμενοις.
Εὐδομίῃσι δὲ μυροῖσι καὶ εὐπύλαις τιφάνοις,
Καὶ βρομῇ πᾶντι φρονίδᾳς ἀργαλίας.

To me the wanton girls inſulting ſay,
'Here in this glaſs thy fading bloom ſurvey.'
Juſt on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite,
Whether my locks are black, or ſilver white;
Roses around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
And diſſipate anxieties in wine.

Ver. 6. The hair was always eſteemed by the ancients the principal ornament of beauty. Apuleius has this remarkable paſſage in the ſecond book of his Miſeſſiacks: "Even Venus herſelf, if ſhe was deſtitute of hair, though ſurrounded by the Graces and Loves, would not have charms to pleaſe her own huſband Vulcan." Longepierre quotes a paſſage from Petronius, where Eumolpus calls the hair the chief grace of beauty:

Quod ſummum formæ decus, cecidere capilli,
Vernanteſque comas triſtis abegit hyems.
Nunc umbrâ nudata ſua jam tempora mœrunt,
Arcæque attritis nidet aduſta pilis.
O ſaltax natura deſum! quæ prima dediſti
Ærati noſtræ gaudia, prima rapis.
Infelix modo crinibus nitebas
Phœbo pulchrior, & ſorore Phœbi:
At nunc lævior ære, vel rotundo
Horti tubere, quod creavit unda,
Ridentes fugis & times puellas.

Ut mortem citius venire credas,
Scito jam capitis perisse partem.

Fall'n is thy hair, for woeful winter hoar
Has stol'n thy bloom, and beauty is no more;
Thy temples mourn their shady honours shorn,
Parch'd like the fallow, destitute of corn.
Fallacious gods! whose blessings can betray;
What first ye give us, first ye take away.
Thou, late exulting in thy golden hair,
As bright as Phœbus, or as Cynthia fair,
Now view'st, alas! thy forehead smooth and plain
As the round fungus, daughter of the rain;
Smooth as the surface of well-polish'd brass,
And fly'st with fear each laughter-loving lass.
Death hastes amain; thy wretched fate deplore;
Fall'n is thy hair, and beauty is no more.

ODE XII.

Ver. 6. The poet very judiciously endeavours to terrify the swallow with the mention of Tereus, whose palace, as the ancients have remarked, was carefully avoided by those birds. Pliny says, "Arx Regum Thraciæ, a Tereî nefasto crimine invisâ Hirundinibus." See also Solinus. From this passage of Anacreon it should seem, that Philomela was changed into a swallow, and not Progne, as Ovid and others have asserted.

Ver. 10. Madani Dacier says, that this passage, and another in the eight ode—

Intent on love, I strive to greet
The gamefome girls with kisses sweet,
And, as on pleasure's brink I seem,
Wake, and, behold! 'tis all a dream.

undoubtedly furnished Horace with that beautiful sentiment in the first ode of the fourth book:

Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo: jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure volubiles.

Which Mr. Pope has admirably imitated:

Thee drest'd in fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through th' extended dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal.
Now shorn by Cynthia's silver ray,
And new on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Argentarius imitates this passage in an epigram, in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins,

Ορει, τι μοι Φιλον ὁ πνον ἀφρηπατας; ἦδ' ὃν
Πυρρῶς
Εἰδὼλον κοίτης ἤχ' ἀποπταμενον.

Invidious swallow, with thy horrid scream
Why hast thou wak'd me from so sweet a dream?
Stunn'd by thy noise fair Pyrrha, like the wind,
Flew from my arms, just yielding to be kind.

Agathias has also imitated it in an epigram, in the seventh book of the Anthologia.

Παταν ἔγω τὴν νύκτα κινυρομαι· εὐτε δ' ἐπαλθῇ
Οὐρεος, εἰλινυσταί μικρὰ χαρίζομενος.
Ἀμφιπεριτενύζουσι χιλιόδους· εἰ δὲ με δακρυ
Βαλλυσι, γλυκερόν κωμα παρυσταμένα.
Ὡ φθονεῖαι παυσασθε λαλητρίδης· ἢ γὰρ ἔγωγε
Τὴν Φιλομελείαν γλωσσαν ἀπεθρίσταμην.
Ἀλλ' ἴτυλον κλαίετε κατ' ὕρα, καὶ γοοῖτε
Εἰς αἶπος, κραναὴν αὐλὴν ἐφιζόμεναι,
Βαιοὶ ἵνα κνωσσομεν· ἴσως δὲ τις ἤξει οὐρεος
Ὅς με Ροδανθείους περὶ σὶν ἀμφιβαλοῖ.

All night I fight with cares of love oppress,
And when the morn indulges balmy rest,
These twitt'ring birds their noisy matins keep,
Recall my sorrows, and prevent my sleep;
Cease envious birds, your plaintive tales to tell,
I ravish'd not the tongue of Philomel.
In deserts wild, or on some mountain's brow,
Pay all the tributary grief you owe
To Itys, in an elegy of woe.
Me leave to sleep: in visionary charms,
Some dream perhaps may bring Rodanthe to my arms.

ODE XIII.

Ver. 2. A young Phrygian of great beauty, beloved by Cybele the mother of the gods, who made him her priest, on condition that he should live chaste: but he broke his vow, and as a punishment, she afflicted him with madness, in the transports of which he deprived himself of the distinction of his sex, and would have killed himself, had not Cybele, moved with compassion, transformed him into a pine-tree.

Ver. 5. Claros was a city of Ionia near Colophon, rendered famous for a fountain consecrated to Apollo, who from thence was called Clarius. Tacitus gives an account of it in the second book of his Annals, where, speaking of Germanicus, he says, "Apellitque Colophona, ut Clarii Apollinis oraculo uteretur. Non femina illic, ut apud Delphos; sed certis à familiis, & ferme Mileto accersitus sacerdos, numerum modo consultantium & nomina audit: tum in specum degressus, haustâ fontis arcani aquâ, ignarus plerumque literarum & carminum, edit responsa versibus, compositis super rebus quas quis mente concepit.— He landed at Colophon, to consult the oracle of Apollo at Claros. The person that delivers the oracles there, is not a woman, as at Delphos, but a man selected out of certain families, and frequently from Miletes. This priest only inquires the number and names of those that consult the deity. After that, having entered his grotto, and drank of the mysterious water, he answers the question of his inquirers in verse, though he is generally illiterate, and unacquainted with the muses.

Ver. 6. The Greek is *δαφνηφορεος*, laurel-wearing Phœbus; because when Daphne escaped his pursuit by being changed into a laurel, he consecrated that tree to himself. *Ovid Metamorph.*

Cui Deus, At quoniam conjux mea non potes esse,
Arbor eris certe, dixit, mea, semper habebunt
Te coma, te citharæ, te nostræ, Laure, pharetræ.
To whom the God—"Because thou canst not be
"My mistress, I espouse thee for thy tree:
"Be thou the prize of honour and renown,
"The deathless poet and the poem crown."

Dryden.

ODE XIV.

The subject of this ode is to show the irresistible nature of love. In this little piece, Anacreon discovers a wonderful delicacy of invention: Nothing can be imagined more entertaining than this combat, the preparation for it, the issue of it, and that natural and admirable reflection with which it concludes.

Ver. 12. Anacreon arms himself with a spear and shield, to contend with love. In an ancient epigram of the Anthologia, book 7. we have an account of a combatant, who put on the breastplate of reason, to withstand the attacks of this dangerous enemy

Ωπλισμαι προς ἔρῳτα περὶ στενοῖσι λογισμοῖν,
Οὐδὲ μὲ νικῶσαι, μένος ἔων προς ἔνκ.
Θνατός δ' ἀθανάτω συνελυσσόμεναι' ἢν δὲ βοηθῶν
Βακχῶν ἔχη, τί μοιός προς δὲ ἔγω δύμκειμαι;

With love I war, and reason is my shield,
Nor ever, match'd thus equally, will yield:
If Bacchus joins his aid, too great the odds;
One mortal cannot combat two such gods.

Ver. 19, 20.

The author of an epigram, in the seventh book of the Anthologia, complains, in like manner, that love had exhausted his quiver by shooting at him.

Μακίτε τίς πταῖται Πόθος Βελός' ἰδοῦσθ' ἡμῶς
Εἰς ἡμῶς λαόρος ἔρως ἐξέκινῳσεν ὅλην.

No more let Cupid's shafts the world appal,
For in my bosom he has lodg'd them all.

Ver. 21. This thought is very beautiful and ingenious. It is taken from an ancient piece of gallantry, which ought not to be passed over in silence. The heroes of antiquity, when in any desperate engagement they found their darts spent, their strength exhausted, and saw no prospect of surviving long, would collect all their spirits and strength, and rush headlong with amazing impetuosity upon their enemies, that even in death the weight of their bodies, thus violently agitated, might bear down their adversaries. Examples of this kind of heroism are frequent in Lucan. Book 3d, speaking of a brave veteran:

—Tum vulnere multo

Effugientem animam lapsos collegit in artus
Membræque contendit toto, quicunque manebat,
Sanguine, et hostilem, defessus robore membris,
Insuper solo nociturus pondere puppin.

Æ. 3. Ver. 622.

And, book 6. ver. 204. speaking of Scæva:

—tot munera belli

Solus obit, densamque ferens in pectore sylvam
Jam gradibus fessis, in quem cadat, elegit hostem.
Encumber'd sore with many a painful wound,
Fardy and stiff he treads the hostile round;
Gloomy and fierce his eyes the crowd survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the prey.

Rousse.

ODE XV.

Ver. 1. Gyges was the favourite of Candaules, king of Lydia, whose queen was remarkably beautiful, and passionately admired by her husband. In his vanity, he extolled her charms above measure to Gyges, and, to convince him of her beauty, determined to show her to him naked; which he effected, but not without the queen's discovering that affront; who next morning sent privately for Gyges, and resolutely told him, he must either suffer immediate death for what he had done, or dispatch Candaules, and take her and the kingdom of Lydia for his recompense. The choice was difficult, as he greatly valued his master: However, the love of life prevailed—he stabbed Candaules, married the queen, and took possession of the kingdom.

Ver. 8. There is an epigram in the second book of the Anthologia, that has the same turn:

Πνε, καὶ εὐφραίνε' τί γὰρ αὐρίον ἦ τί το, μέλλοι,
Οὐδεις ἠνώσκει' μὴ τρεῖχι, μὴ κοπία,
Ὡς δύνασαι χαρίται, μεταδός, φάγῃ, θύγα λὸ-
γίῃ.

Τὸ ζῆν τί μὴ ζῆν ὕδιν ὅλως ἀπείχει.
Πᾶς ὁ βίος τοιοῦτο εὐποῖα μόνον ἀν' προλαβὼν τις.
Ἀν' δὲ θανάτου, ἔτιον πάντα, σὺ δ' ὕδιν ἔχεις.

Cease from thy cares and toils, be sweetly gay,
And drink—to-morrow is a distant day:
Improve on time; to bliss each moment give;
Not to enjoy this life, is not to live:
Our goods are now our own, but when we die
They come to others, whilst in dust we lie,
And then, alas! have nothing to enjoy.

Horace expresses himself in the same manner, Book 1. Ode 9.

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere: et
Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
Appone: nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas;
Dum virent canities abest
Morosa——

To-morrow and her works defy;
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of fortune's pow'r
Nor love, nor love's delights, disdain,
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

Dryden.

ODE XVI.

Ver. 1. Anacreon alludes to the famous war of the seven captains against Thebes, occasioned

by Eteocles, the son of Œdipus and Jocasta, refusing his brother Polynices his share in the government, though they had previously agreed, after their father's death, to rule alternately year by year. Æschylus wrote a tragedy on this subject.

Ver. 3. Ovid has imitated this passage—*Amor. L. 2. Eleg. 18.*

*Vincor, et ingenium sumptis revocatur ab armis,
Resque domi gestas, et mea bella cano.*

I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious strain
Of arms and war, to sing of love again:
My themes are acts which I myself have done,
And my muse sings no battles but my own.

Ver. 9. Nonnus calls the eyes the archers of love, *ακοντιστρεις οφθαλμων*: and there is something similar to this in an epigram of the Anthologia, book 7.—which, speaking of love, says,

Ου με λελθας,

Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφίλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

Insidious archer, not unseen you lie,
Though ambush'd close in Zenephelia's eye.

ODE XVII.

This elegant ode is quoted by Gellius, who says it was sung and played upon instruments at an entertainment where he was present.

Ver. 9. The poet alludes to the constellations, which Vulcan described on the shield of Achilles. See Homer's *Iliad*, book 18.

There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean, he design'd;

Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round,
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd,

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more resplendent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Pope.

Ver. 10. Anacreon calls Orion, *συγρον*, odious, because he is the forerunner of tempests, and therefore dreadful to mariners. Horace calls him *infestus*, *Epode 15.*

*Dum pecori lupus, et nautis infestus Orion.
As long as wolves pursue the fearful sheep,
And stern Orion rages o'er the deep.*

ODE XVIII.

Ver. 19. It is not without reason that Anacreon, after having mentioned Venus, introduces love among the graces; being sensible, that, though beauty alone might please, yet, without the aid of other charms, it could not long captivate the heart.

*Καλλος ανευ χαριτων τερπει μουσ' η κατεχρη δε,
Ως ατις αγριερα ναχομενον διελειπε.*

Beauty without the graces may impart
Charms that will please, not captivate the heart;
As splendid baits without the bearded hook
Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook.

Ver. 23. The poet desires that Apollo may not be described upon his bowl, because he was so unfortunate as to kill his favourite Hyacinthus, as he was playing with him at quoits.

ODE XIX.

Ver. 5. The original is, *Πινει θαλασσα δ' ανρας*, 'The sea drinks up the air.' All the commentators are silent here, except Dr. Trapp, who owns he did not understand the expression. Might I venture to make an easy alteration of the text, I would read, *Πινει θαλασσα' ανων*, 'The sea drinks up the rivers.' See Ode vii. *Δια δ' οριων μ' ανων*, 'Through rapid rivers,' or 'torrents.' It is likewise used in the same sense by the best authors. Moschus, *Idyllium 2. 31.* See also Hoelzinus on Apollonius Rhodius, Book 1. 9. This emendation makes the sense full and complete.

Ver. 10. The moon is said to drink up the sun, because she borrows her light from that luminary.

ODE XX.

Ver. 4. Niobe was the daughter of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, and wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, by whom, according to Homer, having six sons and six daughters, she became so proud of her offspring and high birth, that she had the vanity to prefer herself to Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, who, to revenge the affront offered to their parent, in one day slew all her children; upon which Niobe was struck dumb with grief, and remained stupid. For that reason, the poets have feigned her to be turned into a stone. The story is told by Ovid in the sixth book of the *Metamorphoses*; but perhaps better by Pope, in his translation of the twenty-fourth book of the *Iliad*, where Achilles is introduced thus speaking to Priam:

Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with wee,
The common cares that nourish life forgo.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once whose sorrows equal'd thine;
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line:
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Those boasted twelve the avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhumate them none,
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone)
The gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was heaven's high will)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill:

Where, round the bed whence Achelous springs,
The watery fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high-on Sipylus's shaggy brow
She stands, her own sad monument of woe;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.

Pope.

There are two short epigrams in the Anthologia, which perhaps the reader will be glad to see in English.

Ὁ τυμβὸς ὅτεσιν ἔσθ' ἐκείν' ἐκείν' νεκρὸν.
Ὁ νεκρὸς ὅτεσιν ἔσθ' ἐκείν' ἐκείν' ταφόν.
Ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτὴν νεκρὸς ἐστὶ καὶ ταφός.

This weeping tomb within no corse contains;
This weeping corse without a tomb remains:
For, by a strange irrevocable doom,
This image is the carcase and the tomb.

Ἐκ ζωῆς μὴ θνατὶ τινὲν λίθον ἐκ δὲ λίθου
Ζωνὴν Πραξιτέλης ἐμπαλὴν ἐργασάτο.

I once was Niobe, and fill'd a throne,
Till fate severe transform'd me into stone:
Behold the change which mimic art can give!
From stone Praxiteles has made me live.

I cannot conclude my notes on this ode without first observing, that this gallant original has been copied by several masters. I shall produce one example, because it is the shortest, which is an epigram of Dionysius the fopphist.

Ἐὶ ἀνέμος γίνεσθαι, σὺ δὲ γὰρ σιγῆσαι παρ' αὐγῆς,
Στήθεα γυμνῶσαι, καὶ μὴ πινύνα λαβοῖς.
Ἐὶ ῥόδον γίνεσθαι ὑποποφυγόν, ὅρα μὴ χερσὶν
Ἀραμνῇ, κομίσαις στήθεα χιτῶνι.
Ἐὶ κρινὸν γίνεσθαι λευκοχρῶν, ὅρα μὴ χερσὶν
Ἀραμνῇ, μάλλον σὺς χροτὶς κοίτης.

I wish myself a gentle breeze to blow,
O'er your fair bosom unconfin'd I'd flow,
And wanton on those little hills of snow.
I wish myself a rose in purple dress,
That you might place me on your snowy breast.
I wish myself a lily, lovely fair,
That I might kiss your skin, and gather whiteness there.

ODE XXI.

Ver. 2. The Greek is, πινὺν ἀμύνει. Amystis, as Madam Dacier observes, was a manner of drinking among the Thracians, so called from their swallowing down a certain quantity of liquor without fetching breath, or shutting the mouth. Horace takes notice of it in Book 1. Ode 39.

"Neu multi Damalis meri
"Bassum Threiciā vincat amyctide."
Bassus shall Damalis o'ercome,
And drain the goblet at a draught.

Duncombe.

Ver. 9. The reflection the poet here makes is exceedingly natural, beautiful, and strong; "When love has once got possession of the heart, all exterior remedies will have no effect;" agreeably to the conclusion of the fourteenth ode:

All defence to folly turns,
When within the battle burns.

ODE XXII.

This ode is by Anacreon addressed to Bathyllus; but the translator has, with more decency and gallantry, applied it to a lady.

Ver. 10. The original is, Πηγὴ ρεῖσα πινύς, a Fountain rolling Perfusion, than which nothing can be more delicate or poetical, as most of the commentators have observed.

Longepierre quotes a beautiful epigram from the Anthologia, book 1. similar to this ode; where the god Pan is supposed to speak.

Ἐρχο καὶ κατ' ἑμὴν ἵδον πινόν, ἃ το μολιχρὸν
Πρὸς μαλακῆς ἐχὺ καλλιμύνα ζήφυρος.
Ἦνι δὲ καὶ κρηνημα μελισσῶν, ἐνθα μελισσῶν
Ἦδον ἱριμαῖος ὕπνον ἀγῶν καλαμαῖς.

Rest here beneath my shady pine reclin'd,
Whose tall top sweetly murmurs to the wind;
Here too a brook mellifluous flows along,
And woos me with its ever gurgling song;
Here on my solitary pipe I play,
Or sweetly sleep the tranquil hours away.

ODE XXIII.

One cannot but be surpris'd at the wretched taste of Faber, who has rejected this ode as spurious, and not Anacreon's, when perhaps it is not inferior in beauty to the best of them; as Barnes and Trapp have amply proved by explaining a Greek idiom, with which it is scarce worth while to trouble the English reader.

Ver. 3, 4. These words seem to allude to an anecdote in the history of Anacreon, which I shall explain. Stobæus tell us, that Anacreon, having received a present of five talents of gold from Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, was so embarrassed with cares and solitudes about his treasure, that he could not sleep for two nights successively: Whereupon he sent back the present, with this apology to his patron, "That, however valuable the sum might be, it was not a sufficient price for the trouble and anxiety of keeping it."

ODE XXIV.

Ver. 7. Tibullus says, "Ita procul durum curæ
"genus, ite labores."

Hence all ye troubles, vanish into air,
And all the wrinkled family of care.

Macedonius concludes an epigram with this distich, Anthologia, book 1.

Τὴν γὰρ Ἀνακρέοντες ἐνὶ παρρησίᾳ φυλάσσω
Παρθένῳ, ἐπὶ δὲ φροντὶδᾷ μὴ κατῴχῃ.

I like Anacreon's counsel wondrous well,
To let no troubles in my bosom dwell.

Ver. 13, 14. Julian, in an epitaph he composed

on Anacreon, makes him repeat the same lesson after he was dead.

Πολλὰ κεν μὲν τὸν αἶσα, καὶ ἐν σὺνέῳ δὲ βῆσιν
Πίνετι, πρὶν ταυτὴν ἀμφιβάλλειν κόνιν.

What oft alive I sung, now dead I cry
Loud from the tomb, "Drink, mortals, ere you
"die."

ODE XXV.

Ver. 1, 2.

Diffipat Evius cutas edaces. Hor. B. 2. 11.
Th' enlivening god will fordid care refine.

Duncombe.

—neque aliter

Mordaces diffugiunt sollicitudines. Book I. 18
'Tis wine, wine alone, that can drown ev'ry care.

Duncombe.

ODE XXVI.

This ode, as Longepierre observes, is in the same style as the two preceding, and the next ensuing. There is a fragment of Bacchylides remaining, which has great affinity to these four, but chiefly to this very ode.

Γλυκεὶ ἀναρχῇ σιγῇ κούρικαν
Θαλασσοῖς θυμοῖς Κυπρίδος
Ἑλπίς δ' αἰδύσει φρένας
Ἀναμνηστικὰ διονυσιαῖσι δῶκεν,
Ἀνδρῶσι δ' ὑψόθεν
Πιμπῶν μερμερῶν.
Αὐτῶς μὲν πολίων
Κρηδίων λυγρῶν.
Πᾶσι δ' ἀνθρώποις
Μοναρχήσιν δοκεῖ.
Χοῶσι δὲ ἐλπίδι τε
Μαγναιῶσιν οἶκος
Πυροφόροι δὲ κατ' αἰγλήνῃ
Νηὶς ἄρῃσιν ἀπ' Αἰγυπτῶν
Μεγίστην πλεῖστον,
'Ως πινούσης ὀρέμεται κτάρ.

When the rosy bowl we drain,
Gentle love begins to reign:
Hope, to human hearts benign,
Mingles in the friendly wine,
And with pleasing visions fair
Sweetly dissipates our care.
Warm with wine we win renown,
Conquer hosts, or storm a town,
Reign the mighty lords of all,
And in fancy rule the ball:
Then our villas charm the sight,
All with gold and ivory bright;
Ships with corn from Egypt come,
Bearing foreign treasures home:
Thus each bliss that fills the soul,
Luxuriant rises from the bowl.

Ver. 5, 6.

Pastores hederâ crescentem ornate poetam. Virg.

With ivy wreaths your youthful poet crown,

On which passage Servius remarks, that poets are crowned with ivy, as being consecrated to Bacchus; either because they are enthusiasts, like the Bacchanals, or because ivy, being an evergreen, is a symbol of that eternity which they acquire by their compositions. Horace says,

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscet superis.

An ivy crown ennobles me,
Whose darling joy is poetry.

Duncombe.

ODE XXVII.

Ver. 5, 6. In the forty first ode, Anacreon calls Bacchus, τὸν ἐφευρέτην χοροῦ, The inventor of dancing. So Tibullus,

Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu;
Movit et ad certos nescia membra modos.

L. I. Eleg. 7.

This as swains quaff'd, spontaneous numbers came,
They prais'd the festal cask, and hymn'd thy name;
All ecstacy! to certain time they bound,
And beat in measur'd awkwardness the ground.

Grainger.

ODE XXVIII.

Ver. 10. Neither the Greeks nor Romans seem to have esteemed one particular colour of the hair more than another; for we find both black and light colour equally admired.

Ver. 19, 20. Baxter, Barnes, and Stephens, trifle ridiculously on this passage. The Greek, ὑγρὸν, is humid. Madam Dacier judiciously observes, 'That eyes, in which there is the least degree of humidity, are uncommonly vivid and full of fire.'

Ver. 25. The ancients, to give us an idea of a mouth perfectly agreeable, generally represented it by the lips of persuasion. Anthol. B. 7.

Καλλὸς ἔχει Κυπρίδος, Πείθης ὄραμα ὀφθαλμοῖς
Εἰσάγων ὤρον.

Persuasion's lips, and Cyprian charms are your's,
And the fresh beauty of the vernal hours.

Ver. 30. The Greek is, Λυγδῶν, that is, marble; from Lygdos, a place in the island of Paros, famous for the finest marble. Trapp.

Ver. 33, 34. Ovid has a similar passage in the first book of the Metamorphoses, V. 500.

—laudat digitosque manusque,
Brachiaque, et nudos mediâ plus parte lacertos;
Si qua latent meliora putat.

—He view'd
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
He praises all he sees, and for the rest,
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.

Dryden.

ODE XXIX.

Ver. 7, 8. Anacreon describes the hair of Bacchylus black towards the head, but lower down gradually inclining to a yellow. Horace calls

and by t
acco
tem
mem
war,
Egi
furi

this colour Myrrheus, "Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem," book 3, ode 14. On which an ancient critic remarks, "Colorem myrrheum in crinibus hodie quoque dicunt qui medius est inter flavum et nigrum."—Even at this day they call that hair of a myrrh colour, which is between black and yellow. Ovid describes the colour of his mistress's hair thus, *Amor. l. i. eleg. 14.*

Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureis illis;
Sed quamvis neuter, mistus uterque color:
Qualem clivosa madida in vallibus Idæ
Ardua, direpto cortice, cedrus habet.

Nor of a black, nor of a golden hue
They were, but of a dye between the two:
Such as in rindless cedar we behold,
The black confounded with the dusky gold.

Ver. 9, 10. Petronius says, "Crines ingenio suo flexi, per totos se humeros effuderant:"—Her hair, negligently floating where it pleased, diffused itself over her shoulders.

Ver. 23. Meleager, as Longepierre observes, calls his mistress *ῥόδον ὡδύνην*, *The sweet Rose of Persuasion*. Anthologia.

Ver. 43, 44. The poet could not give us a more perfect idea of the beauty of this young Samian: He tells the painter, "If he would draw a good likeness of Bathyllus, he must copy the portrait of Apollo, the most beautiful of the gods; and if he would make a good picture of Apollo, he must paint Bathyllus."

Ver. 45. Bathyllus had a celebrated statue erected to his honour at Samos by Polycrates. See Apuleius.

ODE XXX.

This ode is very fine, and the fiction extremely ingenious. I believe Anacreon would inculcate that beauty alone cannot long secure a conquest; but that when wit and beauty meet, it is impossible for a lover to disengage himself.

Madam Dacier.

Ver. 5, 6. Moschus in his *Run-away Love*, makes Venus offer a reward to any one who should only discover where he was.

—Ὁ μαννύτης γέρεος ἔχει
Μισθὸς τοῖ το φιλαμὲν το Κυπρίδος.—

Whoe'er shall bring the news, his fee is this,
I Venus will reward him with a kiss.

ODE XXXI.

Ver. 9. Alcmaeon was the son of Amphiaraus and Eriphyle. His father had been put to death by the contrivance of his mother, whom, on that account, he slew. Orestes slew his mother Clytemnestra, to revenge the death of his father Agamemnon, who, at his return from the Trojan war, had been murdered by her and her lover Ægisthus. They were both tormented by the furies.

Ver. 12. Iphytus was the son of Eurytus king of Oechalia, and slain by Hercules, who carried off his bow.

Ver. 15. When the armour of Achilles was adjudged to Ulysses, Ajax was so enraged at the affront, that he ran mad; and falling upon a flock of sheep, which he took for so many Grecians, first slew them, and then himself. Homer celebrates his shield for its extraordinary size. *Iliad, Book 7.*

Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'er-
cast
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brags the last.

Pope.

Ver. 17. Hector and Ajax made an exchange of presents (see *Iliad 7.*) which gave birth to a proverb, 'That the presents of enemies are generally fatal.' For Ajax with this sword afterwards killed himself; and Hector was dragged, by the belt which Ajax gave him, at the chariot of Achilles.

There is an epigram to this purpose, *Anthol. B. 3. C. 14.*

Ἑκτορῶς Αἰαντὶ ἔφες ἀντίαι· Ἑκτορὶ δ' Αἰας
Ζωστήρ, ἀμφοτέρων ἡ χάρις εἰς θάνατον.

Hector bestowed on Telamon the brave
A sword; the Greek to godlike Hector gave
A radiant belt: each gift was stamp'd with woe,
And prov'd alike destructive to the foe.

ODE XXXII.

Ver. 9. Corinth, the metropolis of Achaia, was so famous for rich courtizans, who would only entertain the wealthy, that it occasioned the proverb, "Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum," 'Every man cannot go to Corinth.' Isais asked Demosthenes a thousand drachms for one favour; to which he replied, 'I will not buy repentance at so dear a rate.' Longepierre.

Ver. 19. Anacreon says of Crete, *ἄπαν ἔχουσι*, 'abounding with all things,' to express its fertility. Virgil says it had an hundred cities:

Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto,
Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.

Fair Crete sublimely towers amid the floods,
Proud nurse of Jove the sovereign of the gods;
A hundred cities the blest isle contains,
And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains. Pitt.

Homer, in the *Iliad*, gives Crete a hundred cities, *B. 2.*

Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.

But, in the *Odyssey*, only ninety;

Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle. *B. 19.*

Therefore, it is probable, that in the time of the Trojan war it had no more than ninety cities, but a hundred in the days of Homer.

ODE XXXIII.

Ver. 5. It was an opinion generally received among the ancients, that swallows, and several other birds crossed the sea, on the approach of winter, in search of warmer climates. Thus Virgil, *Æneid* 6. v. 311.

Quàm multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis.

Thick as the feather'd flocks in close array,
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,
When from the rage of winter they repair,
To warmer suns and more indulgent air. *Pitt.*

Others thought they hid themselves in the clefts of the rocks. Thus Ovid, "Cum glaciuntur aquæ, scopulis se condit hirundo."

Pecklinius, in his book "De Aëris et Elementi defectu, et vitâ sub aquis," assures us, that swallows retire to the bottom of the water during the winter; and that it is common for the fishermen on the coasts of the Baltic to take them in their nets in large knots, clinging together by their bills and claws; and that, upon their being brought into a warm room, they will separate, and begin to flutter about as in spring. Kercher, in his book "De mundo subterraneo," affirms the same, and that in the northern countries they hide themselves under ground in the winter, whence they are often dug out. *Longepierre.*

Ver. 6. Memphis was a city situated on the Nile, a little below Delta, and the residence of the kings of Egypt. By the Nile, Anacreon means Ethiopia, whence that river derives its source.

Ver. 8. Anacreon is not singular in representing Cupid as a bird, and with propriety, because he is furnished with wings, and his flight is surprisingly rapid. Bion speaks of love as a bird: See his second Idyllium.

ODE XXXIV.

Ver. 10. Virgil has very happily mixed these two colours, though upon a different occasion, *Æneid* l. 12. v. 67.

Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba rosâ—

So looks the beauteous ivory stain'd with red;
So roses mix'd with lilies in the bed,
Blend their rich hues.— *Pitt.*

ODE XXXV.

This ode was composed on a picture representing the rape of Europa. See an Idyllium of Moschus upon the same subject.

ODE XXXVI.

Ver. 12. A philosopher in Petronius makes the same reflection. "Ego sic semper et ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem tanquam non redituram

confumerem." "Wherever I am, I always enjoy the present day, as if I never expected to see another."

Ver. 18. Horace says in the same sense,

Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.—

Too soon cut off from cheerful light,
We must descend to fullen night,
And in the realms of fabled shades below,
Thy pining ghost no joy shall know.

Duncombe.

ODE XXXIV.

Ver. 5. The expression in Greek is extremely delicate and happy. The waves of the sea are mollified into tranquillity: *Ἀπαλυνταὶ γαλῆραι*. Every letter, every syllable, is as liquid and smooth as the calm he describes. A famous old Scotch bishop, Gawin Douglas, in his Description of May, seems to have had this passage in view.

For to behold it was an glorie to se
The stabyllit wyndys and the calmyr se,
The soft fessoun, the firmament serene,
The lounie illuminate are, and firth amene.

Or, as it is translated by Mr. Fawkes,

How calm! how still! how pleasing to behold
The sea's broad bosom where no billows roll'd:
The season soft, the firmament serene,
Th' illumin'd landscape, and the wat'ry scene!

ODE XXXVIII.

Ver. 7. In the Bacchanalian dances among the ancients, the leader of them bore a rod or sceptre.

Ver. 17. Silenus was the foster-father and tutor of Bacchus, represented by a little, flat-nosed, bald, fat, tun-bellied, old drunken fellow, riding on an ass. Ovid draws his picture thus:

—Bacchæ satyrique sequuntur,
Quique senex serulâ titubantes ebruius artus
Sustinet, et pando non fortiter hæret asello.

Metamorph. l. 4.

Around the Bacchæ and the Satyrs throng;
Behind, Silenus drunk lags slow along;
On his dull ass he nods from side to side,
Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride.

Eusden.

ODE XXXIX.

Ver. 3. Anacreon is not the only one who asserts, that Bacchus is the best friend to the muses. If, as Horace says, you give credit to old Cratinus, the comic Greek poet, "Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt. Quæ scribuntur aquæ potioribus." "No verses long can please, or long can live, which water-drinkers write." There is an epigram in the first book of the *Anthologia*, which begins thus:

Οὐκ οἱ χαριῆτι μίγνυσι πῶς αἶμα,
 Τὸν δὲ πῶτον, καλὸν ἢ τίς οἱ σπός.

Wine is the poet's generous horse;
 But water-drinkers work of course
 Are languid, cold, and void of force.

Aristophanes, in his comedy called Peace, humorously tells us, that, when the Lacedemonians came to besiege Athens, Cratinus died of grief on seeing a hoghead broken, and the wine running out.

Ver. 7. Horace has expressed himself in the same manner:

— Tristitia et metus

Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
 Portare ventis—

Low'd by the muses, to the wind
 Be all my fears and griefs resign'd,
 To drown them in the Cretan main. *Duncombe.*

ODE XL.

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful Ode in his nineteenth Idyllium.

Τὸν καλὸν ποτ' ἔρωτα, κ. τ. λ.

As Cupid once, the swiftest rogue alive,
 Was stealing fragrant honey from the hive,
 A little bee, inflam'd with rage and grief,
 Pierc'd with his stinging finger of the thief.
 He blew the tortur'd hand, he stamp'd the ground,
 He ran, and to his mother show'd the wound;
 And loud began through anguish to complain,
 That a small bee should cause such racking pain.
 Fair Venus smil'd her fobbing son to see,
 And said, 'Thou too art little, like a bee,
 'And yet what mighty wounds are made by
 'thee!'

Ver. 13. Madam Dacier says, that Anacreon makes Cupid speak in this manner, because, according to the Pagan theology, the language of the gods was different from that of men: but, as Longepierre ingeniously observes, to render a passage of this nature learned, is to make it obscure; for nothing can be more natural to imagine, than that an infant, who had heard of the stinging of serpents, when he found himself stung by a little creature, he hardly knew what, should immediately think it one. The labourers might call it a bee, if they pleased; his pain and fright made him persist that it was a serpent.

ODE XLI.

Ver. 3, 4. Tibullus says the same:

Ille liquor decuit voces insectere cantu;
 Movit et ad certos nescia membra modos.
L. 1. Ed. 7.

This as swains quaff'd, spontaneous numbers came,
 They prais'd the festal cask, and hymn'd thy name;
 All ecstacy! to certain time they bound,
 And beat in measure'd awkwardness the ground.

Grainger.

TRANS. II.

Ver. 8. Madam Dacier supposes this to be the passage on which the opinion, that the graces were the daughters of Bacchus and Venus, was founded.

Ver. 16. Macedonius, in an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, C. 25, says, that to banish care was a precept of Anacreon's.

Τὴν γὰρ Ἀνακρεόντος ἐνὶ περικίδισσι φύλασσε
 Παρφασιν, ὅτι διὰ φροντίδα μὴ κατεχίν.

For still I hold Anacreon's rule the best,
 To banish care for ever from my breast.

Ver. 19, 20. Anacreon is not singular in enforcing the necessity of enjoying life from the brevity and uncertainty of it. Rufinus has an epigram in the seventh book of the Anthologia, Epigram 143, to this purpose:

Let us, my friend, in joy refine,
 Bathe, crown our brows, and quaff the wine:
 Short is the space for human joys;
 What age prevents not, death destroys.

And Martial,

Non est, crede mihi, sapienti dicere, 'Vicam';
 Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

"I'll live to-morrow," 'tis not wise to say:
 'Twill be too late to-morrow—live to day.

ODE XLII.

Ver. 13, 14. Thus our poet in his seventh epigram says,

I ne'er can think his conversation good,
 Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;
 But his, whose wit the pleasing talk refines,
 And lovely Venus with the graces joins.

Ver. 19. The Greek is, Βίον πνεύον φερούμεν. Anacreon esteemed tranquillity the happiest ingredient of life: Thus, Ode 39th, he praises the γλήνη βίοντα,

—Life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

ODE XLIII.

Ver. 4, 5. Dew is the nourishment of grasshoppers. Thus Virgil, Eclogue 5, ver. 77.

Dumque thynto pascuntur apes, dum rose cicadae.
 Bees feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew.

The Greek poets also describe the grasshopper as a musical insect. Thus Theocritus, Idyll. 1.

—Τιττιγὸς ἐπὶ τοῦ φεγγοῦ ἀδύς.

Thy song is sweeter than the grasshopper's.

Antipater, in an epigram of the Anthologia, Book 1, says,

Ἀρκὶ Τιττιγὸς μεθύσας δροσὸς, ἀλλὰ πῶς
 Αἰδοῦν κυκνὸν ἐνὶ γήρηνοςτις.

Inspir'd by dew the grasshoppers rejoice,
 Nor boasts the swan so musical a voice.

N.

Ver. 15. *Ælian*, writing against those who eat grasshoppers, says, They are ignorant how much they offend the muses, the daughters of Jupiter. Whence it appears, that these animals were esteemed sacred to the muses, and the eating of them accounted an impiety. The following is a translation of an epigram from the first book of the *Anthologia*, chap. 33. containing a beautiful complaint of a grasshopper against that practice.

Τίτρος μὴ τρώῃ, κ. τ. λ.

Why do ye, swains, a grasshopper pursue,
Content with solitude, and rosy dew?
Me, whose sweet song can o'er the nymphs
prevail;
I charm them in the forest, hill, or dale,
And me they call their summer-nightingale.
See, on your fruits the thrush and blackbird prey!
See, the bold starlings steal your grain away!
Destroy your foes—why should you me pursue
Content with verdant leaves, and rosy dew?

Ver. 23. The Athenians called themselves *τρωῖς*, grasshoppers, and some of them wore little grasshoppers of gold in their hair, as badges of honour, to distinguish them from others of later duration; and likewise as a memorial that they were born of the earth like those insects.

Ver. 25. 26. Homer represents the gods as free from blood. Speaking of Venus wounded, book 5. he says,

From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded god;
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood!
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)

Pope.

ODE XLIV.

Nothing can be more politely imagined than this ode, nor more courtly than the turn of it. Behold, says *Madam Dacier*, one of the finest and most gallant odes of antiquity; and if she, for whom it was composed, was as beautiful, all Greece could produce nothing more charming.

ODE XLV.

Monf. Le Fevre was so transported with this ode, that he could not forbear crying out,

Felix, ah! nimium felix, cui carmine tali
Fluxit ab Aoniis vena beata jugis.
Quid melius dicaret amor, risusque jocique,
Et cum germanis gratia juncta suis?

Thrice happy he! to whose enraptur'd soul
Such numbers from th' Aonian mountains roll:
More finish'd what could love or laughter write,
Or what the graces dictate more polite?

John Addison.

Ver. 2. *Lemnos* was an island of the *Ægean Sea* sacred to *Vulcan*, who in the first book of the *Iliad*, gives an account of *Jupiter's* throwing him down from heaven, and his fall upon that island:

Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height;

To so'd all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The *Sinthians* rais'd me on the *Lemnian coast*.

Pope.

Ver. 6. *Horace* calls it the nectar of *Venus*:

—ofcula quæ *Venus*
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.

Lips, which *Venus* bath'd for joy
In her celestial dew.

Jeffreys.

Ver. 23, 24. This sentiment is extremely delicate, intimating, that one cannot even touch the darts of *Cupid* with safety. *Moschus* concludes his first *Idyllium* with a similar thought:

Perhaps he'll say, 'Alas! no harm I know,
'Here take my darts, my arrows, and my bow.'
Ah! touch them not, fallacious is his aim,
His darts, his arrows all art tipt with flame.

ODE XLVI.

Ver. 6.
Nil tibi nobilitas poterit conducere amanti.

Propertius.

Your noble birth pleads not the cause of love.

Ver. 8. *Ovid* says the same:

Aurea sunt verè nunc secula: plurimus auro
Venit honos: auro conciliatur amor.

This is the golden age; all worship gold:
Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty sold.
Our iron age is grown an age of gold,
'Tis who bids most, for all men would be sold.

Dryden.

Ver. 13. *Phocylides*, in his *Admonitory Poem*, ver. 38, &c. seems to have imitated this passage.

Ἡ φιλοχρηματοσύνη, κ. τ. λ.

On fordid avarice various evils wait,
And gold, false, glittering, is the tempting bait.
O cursed gold! in whom our woes combine,
Why dost thou thus with pleasing ruin shine?
Cause of the parent's curse, of brethren's strife,
Wars, murders, and all miseries of life.

ODE XLVII.

Ver. 8. *Longepierre* quotes a passage from *Guarini*, where the same sentiment is expressed, though in a different manner; and which is translated by *John Addison*.

—O *Corisca* mia cara,
D'anima *Lincio* e non di forze sono;
E'n questo vecchio tronco
E piu che fosse mai verde il desio.

Yes, my *Corisca*, *Lincus* is the same,
Though not in youthful force, in youthful flame;

Though age and wrinkles on my front appear,
My heart is green, and love still blossoms there.

ODE XLVIII.

Ver. 8. It was customary with the ancients, at their entertainments, to choose a king or master of the revels, who both regulated the size of the cups, and the quantity each person was to drink: He was generally chosen by the cast of a die.

Nec regna vini fortiore talis.

Hor.

No longer by the die's successful cast
Shalt thou controul the gay repast.

Duncombe.

—Quem Venus arbitrum
Dicit bibendi—

L. 2. Ode 7.

Who, nam'd by Venus, at the jovial board
The laws of drinking shall prescribe?

Duncombe.

ODE XLIX.

Ver. 5. It is probable, that in this ode Anacreon had in view the image of peace, which Vulcan represented upon the shield of Achilles. *Iliad* 18.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war;
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the streets the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute and cittern's silver sound;
Through the fair streets the matrons in a row
Stand in the porches, and enjoy the show.

Pope.

ODE L.

Ver. 4. Homer introduces Helen mixing such a bowl. *Odyssey*, B 4.

Meantime with genial joy to warm the soul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl;
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, t' allwage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the tearful sluices of despair. [mind
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted
All sense of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse,
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene.

Fenton.

ODE LI.

Ver. 6. There are several epigrams in the fourth book of the *Anthologia*, on Venus rising from the sea. I shall give a translation of one of them, beginning,

Τὰν ὑποψύων, ἂν. τ. 2.

Apelles, rapt in sweet surprise,
Saw Venus from the ocean rise;

What art before could never give,
He made the breathing picture live.
Her radiant locks luxuriant flow'd;
Her lovely eyes serenely glow'd;
Like two round apples ripe, her breast
Rose, gently suing to be prest.

Ver. 23.

So when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune the vocal shell,
And every grace unsung the waves conceal.

Garth's *Disp.* B. 6.

As when sweet Venus, so the fable sings,
Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean springs;
With smiles she fees the threatening billows rise,
Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the luring
skies;
Light o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids
crown'd,
The pearly couch and silver turtles bound;
Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Tickell. *Prop.* of *Peace*.

ODE LII.

Ver. 3. Homer, in his beautiful description of the Vintage, book 18. introduces young men and maids employed in the same office.

To this one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
(Fair maids and blooming youths) that smiling
bear

The purple product of th' autumnal year. Pope.

ODE LIII.

This ode will be understood by supposing that Anacreon celebrates a rose, and requests a lyrist to play to his voice.

Ver. 13, 14. The rose was consecrated to the muses. See Sappho.

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose
That on the mountain of Pietra blows.

Ver. 21. The rose is celebrated in the fifth ode of Anacreon; in a fragment of Sappho; and in the fourteenth *Idyllium* of Ausonius, in which are the following beautiful lines:

Quam longa una dies, ætos tam longa rosarum,
Quas pubescentes longa senectæ premit:
Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Ecœ,
Hanc veniens fero vespere vidit anum.

See! in the morning blooms the rose!
But soon her transient glories close:
She opens with the rising day,
And with the setting fades away.

Duncombe.

* In *Dodley's Miscellanies* it is by mistake printed, the pearly couch. Venus speaking of a beautiful woman, says,

Hæc et cæruleis mecum consurgere digna
Fluctibus; et nostrâ potuit considerare conchâ.

Statius.

Ver. 30. *ῥοδοδάκτυλος*, "rosy finger'd," is an epithet frequently used by Homer, and applied to the morning. Dryden also uses it:

The rosy-finger'd morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes her tears.

Milton's description of the morning is also very beautiful:

—The morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light — B. 6. V. 2.

Ver. 35. It is well known, that the rose is used as an ingredient in the composition of several medicines.

Ver. 37. The ancients used roses in embalming their dead. Venus anoints the body of Hector with unguent of roses, to prevent it from corruption, Iliad, book 23.

Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance shed.

Pope.

They also crowned the tombs of their friends with roses and other flowers.

Ver. 41. Nothing preserves its fragrance, when dried, longer than the rose.

—και ὁ ῥόδον αὖν ὀλισθαίνει. Theocr. Id. 27.
Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last.

Dryden.

Ver. 46. Bion tells us, that the blood of Adonis gave birth to the rose. *Αἷμα ῥόδον τίκτει.*

Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to flowers;

From these in crimson beauty sprung the rose,
Carulean-bright anemonies from those.

ODE LIV.

Ver. 5. Cybeba, or Cybele, seems to be the name of a female attendant, taken from Cybele the mother of the gods.

ODE LV.

Ver. 3, 4. The Greek is *τιάρα, tiara*, an ornament for the head, like the modern turban. Addison quotes a passage from Dionysius, containing a description of the situation and manners of the Parthians, which he has thus translated:

Beyond the Caspian freights those realms extend,
Where circling bows the martial Parthians bend.
Vers'd only in the rougher arts of war,
No fields they wound, nor urge the shining share.
No ships they boast to stem the rolling tide,
Nor lowing herds o'er flowery meadows guide:
But infants wing the feather'd shaft for flight,
And rein the fiery steed with fond delight.
On every plain the whistling spear alarms,
The neighing courser, and the clang of arms;
For there no food the little heroes taste,
Till warlike sweat has earn'd the short repast.

ODE LVI.

We are indebted for this ode to Henry Stephens. It is also extant in Stobæus, who acknowledges it to be Anacreon's.

Ver. 1, 2. Theocritus finally touches upon the progress which old age makes on the human body.

—απο κροτάφων πιλομένη
Παντὲς γηραῖοι, καὶ ἐπισαχέων ἑ γένυν ἔρπει
Αἰσκαίνων ὁ χρόνος.

First from our temples age begins her race,
Thence whitening time creeps softly o'er the face.

Creek.

Ver. 3.

—fugit retro

Levis juvenas, et decor, arida
Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie, facilemque somnum. Hor. B. 2. O. 14.

Behold our years! how fast they fly;
Youth vanishes, and beauty fades;
Age drops her snow upon our heads,
And drives sweet slumbers from our eye!

Duncombe.

Ver. 14. Catullus, speaking of Lesbia's sparrow, says,

Qui nunc et per iter tenebricosum,
Illic unde negant redire quenquam.

Death has summon'd it to go,
Pensive to the shades below:
Difmal regions! from whose bourne,
Alas! no travellers return.

See also Moschus on the death of Bion:

But we, the great, the brave, the learn'd, the wife,
Soon as the hand of death has clos'd our eyes,
In tombs forgotten lie, no suns restore,
We sleep, for ever sleep, to wake no more.

ODE LVII.

Ver. 3. The ancients usually drank their wine mixed with water. Madam Dacier observes, that Hesiod prescribes three measures of water to one of wine, in summer.

Ver. 10. The Scythians were remarkable for their intemperance in drinking and quarrelling over their cups.

ODE LVIII.

This little ode is extant in the seventh book of the Anthologia, and ascribed to Julian, *απο των ὑπαρχων Αιγυπτου*, a king of Egypt, who wrote several other things with elegance. As its beauty has hitherto procured it a place in most of the editions of Anacreon, it was thought worthy to be retained in this translation.

ODE LIX.

Ver. 9, 10. Horace has imitated this ode at the beginning of the 23d ode of the first book, the 5th of the second; but particularly in the 11th of the third.

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, et adhuc protervo
Cruda marito.

She sports along the verdant plain
Like a fleet filly, shuns the rein,
Fears to be touch'd : nor yet will prove,
Wild and untry'd, the pleasing pains of love.

Duncombe.

ODE LX.

Theodorus Prodromus, who wrote the amours of Dosicles and Rodanthe, has preserved this Epithalamium ; which, as Madam Dacier observes, is a sort of poem that used to be sung to a new-married couple on the morning after the ceremony.

Ver. 4. Dionysius of Halicarnassus calls marriage, *Σωτηριον τε γυναικος*, " The preserver of mankind."

Ver. 12. The Greek is *Μη σε φωγη περιδικας αγρα*, " Left the partridge should escape you ;" alluding to the coyness of a young bride.

Ver. 15. These four lines are taken from a translation of this poem, which appeared in the *Student*.

Ver. 25. The Greek is, *Κυπρισσας πεφυκοι σιν εινικηται*, " May a cypress grow in your gardens!" that is, " May a child, as beautiful and as long lived as a cypress, crown your happiness." Madam Dacier observes, this was a proverbial way of speaking.

ODE LXI.

The Vatican manuscript acknowledges this ode to be Anacreon's.

Ver. 9. 10. Horace has imitated this passage, Book i. Ode 26. which is an argument for the authenticity of this ode. See ode 39th.

Let the winds that murmur, sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.

Ver. 28. The poet calls the Phrygians, faithfuls, from their king Laomedon's deceiving Apollo and Neptune of the reward he had promised them for building the walls of Troy : and from his defrauding Hercules of his recompence, who had delivered his daughter Hesione from being devoured by a sea-monster. *Madam Dacier.*

ODE LXII.

This ode has also the authority of the Vatican manuscript to claim Anacreon for its author.

Ver. 7. 8. Madam Dacier remarks, that the vines in Greece were so high as to form a commodious shade.

ODE LXIII.

We owe the preservation of this fragment to Dion Chrysostom.

ODE LXIV.

This fragment is cited by Athenæus. Barnes supposes it to have been written on the poetess Sappho ; and, to confirm his opinion, produces the testimonies of Chamaelon and Hermesianax the Colophonian ; the last of which in his third elegy, says,

Καί γαρ τονό μιλιχρος π. τ. λ.

For sweet Anacreon lov'd the Lesbian dame ;
The muse-rapt maid inspir'd the brightest flames,
And oft his native isle he would resign
For wit more brilliant, and for better wine.

Ver. 10. The following lines are supposed to be part of the answer which Sappho returned to Anacreon :

Κεινον, ω χρυσωδρονος Μοσ', ενισπας

Τμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος ισθλας

Ταιος χωρης εν αυταις τεισινωις

Πιστους αγαυας.

Ye muses ever fair and young,
High seated on the golden throne,
Anacreon sent to me a song
In sweetest numbers, not his own ;
For by your sacred raptures fir'd,
The poet warbled what the muse inspir'd.

ODE LXV.

This and the five following odes are not translated by Addison.

Some have imagined that this ode was not written by Anacreon, because he himself is the subject of it : but Barnes endeavours to prove it genuine from the ninth ode and the sixty-sixth, in both which Anacreon makes mention of himself : and from the frequent liberties which the best poets have taken of mentioning themselves in their own compositions.

ODE LXVI.

It is certain, that Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods : this is undoubtedly one of them, and perhaps the most entire of any that remain. See the note on the 16th verse of the ninth ode.

ODE LXVIII.

This is, as Madam Dacier remarks, an entire hymn, or part of one, composed in honour of Diana, in favour of some town situated on the river Lethe, which she supposes to be Magnesia, near Ephesus.

It was probably made on occasion of some battle in which the Magnesians had been defeated. The poet entreats Diana to assist a people in distress, who depended only upon her protection.

ODE LXIX.

The fourth epode of Horace has a great similitude to this ode :

N ij

Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ, &c.

Though store of wealth you now possess,
Condition changes not with dress.

" Shall he who tir'd the victor's hand,

" Scourg'd by the magistrate's command.

" With corn a thousand acres load,
" With chariots wear the Appian road,
" And, in contempt of Otho, sit
" With the knight's order in the pit?"

Duncombe.

THE EPIGRAMS OF ANACREON.

EPIGRAM I.

ON TIMOCRITUS.

THE tomb of great Timocritus behold!
Mars spares the base, but flays the brave and bold.

EPIGRAM II.

ON AGATHON.

For Agathon, in fighting fields renown'd,
Abdera mourns his funeral pile around;
For him the mingles tears with bright applause,
Who nobly suffer'd in his country's cause;
No youth so brave, unknowing how to yield,
E'er perish'd in the thunder of the field.

EPIGRAM III.

ON THE SON OF CLEENOR.

THEE, Cleenorides, the bold, the brave,
Stern Neptune sunk beneath the whelming wave:
Thy country's love so nobly fill'd thy mind,
Thou dar'd'st to trust, too credulous, the wind:
The fair, though faithless, season urg'd thy doom,
And wrapp'd thy beauties in a wat'ry tomb.

EPIGRAM IV.

ON A PICTURE REPRESENTING THREE BACCHÆ.

FIRST, Heliconias with a Thyrtus past,
Xanthippe next, and Glaucia is the last;
Lo! dancing down the mountains they repair,
And grateful gins to jolly Bacchus bear;
Wreaths of the rustling ivy for his head,
With grapes delicious, and a kid well fed.

EPIGRAM V.

ON MYRON'S COW.

FEED, gentle swain, thy cattle far away,
Left they too near the cow of Myron stray,
And thou, if chance fallacious judgment err'd,
Drive home the breathing statue with the herd.

EPIGRAM VI.

ON THE SAME.

THE heifer is not cast, but rolling years
Harden'd the life to what it now appears:

Myron unjustly would the honour claim,
But nature has prevented him in fame.

The following Epigrams were collected by Barnes, and first added to the Edition of our Poet: The first five on the authority of a Manuscript Antologia at Paris; the rest on the credit of a Heidelberg Manuscript.

EPIGRAM VII.

ON COMPANY.

I NE'er can think his conversation good,
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;
But his whose wit the pleasing talk refines,
And lovely Venus with the Graces joins.

EPIGRAM VIII.

A DEDICATION TO JUPITER, IN THE NAME OF PHIDOLA.

PHIDOLA, as a monument of speed,
This mare, at Corinth bred, to Jove decreed.

EPIGRAM IX.

TO APOLLO IN THE NAME OF NAUCRATES.

GOD of the silver bow, and golden hair,
Hear Naucrates's vows, and grant his prayer!

EPIGRAM X.

ANOTHER DEDICATION.

LYCEUS' son, Praxagoras, bestow'd
This marble statue to his guardian god:
View well the whole—what artist can surpass
The finish'd work of Anaxagoras?

EPIGRAM XI.

ANOTHER.

MINERVA's grove contains the favour'd shield,
That guarded Python in the bloody field.

EPIGRAM XII.

ANOTHER, BY LEOCRATES.

WHEN Hermes' bust, Leocrates, you rais'd,
The Graces bland the beauteous image prais'd;
The joyful academe extoll'd your name;
The speaking bust shall eternize your fame.

EPIGRAM XIII.

ON THE SON OF ARISTOCLES.

To Aristocles, the best of friends,
This honorary verse the muse commends:
Bold and adventurous in the martial strife,
He sav'd his country, but he lost his life.

EPIGRAM XIV.

PRAXIDICE this flowery mantle made,
Which fair Dyseris first design'd;
Mark how the lovely damsels have display'd
A pleasing unity of mind.

EPIGRAM XV.

UNDER A STATUE.

CALITILES first fix'd me on this base
Fair rising to the view:
His sons gave ornament and grace;
To them your thanks are due.

EPIGRAM XVI.

ANOTHER.

THIS trophy Arephilus's son
To Bacchus consecrates, for battles won.

EPIGRAM XVII.

ANOTHER.

THESSALIA's monarch, Echecratides,
Has fix'd me on this base,
Bacchus, the jolly god of wine, to please,
And give the city grace.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

To Mercury your oraisons address,
That Timonactes meet with wish'd success,
Who fix'd these porticoes, my sweet abode,
And plac'd me sacred to the herald-god.
All who the bright-ey'd sciences revere,
Strangers and citizens, are welcome here.

EPIGRAM XIX.

GREAT Sophocles, for tragic story prais'd,
These altars to the gods immortal rais'd.

EPIGRAM XX.

O MERCURY! for honours paid to thee
May Theas live in calm security;
Years of sereneest pleasure may he gain,
And o'er th' Athenian race a long and happy
reign!

NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

Ver. 2. Priam, speaking of the most valiant of his sons, says,

Τὸς μὲν ἀπώλλοι' Ἀγῆς— Iliad, B. 2. ver. 260.

All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew. *Pope.*

EPIGRAM II.

Ver. 2. The Teians, after their expulsion from Iona by Harpagus the general of Cyrus, sailed into Thrace, and settled in the city of Abdera; where they had not been long, before the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endeavoured to give them disturbance. It seems to be in these conflicts that Anacreon lost those friends whom he celebrates in his epigrams. See the first, second, and thirteenth.

EPIGRAM III.

This Cleonorides, as Barnes observes, seems to have been cast away in attempting a voyage from Abdera to his native country Teios, in the winter.

EPIGRAM V.

Myron was the most celebrated artist of his time for casting statues in brass. Petronius speak-

ing of him, says, "Pene hominum animas ferarumque ære comprehenderat:" He had almost found the art to enclose the souls of men and beasts in brass.

Among the many epigrams, which have been composed on Myron's cow, the following from Ausonius deserves commendation:

Bucula sum, cælo genitoris facta Myronis
Ærea; nec factam me puto, sed genetam.
Sic me taurus init; sic proxima bucula mugit;
Sic vitulus sitiens ubera nostra petit.
Miraris quid fallo gregem? gregis ipse magister
Inter pascentes me numerare solet.

By Myron's chissel I was form'd of brass;
Not art, but nature, my great mother was.
Bulls court my love; the heifers lowing stand;
And thirsty calves my swelling teat demand.
Nor deem this strange—the herdsman oft has err'd,
And number'd me among the grazing herd.

EPIGRAM VI.

I found this epigram, thus excellently translated, in a paltry edition of Anacreon in English, printed by Curl.

The following epigram on an excellent modern work has expressed the same thought with the same simplicity.

ON CLARISSA.

THIS work is nature's, every title in't
She wrote, and gave it Richardson to print.

EPIGRAM VIII.

Ver. 2. Pausanias, *Eliac.* l. 2. c. 13. mentions this mare of Phidola's, and tells us she was named Aura, or Air; and that she won the race herself, after her rider was thrown.

EPIGRAM X.

Ver. 4. Anaxagoras, a native of Ægina, was a celebrated statuary. He flourished both before and after the expedition of Xerxes. *Barnes.*

EPIGRAM XI.

When the ancients escaped any imminent danger, it was usual for them to consecrate some memorial of it in the temples of their gods. Thus Horace, l. 1. Ode 5.

Me tabula facer, &c.

For me, the sacred tablet shows,
That I have hung my dripping clothes
At Neptune's shrine——

Duncombe.

EPIGRAM XII.

Ver. 3. The Athenian academy was not far distant from the Areopagus, in a grove without the city.

EPIGRAM XIII.

Nothing among the ancient Greeks and Romans was esteemed a greater act of piety, than to fight for the good of the community; and they, who have greatly fallen in so righteous a cause, are embalmed with immortal honours. Tyrtaeus wrote some noble poems on martial virtue. The follow-

ing lines are translated from a fragment of his: Speaking of the hero that dares to die for his country, he says,

His fair renown shall never fade away,
Nor shall the mention of his name decay,
Who glorious falls beneath the conqueror's hand,
For his dear children, and his native land,
Though to the dust his mortal part we give,
His fame in triumph o'er the grave shall live.

Anon.

EPIGRAM XIV.

Addison quotes a passage from Shakspeare similar to this epigram:

We Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
Or with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

Ver. 1. The ancients esteemed Mercury the general protector of learning; and therefore usually placed his statue in their libraries, and in the porticoes before their public schools and academies.

Addison.

EPIGRAM XIX.

This epigram, notwithstanding what Barnes says to the contrary, is thought not to be Anacreon's; the mention of Sophocles being too repugnant to chronology, to admit it for genuine.

THE WORKS
OF
S A P P H O.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

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THE LIFE OF SAPPHO.

SAPPHO was a native of Mitylene in the island of Lesbos. Who was her father is uncertain, there being no less than eight persons who have contended for that honour; but it is universally acknowledged that Cleis was her mother. She flourished, according to Suidas, in the 42d Olympiad; according to Eusebius, in the 44th Olympiad, about 600 years before our Saviour Christ. She was contemporary with Pittacus, the famous tyrant of Mitylene, and the two celebrated poets, Sappho and Alcaeus. Barnes has endeavoured to prove, from the testimonies of Chamaeleon and Hermesianax, that Anacreon was one of her lovers; but this amour has been generally esteemed too repugnant to chronology, to be admitted for any thing but a poetical fiction.

She married one Cercolas, a man of great wealth and power in the island of Andros, by whom she had a daughter named Cleis. He leaving her a widow very young, she renounced all thoughts of a second marriage, but not the pleasures of love; not enduring to confine that passion to one person, which, as the ancients tell us, was too violent in her to be restrained even to one sex.

But no one seems to have been the object of her admiration so much as the accomplished Phaon, a young man of Lesbos; who is said to have been a kind of ferryman, and thence fabled to have carried Venus over the stream in his boat, and to have received from her, as a reward, the favour of becoming the most beautiful man in the world. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, that she composed her hymn to Venus.

Her poem was ineffectual for the procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. Phaon was still obdurate, and Sappho was so transported with the violence of her passion, that she resolved to get rid of it at any rate.

There was a promontory in Acarnania called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea. For it was an established opinion, that all those who were taken up

alive, would immediately be cured of their former passion. Sappho tried the remedy; but perished in the experiment. The original of this unaccountable humour is not known. Ovid represents Sappho as advised to undertake this strange project by the vision of a sea-nymph, of which she sent the following account to the cruel Phaon:

Hic ego cum lassos, &c.

Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a wat'ry virgin stood;
She stood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
" Fly hence and seek the fair Leucadian main:
" There stands a rock, from whose impending
" steep
" Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
" There injur'd lovers, hap'ing from above,
" Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
" Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps be-
" low!"

She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—1 rise
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go ye, nymphs, those rocks and seas to prove:
How much I fear, but, ah, how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the
main, {fane!
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood pro-
Pope.

The Romans erected a most noble statue of porphyry to her memory: and the Mitylenians, to express their sense of her worth, and the glory they received from her being born amongst them, paid her sovereign honours after her death, and coined money with her head for the impress.

The best idea we can have of her person, is from her own description of it in Ovid:

Si mihi difficilis formam, &c.

To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting charms supply'd.

Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd.

Pope.

To give the English reader a true notion what
opinion the ancients entertained of her works,
would be to collect a volume in her praise. She
was honoured with the glorious title of the tenth
muse. Horace says,

Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æolix fidibus puellæ.

L. 4. Ode 9.

Enchanting Sappho's lyric muse
In every breast must love infuse;
Love breathes on every tender string,
And still in melting notes we hear her sing.

Duncombe.

On the revival of learning, men of the most re-
fin'd taste accounted the loss of her writings in-
estimable, and collected the sacred relics with the
utmost assiduity: though Mr Addison (in the
Spectator, No. 223.) judiciously observes: "I do
not know, by the character that is given
of her works, whether it is not for the benefit
of mankind that they are lost. They were
filled with such bewitching tenderness and rap-
ture, that it might have been dangerous to have
given them a reading."

Vossius, in the third book of his *Institutiones
Poeticæ*, says, that none of the Greek poets ex-

celled Sappho in sweetness of verse; and that she
made Archilochus the model of her style, but at
the same time took great care to soften and temper
the severity of his expression.

Hoffman, in his *Lexicon*, says, "Some authors
are of opinion, that the elegy which Ovid made
under the name of Sappho, and which is in-
finitely superior to his other elegies, was all,
or at least the most beautiful part of it, stolen
from the poems of the elegant Sappho."

She was the inventress of that kind of verse
which (from her name) is called the Sapphic.
She wrote nine books of Odes, besides Elegies,
Epigrams, Iambics, Monodies, and other pieces;
of which we have nothing remaining entire, but
an Hymn to Venus, an Ode preserved by Longi-
nus (which, however, the learned acknowledge
to be imperfect), two Epigrams, and some other
little Fragments. I shall conclude my account
of this celebrated lady in the words of Mr.
Addison, taken from the above-mentioned *Spec-*
tator.

"Among the mutilated poets of antiquity, there
is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those
of Sappho. They gave us a taste of her way of
writing, which is perfectly conformable with
that extraordinary character we find of her in
the remarks of those great critics who were
conversant with her works when they were en-
tire. One may see, by what is left of them,
that she followed nature in all her thoughts,
without descending to those little points, con-
ceits, and turns of wit with which many of our
modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her
soul seems to have been made up of love and
poetry: she felt the passion in all its warmth,
and described it in all its symptoms. She is
called by ancient authors the tenth muse; and
by Plutarch is compared to Cacus the son of
Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame."

THE WORKS OF SAPPHO.

Mark, muse! the conscious shade and vocal grove,
Where Sappho tun'd her melting voice to love,
While echo each harmonious strain return'd,
And with the soft complaining Lesbian mourn'd.

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

ODES.

ODE I.

AN HYMN TO VENUS.

VENUS, bright goddess of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise,
Jove's daughter fair, whose wily arts
Delude fond lovers of their hearts;
O! listen gracious to my prayer,
And free my mind from anxious care.

If e'er you heard my ardent vow,
Propitious goddess, hear me now!
And oft my ardent vow you've heard,
By Cupid's kindly aid prefer'd,
Oft left the golden courts of Jove,
To listen to my tales of love.

The radiant car your sparrows drew;
You gave the word, and swift they flew,
Through liquid air they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play;
To my plain roof they bore their queen,
Of aspect mild, and look serene.

Soon as you came, by your command,
Back flew the wanton feather'd band,
Then, with a sweet, enchanting look,
Divinely smiling, thus you spoke:
'Why didst thou call me to thy cell?
'Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.

'What healing medicine shall I find
'To cure thy love-distemper'd mind?
'Say, shall I lend thee all my charms,
'To win young Phaon to thy arms?
'Or does some other swain subdue
'Thy heart? my Sappho, tell me who?

'Though now, averse, thy charms he slight,
'He soon shall view thee with delight;

'Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,
'He soon to thee shall offerings make;
'Though now thy beauties fail to move,
'He soon shall melt with equal love.'

Once more, O Venus! hear my prayer,
And ease my mind of anxious care;
Again vouchsafe to be my guest,
And calm this tempest in my breast!
To thee, bright queen, my vows aspire;
O grant me all my heart's desire!

ODE II.

Whatever might have been the occasion of this ode, the English reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the person of a lover sitting by his mistress.

Addison, Spectator, No. 229.

MORE happy than the gods is he
Who, soft-reclining, sits by thee;
His ears thy pleasing talk beguiles,
His eyes thy sweetly dimpled smiles.

This, this, alas! alarm'd my breast,
And robb'd me of my golden rest:
While gazing on thy charms I hung,
My voice died faltering on my tongue.

With subtle flames my bosom glows,
Quick through each vein the poison flows:
Dark, dimming mists my eyes surround;
My ears with hollow murmurs sound.

My limbs with dewy chillness freeze,
On my whole frame pale tremblings seize,
And losing colour, sense and breath,
I seem quite languishing in death.

NOTES ON THE ODES.

ODE I.

We are indebted for this hymn to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who quotes it as a pattern of perfection. Madam Dacier supposes it to be entirely historical; and that it was written after Phaon, her instant lover, had withdrawn himself from the island of Lesbos to Sicily, in order to avoid the importunities of an amorous mistress. It was in Sicily, therefore, and on the abovementioned occasion, that she is supposed to have made this hymn.

Ver. 13. Sappho says, the chariot of Venus was drawn by sparrows, because they are of all birds the most amorous.

Ver. 20. There is something very pretty in this circumstance, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot, upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make her.

Madam Dacier.

ODE II.

This beautiful ode is preserved by Longinus, in his treatise of the Sublime.

Ver. 1. There is an epigram in the Anthologia, which seems to be an imitation of this stanza.

Ἐνδαιμων ὁ βλεπων σε, τρισσολιος ὡς τις ακουσι,
Ἡμισιος δ' ὀφιλων, αθανατος δ' ὁ συνων.

The youth who sees thee may rejoice,
But blest is he who hears thy voice,
A demigod who shall thee kiss,
Who gains thee is a god in bliss.

Longinus has observed, that "this description of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature; and that all the circumstances, which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the frenzies of love." He farther says: "Sappho, having ob-

served the anxieties and tortures inseparable to jealous love, has collected and displayed them all with the most lively exactness." And Dr. Pierce judiciously observes, that "in this ode she endeavours to express that wrath, jealousy, and anguish, which distracted her with such a variety of torture." And therefore, in the following verses of Boileau's translation, the true sense is mistaken:

—dans les doux transports, où s'égare mon ame,
"And,
—je tombe en des douces langueurs.

As the word *doux* will by no means express the rage and distraction of Sappho's mind; it being always used in a contrary sense." There are two lines in Philips's translation of this ode which are liable to the same objection:

For while I gaz'd in transport tost.

And,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd.

Mr. Addison, in his Spectator on this ode, relates the following remarkable circumstance from Plutarch: "That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erasistratus, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learned from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince, when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a lover sitting by his mistress."

Madam Dacier says, that this ode of Sappho is preserved entire in Longinus, whereas, whoever looks into that author's quotation of it, will find, that there must at least have been another stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENT I.

THE Pleiads now no more are seen,
Nor shines the silver moon serene,
In dark and dismal clouds o'ercaст;
The love appointed hour is past:
Midnight usurps her sable throne,
And yet, alas! I lie alone.

FRAGMENT II.

This seems to have been addressed to an arrogant well-lettered lady, vain of her beauty and riches.

WHEN'E'r the fates resume thy breath,
No bright reversion shalt thou gain;
Unnotic'd shalt thou sink in death,
Nor ev'n thy memory remain:

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose,
Which on the mountain of Pieria blows.

To Pluto's mansions shalt thou go,
The stern, inexorable king,
Among th' ignoble shades below
A vain, ignoble thing;
While honour'd Sappho's muse-embellish'd name
Shall flourish in eternity of fame.

FRAGMENT III.

TO VENUS.

VENUS, queen of smiles and love,
Quit, O! quit the skies above,
To my lowly roof descend,
At the mirthful feast attend,
Hand the golden goblet round,
With delicious nectar crown'd:
None but joyous friends you'll see,
Friends of Venus, and of me.

FRAGMENT IV.

CEASE, gentle mother, cease your sharp reproof,
My hands no more can ply the curious woof,
While on my mind the flames of Cupid prey,
And lovely Phaon steals my soul away.

FRAGMENT V.

ON THE ROSE.

Would Jove appoint some flower to reign
In matchless beauty on the plain,
The rose (mankind will all agree),
The rose the queen of flowers should be,
The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers:

Its beauties charm the gods above;
Its fragrance is the breath of love;
Its foliage wantons in the air
Luridant, like the flowing hair:
It shines in blooming splendour gay,
While zephyrs on its bosom play.

The following is Part of an Ode which Sappho is supposed to have written to Anacreon.—See the Notes on the 64th Ode of Anacreon.

Ye muses, ever fair and young,
High-seated on the golden throne,
Anacreon sent to me a song
In sweetest numbers, not his own;
For, by your sacred raptures fir'd,
The poet warbled what the muse inspir'd.

TWO EPIGRAMS OF SAPPHO.

EPIGRAM I.

MENISCUS, mourning for his hapless son,
The toil-experienc'd fisher, Pelagon,
Has plac'd upon his tomb a net and oar,
The badges of a painful life and poor.

EPIGRAM II.

THE much-lov'd Timas lodges in this tomb,
By death insatiate ravish'd in her bloom;
Ere yet a bride, the beauteous maid was led
To dreary coasts, and Pluto's mournful bed.
Her lov'd companions pay the rites of woe,
All, all, alas! the living can bestow:
From their fair heads the graceful curls they shear,
Place on her tomb, and drop the tender tear.

NOTES ON THE FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENT I.

Ver. 6. A shepherd, in the idyllium intituled *ΟΑΡΙΣΤΗΣ* (which is generally ascribed to Theocritus, but by Daniel Heinsius is attributed to Moschus) wishes a city-girl, who had slighted him, the punishment of living and dying an old maid.

—may you ne'er find one
Worthy your love in country or in town,
But, to a virgin bed condemn'd, for ever lie
alone!

Bowles.

FRAGMENT II.

Sappho is not the only good writer, who, from a due sense of the excellence of their works, have promised themselves immortality. Virgil has expressed himself in the same manner at the beginning of the third *Georgic*:—Horace, in several

places, particularly in the ode *Exegi Monumentum*:—But Ovid, in the strongest terms, *Jamque opus exegi*, &c.

I've now compil'd a work, which nor the rage
Of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor eating age,
Is able to destroy——

Ver. 5. Pieria was a mountain in Macedonia, dedicated to the muses. By this expression, Sappho seems to hint, that the lady who furnished the occasion of this satire, was not conversant in the politer studies, nor acquainted with the muses.

FRAGMENT III.

This fragment should be joined with the fourth ode of Anacreon; for as Sappho desires Venus to be her cup-bearer, so Anacreon appoints Cupid the same office:

In decent robe, behind him bound,
Cupid shall serve the goblet round.

FRAGMENT IV.

Hephæstion produces this fragment from the seventh book of Sappho's Odes. Horace seems to have had it in view, Book 3. Ode 12.

Tibi qualem Cytheræ puer ales

Tibi tales, operosaque Minervæ

Studium aufert, Neobule, Liparæi nitor Hebri.

The winged boy, in wanton play,
Thy work and basket steals away:
Thy web and Pallas' curious toils
Are now become fair Hebrus' spoils. *Duncombe.*

FRAGMENT V.

We are indebted to Achilles Tatius for this fragment, which is generally ascribed to Sappho. In the beginning of the second book of that romance, Clitophon tells us, his mistress sung this eulogy on the rose at an entertainment. If the reader turns back to the fifth and fifty-third odes of Anacreon, he will find other encomiums on this beautiful flower.

NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

Longepierre observes, that it was usual among the ancients to place on the tombs of their friends the instruments peculiar to the art or mystery which they exercised when alive. Of this we have examples in Homer and Virgil. In the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, ver. 75. Elpenor makes this request to Ulysses in hell:

Σταυρὰ τί μοι χροῖαι, &c.

A tomb along the wat'ry margin rais'd,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To show posterity Elpenor was:
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame. *Broome.*

In the beginning of the twelfth book we find the suit was granted:

A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar. *Pope.*

In the sixth book of the *Æneid*, ver. 232. *Æneas* places on the tomb of *Misenus*,

—susque arma viro, remumque, tubamque.
This done; to solemnize the warrior's doom,
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb;
The towering top his well-known ensigns bore,
His arms, his once-lov'd trumpet, and tapering oar. *Pitt.*

These sort of epitaphs were more general, concise, and instructive, than those which afterwards prevailed. *Longepierre.*

Madam Dacier also observes, that emblems of the humours of the deceased were sometimes placed on their monuments, as in this epigram on a woman named Myro:

Μη θαυμάζει μανθάνει Μυρὸς ἐπὶ στήματι λυτῶσαν,

Γλαυκὰ, βίον, χάριτ' αὖ χυμὸν, δοῦναι σκυλάκῃ.

O'er Myro see the emblems of her soul,
A whip, a bow, a goose, a dog, an owl.

The whip denoted, that she used to chastise her servants; the bow, that her mind was always bent on the care of her family; the goose, that she loved to stay at home; the dog, that she was fond of her children; and the owl, that she was assiduous in spinning and tapestry, which were the works of Pallas, to whom the owl was consecrated. *Dacier.*

At the Earl of Holderness's, at Aske in Yorkshire, is an old picture, with a device which seems to be borrowed from this. It is supposed to be drawn by Hans Holbein, and represents a woman (said to be Queen Elizabeth's housekeeper) standing on a tortoise, with a bunch of keys by her side, her finger on her lips, and a dove on her head. Under it is this inscription:

Uxor amet, fideat, servet, nec ubique vagetur;
Hoc testudo docet, claves, labra, junctaque turtur.

Which has been thus translated:

Be frugal, ye wives, live in silence and love,
Nor abroad ever gossip and roam,
This learn from the keys, the lips, and the dove,
And tortoise, still dwelling at home!

EPIGRAM II.

Ver. 7. The ceremony of cutting off the hair among the ancients, in honour of the dead, was a token of a violent affection. Thus Achilles, in the twenty-third book of the *Iliad*, offers his to Patroclus. And the little Cupids tear their hair for grief at the death of Adonis. See *Bion*. Herodotus tells us, that Mardonius cut off his, after his defeat. Many more instances of this extraordinary custom might be produced; but these will, probably, be thought sufficient. I shall finish my observations on this excellent poetess, with an ingenious surmise in regard to the above-mentioned ceremony: it was practised, perhaps, not only in token of sorrow, but might also have a concealed meaning, that, as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

THE WORKS

OF

B I O N.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

THE WORKS

B. I. O. M.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

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THE LIVES OF BION AND MOSCHUS.

WE know little relating to these two celebrated pastoral poets: And therefore their history may be comprised in few words.

Bion was born at Smyrna, a famous city of Asia Minor, which also has the fairest title to the birth of Homer: For this father of poets is said to have been the son of the river Meles, which flows not far from its walls; and therefore he is called Melesigenes. To this river Moschus, in his *Idyllium* on the death of Bion, addresses himself; and makes that fine comparison between these two poets:

Τὸ τοι, ὦ ποταμὸν λιγυρώτατε. κ. τ. λ.

Meles! of streams in melody the chief,
Now heaves thy bosom with another grief;
Thy Homer died, great master of the song,
Thy Homer died, the muses sweetest tongue;
Then did thy waves in plaintive murmurs weep,
And roll'd thy swelling sorrows to the deep.
Another son demands the meed of woe,
Again thy waters weep in long-drawn murmurs
flow.

Dear to the fountains was each tuneful son,
This drank of Arethuse, that Helicon.
He sung Atrides' and Achilles' ire,
And the fair dame that set the world on fire:
This form'd his numbers on a softer plan,
And chanted shepherds loves, and peaceful Pan.

We are not informed in what part of the world he lived, though it is evident that he spent much of his time in Sicily; and there it was, probably, that the wonderful sweetness of his compositions drew together great numbers of admirers and disciples; among whom was Moschus, as may be deduced from the above-mentioned poem:

I too, with tears, from Italy have brought
Such plain bucolics as my master taught;
Which, if at all, with tuneful ease they flow,
'To thy learn'd precepts, and thy art I owe.
'To other heirs thy riches may belong;
I claim thy pastoral pipe and Doric song.

These two last verses prove, that he was not in necessitous circumstances. From the same *Idyllium*, it appears, that he died by poison, not accidentally, but by the appointment of some great man:

O hapless Bion! poison was thy fate;
The baneful potion circumscrib'd thy date,
How could fell poison cause effect so strange,
Touch thy sweet lips, and not to honey change?

Which probably was not unpunished:

But soon just vengeance will the wretch pursue.

It is likewise evident from the above-mentioned authority, that he was contemporary with Theocritus. And this famous Syracusan flourished under Ptolemy Philadelphus, who began his reign in the fourth year of the 123d Olympiad, that is, about 285 years before Christ.

Moschus was born at Syracuse, and was the disciple of Bion, as was before observed. Suidas will have him to have been a professor of grammar at Syracuse: but it is certain, that when he wrote his beautiful elegy on the death of his master, his residence was among the Italians, (though perhaps in those parts that lie over against Sicily, called Great Greece); and probably he succeeded him in governing the poetic school. Some critics have formerly asserted, that Moschus and Theocritus are the same person; but they are sufficiently confuted by a passage in the elegy, where Moschus introduces Theocritus bewailing the same misfortune in another country which he was lamenting in Italy.

"The few remains of these two poets," says Kenner, "are reckoned among the sweetest pieces of the ancient delicacy. They seem, in a great measure, to have neglected that blunt rusticity and plainness, which was so admired an art of their great rival Theocritus; for they always aim at something more polite and genteel, though equally natural, in their compositions." Mr. Longepierre observes, that "the beauty of these *Idylliums* can never be sufficiently admired. If I dare not, says he, affirm, that these two poets are superior to Theocritus himself; yet, I may safely aver, that in general they are more correspondent to the taste of the present age; which can never be brought to relish that extreme simplicity, which abounds in Theocritus. Bion and Moschus are not less natural than he is; but though their simplicity is pure nature, it is less rustic, and more elegant; and their poems, having a more pleasing and agreeable air, one may with justice affirm, that Bion has more grace, sweetness, and delicacy, and less rusticity (if I may be allowed the expression) than Theocritus; and that Moschus keeps the middle track between them both. However, if their works are not admitted among some for such true pastorals, they will certainly pass among the best judges for better poems."

There is a remarkable paper in the *Guardian*, No. 40. containing a parallel between the pastorals of Mr. Pope and Mr. Phillips (by the way written by Pope himself, though the former papers on pastoral poetry were composed by Mr. Tickell). It abounds with the finest sarcastic irony, which Phillips not having penetration enough to see through, made an apology to Pope on the occasion, declaring that he had no hand in it, nor knew the author. It concludes thus: "After all that has been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope that I forebore to mention him as a pastoral writer; since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and on whose eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that they are by no means pastorals, but something better."

THE WORKS OF BION,

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful lay—
 Alas! the Muses will no longer stay,
 No longer on these lovely coasts abide;
 With him they warbled, and with him they died:
 With Bion perish'd all the grace of song,
 And all the kisses of the fair and young:
 The little Loves, lamenting at his doom,
 Beat their fair breasts, and weep around his tomb.

MOSCHUS ON THE DEATH OF BION.

IDYLLIUMS.

IDYLLIUM I.

ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

THE death of fair Adonis I deplore;
 The lovely youth Adonis is no more:
 The cruel fates have cut his vital thread,
 And all the Loves lament Adonis dead.
 Ah Venus! never more in purple rest,
 For mournful sable change thy flow'ry vest;
 Thy beauteous bosom beat, thy lofs deplore
 Aloud with sighs, Adonis is no more!
 For the lov'd youth these copious tears I shed,
 And all the Cupids mourn Adonis dead. 10
 Methinks I see him on the mountain lie,
 The boar's keen tusk has pierc'd his tender thigh;
 Weltering he lies, expiring on the ground,
 And near him Venus all in sorrow drown'd;
 I see the crimson flood fast trickling flow
 Down his white skin that vies with winter snow;
 I see the lustre of his eyes decay,
 And on his lips the roses fade away:
 Yet who can Venus from those lips divide,
 Though their sweet kisses with Adonis dy'd? 20
 To Venus sweet, ev'n now his breath is fled,
 Yet all her kisses cannot warm the dead.
 The fate of fair Adonis I deplore;
 The Loves lament, Adonis is no more!
 A deep wide wound is in his thigh impress'd,
 But Venus bears a deeper in her breast.
 His beagles round a mournful howling keep;
 And all the Dryads of the mountains weep:
 But Venus quite abandon'd to despair,
 Her locks dishevell'd, and her feet all bare, 30

Flies through the thorny brake, the bri'ry wood,
 And stains the thickets with her sacred blood:
 With piercing cries Adonis she bewails,
 Her darling youth, along the winding vales;
 While the blood starting from his wounded thigh,
 Streams on his breast, and leaves a crimson dye.
 Ah me! what tears fair Cytherea shed,
 And how the Loves deplo'r'd Adonis dead!
 The Queen of Love no longer now a bride,
 Has lost her beauty since Adonis dy'd; 40
 Though bright the radiance of her charms before,
 Her lover and her beauty are no more!
 The mountains mourn, the waving woods bewail,
 And rivers roll lamenting through the vale;
 The silver springs descend in streams of woe
 Down the high hills, and murmur as they flow:
 And every flower in drooping grief appears
 Depress'd, and languishingly drown'd in tears:
 While Venus o'er the hills and vallies flies,
 And, "Ah! Adonis is no more," she cries. 50
 Along the hills and vales, and vocal shore,
 Echo repeats, "Adonis is no more."
 Who could unmov'd these piteous wailings hear,
 Or view the love-lorn queen without a tear?
 Soon as she saw him wounded on the plain,
 His thigh discolour'd with the crimson stain,
 Sighing she said, and clasp'd him as he lay,
 "O stay, dear hapless youth! for Venus stay!
 "Our breasts once more let close embraces join,
 "And let me press my glowing lips to thine, 60
 "Raise, lov'd Adonis, raise thy drooping head,
 "And kiss me ere thy parting breath be fled,
 "The last fond token of affection give,
 "O! kiss thy Venus, while the kisses live;

" Till in my breast I draw thy lingering breath,
 " And with my lips imbibe thy love in death.
 " This farewell kiss, which forrowing thus I take,
 " I'll keep for ever for Adonis' sake.
 " Thee to the shades the Fates untimely bring
 " Before the drear, inexorable king;
 " Yet still I live unhappy and forlorn;
 " How hard my lot to be a goddess born!
 " Take, cruel Proserpine, my lovely boy,
 " Since all that's form'd for beauty, or for joy,
 " Descends to thee, while I indulge my grief,
 " By fruitless tears soliciting relief.
 " Thou dy'st, Adonis, and thy fate I weep,
 " Thy love now leaves me like a dream in sleep,
 " Leaves me bereav'd no more a blooming bride,
 " With unavailing Cupids at my side. 80
 " With thee my zone, which coldest hearts could
 " warm,

" Lost every grace, and all its power to charm.
 " Why didst thou urge the chase, and rashly dare
 " T' encounter beasts, thyself so wond'rous fair?
 Thus Venus mourn'd, and tears incessant shed,
 And all the Loves bewail'd Adonis dead;
 Sighing they cry'd, " Ah! wretched queen,
 " deplore

" Thy joys all fled, Adonis is no more."
 As many drops of blood as from the wound
 Of fair Adonis trickled on the ground, 90
 So many tears she shed in copious showers:
 Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to
 flowers.

From these in crimson beauty sprung the rose,
 Cerulean-bright anemones from those.
 The death of fair Adonis I deplore,
 The lovely youth Adonis is no more.
 No longer in lone woods lament the dead,
 O Queen of Love! behold the stately bed,
 On which Adonis, now depriv'd of breath,
 Seems sunk in slumbers, beauteous ev'n in death.
 Drest him, fair goddess, in the softest vest, 101
 In which he oft with thee dissolv'd to rest;
 On golden pillow be his head reclin'd,
 And let past joys be imagin'd in thy mind.
 Though death the beauty of his bloom devours,
 Crown him with chaplets of the fairest flowers;
 Alas! the flowers have lost their gaudy pride,
 With him they flourish'd, and with him they dy'd.
 With odorous myrtle deck his drooping head,
 And o'er his limbs the sweetest essence shed: 110
 Ah! rather perish every rich perfume,
 The sweet Adonis perish'd in his bloom.
 Clad in a purple robe Adonis lies;
 Surrounding Cupids heave their breasts with sighs,
 Their locks they shear, excess of grief to show,
 They spurn the quiver, and they break the bow.
 Some loose his sandals with officious care,
 Some in capacious golden vessels bear
 The cleansing water from the crystal springs;
 This bathes his wound, that fans him with his
 wings. 120

For Venus' sake the pitying Cupids shed
 A shower of tears, and mourn Adonis dead.
 Already has the nuptial god dissolv'd,
 Quench'd his bright torch, for all his garlands fade.
 No more are joyful hymeneals sung,
 But notes of sorrow dwell on every tongue;

While all around the general grief partake
 For lov'd Adonis, and for Hymen's sake.

With loud laments the Graces all deplore,
 And cry, " the fair Adonis is no more." 130
 The Muses wailing the wild woes among,
 Strive to recel him with harmonious song:
 Alas! no sounds of harmony he hears,
 For cruel Proserpine has clos'd his ears.
 Cease, Venus, cease, thy soft complaints forbear,
 Reserve thy sorrows for the mournful year.

IDYLLIUM II.

CUPID AND THE FOWLER.

A YOUTH, once fowling in a shady grove,
 On a tall box-tree spy'd the God of Love,
 Perch'd like a beauteous bird; with sudden joy
 At sight so noble leap'd the simple boy.
 With eager expedition he prepares
 His choicest twigs, his bird-lime, and his snares;
 And in a neighb'ring covert smil'd to see
 How here and there he skippt, and hopt from tree
 to tree.

When long in vain he waited to betray
 The god, enrag'd he flung his twigs away, 10
 And to a ploughman near, an ancient man,
 Of whom he learnt his art, the youngster ran,
 Told the strange story, while he held his plough,
 And shew'd the bird then perch'd upon a bough.
 The grave old ploughman archly shook his head,
 Smil'd at the simple boy, and thus he said:

" Cease, cease, my son, this dangerous sport give

" o'er,
 " Fly far away, and chase that bird no more:
 " Bless, should you fail to catch him!—Hence,
 " away!

" That bird, believe me, is a bird of prey; 20
 " Though now he seems to shun you all he can,
 " Yet soon as time shall lead you up to man,
 " He'll spread his fluttering pinions o'er your
 " breast;
 " Perch on your brow, and in your bosom nest."

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THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

As late I slumbering lay, before my sight
 Bright Venus rose in visions of the night:
 She led young Cupid; as in thought profound
 His modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground;
 And thus she spoke: " To thee, dear swain, I
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" My little son; instruct the boy to sing."
 No more she said; but vanish'd into air,
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 I, sure I was an idiot for my pains,
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 How Pan the pipe, how Pallas form'd the flute,
 Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute:
 Love; to my lessons quite regardless grown,
 Sung lighter lays, and sonnets of his own,
 Th' amours of men below, and gods above,
 And all the triumphs of the Queen of Love;
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Down his white skin that vies with winter snow;
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Down the high hills, and murmur as they flow:
And every flower in drooping grief appears
Depress'd, and languishingly drown'd in tears:
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 And in a neighb'ring covert smil'd to see
 How here and there he skipt, and hopt from tree
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 And show'd the bird then perch'd upon a bough.
 The grave old ploughman archly shook his head,
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" My little son; instruct the boy to sing."
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 I, sure I was an idiot for my pains,
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 How Pan the pipe, how Pallas form'd the flute,
 Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute:
 Love, to my lessons quite regardless grown,
 Sung lighter lays, and sonnets of his own,
 Th' amours of men below, and gods above,
 And all the triumphs of the Queen of Love;
 I, sure the simplest of all shepherd swains,
 Full soon forgot my old bucolic strains.

The lighter lays of love my fancy caught,
And I remember'd all that Cupid taught.

20

IDYLLIUM IV.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THE sacred nine delight in cruel love,
Tread in his steps, and all his ways approve :
Should some rude swain whom love could ne'er
refine,

Woo the fair Muses, they his suit decline ;
But if the love-sick shepherd sweetly sing,
The tuneful choir attending in a ring,
Catch the soft sounds, and tune the vocal shell ;
This truth by frequent precedent I tell :
For when I praise some hero on my lyre,
Or, nobly daring to a god aspire, 10
In strains more languid flows the nerveless song,
Or dies in faultering accents on my tongue :
But when with love or Lycidas I glow,
Smooth are my lays, the numbers sweetly flow.

IDYLLIUM V.

LIFE TO BE ENJOYED.

Is merit only stamps my former lays,
And those alone shall give me deathless praise,
But if ev'n those have lost their bright applause,
Why should I labour thus without a cause ?
For if great Jove or Fate would stretch our span,
And give of life a double share to man,
One part to pleasures and to joy ordain,
And vex the other with hard toil and pain ;
With sweet complacence we might then employ 10
Our hours, for labour still enhances joy.
But since of life we have but one small share,
A pittance scant which daily toils impair,
Why should we waste it in pursuit of care ?
Why do we labour to augment our store,
The more we gain, still coveting the more ?
Alas, alas ! we quite forget that man
Is a mere mortal, and his life a span.

IDYLLIUM VI.

CLEODAMUS AND MYRSON.

Cleodamus.

SAY, in their courses, circling as they tend,
What season is most grateful to my friend ?
Summer, whose suns mature the teeming ground,
Or golden Autumn, with full harvests crown'd ?
Or Winter hoar, when soft reclin'd at ease,
The fire fair blazing, and sweet leisure please ?
Or genial Spring, in blooming beauty gay ?
Speak, Myrson, while around the lambkins play.

Myrson.

It ill becomes frail mortals to define
What's best and fittest of the works divine ; 10
The works of nature all are grateful found,
And all the seasons in their various round.
But since my friend demands my private voice,
Then learn the season that is Myrson's choice.
Me the hot Summer's sultry heats displease ;
Fell Autumn teems with pestilent disease ;
Tempestuous Winter's chilling frosts I fear ;
But with purple Spring through all the year.

Then neither cold nor heat molests the morn ;
But rosy plenty fills her copious horn ; 20
Then bursting buds their odorous blooms display,
And Spring makes equal night and equal day.

IDYLLIUM VII.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF ACHILLES AND DEIDAMIA.

MYRSON AND LYCIDAS.

Myrson.

SAY, wilt thou, Lycidas, sweet shepherd swain,
Begin some soothing, soft Sicilian strain,
Such as the Cyclops, on a rock reclin'd,
Sung to the sea-nymph, to compose his mind, }
And sent it in the whispers of the wind ?

Lycidas.

What can I sing that Myrson will commend ?
With pleasure I would gratify my friend.

Myrson.

Repeat the song which most my taste approves,
A hilles' stol'n embrace, and hidden loves ; 10
How the bold hero laid his arms aside,
A woman's robe the manly sex belied,
And Deidamia soon became his bride.

Lycidas.

When with fair Helen Paris cross'd the deep,
Brought her to Troy and made Oenone weep ;
The injur'd states of Greece were all alarm'd,
Spartans, Mycenians, and Laonians arm'd : }
The treachery stung their souls, and bloody
vengeance warm'd ;
In close disguise his life Achilles led,
Among the daughters of King Lycomed :
Instead of arms the hero learn'd to cull 20
The snowy fleece, and weave the twisted wool.
Like theirs, his cheeks a rosy bloom display'd,
Like them he seem'd a fair and lovely maid ;
As soft his air, as delicate his tread,
Like them he cover'd with a veil his head ;
But in his veins the tides of courage flow'd,
And love's soft passion in his bosom glow'd ;
By Deidamia's side from morn to night
He sat, and with ineffable delight
Oft kiss'd her snow-white hand, or gently press'd
The blooming virgin to his glowing breast. 30
His soul was all enraptur'd with her charms,
Ardent he long'd to clasp her in his arms ;
Oft in her ear these words enamour'd said,
" By pairs your sisters press the downy bed ;
" But we, two maids of equal age and bloom,
" Still sleep divided in a separate room.
" Why should the night, more cruel than the day,
" Steal the sweet virgin whom I love away ?"
* * * * *

IDYLLIUM VIII.

LOVE RESISTLESS.

SWEET Venus, daughter of the main,
Why are you pleas'd with mortals pain ?
What mighty trespass have they done,
That thus you scourge them with your son ?
A guileful boy, a cruel foe,
Whose chief delight is human woe.
You gave him wings, alas ! and darts,
To range the world and shoot at hearts ;

For man no safety thus is found——
His flight o'ertakes, his arrows wound.

IDYLLIUM IX.

FRIENDSHIP.

THRICE happy they! whose friendly hearts can
burn
With purest flame, and meet a kind return.

With dear Pirithoüs, as poets tell,
Theseus was happy in the shades of hell:
Orestes' soul no fears, no woes deprest;
'Midst Scythians he with Pylades was blest.
Blest was Achilles while his friend surviv'd,
Blest was Patroclus every hour he liv'd;
Blest when in battle he resign'd his breath,
For his unconquer'd friend reveng'd his death. *To*

NOTES ON THE IDYLLIUMS.

IDYLLIUM I.

All the beauties and graces that can possibly embellish a poem of this nature, are united in this delicate Idyllium. And, therefore, the most polite scholars, and the best critics of every age, have deservedly esteemed it one of the finest and most perfect remains of antiquity.

Ver. 20. See Moschus, ver. 97, &c.

See Venus too her beauteous bosom beat!
She lov'd her shepherd more than kisses sweet,
More than those last dear kisses which in death
She gave Adonis, and imbib'd his breath.

Ver. 43. Virgil, Eclogue 5.

Daphni, tuum interitum, montes sylvæque lo-
quunter.

The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore.
Dryden.

And Eclogue 10.

Illum etiam lauri illum etiam flere myricæ,
Pinifer illum etiam solâ sub rupe jacentem
Mænalaus, & gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycæi.
For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub
appears.

Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan,
When spread beneath a rock he sigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping
stone. *Dryden.*

Ver. 44. See the beginning of Moschus's Idyl-
lium on the death of Bion.

Ver. 47.

Ye drooping flowers, diffuse a languid breath,
And die with sorrow at sweet Bion's death.

Moschus.

Ver. 55. There is a similar beautiful description
in Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book 4.

But when her view her bleeding love confess'd,
She shriek'd, she tore her hair, she beat her breast:
She rais'd the body, and embrac'd it round,
An' bath'd with tears unfeign'd the gaping
wound:

Then her warm lips to the cold face apply'd,
"And is it thus, ah! thus we meet?" she cry'd!
"My Pyramus! whence sprung thy cruel fate?
My Pyramus! ah! speak, ere 'tis too late;

"I, thy own Thisbe, but one word implore,
"One word thy Thisbe never ask'd before."
At Thisbe's name awak'd, he open'd wide
His dying eyes; with dying eyes he try'd
On her to dwell, but clos'd them slow, and dy'd. *Addison.*

Ver. 69. Virgil says of Orpheus, Georg. B. 4.

—Manesque adiit, regemque tremendum,
Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.
Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, through forests void of light;
And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before th' inexorable king. *Dryden.*

Ver. 72. Thus Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 3.
C. 4. St. 38.

O! what avails it of immortal seed
To been ybred, and never born to die?
For better I it deem to die with speed,
Than waste in woe, and wailful miserie.

Ver. 74. Thus Catullus,
At vobis malè sit, malæ tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia Bella devoratis.
Ah! death, relentless to destroy
All that's form'd for love or joy.

Ver. 81. The Cestus of Venus is thus described
by Homer.

Η, καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦτο τοῦ ἀλυσσάτο ποιοῖ, κ. τ. λ.

Iliad 14. ver. 214.

She from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,
With various skill and high embroidery grac'd;
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest war:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still surviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes. *Pope.*

Ver. 93. Some authors say, that anemonies, and
not roses, sprung from the blood of Adonis. See
Ovid's Metamorph. Book 10. at the end.

—Where the blood was shed,
A flower began to rear its purple head:
Such as on Punic apples is reveal'd,
Or in the filmy rind, but half conceal'd.
Still here the fate of lovely forms we see,
So sudden fades the sweet anemony.

The feeble stems to stormy blasts a prey,
Their sickly beauties droop, and pine away.
The winds forbid the flow'rs to flourish long,
Which owe to winds their name in Grecian song.

Eusden.

Ver. 114. Moschus imitates this in his poem on the death of Bion :

The little loves, lamenting at his doom,
Beat their fair breasts, and weep around his tomb.

Thus Ovid,

Eccē puer Veneris fert everfamque pharetram,
Et fractos arcus, & sine luce facem.
Aspice demissis ut eat miserabilis alis,
Pectoraque infesta tundit aperta manu.
Excipiunt lacrymas sparsi per colla capilli,
Oraque singulu concutiente sonant.

Amor. B. 3. El. 9.

See Venus' son his torch extinguish'd brings,
His quiver all revers'd, and broke his bow;
See, pensive how he droops with flagging wings,
And strikes his bared bosom many a blow.
Loose and neglected, scatter'd o'er his neck,
His golden locks drink many a falling tear:
What piteous sobs, as if his heart would break,
Shake his swain cheek? Ah sorrow too severe!

Anon.

Ver. 115. For the ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, see the Notes on the second Epigram of Sappho.

Ver. 118. The custom of washing the dead is very ancient. At the latter end of the fourth book of the *Æneid*, Anna says of the body of her sister Dido,

—date vulnera lymphis
Abluam, & extremum si quis super halitus errat,
Ore legam—

Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death
Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.

Pitt.

The custom of catching the parting breath may be compared with the 65th and 66 verses above, "Till in my breast," &c. See a beautiful complaint made by the mother of Euryalus, in the *Æneid*, book 9. ver. 486.

—nec te tua funera mater
Produxi, pressive oculos, apt vulnera lavi, &c.

Nor did thy mother close thy eyes in death,
Compose thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath:
Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanse the
gore,

Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er. Pitt.

Ver. 120.

—Cupid caught my trembling hand,
And with his wings my face he fann'd.

Ver. 136. The time appointed for mourning for the dead, among the ancients, was ten months which was originally the year both of the Greeks and Romans.

The anniversary of the death of Adonis was celebrated through the whole Pagan world. The

ancients differ greatly in their accounts of this divinity. Plutarch maintains, that he and Bacchus are the same; and that the Jews abstained from swine's flesh, because Adonis was killed by a boar. Aufonius, in Epigram 30. affirms, that Bacchus, Osiris, and Adonis, are one and the same.

Langborne.

Ovid makes Venus institute this festival, Metamorph. book 10 at the end.

—luctus monumenta manebunt
Semper, Adoni, mei repetitaque mortis imago
Annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri.

For thee, lost youth, my tears and restless pain,
Shall in immortal monuments remain:
With solemn pomp, in annual rites return'd,
Be thou for ever, my Adonis mourn'd.

Eusden.

IDYLLIUM II.

Spenser has imitated this Idyllium in his Shepherd's Calendar for the month of March, but in a language too harsh for modern ears.

Ver. 8. The original Greek, *Τα καὶ τὰ τὸν Ἐγὼτα μεταδίδωκε*, admirably describes a bird, hopping about from bough to bough, which the translator has endeavoured to imitate.

IDYLLIUM III.

This beautiful Idyllium, which in a pleasing fiction describes the power of love, is preserved by Stobæus.

IDYLLIUM IV.

Ver. 12. Sappho's situation is much the same, though on a different occasion. See stanza 2d.

While gazing on thy charms I hung,
My voice died faltering on my tongue.

Anacreon's first Ode bears a great similitude to this Idyllium.

IDYLLIUM V.

This fragment is preserved by Stobæus.

Ver. 11.

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Hor. L. 1. Ode 4.

—Life's short, fleeting span
Allows no long protracted plan.

Duncombe.

Non semper idem floribus est honos, &c.

—quid æternis

Consiliis animum faugas? L. 2. Ode 11.

Not always vernal flowers their pride retain,
And full orb'd moons are sure to wane:

Why tire we then the narrow mind,
For cares eternal too confin'd?

Duncombe.

Thus Manilius,

Quid tam sollicitis vitam consummimus annis,
Torquemurque metu, cæcæque cupidine rerum,
Æternisque senes curis, dum quærimus ævum
Perdimus; & nulla votorum sine beati,
Viduos agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam?

Why do we thus consume our years
In blind desires and anxious fears?
For in the search, grow gray with pain,
We lose the bliss we strive to gain:
And thus, absorb'd by distant views,
In thoughts of living life we lose.

D.

IDYLLIUM VI.

Ver. 18.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.

Virg. Ecl. 3.

The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with
grass;

The blossoms blow; the birds on bushes sing;
And nature has accomplish'd all the spring.

Dryden.

IDYLLIUM VII.

Ver. 3. The fable of Polyphemus and Galatea has furnished matter for several poets, particularly Theocritus in his 6th and 11th Idylliums, and Ovid in the 13th book of the *Metamorphoses*, Fable 8th; who has borrowed freely from Theocritus. See also Bion's 6th Fragment.

Ver. 9. The story of Achilles and Deidamia is told at large by Statius in the *Achilleid*.

IDYLLIUM VIII.

Ver. 7. There is a similar thought in a Greek epigram:

Φιγῶν δὲ τὸν Ἑρμῆα κενὸς ποιεῖ ἡ γὰρ ἀλιζῶ
Πιζὸς ἀπὸ πῆνι πικρὰ διακείμενος.

Of shunning love 'tis vain to talk,
When he can fly, and I but walk.

IDYLLIUM IX.

Ver. 9. Longepierre and Laurentius Gambara have given the same interpretation of this passage; and it seems to be confirmed by what Patroclus says to Hector, in the 16th book of the *Iliad*, when he is just expiring:

Insulting man! thou shalt be soon as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws
nigh.
Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand. *Pope.*

EPIGRAMS.

FRAGMENT I.

ON HYACINTHUS.

Descending sorrow seiz'd Apollo's heart;
All cures he try'd, and practis'd every art;
With nectar and ambrosia dress'd the wound:
Useless, alas! all remedies are found,
When fate with cruel shears encompasses around.

FRAGMENT II.

Thus to the smith, It is not fair,
My friend, for ever to repair,
And still another's aid to ask:
Make your own pipe; 'tis no such arduous task.

FRAGMENT III.

Invite the Muses, Love, and in your train,
Ye sacred Muses bring me Love again!
And ever grant, my wishes to complete,
The gift of song—no remedy so sweet!

FRAGMENT IV.

INCESSANT drops, as proverbs say,
Will wear the hardest stones away.

FRAGMENT V.

On a steep cliff, beside the sandy beach,
Sudden I stop, and, whispering soft, beseech
Relentless Galatea; even in age
Love still shall bloom, and still my hopes engage.

FRAGMENT VI.

LET me not pass without reward:
For Phœbus on each tuneful bard
Some gift bestows: the noblest lays
Are owing to the thirst of praise.

FRAGMENT VII.

In beauty boasts fair womankind;
Man, in a firm, undaunted mind.

NOTES ON THE FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENT I.

This is a small fragment of an Idyllium on the death of Hyacinthus, whom Apollo unfortunately slew as he was playing with him at quoits.

Ver. 2. Apollo is said to have invented physic. He tells Daphne, Ovid Metamorph. book 1.

Inventum medicins meum est, opiferaque per orbem
Dicor, et herborum subiecta potentia nobis.

Medicine is mine; what herbs and simples grow
In fields and forests, all their powers I know;
And am the great physician call'd below.

Dryden.

FRAGMENT II.

I have always thought, that this fragment should be understood, allegorically, of those who, though they have riches (or talents) in abundance, yet make no use of them.

Longepierre.

FRAGMENT III.

Thus Apollo, in Ovid, Metamorph. Book 1.
Hei mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!
To cure the pains of love, no plant avails.

Dryden.

FRAGMENT IV.

This proverb is common almost to every nation.
Thus Ovid,

Quid magis est durum faxo, quid mollius undâ?

Dura tamen molli faxa cavantur aquâ.

And,

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.

FRAGMENT V.

This seems to have been part of a speech of Polyphemus, in an Idyllium on the subject of Acis and Galatea; which Ovid probably imitated in his Metamorph. Book 13. For, similar to this fragment, are the following lines;

—gradiens ingenti littora passu
Degravat—

—with stalking pace he strode,
And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood.

And,

Prominet in pontum, &c.

A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas:
On either side, below, the water flows;

This airy walk the giant lover chose.

Dryden.

FRAGMENT VII.

Similar to this is the second Ode of Anacreon.

THE WORKS

OF

M O S C H U S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

SOLE PUBLISHER

NEW YORK

THE WORKS

M O S C H U S

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

FRANCIS PARKES, M.A.

THE WORKS OF MOSCHUS.

In solitude, on me bestow
The heart-felt harmony of woe,
Such, such as on th' Ausonian shore
Sweet Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore!

GRAINGER'S ODE ON SOLITUDE.

IDYLLIUMS.

IDYLLIUM I.

In search of her son, to the listening crowd,
T' other day lovely Venus thus cry'd him aloud :
' Whoever may chance a stray Cupid to meet,
' My vagabond boy, as he strolls in the street,
' And will bring me the news, his reward shall
' be this,
' He may freely demand of fair Venus a kiss;
' But if to my arms he the boy can restore,
' He's welcome to kisses, and something still more.
' His marks are so plain, and so many, you'll own
' That among twenty others he's easily known. 10
' His skin is not white, but the colour of flame;
' His eyes are most cruel, his heart is the same:
' His delicate lips with persuasion are hung;
' But, ah! how they differ, his mind and his
' tongue! [troal,
' His voice sweet as honey; but nought can con-
' Whene'er he's provok'd, his implacable soul.
' He never speaks truth, full of fraud is the boy;
' And woe is his pastime, and sorrow his joy.
' His head is embellish'd with bright curling hair;
' He has confident looks, and an insolent air. 20
' Though his hands are but little, yet darts they
' can fling
' To the regions below, and their terrible king.
' His body quite naked to view is reveal'd,
' But he covers his mind, and his thoughts are
' conceal'd.
' Like a bird light of feather, the branches among,
' He skips here and there, to the old, to the young,
' From the men to the maids on a sudden he strays,
' And hid in their hearts on their vitals he preys.
' The bow which he carries is little and light,
' On the nerve is an arrow wing'd ready for
' flight,
' A little short arrow, yet swiftly it flies
' Through regions of ether, and pierces the skies.

' A quiver of gold on his shoulders is bound,
' Stor'd with darts, that alike friends and enemies
' wound :
' Ev'n I, his own mother, in vain strive to shun
' His arrows—so fell and so cruel my son,
' His torch is but small, yet so ardent its ray,
' It scorches the sun, and extinguishes day.
' O you, who perchance may the fugitive find,
' Secure first his hands, and with manacles bind; 40
' Show the rogue no compassion, though oft he
' appears
' To weep—his are all hypocritical tears.
' With caution conduct him, nor let him beguile
' Your vigilant care with a treacherous smile.
' Perhaps with a laugh kisses sweet he will proffer;
' His kisses are poison, ah! shun the vile offer.
' Perhaps he'll say, sobbing, "No mischief I know;
' Here take all my arrows, my darts, and my
' bow!" [aim;
' Ah! beware, touch them not—deceitful his aim;
' His darts and his arrows are all tipt with flame.'

IDYLLIUM II.

EUROPA.

THE Queen of Love, on amorous wiles intent,
A pleasing dream to fair Europa sent.
What time still night had roll'd the hours away,
And the fresh dawn began to promise day,
When balmy slumbers, and composing rest,
Close every eye, and sooth the pensive breast,
When dreams and visions fill the busy brain,
Prophetic dreams, that never rise in vain :
'Twas then Europa, as the sleeping lay,
Chaste as Diana, sister of the day, 10
Saw in her cause the adverse shore engag'd
In war with Asia; terribly they rag'd :
Each seem'd a woman; that in foreign guise,
A native this, and claim'd the lovely prize

With louder zeal : * The beauteous nymph, she
said,

* Her daughter was, and in her bosom bred,
But she, who as a stranger was array'd,
Forc'd to her arms the unresisting maid ;
Call'd her her right, by all the powers above,
Giv'n her by Fate, and *Ægis-bearing Jove*. 20

The fair Europa, struck with sudden dread,
All pale and trembling started from her bed ;
Silent she sat, and thought the vision true,
Still seem'd her forms to strive before her view :
At length she utter'd thus the voice of fear ;
" Ye gods, what spectres to my sight appear ?
" What dreams are these, in fancy's livery drest,
" That haunt my sleep, and break my golden rest ?
" And who that form that seem'd so wondrous
" kind ?

" The dear idea still delights my mind. 30
" She, like a mother, press'd me in her arms :
" But, O ye gods ! that send such strange a-
" larms,

" Preserve these visionary scenes from harms " }
She said, and lightly from her couch she sprung,
Then sought her comrades, beautiful and young,
Her social mates ; with them she lov'd to lave
Her limbs unblemish'd in the crystal wave :
With them on lawns the sprightly dance to lead,
Or pluck sweet lilies in the flowery mead.
The nymphs assembled soon, a beauteous band ! 40
With each a curious basket in her hand ;
Then reach'd those fields where oft they play'd
before,

The fragrant fields along the sea-beat shore,
To gather flowers, and hear the billows roar. }

Europa's basket, radiant to behold,
The work of Vulcan, was compos'd of gold ;
He gave it Lybia, mighty Neptune's bride,
She Telephassa, next in blood ally'd ;
From her bequeath'd to fair Europa came
This splendid basket of celestial frame.
Fair in the work the milk-white ló stood
In roughen'd gold, and lowing paw'd the flood,
(For Vulcan there had pour'd the azure main)
A heifer still, nor yet transform'd again.
Two men stood figur'd on the ocean's brim,
Who watch'd the cow, that seem'd inclin'd to
swim.

Jove too appear'd enamour'd on the strand,
And strok'd the lovely heifer with his hand :
Till, on the banks of Nile again array'd,
In native beauty shone the blooming maid : 60
The seven-mouth'd Nile in silver currents roll'd,
And Jove was sculptur'd in resplendent gold.
Near piping Hermes sleepless Argus lies,
Watching the heifer with his hundred eyes :
From Argus slain a painted peacock grew,
Fluttering his feathers stain'd with various hue,
And, as a ship expands her swelling sail,
He round the basket spread his starry tail.
Such were the scenes the Lemnian god display'd,
And such the basket of the Tyrian maid. 70

The lovely damsels gather'd flow'rets bright,
Sweet to the smell, and beauteous to the sight ;
The fragrant hyacinth of purple hue,
Narcissus, wild thyme, and the violet blue ;

Some the gilt crocus or pale lily chose,
But fair Europa crop'd the blooming rose ;
And all her mates excell'd in radiant mien,
As 'midst the graces shines the Cyprian queen.
Not long, alas ! in these fair fields she shone,
Nor long unloos'd preserv'd her virgin zone ; 80
Saturnian Jove beheld the matchless maid,
And sudden transports the rapt god invade ;
He glows with all the fervid shame of love ;
For Cupid's arrows pierce the breast of Jove.
But, best his amorous intent to screen,
And shun the jealous anger of his queen,
He laid his immortality aside,
And a bull's form th' intriguing god bely'd ;
But not of earthly shape, or mortal breed,
Such as at large in flowery pastures feed ; 90
Whose stubborn necks beneath the yoke we bow,
Break to the wain, or harness to the plough.
His golden hue distinguish'd him afar ;
Full in his forehead beam'd a silver star :
His large blue eyes, that shone serenely bright,
Languish'd with love, and sparkled with delight ;
On his broad temples rose two equal horns,
Like that fair crescent which the skies adorn,
Gently he moves with peaceful look and bland,
And spreads no terror in the virgin band : 100
Nearer they drew, with eager longing led
To stroke his sides, and pat his comely head :
His breath divine ambrosial odours yields,
Sweeter than fragrance of the flowery fields.
At fair Europa's feet with joy he stands,
And prints sweet kisses on her lily hands.
His foamy lips she wipes, unaw'd by dread,
And strokes his sides, and pats his comely head.
Gently he low'd, as musical and clear
As notes soft warbled on the raptur'd ear : 110
And, as on earth his pliant knees he bent,
Show'd his broad back, that hinted what he
meant ; [maid ;
Then turn'd his suppliant eyes, and view'd the
Who thus, astonish'd to her comrades said :
" Say dearest mates, what can this beast in-
" tend ?
" Let us (for lo ! he stoops) his back ascend,
" And ride in sportive gambols round the mead ;
" This lovely bull is sure of gentlest breed ;
" So meek his manner, so benign his mind,
" He wants but voice to equal human kind." 120
So spoke the fair, and up she rose to ride,
And call'd her lingering partners to her side :
Soon as the bull his pleasing burden bore,
Vigorous he sprung, and hasten'd to the shore.
The nymph dismay'd invok'd the virgin band
For help, and wav'd her unavailing hand.
On the soft bosom of the azure flood
With his fair prize the bull triumphant rode :
Up-rose the Nereids to attend his train,
And all the mighty monsters of the main. 130
Cerulean Neptune was the Thunderer's guide,
And for the passing pomp he smooch'd the tide.
The Tritons hail'd him as he steer'd along,
And sounded on their conchs the nuptial song.
On Jove's broad back the lovely damsel borne,
Grasp'd with her fair right hand his polish'd
horn,

Her left essay'd her purple robe to save,
That lightly brush'd the surface of the wave :
Around her head soft breath'd the gentle gale,
And fill'd her garment like a swelling sail. 140
Europa's heart throbb'd quick with chilling fear,
Far from her match-lov'd home, and comrades
dear ;

No sea-beat shore she saw, nor mountain's brow,
Nor aught but sky above, and waves below.
Then with a mournful look the damsel said :

" Ah ! whither wilt thou bear a wretched maid ?
" Who, and whence art thou, wond'rous creature,
" say ?

" How can'st thou fearless tread the wat'ry way ?

" On the broad ocean safely sails the ship,

" But bulls avoid, and dread the stormy deep. 150

" Say, can a bull on sea-born viands feed ?

" Or, if descended from celestial breed,

" Thy acts are inconsistent with a god : [flood ;

" Bulls rove the meads, and dolphins swim the

" But earth and ocean are alike to thee, [sea.

" Thy hoofs are oars that row thee through the

" Perhaps, like airy birds, thou soon wilt fly,

" And soar amidst the regions of the sky.

" Ah ! wretched maid, to leave my native home,

" And simply dare with bulls in meads to roam !

" And now on seas I ride—ah ! wretched maid ! 161

" But, O ! I trust, great Neptune, in thy aid ;

" Soon let my eyes my great conductor hail,

" For not without a deity I fail."

Thus spoke the nymph, and thus the bull reply'd :

" Courage, fair maid, nor fear the foaming tide :

" Though now a bull I seem to mortal eyes,

" Thou soon shalt see me ruler of the skies.

" What shape I please, at will I take and keep,

" And now a bull I cross the boundless deep : 170

" For thy bright charms inspire my breast with

" love :

" But soon shall Crete's fair isle, the nurse of Jove,

" Receive Europa on its friendly strand,

" To join with me in Hymen's blissful band :

" From thee shall kings arise in long array,

" To rule the world with delegated sway."

Thus spoke the god ; and what he spoke prov'd

true :

For soon Crete's lofty shore appear'd in view :

Jove strait assum'd another form and air,

And loos'd her zone ; the Hours the couch pre-

pare,

The nymph Europa thus, through powerful love,

Became the bride of cloud-compelling Jove ;

From her sprung mighty kings in long array,

Who rul'd the world with delegated sway.

IDYLLIUM III.

ON THE DEATH OF BION

Ye woods, with grief your waving summits bow,
Ye Dorian fountains, murmur as ye flow,
From weeping urns your copious sorrows shed,
And bid the rivers mourn for Bion dead :
Ye shady groves, in robe of sable hue
Bewail ; ye plants, in pearly drops of dew :
Ye drooping flowers, diffuse a languid breath,
And die with sorrow at sweet Bion's death :

Ye roses change from red to sickly pale,
And, all ye bright anemones, bewail :
Now, hyacinth, thy doleful letters show
Inscrib'd in larger characters of woe
For Bion dead, the sweetest shepherd swain.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain !
Ye nightingales, that perch among the sprays,
Tune to melodious elegy your lays,
And bid the streams of Arethuse deplore
Bion's sad fate ; lov'd Bion is no more :
Nor verse nor music could his life prolong,

He died, and with him died the Doric song. 20

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful strain !

Ye swans of Strymon, in loud notes complain,

Pensive, yet sweet, and droop the sickly wing,

As when your own sad elegy ye sing.

All the fair damsels of Oëgria tell,

And all the nymphs that in Bistonian dwell,

That Doric Orpheus charms no more the plains.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strains !

No more he soothes his oxen at the yoke,

No more he chants beneath the lonely oak. 30

Compell'd, alas ! a doleful dirge to sing
To the grim god, the deaf Tartarean king.

And now each straggling heifer strays alone,

And to the silent mountains makes her moan ;

The bulls loud bellowing o'er the forests rove,

For sake their pasture, and forget their love.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful lay !

Thy fate, O Bion, wept the god of day ;

Pan griev'd ; the dancing Satyrs and the Fauns

March'd slow and sad, and sigh'd along the lawns ;

Then wail'd the Nymphs, that o'er the streams

preside, 41

Fast flow'd their tears, and swell'd the crystal

tide,

Mute Echo now laments the rocks among,

Griev'd she no more can imitate thy song.

The flow'rets fade, and wither'd are the trees,

Those lose their beauty, and their verdure these.

The ewes no more with milky udders thrive ;

No more drops honey from the fragrant hive ;

The bees, alas ! have lost their little store,

And what avails it now to work for more, 50

When from thy lips the honey's stol'n away ?

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful lay !

Ne'er did the dolphin on the azure main

In such pathetic energy complain ;

Nor Philomel with such melodious woe,

E'er wail'd, nor swallow on the mountains brow ;

Nor did Alcyone transform'd deplore

So loud her lover dash'd upon the shore.

Not Memnon's birds such signs of sorrow gave,

When, screaming round, they hover'd o'er his

grave ; 60

As now in melancholy mood they shed

Their plaintive tears, lamenting Bion dead.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful lay !

The nightingales, that perch upon the spray,

The swallows shrill, and all the feather'd throng,

Whom Bion taught, and ravish'd with his song,

Now sunk in grief their pensive music ply,

And strive to sing their master's elegy ;

And all the birds in all the groves around

Strain their sweet throats to emulate the sound : 70

Ye turtles too, the gentle bard deplore,
And with deep murmurs fill the sounding shore.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful lay!

Who now, lov'd shepherd, on thy pipe shall play?
Still, still, methinks, the melting notes I hear,
But ah! more faint they die upon my ear.
Echo, still listening, roves the meads along,
Or near the rocks still meditates thy song.
To Pan I'll give thy tuneful pipe, though he
Will fear, perchance, to be surpass'd by thee. So

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful strain!

Thee Galatea weeps, sweet shepherd-swain;
For oft thy graceful form her bosom warm'd,
Thy song delighted, and thy music charm'd:
She shunn'd the Cyclops, and his numbers rude,
But thee with ardent love the nymph pursu'd:
She left the sea, her element, and feeds,
Forlorn, thy cattle on the flowery meads.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful lay!

Alas! the muses will no longer stay,
No longer on these lonely coasts abide;
With thee they warbled, and with thee they died:
With Bion perish'd all the grace of song,
And all the kisses of the fair and young.
The little Loves, lamenting at his doom,
Strike their fair breasts, and weep around his tomb.
See Venus too her beauteous bosom beat?
She lov'd her shepherd more than kisses sweet,
More than those last dear kisses, which in death
She gave Adonis, and imbib'd his breath. 100
Meles! of streams in melody the chief,
Now heaves thy bosom with another grief;
Thy Homer died, great master of the song,
Thy Homer died, the Muses sweetest tongue:
Then did thy waves in plaintive murmurs weep,
And roll'd thy swelling forrows to the deep:
Another son demands the meed of woe,
Again thy waters weep in long-drawn murmurs
flow.

Dear to the fountains was each tuneful son,
This drank of Arethuse, that Helicon: 110
He sung Atreides' and Achilles' ire,
And the fair dame that set the world on fire:
This form'd his numbers on a softer plan,
And chaunted shepherds' loves, and peaceful Pan;
His flock he tended on the flower meads,
And milk'd his kine, or join'd with wax the reeds;
Oft in his bosom he would Cupid take,
And Venus lov'd him for her Cupid's sake.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful strains!

Thee all the cities of the hills and plains, 120
Illustrious bard, in silent grief deplore;
As for Hesioid ne'er lamented more;
Not thus Boeotia mourn'd her Theban swan,
Nor thus the tears for bold Alceus ran;
Not Ceos for Simonides, nor thus
Griev'd Paros for her bard Archilocus:
The shepherds of the Lesbian hills have long
Neglected Sappho's for thy sweeter song:
And all that breathe the pastoral reed rehearse
Thy fate, O Bion, in harmonious verse. 130
Sicelidas, the Samian shepherd sweet,
And Lycidas, the blithest bard of Crete,
Whose sprightly looks erst spoke their hearts elate,
Now sorrowing mourn thy sad untimely fate;

Mourns to Philetas' elegiac muse,
And sweet Theocritus of Syracuse:

I too, with tears, from Italy have brought
Such plain bucolicas as my master taught;
Which, if at all with tuneful ease they flow,
To thy learn'd precepts and thy art I owe, 140
To other heirs thy riches may belong,
I claim thy pastoral pipe and Doric song;
In Doric song my pensive boon I pay:

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful lay!

Alas! the meanest flowers which gardens yield,
The vilest weeds that flourish in the field,
Which dead in wintry sepulchres appear,
Revive in spring, and bloom another year:
But we, the great, the brave, the learn'd, the
wife,

Soon as the hand of death has clos'd our eyes, 150
In tombs forgotten lie, no suns restore.
We sleep, for ever sleep, to wake no more.

Thou too liest buried with the silent dead:
Fate spares the witlings, but thy vital thread
Snapp'd cruel chance! and now its my hard lot
To hear the dull bards (but I envy not)
Grate their harsh sonnets flastily, rude, and vain:

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!

O hapless Bion! poison was thy fate;
The baneful potion circumscrib'd thy date: 160
How could fell poison cause effect so strange,
Touch thy sweet lips, and not to honey change?
How could the savage wretch, that mix'd the
draught,

Hear heavenly music with a murderous thought?
Could not thy songs his hellish purpose sway?

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful lay!

But soon just vengeance will his crime pursue,
While I with pious tears thy tomb bedew.
Could I like Orpheus, as old poets tell,
Or mighty Hercules, descend to hell; 170
To Pluto's dreary mansion I would go,
To hear what music Bion plays below.

Lift to my counsel gentle shepherd swain,
And softly warble some Sicilian strain,
(Such as, when living, gave divine delight)
To sooth the empress of the realms of night:
For she, ere Pluto seiz'd the trembling maid,
Sung Dorian lays, and in these meadows play'd.
Nor unrewarded shall thy numbers prove,
The dame will pity, though she cannot love: 180
At once she heard the Thracian's tuneful prayer,
And gave him back Eurydice the fair,
She'll pity now thy more melodious strain,
And send thee to thy hills and woods again.
Could I in powerful harmony excel, [hell.
For thee my pipe should charm the rigid king of

IDYLLIUM IV.

MOIS MEGARACENTIS

Megara,

"Woe these complaints, and whence that dread-
ful sigh?"
"Why on thy cheek do thus the roses die?
Is it to see thy glorious sun sustain,
From worthless hands, pre-eminence of pain?
A lion tortur'd by a fawn—Great Jove!
Why such injurious treatment must I prove?"

" Why with such adverse omens was I born ?
 " Wretch that I am ! E'er since the nuptial morn
 " When to my arms my matchless lord was given,
 " Dear have I priz'd him as the light of heaven ; 10
 " And prize him still — Sure none has suffer'd
 " more,
 " Or drank such draughts of sorrow's cup before.
 " With Phæbus' gift, his bow, he pierc'd the
 " hearts
 " Of his own sons ; or rather arm'd with darts
 " Which fates or furies furnish'd, every child
 " In his own house he slew, with frenzy wild.
 " Than dreams more dreadful, with these stream-
 " ing eyes,
 " (While to their mother, with incessant cries,
 " Their helpless mother, they exclaim'd in vain)
 " By their own fire I saw the children slain. 20
 " But as a bird bewails her callow brood,
 " While in the brake a serpent drains their
 " blood,
 " And all too weak the wish'd relief to bring,
 " Twittering her shrill complaints, on feeble wing
 " At distance hovers, nor will venture near
 " The fell destroyer, chill'd with conscious fear ;
 " So I, all frantic, the wide mansion o'er,
 " Unhappy mother, my lost sons deplore.
 " O blest Diana, goddess of the chase, 29
 " Tyrant confess'd o'er woman's helpless race,
 " With my dear sons, had thy venom'd dart
 " Kindly transfix'd their mother's bleeding heart,
 " Then my sad parents might with friendly care,
 " Have seen one pile our breathless bodies bear,
 " At once with many a tear, to every shade
 " The decent rites of sepulture have paid,
 " And in one golden urn that sacred earth
 " Our ashes have receiv'd, which gave us birth.
 " But Thèbes they now inhabit fam'd for steeds,
 " Or toilsome till Aônia's fruitful meads : 40
 " While to my sorrows no relief is given,
 " At Tiryns, sacred to the queen of heaven,
 " In tears unnumber'd wasting life away,
 " To joy a stranger, to despair a prey.
 " But soon my lord will bliss my eyes again,
 " For various labours he must yet sustain
 " By land and sea, like iron or a rock
 " Unmov'd, and still superior to the shock :
 " While like a stream thy sorrows ever flow, 50
 " By day, by night, alike diffus'd in woe.
 " Of all to me by ties of kindred join'd,
 " Thou only now canst cheer my anxious mind :
 " Far from this mansion, though in blood ally'd,
 " Beyond the pine-clad isthmus they reside.
 " Not one remains who can console my grief,
 " Or to a wretched woman give relief,
 " Except my sister Pyrrha ; all the day
 " She too bewails her husband snatch'd away,
 " Thy Iphiclus : wretched all thy line,
 " Whether their fire be mortal or divine !"
 Fast while she spoke, th' o'erflowing tears di-
 still'd

Adown her cheeks, and her fair bosom fill'd ;
 Her sons, her parents rising to her view :
 In sad society, Alcmena too
 Roll'd the big tear ; and from her heaving breast,
 In accents sage, her daughter thus address'd :

TRANS. II.

" Why, hapless parent, should thine eyes o'er-
 " flow ?
 " Why should remembrance thus renew thy woe ?
 " Why thus afflict us both ? or why once more
 " Repeat the loss we oft have wept before ? 70
 " Sure each sad day sufficient sorrow bears ;
 " And none but wretches would recount our cares !
 " Be cheer'd, my daughter, and, these ills forgot,
 " Think that the gods a happier doom allot.
 " And though on grief thy thoughts are all em-
 " ploy'd,
 " I no excuse require, with pleasure cloy'd.
 " Much I lament, that thou so vast a weight
 " Of woe shouldst share in our disastrous fate.
 " For, O blest Proserpine and Ceres, know,
 " (Powers justly dreaded by the perjurd foe) 80
 " That I not more could love thee, if my womb
 " With thee had teem'd, or had thy virgin-bloom
 " Alone remain'd a parent's hope to crown :
 " A truth, Megara, not to thee unknown !
 " Then think I view thee with no careless eye ;
 " No, though in grief with Niobe I vie :
 " Grief for a son indulgence sure may gain,
 " To me endear'd by ten long months of pain ;
 " And, ere I brought him to the realms of day,
 " My life by pangs was nearly snatch'd away,
 " Sent on new toils he to a distant shore 91
 " Now roams, and I may ne'er behold him more.
 " Besides, I lately saw, with wild affright,
 " A direful vision in the dead of night :
 " Some great impending ill, if right I deem,
 " Awaits my sons, from this mysterious dream.
 " In sleep, methought, my Hercules I spy'd,
 " His garments like a labourer, thrown aside,
 " And, spade in hand, employ'd, with arduous toil,
 " To delve a ditch in some well cultur'd soil, 100
 " But when his task the wish'd success had crown'd,
 " And his wide fence had girt the vineyard round,
 " He left his spade fix'd deeply in the plain,
 " And trait prepar'd to clothe his limbs again ;
 " When, quick as thought, above the trench,
 " behold
 " Destructive flames, which round the hero roll'd !
 " From these resistless foes alarm'd he flew,
 " With footsteps swift, as swiftly they pursue :
 " While, like a shield, the spade now serves to
 " guard 109
 " His half-scorch'd body, and the fire to ward.
 " At length Iphiclus, running to his aid,
 " (Such was my vision) by his feet betray'd,
 " Before he reach'd him, fell with headlong force,
 " And there unable to resume his course,
 " Lay stiff and prostrate, like a feeble sage,
 " Who falling to the ground through helpless age,
 " There fix'd remains, till by some stranger rear'd,
 " Pitying his hoary hairs, and silver beard :
 " So on the plain was brave Iphiclus thrown.
 " To see my sons unaided and alone, 120
 " Fast flow'd my tears, till morn with roscate ray
 " Dispell'd my slumbers, and restor'd the day.
 " Such were the visions of this night of dread !
 " Far from our house, on curs'd Eurytheus' head
 " These omens turn ! Be my presages true,
 " And him, O fate, with vengeance just pursue !"
 D.

P

IDYLLIUM V.

THE CHOICE.

WHEN zephyrs gently curl the azure main,
On land, inpatient, I can scarce sustain
At ease to dwell; a calm yields more delight:
But when old ocean to a mountain's height
Rolls, with tremendous roar, his foaming floods,
I lothe the sea, and sigh for fields and woods.
Safe is the land; then piny forests please, [trees:
Though hoarse winds whistle through the bending
Hapless the fisher's life! the sea his toil,
His house a bark, and faithless fish his spoil. 10
But O! to me how sweet are slumbers, laid
Beneath a lofty plane's embowering shade;
And thence the tinkling of a rill to hear,
Whose sound gives pleasure unallay'd by fear! D.

IDYLLIUM VI.

CAPRICIOUS LOVE.

PAN sighs for Echo o'er the lawn:
Sweet Echo loves the dancing Faun;
The dancing Faun fair Lyda charms;
As Echo Pan's soft bosom warms,
So for the Faun sweet Echo burns;
Thus all, inconsistent in their turns,
Both fondly woo, are fondly woo'd,
Pursue, and are themselves pursu'd.
As much as all slight those that woo,
So those that slight are slighted too:
Thus rages by capricious fate,
Alternate love, alternate hate.
Ye scornful nymphs and swains, I tell
This truth to you, pray, mark it well:
"If to your lovers kind you prove,
"You'll gain the hearts of those you love."

IDYLLIUM VII.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, golden star! of ray serene
Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen,
O Hesper! glory of the night,
Diffusing through the gloom delight;
Whose beams all other stars outline,
As much as silver Cynthia thine;
O! guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
To him I love, my shepherd swain;
He keeps the mirthful feast, and soon
Dark shades will cloud the splendid moon.
Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
Nor the lone traveller of gold:
Love is my crime: O lend thy ray
To guide a lover on her way!
May the bright star of Venus prove
The gentle harbinger of love!

IDYLLIUM VIII.

ALPHEUS.

FROM Pisa where the sea his flood receives,
Alpheus, olive-crown'd, the gift of leaves,

And flowers, and sacred dust is known to bring,
With secret course to Arethusa's spring;
For, plunging deep beneath the briny tide,
Unmix'd, and unperceiv'd his waters glide.
Thus wonder-working love, with mischief fraught
The art of diving to the river taught.

D.

IDYLLIUM IX.

EUNICA; OR THE HERDSMAN.

WHEN lately I offer'd Eunica to kiss,
She fleer'd and she flouted, and took it amiss;
"Be gone, you great booby, the cry'd with a
frown, [clown!
"Do you think that I long for your kisses, you
"The sparks of the city my favours esteem—
"You never shall kiss me; no, not in a dream.
"How pleasing you look! and how gently you
"play! [you say!
"How soft is your voice! and what fine things
"So neat is your beard, and so comely your hair!
"And your lips, to be sure, are a delicate pair. 10
"But on your dear person I never shall doat;
"So pray keep your distance—you smell like a
"goat."

Thus spoke the proud hussy, and view'd me all
round, [ground;
With an eye of disdain, and thrice spit on the
Then mimick'd my voice with satirical sneer,
And sent me away with a flea in my ear.
My blood quickly boil'd, in a violent pique,
And, red as a rose, passion glow'd on my cheek;
For it vex'd me, that thus in derision she jeer'd
My looks, and my voice, and my hair, and my
beard. 20

But, am I not handsome, ye shepherds, say true?
Or has any god alter'd my person anew?
For lately, on oaks like the ivy, with grace
My hair and my beard added charms to my face;
My brows were coal-black, and my forehead milk-
white,

And my eyes like Minerva's were azure and
bright; [flow

My lips sweet as cream, and from them would
Words sweeter than honey, and softer than snow.
My songs are enchanting: nor ought can exceed
The tunes of my pipe, or the notes of my reed.

The girls of the country, if they had their wills, 31
Would kiss me, and press me to stay on the hills;
For they say that I'm fair, but this mix of the
town

Refus'd my sweet kisses, and call'd me a clown.
Alas! she forgot, or perhaps did not know,
That Bacchus fed herds in the valley below;
That beauty's fair queen fell in love with a swain,
And help'd him his cattle to tend on the plain;
Adonis, while living, in groves she ador'd,
And when dead, she in groves and on mountains
deplor'd. 40

If right my conjecture, Endymion, I ween,
Like me, too, once tended his steers on the green;
Yet the moon in this herdsman took such a delight,
That she met him at Latmos, and kiss'd him all
night.

Ev'n Cybele mourn'd for a herdsman; and Jove
Snatch'd a boy from his flock to be waiter above.

But Eunice disdains me, nor lifts to my vow;
Is she better than Cynthia or Venus, I trow?
May she never find lovers in city or plain,
But lie always alone, yet still wishing in vain! 50

CUPID TURN'D PLOUGHMAN.

AN EPIGRAM.

Disguis'd like a ploughman, Love stole from the
sky, [by;
His torch, and his bow, and his quiver, thrown

And with pouch at his shoulder, and goad in his
hand,
Began with yok'd oxen to furrow the land:
And, "O Jove, be propitious, he cry'd, or I vow,
"That I'll yoke thee, Europa's fam'd bull, to my
"plough."

*This justly-admired epigram makes us regret that
Moschus has left us no more. Tibullus, as Brookhusius
observes, probably alludes to this epigram in the beginning
of his Elegy 3. Book 2. particularly in this verse.*

Verbaque aratoris rustica discit amor.

Now Cupid joys to learn the ploughman's phrase,
And, clad a peasant, o'er the fallow strays. *Grainger.*

NOTES ON THE IDYLLIUMS.

IDYLLIUM I.

This beautiful Idyllium is imitated by Spenser,
in his Faery Queen, B. 3. c. 6. ft. 11.

It fortun'd, fair Venus having lost
Her little son, the winged god of love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him cross'd,
Was from her fled, as fit as airy dove,
And left her blissful bower of joy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for aught him sharply did reprove,
And wander'd in the world in strange array,
Disguis'd in thousand shapes, that none might him
bewray.)

Him for to seek, she left her heavenly house,
And search'd every way through which his
wings

Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
She promis'd kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tidings to her brings.

Meleager also has copied this fine original of
Moschus, and given us a picture of Cupid much
in the same manner. See Anthologia, B. 7. Epig.
16.

Κρησσω τον Ερωτα, κ. τ. λ.

I'm in search of a Cupid that late went astray,
And stole from my bed with the dawn of the day.
His aspect is bold, his tongue never lies still,
And yet he can whine, and has tears at his will.
At human misfortunes he laughs and he sneers;
On his shoulders a quiver and pinions he wears:
'Tis unknown from what fire he deduces his birth;
'Tis not from the air, nor the sea, nor the earth;
For he's hated by all—but, good people, beware;
Perhaps for a heart he's now laying a snare—
Ha, ha, cunning Cupid, I see where you lie,
With your bow ready bent:—In Zenophila's eye.

Ver. 13, 14. Thus the royal Psalmist, Psalm
lv. ver. 22. "The words of his mouth are softer
"than butter, having war in his heart; his words
"were smoother than oil, and yet be they very
"swords." And Solomon, Proverbs, chap. v.

ver. 3. "For the lips of a strange woman drop as
"an honey-comb, and her mouth is smoother than
"oil."

Ver. 41. There is an epigram of Crinagoras,
Anthol. B. 4. chap. 12. which may illustrate this
passage: It is on an image of Cupid bound.

Και κλειτ κα συνάξι, κ. τ. λ.

Perfidious wretch, you now may cry,
And wring your hands, and sob, and sigh:
Who now your advocate will be?
Who now from chains will set you free?
You oft, by causeless doubts and fears,
From other eyes have forc'd the tears,
And, by your bitter biting darts,
Infill'd love's poison into hearts.
O love, who laugh'd at human bail,
Now all your arts elusive fail,
And justice will at last prevail.

Ver. 46. Thus Virgil, *Æneid*, Book i. ver. 687.

Cum dabit amplexus, atque oscula dulcia figet,
Occultum inspirans ignem, falsaque veneno.
And when the queen shall strain thee in her arms,
The gentle passion by degrees inspire
Through all her breast, then fan the rising fire,
And kindle all her soul— *Pitt.*

IDYLLIUM II.

This poem has been printed in some of the
most ancient editions of Theocritus; and there-
fore some critics have taken it for granted that
he was the author, without recollecting, that, in
the time of the later Grecians, all the ancient
Idylliums were collected together in one volume,
and the name of Theocritus prefixed to the whole;
on which occasion there is an epigram in the An-
thologia, ascribed to Artemidorus:

Ευκολικας μιν ας απορριψς ποταμ. νυν δ' αμα πασαι
Εντι μιας μανδρας, εντι μιας αγελας.

The pastoral muses, scatter'd o'er the plains,
A single flock, a single fold contains.

P ij

This is one of those Idylliums which has been adjudged to Moschus: Besides, Urfinus tells us (as we are informed by Mr. Helkin) "that in two very ancient manuscripts which he had seen, one belonging to the Vatican, the other to the Medicean Library, he observed, that the Idyllium intituled Europa, was ascribed to Moschus."

Ver. 8.

Post mediam noctem, cum somnia vera.

Hor. B. 1. Sat. 10.

— at dead of night,

When dreams are real— Dunscombe.

Ver. 51. The fable of Iö is told at large by Ovid in the first book of the Metamorphoses, and finely translated by Mr. Dryden; to whom I refer the curious reader, the story being too long to insert here.

Ver. 81. Ovid has told the story of the Rape of Europa, in the second book of the Metamorphoses; which, to prevent the trouble of referring to the particular similar passages, I shall give all together under this note, in the language of Mr. Addison. The English reader will see at one view, even through the medium of translation, how closely the Roman has copied the Sicilian bard.

The dignity of empire laid aside,
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frikk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulder clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unfulled by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eye balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd, and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and express'd
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight:
At length the pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons on the neighb'ring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grizzly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breast.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;

Where he now dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.

The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: One hand is borne
Upon his back, the other grasps a horn;
Her train of rustling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid.

Ver. 93. Horace imitates this passage, and describes a young bullock in the same manner:

Fronte curvatos imitatos ignes
Tertium lunæ referentis ortum,
Quæ notam duxit, niveus videri;
Cætera fulvus.

B. 4. Ode 2.

— on whose brows,

Full in the front a star its lustre shows;

A gloss of fallow hue adorns

His skin; the crescent of his horns,

So sharply turn'd, salutes the sight,

Like Cynthia's fires, the third revolving night.

J. Dunscombe.

Ver. 129. See a similar description in Virgil's *Æneid*, B. 5. near the end.

A thousand forms attend the glorious god,
Enormous whales, and monsters of the flood;
Here the long train of hoary Glaucus rides;
Here the swift Tritons shoot along the tides;
There rode Palæmon o'er the wat'ry plain,
With aged Phorcus, and his azure train;
And beauteous Thetis led the daughters of the
main.

Pitt.

See also the latter end of the fifty-first ode of Anacreon.

Ver. 143. Thus Virgil, *Æneid*, Book 3. ver. 192.

Postquam altum tenuere rates, nec jam amplius
ultra
Apparent terræ, cælum undique, et undique pon-

Now vanish'd from our eyes the lessening
ground;

And all the wide horizon stretching round,

Above was sky, beneath was sea profound.

Pitt.

Which he has borrowed from Homer, *Odyss.* Book 12. ver. 403.

Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around.

Pope.

Horace has in a masterly manner imitated this whole Idyllium, but particularly this passage, Book 3. Od. 27.

Sic et Europe niveum dolofo
Credidit tauro latus, et scatenstem
Belluis pontum, mediasque fraudes
Palluit auidax.

Nuper in pratis studiosa florum, et
Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ,
Nocte sublustri, nihil astra præter
Vidit et undas.

Europa thus the bull carefs'd,
And his broad back advent'rous press'd;
But when the monsters of the main
She saw, her heart was fill'd with throbbing pain.
She, who, along the flowery meads,
Wove wreaths for her companions heads,
Now in the gloom sees nought around
But twinkling stars, and ocean's waves profound.
W. Duncombe.

IDYLLIUM III.

Some have been so absurd as to ascribe this beautiful Idyllium to Theocritus, because it was originally inserted in the collection that went under his name, but that he is not the author of it, is plain from a passage in this very Idyllium, which mentions Theocritus as bewailing the death of Bion.

Moschus, in this Idyllium, so frequently alludes to Bion's on the death of Adonis, that it will be unnecessary to point out all the resembling places.

Ver. 11. The story of the transformation of Hyacinthus is told by Ovid, in the tenth book of the *Metamorphoses*:

*Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit, et ai, ai,
Flos habet inscriptum, funestaque litera ducta est.*

—the god upon its leaves
The sad expression of his sorrow weaves;
And to this hour the mournful purple wears
ai, ai, inscrib'd in funeral characters. *Ozell.*

Ver. 33. See a similar passage in Virgil's fifth eclogue, as translated by Dryden:

The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters, brought their herds to drink.
The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd:
The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore.

Ver. 41. Thus Ovid on the death of Orpheus, *Metamorph. B. 11.*

—lacrymis quoque flumina dicunt
Increvisse suis; obscuraque carbasa pullo
Naiades et dryades, passosque habuere capillos.

Naiads and dryads with dishevell'd hair
Promiscuous weep, and scarfs of sable wear;
Nor could the river gods conceal their moan,
But with new floods of tears augment their own.

Ver. 53. Dolphins are said to utter a mournful cry, like a man in distress, and to be wonderfully fond of harmony; witness the fable of Arion. Longepierre thinks this passage alludes to the story of Hesioid; who (as Plutarch relates) being assassinated, his body was thrown into the sea, and received by a shoal of dolphins, and, on the very day when the feast of Neptune was celebrated, brought by them ashore near the city of Mo-

licria; by which means the murderers were discovered, and suffered the punishment due to their crime.

Ver. 57. Alcyone is fabled to have been the wife of Ceyx, a king of Thrace. They were remarkable for their conjugal affection. On his being drowned, she endeavoured to cast herself into the sea, but was immediately transformed into a king's-fisher, as was likewise the body of her husband. The story is told by Ovid, in the eleventh book of the *Metamorphoses*, and admirably translated by Dryden.

Ver. 59. For Memnon's birds, see Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book 13.

Ver. 101. The river Meles washes the walls of Smyrna, a city of Asia Minor, where Bion was born. It is also supposed to have been the birth-place of Homer, and therefore that river is said to have been his father; whence he is called *Melissegenes*.

Ver. 123. Pindar.

Ver. 129. This and the six following lines are a translation of six Greek verses which were wanting in the ancient editions of our poets. They are supposed to be supplied by Marcus Musurus of Crete, though Scaliger affirms that they were wrote by Moschus.

Ver. 131. Sicelidas, Lycidas, and Philetas, are mentioned by Theocritus in his seventh Idyllium.

Ver. 145. This fine sentiment has been embellished by several authors. Thus Spenser:

Whence is it that the flowret of the field doth
fade,
And lieth buried long in winter's blade?
Yet, soon as spring his mantle hath display'd,
It flow'reth fresh, as it should never fail.
But thing on earth that is of moist avail,
As virtue's branch and beauty's bud,
Reliven not for any good.

And Catullus:

*Soles occidere et redire possunt:
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

The sun, that sinks into the main,
Sets, with fresh light to rise again:
But we, when once our breath is fled,
Die, and are number'd with the dead;
With endless night we close our day,
And sleep eternity away.

Admirable is that of Job, chap. 14. "Man cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down.—There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease; but man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? He lieth down, and riseth not, till the heavens be no more."

Ver. 178. Pluto carried away Proserpine from the fields of Enna in Sicily. Thus Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book 4. ver. 209.

—not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers
P iii

Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world——
See also Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book 5.

IDYLLIUM IV.

This poem contains a dialogue between Megara, the wife of Hercules, and Alcmena his mother, wherein they recapitulate their mutual misfortunes. This famous hero gave great umbrage to Eurytheus, king of Mycenæ; who, fearing he would in time dispossess him of his crown, tried all methods to destroy him. Hercules, sensible of his dangerous situation, consulted the Oracle: and being answered that it was the will of the gods that he should serve Eurytheus twelve years, was thrown into so deep a melancholy, that it turned at length into a furious frenzy; during which he put away his wife Megara, and murdered all the children he had by her, which are supposed to have been twelve, because the king imposed on him the same number of labours, as in expiation for their murder, after he had recovered his senses. Hercules is supposed to have been absent on one of these expeditions when this dialogue commences.

Ver. 21. Virgil has happily imitated this beautiful simile in his *Georgics*, Book 4. ver. 511.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbra
Amisissos queritur fœtus; quos durus arator
Observans nido iniplumes detraxit: at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœlis late loca questibus implet.

Which is as happily translated by Dryden.

So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and
thence,

By stealth, convey'd the feather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

Ver. 33. Megara was the daughter of Creon, king of Thebes, a city of Bœotia. It may not be improper to remark, that Moschus, contrary to the common opinion, supposes the parents of Megara to have been living when Hercules slew his children: whereas Euripides and Seneca assure us, that Lycus, a Theban exile, murdered Creon and his sons, to obtain the crown; and that Hercules did not kill his children, till he had punished Lycus. *Longepierre*.

Ver. 42. A city of Peloponnesus near Argos, where Hercules dwelt; and from thence was styled 'the Tirynthian hero.'

Ver. 59. Iphiclus was the son of Amphitryon and Alcmena, and the twin-brother of Hercules.

Ver. 71. Thus St. Matthew, chap. vi. ver. 34. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Ver. 86. For the story of Niobe, see Ovid's *Metam.* book 6. See also the notes on the twentieth Ode of Anacreon.

Ver. 88. That is, ten lunar months, St. Augustine explains it thus: "Quod dicuntur decem

"menses pregnantis, novem sunt pleni; sed initium decimi pro toto accipitur."

Ver. 90. The birth of Hercules was attended with the most excruciating pains to Alcmena, owing to the jealousy and hatred of Juno; from which she was delivered by the address of Galanthus. See *Ovid's Metam.* book 9.

Ver. 105. These were probably intended to be emblems of those flames in which this hero was afterwards consumed on Mount Etna. See *Ovid's Metam.* book 9.

Ver. 108. This circumstance of the flames pursuing Hercules is very similar to a passage in the *Iliad*, book 21. where the rivers Simois and Scamander unite, pursue, and attack Achilles with all their waves:

Now here, now there, he turns on every side,
And winds his course before the following tide;
The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,
And gather fast, and murmur at his heels. *Pope*.

IDYLLIUM V.

Ver. 4. Moschus perhaps in this passage had Homer in his view, *Iliad*, Book 2.

As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing storm the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.

Pope.

Ver. 8. In the original it is, *ὁ πινυς ἀδελ*, the pine-tree sings. Thus Theocritus *Idyll.* I. ver. 1.
—*ὁ πινυς μιλιδεται*.

—that pine-tree's boughs, by yonder spring,
In pleasing murmurs mix, and sweetly sing.

Greeks.

IDYLLIUM VI.

The following modern ballad is closely copied from this *Idyllium*.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Tom loves Mary passing well,
But Mary she loves Harry;
While Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love uncarry.
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
While Thomas sighs her passion:
So very freakish are the turns
Of human inclination.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
Fond Hal despises Mary,
And all the flouts that Bell receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry.
Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
No turtles can be truer;
Each loves the object they pursue,
But hates the kind pursuer.

Mol gave Hal a wreath of flowers,
Which he, in amorous folly,
Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly.

If one of all the four had frown'd
You ne'er saw people glummer,
But if one smiles, it catches round,
And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
Throughout the British nation,
How much 'tis every one's concern
To smile a reformation :
And still through life this rule pursue,
Whatever objects strike you,
" Be kind to them that fancy you,
" That those you love may like you."

Ver. 10. Thus Theocritus, Idyllium 6.

— *φύγει τοι φίλοντα, και φίλοντα διμυσι.*

She, driven still by an unlucky fate,
Flies those that love, and follows those that hate.
Grecb.

And Horace, Book 1. Ode 33.

Insigmem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor : Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoen—

For Cyrus, see ! Lycoris, grac'd
With slender forehead burns ;
For Pholoe, he— *Duncombe.*

Ver. 15. Thus Theocritus, Idyll. 23.

Lovers, farewell ; revenge has reach'd my scorn ;
Thus warn'd, be wife, and love for love return.
Dryden.

IDYLLIUM VII.

This Idyllium has given occasion to the following ode to Cynthia, by a lady of Huntingdon ; which must be allowed to have surpassed the original.

Sister of Phœbus, gentle queen,
Of aspect mild and ray serene,
Whose friendly beams by night appear,
The lonely traveller to cheer !
Attractive Power ! whose mighty sway
The ocean's swelling waves obey,
And, mounting upward, seem to raise
A liquid altar to thy praise :
The wither'd hags, at midnight hour,
Invoke to their infernal bower :
But I to no such horrid rite,
Sweet queen, implore thy sacred light ;

5

Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
To rob the miser's treasur'd heap ;
Thy kindly beams alone impart,
To find the youth who stole my heart,
And guide me from thy silver throne,
To steal his heart, or find my own !

Ver. 3. Thus Homer, Iliad, Book 22, speaking of the same star :

Οἷος δ' ἀστὴρ, κ. τ. λ.

As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far beaming o'er the silver host of night. *Pope.*

IDYLLIUM VIII.

The story of Alpheus and Arethusa, is related at large by Ovid, in his Metamorp. Book 5. Virgil also mentions it in his Æneid, Book 3.

Sicanio prætenta sinu jacet insula contra
Plemmyrium undosum ; nomen dixere priores
Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,
Occultas egisse vitas subter mare ; qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculus confunditur undis.

An isle, once call'd Ortygia, fronts the fides
Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.
Hither, 'tis said, Alpheus, from his source
In Elis' realms, directs his wat'ry course ;
Beneath the main, he takes his secret way,
And mounts with Arethusa's streams to day.
Pitt.

Ver. 3. Moschus calls the dust sacred, because the Olympic games, which constituted no small part of the religion of the ancients, were celebrated at Elis, from whence Alpheus flowed.

IDYLLIUM IX.

This Idyllium, though uncommonly inserted in the works of Theocritus, has, by Daniel Heinsius and other critics, been adjudged to Moschus ; and, therefore, is here translated. There is another Idyllium, of which Moschus is supposed to have been the author, containing a dialogue between Daphnis and a shepherdess ; but that is thought too loose to be here inserted. The curious reader may see it translated by Dryden.

P iiij

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
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the seventh is the fact that the
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the hundredth is the fact that the

THE WORKS
OF
M U S Æ U S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,
BY
FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

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THE WORKS

OF
J. U. S. B. U. M.

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J. M. B. B. B. B. B.

THE WORKS OF MUSÆUS.

THE LOVES OF HERO AND LEANDER.

Oft, by the covert of night's shade,
Leander woo'd the Thracian maid ;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thundering roar.
The conscious virgin, from the sea-girt tower,
Hung out the faithful torch, to guide him to her bower.

DODSLEY'S MISCELL. Vol. iv. p. 302.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS celebrated poem on the Loves of Hero and Leander has been admired by the politeſt ſcholars for many ages : And though Mr. Waller, and ſeveral other writers of the fineſt taſte, have conjectured it to be one of the ſlories

Which old Muſæus ſo divinely ſung,

yet many convincing arguments might be brought to prove it to have been the work of a later author, a grammarian of that name, who lived in the fifth century.

Nor let the Engliſh reader look upon the title of grammarian as a term of reproach, though now frequently uſed as ſuch. The profeſſion ſtyled by the ancients *Γραμματικὸν*, was the ſame with the belles lettres among the moderns : And the appellation of grammarian was particularly applied to thoſe who excelled in every kind of polite writing.

The firſt Engliſh tranſlation of the following poem appeared in the year 1647, by Sir Robert Stapylton. It has ſince that time been frequently attempted ; but with what ſucceſs, is left to the judgment of others.

SING, muſe ! the conſcious torch, whoſe nightly
ray

Led the bold lover through the wat'ry way,
To ſhare thoſe joys which mutual faith hath ſeal'd,
Joys to divine Aurora unreveal'd.

Abydos, Seſtos, ancient towns, proclaim,
Where gentleſt boſoms glow'd with pureſt flame.
I hear Leander daſh the foaming tide !

Fix'd high in air, I ſee the glimmering guide !

The genial flame, the love-enkindling light,

Signal of joy that burn'd ſerenely bright : 10

Whoſe beams, in fair effulgency diſplay'd,

Adorn'd the nuptials of the Seſtion maid :

Which Jove, its friendly office to repay,

Should plant, all-glorious, in the realms of day,

To blaze for ever 'midſt the ſtars above,

And ſtyle it gentle harbinger of love :

For ſure on earth it ſhone ſupremely kind,

To ſooth the anguiſh of the love-ſick mind,

Till cloth'd in terrors roſe the wint'ry blaſt,
Impetuous howling o'er the wat'ry waſte : 20

And, O ! inſpire me, goddeſs, to reſound
The torch extinguiſh'd, and the lover drown'd.

Againſt Abydos ſea-beat Seſtos flood,
Two neighb'ring towns, divided by the flood :

Here Cupid prov'd his bow's unerring art,

And gain'd two conqueſts with a ſingle dart :

On two fond hearts the ſweet infection prey'd,

A youth engaging, and a beauteous maid :

Of Seſtos ſhe, fair Hero was her name ;

The youth, Leander, from Abydos came. 30

Their forms divine a bright reſemblance bore,

Each was the radiant ſtar of either ſhore.

Thou, whom the fates commiſſion here to

ſtray,

Awhile the turret's eminence ſurvey ;

Thence Hero held the blazing torch, to guide,

Her lover rolling on the boiſterous tide ;

The roaring Hellespont, whose wave-worn strait
Still in loud murmurs mourns Leander's fate.
Say, heav'nly muse, had Hero charms to move,
And melt the Abydian into love? 40
Say, with what wiles the amorous youth inspir'd,
Obtain'd the virgin whom his soul admir'd?

Fair Hero, priestess to th' Idalian queen,
Of birth illustrious, as of graceful mien;
Dwelt on a high sequester'd tower, that flood
Firm on the ramparts, and o'erlook'd the flood:
Chaste, and unconscious of love's pleasing pain,
She seem'd a new-born Venus of the main;
But, nice of conduct, prudently withdrew
Far from the follies of the female crew: 50
Blest in retreat, she shunn'd the vain delight
Of daily visits, and the dance at night,
Content in sweet tranquillity to screen
Her blooming beauty from malignant spleen;
For where superior beauty shines confest,
It kindles envy in each female breast.
To soften Venus oft with prayer the strove,
Oft pour'd libations to the god of love;
Taught by th' example of the heavenly dame,
To read those arrows that were tip'd with flame.
Vain all her caution, fruitless prov'd her prayer;
Love gains an easy conquest o'er the fair. 62

For now the sacred festival appear'd,
By pious Sestians annually rever'd,
At Venus' fane to pay the rites divine,
And offer incense at Adonis' shrine.
Vast crowds from all the sea-girt isles repair,
The day to rev'rence, and the feast to share.
From flowery Cyprus, circled by the main,
And high Hæmenia, hastes the youthful train;
Not one remain'd of all the female race 71
Thy towns, Cythera, and thy groves to grace;
Afar from spicy Libanus advance
The throngs unnumber'd, skill'd to lead the dance;
From Phrygian plains they haste in shoals away,
And all Abydos celebrates the day.
To Sestos all the mirthful youths repair,
All that admire the gay, the young, the fair;
For amorous swains, when rumour'd feasts invite,
Joy at the news, and follow with delight, 80
Not to the gods to pay the rites divine,
Or offer incense at some sacred shrine;
Few are their offerings, and concise their prayer,
Who give their whole devotion to the fair.

As through the temple pass'd the Sestian maid,
Her face a soften'd dignity display'd;
Thus silver Cynthia's milder glories rise,
To glad the pale dominion of the skies.
Her lovely cheeks a pure vermilion shed,
Like roses beautifully streak'd with red: 90
A flowery mead her well-turn'd limbs disclose,
Fraught with the blushing beauties of the rose:
But when she mov'd, in radiant mantle dress'd,
Flowers half unveil'd adorn'd her flowing vest,
And numerous graces wanton'd on her breast.
The ancient sages made a false decree,
Who said, the graces were no more than three;
When Hero smiles, a thousand graces rise,
Sport on her cheek, and revel in her eyes.
Such various beauties sure conspir'd to prove 100
The priestess worthy of the queen of love.

Thus as she shone superior to the rest,
In the sweet bloom of youth and beauty dress'd,
Such softness temper'd with majestic mien,
The earthly priestess match'd the heav'nly queen.
The wondering crowds the radiant nymph ad-
mire,

And every bosom kindles with desire;
Eager each longs, transported with her charms,
To clasp the lovely virgin in his arms;
Where'er she turns, their eyes, their thoughts
pursue, 110

They sigh, and send their souls at every view.
Then thus some ardent youth bespoke the rest,
Cast a fond look, and open'd all his breast:

"I oft at Sparta wondering have beheld
"Young maids contending in the list'd field,
"Sparta, that boasts the emulated prize
"Of fairest virgins, and of brightest eyes;
"Yet ne'er till now beheld a nymph so fair,
"Such beauty blended with such graceful air:
"Perhaps (for sure immortal is her race) 120
"Beneath the priestess Venus hides a grace.
"My dazzled eyes with constant gazing tire,
"But my fond fancy ever could admire.
"O! make me, Venus, partner of her bed,
"Though fate that instant strike the lover dead:
"Let but my love the heavenly Hero crown,
"I on the gods will look superior down.
"Should you this boon deny, O queen! decree,
"To bless my days, a nymph as fair as she!"

Thus spoke the general voice; the train apart
Conceal the wound deep rankling in the heart.
But when Leander saw the blooming fair, 133
Love seiz'd his soul instead of dumb despair;
Resolv'd the lucky moments to improve,
He sought occasion to reveal his love;
The glorious prize determin'd to obtain,
Or perish for those joys he could not gain.
Her sparkling eyes instilling fond desire,
Entranc'd his soul, and kindled amorous fire.
Such radiant beauty, like the pointed dart, 140
With piercing anguish stings th' unguarded heart:
For on the eye the wound is first impress'd,
Till by degrees it rankles in the breast.
Now hope and confidence invade his soul;
Then fear and shame alternately controul:
For through his bosom thrill'd: a conscious shame
Confess'd the passion which it seem'd to blame:
Her beauties fix'd him in a wild amaze;
Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze.
With step ambiguous, and affected air, 150
The youth advancing fac'd the charming fair:
Each amorous glance he cast, though form'd by
art,

Yet sometimes spoke the language of his heart;
With nods and beck he kept the nymph in play,
And tried all wiles to steal her soul away.
Soon as he saw the fraudulent youth beguil'd,
Fair Hero, conscious of her beauty, smil'd;
Oft in her veil conceal'd her glowing face,
Sweetly vermilion'd with the rosy grace;
Yet all in vain to hide her passion tries, 160
She owns it with her love-consenting eyes.
Joy touch'd the bosom of the gentle swain,
To find his love was not indulg'd in vain.

Then, while he chid the tedious lingering day,
Down to the west declin'd the solar ray;
And dewy Hesper shone serenely bright,
In shadowy silence leading on the night.
Soon as he saw the dark involving shade,
Th' embolden'd youth approach'd the blooming
maid,

Her lily hand he seiz'd, and gently prest, 170
And softly sigh'd the passion of his breast:
Joy touch'd the damsel, though she seem'd dis-
pleas'd,

And soon withdrew the lily hand he seiz'd.
The youth perceiv'd, through well dissembled
wiles,

A heart just yielding by consenting smiles;
Then to the temple's last recess convey'd
The unreluctant, unresisting maid:
Her lovely feet, that seem'd to lag behind,
But ill conceal'd her voluntary mind.
She feign'd resentment with an angry look, 180
And, sweetly chiding, thus indignant spoke:

"Stranger, what madness has possess'd thy
"brain,

"To drag me thus along the sacred fane?

"Go—to your native habitation go—

"'Tis quite unkind to pull my garments fo."

"Rich are my parents—urge not here your fate,

"Left their just vengeance you repent too late:

"If not of me, of Venus stand afraid,

"In her own fane soliciting a maid:

"Hence speed your flight; and Venus' anger
"dread; 190

"'Tis bold aspiring to a virgin's bed."

Thus chid the maid, as maids are wont to do,

And show'd her anger, and her fondness too:

The wily youth, as thus the fair complain'd,

Too well perceiv'd the victory was gain'd:

For nymphs enrag'd the more complying prove,

And chidings are the harbingers of love.

He kiss'd her snowy neck, her fragrant breast:

And thus the transport of his soul express'd: 199

"O lovely fair, in whom combin'd are seen

"The charms of Venus, and Minerva's mien!

"For sure no virgin of terrestrial race

"Can vie with Hero in the blooms of face:

"I deem your lineage from the gods above,

"And style you daughter of Saturnian Jove.

"Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung,

"Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,

"Blest, doubly blest, the fruitful womb that bore

"This heavenly form for mortals to adore.

"Yet, beauteous Hero, grant a lover's prayer,

"And to my wishes prove as kind as fair: 211

"As Venus' priestess just to Venus prove,

"Nor shun the gentle offices of love.

"O let us, while the happy hour invites,

"Propitious, celebrate the nuptial rites.

"No maid can serve in Cytherea's fane;

"Her eyes delight not in the virgin train.

"But would fair Hero secret rites explore,

"The laws of Venus, and her pleasing lore,

"Those rites are practis'd in the bridal bed; 220

"And there must Hero, yet a maid, be led:

"Then as you fear the goddess to offend,

"In me behold your husband and your friend,

"Ordain'd by Cupid, greatest god above,
"To teach you all the mysteries of love:
"As winged Mercury, with golden wand,
"Made Hercules, with distaff in his hand,
"To every task of Omphale submit;
"Thus love, more powerful than the god of wit,
"Sent me to you. 'Tis needless to relate 230
"The chaste Arcadian Atalanta's fate;
"Who from th' embraces of Milanion fled,
"Her faithful lover, and the nuptial bed:
"But vengeful Venus caus'd the nymph to burn
"With equal flame, and languish in her turn.
"O let example warn you to revere
"The wrathful goddess, and your lover hear!"
Thus spoke the youth—his magic words con-
troul

Her wavering breast, and soften all her soul.
Silent she stood, and, rapt in thought profound,
Her modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground:
Her cheeks she hid, in rosy blushes dress'd, 242
And veil'd her lily shoulders with her vest:
On the rich floor, with Parian marble laid,
Her nimble foot involuntary play'd.
By secret signs a yielding mind is meant;
And silence speaks the willing maid's consent.
Now had the wily god's envenom'd dart
Diffus'd the pleasing poison to her heart;
Leander's form, insinuating soft desire, 250
Woo'd her pleas'd eyes, and set her soul on fire.
While on the ground fair Hero fix'd her sight,
Leander view'd, with exquisite delight,
Her swelling breast, and neck as ivory white. }
At length her face with lovely blushes spread
She rais'd, and thus in sweet confusion said:

"Stranger, thy words such magic sounds con-
vey

"With soft compassion rocks would melt away.

"Who form'd thy tongue with such persuasive
"art

"To pour delightful ruin on the heart? 260

"Ah! tell me, who thus taught thee to explore

"My lone retirement on the Thracian shore?

"Thy speech, though pleasing, flow'd to me in
"vain:

"How can a stranger Hero's love obtain?

"Should I in public give to thee my hand,

"My parents would forbid the nuptial band;

"And should'st thou here in close concealment

"Our secret passion would itself betray: [stay

"For soon the voice of scandal-spreading fame

"The deed of silence would aloud proclaim 270

"But, gentle youth, thy name, thy country tell;

"For mine, alas! by thee are known too well.

"In yon high tower, which close to Sestos stands,

"And all the roaring Hellepont commands,

"With one attending damsel I remain;

"For so my parents and the fates ordain!

"No nymphs coeval to sweet music's sound

"Lead the smooth dance, or lightly beat the
"ground;

"But stormy winds eternal discord keep,

"And blustering bellow through the boundless
"deep" 280

Thus spoke the priestess; and with modest grace,
Conceal'd the new-born beauties of her face:

For on her cheeks the roseate blush that hung
Seem'd to condemn the language of her tongue.

Meanwhile Leander feeds the hidden fire,
Glow's in each vein, and burns with fierce desire :
But anxious doubt his musing breast alarms ;
How shall he gain admittance to her charms ?
Nor long he paus'd, for love in wiles abounds,
Well pleas'd to heal the bosoms which he wounds ;
'Twas he, whose arrows men and gods controul,
That heal'd Leander's love-afflicted soul :
Who thus, while sighs upheav'd his anxious breast,
The nymph with artful eloquence address :

" For thee, dear object of my fond desire,
" I'll cross the ocean though it flame with fire :
" Nor would I fear the billow's loud alarms,
" While every billow bore me to thy arms ;
" Uncheck'd, undaunted by the boisterous main,
" Tempestuous winds should round me roar in
" vain : 300

" But oft as night her sable pinions spread,
" I through the storm would swim to Hero's bed :
" For rich Abydos is the home I boast,
" Not far divided from the Thracian coast.
" Let but my fair a kindly torch display,
" From the high turret to direct my way ;
" Then shall thy daring swain securely glide,
" The bark of Cupid o'er the yielding tide,
" Thyself my haven, and thy torch my guide : }
" And while I view the genial blaze afar, 320
" I'll swim regardless of Boëtes' car,
" Of fell Orion, and the Northern Wain
" That never bathes his brightness in the main :
" Thy star, more eminently bright than they,
" Shall lead the lover to his blissful bay.
" But let the torch, O nymph divinely fair !
" My only safety be thy only care !
" Guard well its light when wint'ry tempests roar,
" And hoarse waves break tumultuous on the
" shore,

" Left the dire storms that blacken all the sky,
" The flame extinguish, and the lover die. 321
" More would'st thou know ? Leander is my name,
" The happiest husband of the fairest dame."

Thus mutual vow'd the lovers to employ
The nights in raptures of mysterious joy ;
Her task, secure th' extended torch to keep,
And his, to cross th' unfathomable deep :
On promis'd bliss their fruitful fancies fed,
Ecstatic pleasures of the nuptial bed ;
Till the fond nymph, when decency requir'd, 321
Back to her tower unwillingly retir'd :
Leander ere he left his lovely bride,
Mark'd well the station of the blazing guide, }
Then fought Abydos cross the sounding tide. }

What now but amorous scenes their thoughts
employ,

Confus'd ideas of the genial joy ?
Slow rose on leaden wings the morning light,
Slow noon came on—the lovers with'd it night.
At length dark gloom a dusky mantle spread ;
Sleep o'er the world his balmy influence shed. 340
All but Leander lay dissolv'd in rest,
Love kept a ceaseless vigil in his breast.
Silent he wander'd on the winding shore,
The deep resounded with tremendous roar :

Wide o'er the foaming waves his anxious sight
Explor'd the torch's love-proclaiming light :
He little deem'd, alas ! its flame would prove
The blaze of death, though meant the torch of
love.

Soon as fair Hero from her tower survey'd
Th' horizon darken'd in the sable shade, 350
The torch on high she fix'd : its flames inspire
Leander's bosom with the kindred fire :
Quick through his frame the bright contagion ran,
And with the glowing signal glow'd th' enamour'd
man.

But when he heard the hoarse-responding roar
Of thundering billows breaking on the shore,
Aghast he stood, he shrunk, and thus address'd
These words of courage to his trembling breast :
" Ah cruel love ! whose woe the waves conspire !
" The waves are water, but I burn with fire ;
" Be bold my heart, the foaming billows brave,
" Nor fear the threat'nings of the wint'ry wave.
" Fair Venus rose propitious from the main ;
" She calms the ocean's rage, and sooths the lo-
" ver's pain."

He spoke, and straight his lovely limbs undress'd,
And folded round his head the various vest ;
Then, dauntless, plunging in the foaming tide,
Dath'd with his arms th' intruding waves aside :
Full in his view he kept the shining mark,
Himself the pilot, passenger, and bark. 370
While faithful Hero, to her promise true,
Watch'd on the turret every wind that blew ;
Oft with her robe she screen'd the torch's blaze
From dangerous blasts that blew a thousand ways :
Till the tard' youth, on rolling furies tost,
Securely landed on the Sessian coast.
Soon as she saw her lover safe on shore,
Eager she ran, and led him to her tower,
Welcom'd with open arms her panting guest,
And, sweetly smiling, to her bosom prest : 380
Then dumb with joy the shivering youth she led,
Still wet and weary to the genial bed,
Wip'd his fair limbs, and fragrant oils apply'd,
To cleanse his body from the oozy tide ;
Then clasp'd him close, still panting, to her breast,
And thus with fond endearing words address :

" My life, my lover, thou hast suffer'd more
" Than fondest bridegroom e'er endur'd before :
" Destin'd, alas ! dread troubles to sustain
" On the rough bosom of the briny main ; 390
" Now let sweet joy succeed in sorrow's place,
" And lull thy labours in my warm embrace."

She spoke : He loos'd her virgin zone to prove
The sacred rites and mysteries of love. [crown'd,
No youths with measur'd dance the nuptials
Nor tuneful Hymen's congratulating sound :
No hard invok'd the heavenly queen with prayer,
To smile propitious on the wedded pair :
No nuptial torch its golden lustre shed,
Bright torch of love to grace the bridal bed ! 400
No 10 Peans musically rung ;
No greeting parents Hymeneals sung :
But all was gloom, and silence all around,
Instead of music's love-inspiring sound.
Beneath the covert of the night conceal'd,
They tasted pleasures mutual faith had seal'd ;

In close embraces all entranc'd they lay,
In raptures never usher'd to the day:
Till the fond youth reluctant left his bride,
Still breathing love, and cross'd the foaming tide.
Thus Hero liv'd unnott'd, unbetray'd, 411
Each night a woman, and each day a maid.
Both wish'd the hours on swiftest wings would fly,
And hail'd the evening, not the morning sky.

Thus rapt in hidden joys, each blissful night
They pass in ecstasies of full delight:
But soon, alas! those dear-bought pleasures fled,
And short the transports of that bridal bed!

For now relentless winter, that deforms
With frost the forest, and the sea with storms, 400
Bade the wild winds o'er all the ocean reign,
And raise the rapid whirlpools of the main;
The hoarse wild winds obey, and, with harsh sound,
Roar o'er the surface of the vast profound,
Rouze from their beds the scatter'd storms that
sleep

In the dark caverns of the dreary deep:
The trembling sailor hears the dreadful roar,
Nor dares the wint'ry turbulence explore,
But drags his vessel to the safer shore. }

But thee, bold youth, no wint'ry storms restrain,
Nor all the deathful dangers of the main. 431
For when thou saw'st the torch's blaze from far,
(Of nuptial bliss the bright prophetic star)
Thee not the furious tempest could controul,
Nor calm the glowing raptures of the soul.
Yet sure fair Hero, when the gloomy sky
With gathering clouds proclaim'd rough winter
nigh,

Without her lover should have pass'd the night,
Nor from the tower, ill-omen'd, shown the light,
But she, ah hapless! burns with fond desire, 440
'Tis love inflames her while the fates conspire:
The torch of death now glimmer'd from above,
No more the gentle harbinger of love.

'Twas night, and angry Æolus had hurl'd
The winds tempestuous o'er the wat'ry world;
The bellowing winds with rage impetuous roar,
And dash the foaming billows on the shore:
Ev'n then the youth, with pleasing visions fed,
Glow with remembrance of the bridal bed;

And while fierce tempests howl on every side,
Float on the bosom of the briny tide. 450
Waves roll'd on waves, in hideous heaps are driven,
Swell'd into mountains, and upheav'd to heaven:
Bleak-blasts, loud roaring, the vex'd ocean sweep,
Foam the dash'd billows, and resounds the deep.
From every part the blustering terrors fly,
Rage o'er the main, and battle in the sky.
The growling thunder of the vast profound
The rocks rebellow, and the shores rebound.
Amidst the wat'ry war, with toils oppress'd 460
O'erwhelm'd with billows, and in gulfs distress'd,
Leander oft with suppliant prayer implor'd
The sea-sprung goddess, and old ocean's lord:
Thee, Boreas, too, he summon'd to his aid,
Nor was unmindful of th' Athenian maid;
But prayers are fruitless, and petitions vain;
Love must submit to what the fates ordain.

From wave to wave the hapless youth is tost,
Now heav'd on high, and now in whirlpools lost;
His weary'd feet no more his will obey, 470
His arms hang useless, and forget to play.
Borne on the surge supine, and void of breath
He drinks the briny wave, and draws in death.

Thus while in fatal rage each wind conspires,
Extinguish'd at once the flame, and lovers fires, }
Fainting he sinks, and with the torch expires.
While on the turret Hero mourn'd his stay,
And fondly sighing, chid his long delay,
Perplexing anguish in her bosom rose,
Nor knew her eyes the blessings of repose. 480

Now rose the morn, in russet vest array'd,
Still from th' impatient fair the lover stay'd:
Watchful she stood, and cast her eyes around
O'er the wide beach, and o'er the depths profound,
Haply to spy her lover should he stray,
The light extinguish'd 'midst the wat'ry way:
But when she saw him breathless on the sand,
Stretch'd, ghastly pale, by death's relentless hand,
She shriek'd aloud; and from her throbbing breast
Rent the gay honours of her flowery vest; 490
Then from the tower her beauteous body cast,
And on her lover's bosom breath'd her last:
Nor could the fates this faithful pair divide
They liv'd united, and united died.

NOTES ON HERO AND LEANDER.

Ver. 23. Abydos was a city of Asia, situated on the Hellespont, over-against Sestos, a city in the Thracian Chersonnesus. Geographers are of opinion, that the castles of the Dardanelles were built on the ruins of these two places: But they are manifestly mistaken; for there are no remains of antiquity to be seen near those castles, but very remarkable ones three miles farther, where the channel is considerably narrower. Le Brun assures us, that the strait at these ruins is only half a mile over, and that one of them is still called Sestos, and the other Abydos or Avido. Pliny

and Herodotus say, the narrowest part of the channel is about seven stadia, or furlongs.

Ver. 60. In the first Idyllium of Moschus, Venus complains of Cupid, that

His darts and arrows are all tipp'd with flame.

Ver. 144. Virgil finely describes the conflict of various passions in the breast of Turnus, *Æneid*, book 12. ver. 666.

— æstuat ingens
Imo in cordepudor, mixtoque infania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.

A thousand various thoughts confound the chief,
 He stood, he gaz'd his bosom swell'd with grief;
 Pride, conscious valour, fury, love and shame,
 At once set all the hero in a flame.

Pitt.

Ver. 383. Thus in the third book of the *Odyfsey*, Polycaſte, the daughter of Néſtor, bathes and anoints Telemachus.

Sweet Polycaſte took the pleaſing toil
 To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.

On which Dr. Broome remarks, that the practice of women bathing and anointing men frequently occurs in the *Odyſſey*: neither is this done by women of inferior quality; but we have here a young princeſs bathing, anointing, and clothing the naked Telemachus.

Ver. 494. "They were lovely and pleaſant, in
 "their lives, and in their death they were not di-
 "vided."

2 Sam. chap. I. ver. 23.

THE WORKS
OF
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,
BY
FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

THE WORKS

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

FRANCIS THEODORE

FAWKES'S APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

PREFACE.

THE author of this poem was the son of Silleus and Ileus. He was born at Alexandria in Egypt, and educated under Callimachus: He received the name of Rhodius, or the Rhodian, either from his mother, whose name was Rhoda, or, more probably, from the city Rhodes. During his stay in this place, he finished his Argonautic poem, and founded a school of rhetoric. Ptolemy Euergetes, in whose reign our poet flourished, two hundred and forty-four years before Christ, recalled him from his retirement at Rhodes, and appointed him successor to Eratosthenes in the care of the Alexandrian library. The favours which had been conferred on Callimachus in the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, were continued to him by his successor Ptolemy Euergetes. So that Callimachus, no less than his scholar, was protected and patronized by his prince. This circumstance, among others, gave occasion to those jealousies and dissensions which subsisted between these rival poets. Callimachus is supposed to have alluded, in the following lines, to that invidious spirit which prevailed in his scholar.

Ὁ ρήνιος Ἀπόλλωνος ἐστὶν ὁ δατα λάθριος εἶπιν,
οὐκ ἄγμαι τὸν αἰδὼν, ὅς ἐδ', ὅσα Πόντος, αἰεῖται.
Call. Hymn. ad Ap. v. 105.

For Apollonius, anxious to establish his own reputation, and jealous of his master's, had depreciated those more numerous, but lighter productions, in which the muse of Callimachus excelled; epigrams, hymns, and elegies.

It will be no improper introduction to the following poem, to trace the subject of it to its source: nor can we expect to be guided through its intricacies by a safer clue, than that which the ancients have afforded us.

Ino was the wife of Athamas, king of Orchomenos: from whom he was soon after divorced, and married Nephele. But she incurring his displeasure, he restored the repudiated Ino to his bed. By her he had two children, Learchus and Melicerta; by Nephele he had Phrixus and Helle. Ino beheld the children of her rival with a jealous eye. For they, being the eldest, had a prior

claim to their father's inheritance. Resolved on their destruction, she concerted the following plan, as most likely to effect it. A grievous famine laying waste the country, it was judged expedient to consult the oracle about the means of suppressing it. Ino having gained over the priests to her interest, prevailed on them to return this answer; that the ravages of famine could no otherwise be suppressed, than by the sacrifice of Nephele's children. Phrixus, who was made acquainted with the cruel purpose of Ino, freighted his vessel with his father's treasures, and embarked with his sister Helle for Colchis. The voyage proved fatal to her; and the sea, into which she fell, was named from her the Hellespont. But Phrixus arrived safe at Colchis; and was protected from the cruelties of his step-mother Ino, at the court of Æetes his kinsman, who bestowed on him his daughter Chalciope in marriage. Upon his arrival, he consecrated his ship to Mars; on whose prow was represented the figure of a ram. This embellishment, it is supposed by some of the historians, gave rise to the fiction, of his having swam to Colchis on the back of that animal, of his having sacrificed it to Mars, and hung up its fleece in the temple of that god. It is this imaginary fleece which is celebrated by the poets for having given birth to the expedition of the Argonauts. A variety of whimsical conjectures have been formed concerning it. Some are of opinion, that it was a book of sheep-skins, containing the mysteries of the chemic art. Others have assured us, that it signified the riches of the country; with which their rivers, that abounded in gold, supplied its inhabitants: and that, from the sheep-skins made use of in collecting the golden dust, it was called the Golden Fleece.

For a further illustration of the subject of this poem, it will be necessary to insert the following history.

Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus, had two sons by Neptune, Neleus and Pelias: by Cretheus she had Æson, Pheres and Amithaon. The city of Iolcos in Thessaly, which Cretheus built, was the capital of his dominions. He left his

kingdom at his death to Æson his eldest son; but made no provision for Pelias. Pelias, however, growing every day more powerful, at length dethroned Æson. And hearing that his wife Alcimeda was delivered of a son, he was resolutely bent on his destruction. For he had been forewarned by the oracle, that he must be dethroned by a prince, descended from Æolus, and who should appear before him with one foot bare. Æson and Alcimeda being informed of the tyrant's intention, conveyed their son to mount Pelion, where he was educated by Chiron. Having attained to maturity, he consulted the oracle; who encouraged him to repair to the court of Iolcos. Pelias, hearing of the arrival of this stranger, and of the circumstance of his appearance with only one sandal, concluded that this must be the person, whom the oracle had foretold. Having made himself and his situation known to his uncle, Jason demanded of him the crown, which he had to unjustly usurped. Pelias was greatly alarmed at this requisition. But knowing that a thirst for glory is the darling passion of youth, he contrived to appease his nephew's resentment by disclosing to him the means of gratifying his ambition. He assured him, that Phrixus, when he sailed from Orchomenos, had carried with him a fleece of gold, the possession of which would at the same time enrich and immortalize him. The proposal had its desired effect. Jason signified his acceptance of it, and collected speedily the most illustrious princes of Greece, who were eager to embark in a cause, that was at once advantageous and honourable. Who these heroes were, the route they took, the dangers with which they encountered, and the success they met with, are particulars recorded by Apollonius, and on which he has lavished all the graces of poetry.

Such is the history of the Golden Fleece, as delivered down to us by the ancient poets and historians. This celebrated expedition is generally supposed to be the first era of true history. Sir Isaac Newton places it about forty-three years after the death of Solomon, and nine hundred and thirty-seven years before the birth of Christ. He apprehends, that the Greeks, hearing of the distractions of Egypt, sent the most renowned heroes of their country in the ship *Argo*, to persuade the nations on the coast of the Luxine sea to throw off the Egyptian yoke, as the Lybians, Ethiopians, and Jews had before done. But Mr. Bryant has given us a far different account of this matter in his very learned system of mythology: whose sentiments on this head I have endeavoured to collect, and have ventured to give them a place in this preface. For the novelty of his hypothesis, and the learning and ingenuity with which it is supported, cannot fail to entertain and instruct us.

The main plot, says the learned and ingenious mythologist, as it is transmitted to us, is certainly a fable, and replete with inconsistencies and contradictions. Yet many writers, ancient and modern, have taken the account in gross; and with-

out hesitation, or exception to any particular part, have presumed to fix the time of this transaction. And having satisfied themselves in this point, they have presumed to make use of it for a stated era. Mr. Bryant is of opinion, that this history, upon which Sir Isaac Newton built so much, did certainly not relate to Greece; though adopted by the people of that country. He contends, that Sir Isaac's calculation rested upon a weak foundation. That it is doubtful, whether such persons as Chiron or Musæus ever existed; and still more doubtful, whether they formed a sphere for the Argonauts. He produces many arguments to convince us, that the expedition itself was not a Grecian operation; and that this sphere at any rate was not a Grecian work: and if not from Greece, it must certainly be the produce of Egypt. For the astronomy of Greece confessedly came from that country: consequently the history to which it alludes, must have been from the same quarter. Many of the constellations, says our author, are of Egyptian original. The zodiac, which Sir Isaac Newton supposed to relate to the Argonautic expedition, was, he asserts, an assemblage of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

After having enumerated all the particulars of their voyage, the different routes they are supposed to have taken, and the many inconsistencies with which the whole story abounds, Mr. Bryant proceeds to observe, that the mythology, as well as the rites of Greece, was borrowed from Egypt, and that it was founded upon ancient histories, which had been transmitted in hieroglyphical representations. These, by length of time, became obscure; and the sign was taken for the reality, and accordingly explained. Hence arose the fable about the bull of Europa, and the like. In all these is the same history under a different allegory and emblem. In the wanderings of Rhea, Isis, Astarte, Iona and Demeter, is figured out the separation of mankind by their families, and their journeying to their places of allotment. At the same time, the dispersion of one particular race of men, and their flight over the face of the earth, is principally described. Of this family were the persons, who preserved the chief memorials of the ark in the Gentile world. They represented it under different emblems, and called it Demeter, Pyrrha, Selene, Meen, Argo, Argus, Archas, and Archaius, or Archite. The Grecians, proceeds the learned writer, by taking this story of the *Argo* to themselves, have plunged into numberless difficulties. In the account of the *Argo*, we have undeniably the history of a sacred ship, the first that was ever constructed. This truth the best writers among the Grecians confess, though the merit of the performance they would fain take to themselves. Yet after all their prejudices, they continually betray the truth, and show that the history was derived to them from Egypt. The cause of all the mistakes in this curious piece of mythology arose from hence. The Arkites, who came into Greece, settled in many parts, but especially in Argolis and Thessalia; where they introduced their rites and worship. In the former of these re-

gions, they were commemorated under a notion of the arrival of Da-naus, or Danaus. It is supposed to have been a person, who fled from his brother Ægyptus, and came over in a sacred ship given him by Minerva. This ship, like the Argo, is said to have been the first ship constructed; and he was assisted in the building of it by the same Deity, Divine Wisdom. Both histories relate to the same event. Danaus, upon his arrival, built a temple, called Argus, to Iona, or Juno; of which he made his daughters priestesses. The people of the place had an obscure tradition of a deluge, in which most perished, some few only escaping. The principal of these was Deucalion, who took refuge in the acropolis, or temple. Those who settled in Thessaly, carried with them the same memorials concerning Deucalion, and his deliverance; which they appropriated to their own country. They must have had traditions of this great event strongly impressed upon their minds; as every place, to which they gave name, had some reference to that history. In process of time, these impressions grew more and more faint, and their emblematical worship became very obscure and unintelligible. Hence they confined the history of this event to their own country; and the Argo was supposed to have been built, where it was originally enshrined. As it was revered under the symbol of the moon, called Man or Mon, the people from this circumstance named their country Ai-mona, in after times rendered Aïmonia.

This extract from the ingenious and learned mythologist, will enable the reader to form some idea of his sentiments on this subject.

But whatever disgust the grave historian may have conceived at this unsightly mixture of the marvellous and the probable, the poet needs not be offended at it. Fiction is his province. He may be allowed to expatiate in the regions of fancy without controul, and to introduce his fiery bulls and sleepless dragons without the dread of censure.

The Argonautic expedition has been the admired subject of the Greek and Roman poets from Orpheus, or rather from Onomacritus, who lived in the times of Pisistratus, to those of our author's imitators, who lived in the decline of the Roman empire. To weigh the merits of these ancient poets in the just scale of criticism, and to appropriate to each his due share of praise, is a task too arduous and assuming for an humble editor to engage in. Yet such is the partiality of translators and editors to their favourite poets, that they wish either to find them seated above their rivals and contemporaries, on the summits of Parnassus, or, if possible, to fix them there. But vain are these wishes, unless the testimonies of the first writers of antiquity concur to gratify them. The reputation of Apollonius can neither be impaired nor enhanced by the strictures of Scaliger and Rapin: the judgment of Quintilian and Longinus may, indeed, more materially affect it. They have delivered their opinions on our author in the following words:

Ἐπίτοι γὰρ καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ δ' Ἀπολλωνίου, ὃ τῶν Ἀργοναυτικῶν ποιητῆς ἀρ' ὅν Ὀμηρὸς ἀνὴρ μάλλον, ἢ Ἀπολλωνίους ἰσθίους γινώσκει. *Scd. xxxiii. Longin. de Sublim.*

Non contemnendum edidit opus æquali quondam mediocritate.

Quintil. Inst. Orat. l. x. c. i.

Unfortunately, as it should seem, for the Rhodian, these celebrated strictures wear the double face of approbation and censure. The praise that is conveyed under the term ἑστῶτος, that he no where sinks, is lost in the implication, that he is no where elevated. The expression *non contemnendum opus*, apparently a flattering meiosis, is limited to its lowest sense by the subsequent observation, *æquali quondam, mediocritate*. But we must not desert our poet even in this extremity; for if imitation implies esteem and admiration, Apollonius's noblest eulogy will be found in the writings of Virgil. Those applauded passages in this poet, which are confessedly imitated from our author, may serve as a counterpoise to the sentence of the critics. Apollonius was Virgil's favourite author. He has incorporated into his Æneid his similes and his episodes; and has shown the superiority of his judgment by his just application and arrangement of them.

But it is not the Mantuan poet only, who has fetched from this storehouse the most precious materials. Valerius Flaccus, who has made choice of the same subject with the Rhodian, has discovered through every part of his work a singular predilection for him. He is allowed to have imitated the style of Virgil with tolerable success; but he is indebted for the conduct of his poem chiefly to Apollonius. It is remarkable, that Quintilian, who has objected mediocrity to our author, has mentioned this his closest imitator in terms of the highest respect. Yet must it be confessed that the genius of Flaccus seldom soars so high, as when it is invigorated and enlightened by the muse of Apollonius.

But the admiration in which this writer has been held by the Roman poets, did not expire with them. The rage of imitation, far from ceasing, has caught congenial spirits in every succeeding period; and the most approved passages in this elegant poem have been diffused through the works of the most admired moderns. It were needless to mention any other than Milton and Camoens. Milton's imitations of Apollonius are, many of them, specified in the notes inserted in Bishop Newton's valuable edition of all that writer's poetical works. Camoens, who has hitherto been known to the English reader only through the obscure and crude version of Fanshawe, has appeared of late greatly to advantage in the very animated translation of Mr. Mickle. That the refined taste of Camoens was formed on the model of the Greek and Roman poets, is evident throughout the Lusiad; which abounds in allusions to the pagan mythology, and is enriched with a profusion of graces drawn from the ancient classics. In the number of these it can be no disparagement to his poem to reckon Apollonius Rhodius; to the merit of whose work Camoens, if I misjudge not,

was no stranger. The subject of the Portuguese poem bears a striking resemblance to that which our author has chosen. For the heroes both of Portugal and Greece traversed unknown seas, in pursuit of the wealth with which an unknown country was expected to supply them. Camoens not only alludes to Argo and her demigods, but seems particularly fond of drawing a comparison betwixt the heroes of his country and those of Thessaly.

Here view thine Argonauts, in seas unknown, &c.

B. i. p. 9.

With such bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the first keel the Euxine surges plough'd;
When bravely venturous for the golden fleece,
Orac'lous Argo sail'd from wond'ring Greece.

B. iv. p. 172.

And soon after;

While each presag'd that great as Argo's fame,
Our fleet should give some starry band a name.

"The solemnity of the night spent in devotion, the affecting grief their friends and fellow-citizens, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and interesting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, unborrowed from any of the classics. See the concluding note to *B. iv.*

Apollonius has admitted into his first book, on a similar occasion, most of the abovementioned particulars, and many others equally interesting. The prayer of Jason, and the sacrifices previous to their embarkation, are circumstantially related. The lamentations of Alcimedea at the loss of her son, the silent grief of Jason his father, and the tears of his friends, contribute to make this parting scene the most pathetic imaginable. Through the whole of this affecting interview, Camoens seems not to have lost sight of Apollonius. But, lest it should be said, that a similarity of situations naturally produces a similarity of sentiments, and that we ought not to interpret a resemblance like this, which might be casual only, to be the effect of studied imitation; another passage may be selected from the *Lusiad*, which is universally admired for its genuine sublimity, and is affirmed to be the happiest effort of unassisted genius. "The apparition, which in night hovers athwart the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandest fiction in human composition; the invention his own!" See the Dissertation prefixed to Mr. Mickle's Translation of the *Lusiad*.

There is a passage in the third book of Apollonius, to which the description of the apparition at the Cape bears a striking resemblance: I mean the appearance of the ghost of Sthenelus, standing on his tomb, and surveying the Argonauts as they sail beside him. The description of Camoens is indeed heightened by many additional circumstances, and enriched with a profusion of the boldest images. The colouring is his own; but the first design and outlines of the piece appear to be taken from our poet.

But it is time to quit the imitators of Apollonius, and to give some account of his translators.

Dr. Broome, well known in the literary world for the part he took in the translation of the *Odyssey*, and for his notes annexed to it, has given an elegant version of the Loves of Jason and Medea, and of the story of Talus; which are published with his original poems. Mr. West, who has transfused into his version of the Odes of Pindar, much of the spirit of his sublime original, has presented us, in an English dress, with one or two detached pieces from our author. Mr. Ekins has translated the third book, and about two hundred lines of the fourth. Had this gentleman undertaken a version of the whole poem, Mr. Fawkes, I am confident, would have desisted from the attempt. The public has long been in possession of several translations of this latter writer. Those of Anacreon and Theocritus are acknowledged to have considerable merit. The work before us was undertaken at the request of Mr. Fawkes's particular friends; and the increasing number of his subscribers encouraged him to persevere in his design; but the completion of it was prevented by the premature stroke of fate. What part the editor has taken in this work, is a matter of too small importance to need an explanation. But lest his motive should be mistaken, and vanity should be supposed to have instigated what friendship only suggested, he begs leave to add, as the best apology he can offer for engaging in this work, that with no other ambition than to assist his friend, did he comply with his solicitations to become his coadjutor; and with no other motive does he now appear as his editor, than to enable the widow to avail herself of those generous subscriptions, for which she takes occasion here to make her thankful acknowledgments.

March 27. 1780.

THE ARGONAUTICS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book commences with the lift and character of the Argonauts: Before they embark, two of the chiefs quarrel, but are pacified by the harmony of Orpheus. They set sail, and land at Lemnos, an island inhabited by female warriors; who, though they had slain their husbands, and turned Amazons, are so charmed with these heroes, that they admit them to their beds. Thence they sail to the country of the Dolions, and are kindly received by their king Cyzicus. Looking from thence in the night, and being driven back by contrary winds, they are mistaken for Pelasgians, with whom the Dolions were then at war. A battle ensues, in which Cyzicus and many of his men are slain. The morning discovers the unhappy mistake. Thence they sail to Myfia. Hercules breaks his oar; and while he is gone into a wood to make a new one, Hylas is stolen by a nymph: as he is stooping for water at a fountain. Hercules and Polyphemus go in search of him: Meanwhile the Argonauts leave them behind, and sail to Bithynia.

INSPIR'D by thee, O Phœbus, I resound
The glorious deeds of heroes long renown'd,
Whom Pelias us'd the golden fleece to gain,
And well-built Argô wait'd o'er the main,
Through the Cyanean rocks. The voice divine
Pronounc'd this sentence from the sacred shrine:
'Erelong and dreadful woes, foredoom'd by fate,
'Through that man's counsels shall on Pelias
'wait,
'Whom he, before the altar of his god,
'Shall view in public with one sandal shod.' 10
And, lo! as by this oracle foretold,
What time adventurous Jason, brave and bold,
Anaurus past, high swain with winter's flood,
He left one sandal rooted in the mud.
To Pelias, thus, the hasty prince repair'd,
And the rich banquet at his altar shar'd.
The stately altar, with oblations stor'd,
Was to his fire erected, ocean's lord,
And every power that in Olympus reigns,
Save Juno, regent of Thessalia's plains. 20
Pelias, whose looks his latent fears express'd,
Fir'd with a bold adventure Jason's breast;
That, sunk in ocean, or on some rude shore
Prostrate, he ne'er might view his country more.
Old bards affirm this warlike ship was made
By skilful Argus, with Minerva's aid.
'Tis mine to sing the chiefs, their names and race,
Their tedious wanderings on the main to trace,

And all their great achievements to rehearse:
Deign, ye propitious nine, to aid my verse. 30
First in the list, to join the princely bands,
The tuneful bard, enchanting Orpheus, stands;
Whom fair Calliope, on Thracia's shore,
Near Pimpla's mount, to bold Cægrus bore.
Hard rocks he soften'd with persuasive song,
And sooth'd the rivers as they roll'd along.
Yon beeches tall, that bloom near Zona, still
Remain memorials of his vocal skill:
His lays Piers's listening trees admire,
And move in measures to his melting lyre. 40
Thus Orpheus charm'd, who o'er the Bistons
reign'd,
By Chiron's art to Jason's interest gain'd,
Afterion next; whose fire rejoic'd to till
Pirelian vallies by Phylleion's hill,
Born near Apidanus, who sportive leads
His winding waters through the fertile meads;
There where, from far, Enipeus, stream divine,
And wide Apidanus their currents join.
The son of Elatus, of deathless fame,
From fair Larissa, Polyphemus came. 50
Long since, when in the vigour of his might,
He join'd the hardy Lapithæ in fight
Against the Centaurs; now his strength reclin'd
Through age, yet young and martial was his mind.
Nor long at Phylace Iphiclus staid,
Great Jason's uncle; pleas'd he join'd his aid,

And march'd to meet th' adventurous band from
far,

Urg'd by affinity and love of war.

Nor long Admetus, who at Phææ reign'd,
Near high Chalcodon's bleating fields remain'd.

Echion, Erytus, for wiles renown'd, 61

Left Alopec, with golden harvests crown'd;

The gainful sons of Mercury: with these

Their brother came, the bold Æthalides;

Whom fair Eupolema, the Phthian, bore

Where smooth Amphryfos rolls his watery store:

Those, Menetus, from thy fair daughter sprung,

Antianira, beautiful and young.

Coronus came, from Gyrton's wealthy town,

Great as his fire in valour and renown, 70

Cæneus his fire; who, as old bards relate,

Receiv'd from Centaurs his untimely fate.

Alone, unaided, with transcendent might,

Boldly he fac'd, and put his foes to flight.

But they, reviving soon, regain'd their ground;

Yet fail'd to vanquish, and they could not wound.

Unbroke, unmov'd, the chief his breath resigns,

O'erwhelm'd beneath a monument of pines.

From Titarefus Mopius bent his way,

Inspir'd an augur by the god of day, 80

Eurydamas, to share fair honour's crown,

Forsook near Xynia's lake his native town,

Nam'd Ctimenta: Menœus join'd the band,

Dismiss'd from Opuns by his fire's command.

Next came Eurytion, Irus' valiant son,

And Eribotes, seed of Telcon.

Qileus join'd these heroes, fam'd afar

For stratagems and fortitude in war;

Well skill'd the hostile squadrons to subdue, 90

Bold in attack, and ardent to pursue.

Next by Canethus, son of Abans, sent,

Ambitious Canthus from Eubœa went;

Doom'd ne'er again to reach his native shore,

Nor view the towers of proud Cærinthus more.

For thus decreed the destinies severe,

That he and Mopius, venerable seer,

After long toils and various wanderings past,

On Afric's dreary coast should breathe their last.

How short the term assign'd to human woe,

Cloth'd as it is by death's decisive blow! 100

On Afric's dreary coast their graves were made,

From Phæis distant far their bones were laid,

Far as the east and western limits run,

Far as the rising from the setting sun.

Clytiús and Iphitus unite their aid,

Who all the country round Æchalla sway'd;

These were the sons of Eurytus the proud,

On whom his bow the god of day bestow'd;

But he, devoid of gratitude, defy'd,

And challeng'd Phœbus with a rival's pride. 110

The sons of Æacus, intrepid race!

Separate advanc'd, and from a different place.

For when their brother unawares they slew,

From fair Ægina diverse they withdrew.

Fair Salamis king Telamon obey'd,

And valiant Peleus Phthia's sceptre sway'd.

Next Butes came from fam'd Cæropia far,

Brave I'eleon's son, a chief renown'd in war.

To wield the deadly lance Phalerus boasts,

Who, by his fire commission'd, joins the hosts. 120

No son, save this, e'er blest'd the hoary sage;

And this Heaven gave him in declining age:

Yet him he sent, disdaining abject fears,

To shine conspicuous 'midst his gallant peers.

Theſeus, far more than all his race renown'd,

Fast in the cave of Tænarus was bound

With adamantine fetters, (dire abode)!

E'er since he trod th' irremovable road

With his belov'd Pirithôus: had they fail'd,

Much had their might, their courag'd much a- 130

vail'd.

Æætion Tiphys came, experienc'd well

Old ocean's foaming surges to foretell,

Experienc'd well the stormy winds to shun,

And steer his vessel by the stars or sun.

Minerva urg'd him by her high command,

A welcome mate to join the princely band.

For she the ship had form'd with heav'nly skill,

Though Argus wrought the dictates of her will.

Thus plann'd, thus fashion'd, this fam'd ship ex- 140

cell'd

The noblest ships by oar or sail impell'd.

From Arathyrea, that near Corinth lay,

Phlias, the son of Bacchus, bent his way;

Blefs'd by his fire, his splendid mansion stood

Fast by the fountains of Alopous' flood.

From Argos next the sons of Bias came,

Areus, Talas, candidates for fame,

With bold Leodocus, whom Pero bore,

Neleus' fair daughter, on the Argive shore;

For whom Melampus various woes sustain'd,

In a deep dungeon by Iphiclus chain'd. 150

Next Hercules, endued with dauntless mind,

At Jason's summons stay'd not long behind.

For warn'd of this adventurous band, when last

The chief to Argos from Arcadia past,

(What time in chains he brought the living bear,

The dread, the bane of Erymanthia's moor,

And at the gates of proud Mycenæ's town,

From his broad shoulders hurl'd the monster 160

down):

Unask'd the stern Mycenian king's consent,

Instant to join the warlike host he went. 160

Young Hylas waited with obsequious care,

The hero's quiver and his bow to bear.

Next came the list of demigods to grace,

He who from Danaüs deriv'd his race,

Nauplius; of whom fam'd Prætus was the son

Of Prætus Lernus; thus the lineage run:

From Lernus Naubolus his being claim'd,

Whose valiant son was Clytœus nam'd.

In navigation's various arts confess'd

Shone Nauplius' skill, superior to the rest: 170

Him to the sea's dread lord, in days of yore,

Danaüs' fair daughter, Amyclone bore.

Last of those chiefs who left the Grecian coast,

Prophetic Idmon join'd the gallant host;

(Full well he knew what cruel fate ordain'd;

But dreaded more than death his honour stain'd)

The son of Phœbus by some stol'n embrace,

And number'd too with Æolus' race.

He learn'd his art prophetic from his fire,

Omens from birds, and prodigies from fire. 180

Illustrious Pollox, fam'd for martial force,

And Castor, skill'd to guide the rapid horse,

Ætolian Leda sent from Sparta's shore :
Both at one birth in Tyndarus house the bore.
No boding fears her generous mind depress'd ;
She thought like them whom Jove's embrace had
bless'd.

Lynceus and Idas, from Arene's wall,
Heard fame's loud summons, and obey'd her call :
The sons of Aphareus, of matchless might,
But Lynceus stands renown'd for piercing sight :
So keen his beam that ancient fables tell,
He saw through earth the wondrous depths of hell.
With these bold Periclymenus appears,
The son of Neleus, most advanc'd in years
Of all his race ; his fire's unconquer'd pride :
Him with vast strength old ocean's lord supply'd,
And gaye the power when hard in battle press'd,
To take whatever form might suit him best.
From Tegea's towers where bore Aphidas sway,
Amphidamas and Cepheus took their way,
The sons of Aleus both ; and with them went
Ancæus, by his fire Lycurgus sent.
Of those the brother, and by birth the first,
Was good Lycurgus ; tenderly he nurs'd
His fire at home ; but bade his gallant son
With the bold chiefs the race of glory run.
Of his broad back a bear's rough spoils he wore,
And in his hand a two-edg'd pole-ax bore,
Which, that the youth might in no danger share,
Were safe secreted by his grandfire's care.
Augeas, too, lord of the Elean coast,
Sail'd, brave associate, with the warlike host.
Rich in possessions, of his riches proud,
Fame says his being to the sun he ow'd.
Ardent he wish'd to see the Colchian shore,
And old Æeta who the sceptre bore.
Alterius and Amphion, urg'd by fame,
The valiant sons of Hyperæus came
From fair Pellene, built in days of yore
By Pelle's grandfire on the lofty shore.
By Tenarus, that yawns with gulf profound,
Euphemus came, for rapid race renown'd.
By Neptune forc'd, Europa gave him birth,
Daughter to Tityus, hugest son of earth.
Whene'er he skim'd along the watery plain,
With feet unbath'd he swept the furling main,
Scarce brush'd the surface of the briny dew,
And light along the liquid level flew.
Two other sons of Neptune join'd the host,
This from Miletus on th' Ionian coast,
Erginus nam'd, but that from Samos came,
Juno's lov'd isle, Ancæus was his name ;
Illustrious chiefs, and both renown'd afar
For the joint arts of sailing and of war.
Young Melcæger, Æneus' warlike son,
And sage Laocoon march'd from Calydon.
From the same father he and Æneus sprung ;
But on the breasts of different mothers hung.
Him Æneus purpos'd with his son to send,
A wife companion, and a faithful friend.
Thus to the royal chiefs his name he gave,
And, green in years, was number'd with the brave.
Had he continu'd but one summer more
A martial pupil on th' Ætolian shore,
First on the lists of fame the youth had shone,
Or own'd superior Hercules alone.

His uncle too, well-skill'd the dart to throw,
And in th' embattled plain resist the foe,
Iphiclus, venerable Theseus' son,
Join'd the young chief and boldly led him on.
The son of Lernus, Palæmonius, came,
Olenian Lernus ; but the voice of fame
Whispers that Vulcan was the hero's fire,
And, therefore, limps he like the god of fire.
Of nobler port or valour none could boast ;
He added grace to Jason's godlike host.
From Phocis Iphitus with ardour press'd
To join the chiefs ; great Jason was his guest.
When to the Delphic oracle he went,
Consulting fate, and anxious for th' event,
Zetes and Calais of royal race,
Whom Orithyia bore in wintry Thrace,
To blustering Boreas in his airy hall,
Heard fame's loud summons, and obey'd the call.
Erectheus, who th' Athenian sceptre sway'd,
Was parent of the violated maid,
Whom dancing with her mates rude Boreas stole,
Where the fam'd waters of Ilissus roll ;
And to his rock-fenc'd Sarpedonian cave
Convey'd her, where Erginus pours his wave.
There, circumfus'd in gloom and grateful shade,
The god of tempests woo'd the gentle maid.
They, when on tip-toe rais'd, in act to fly,
Like the light-pinion'd vagrants of the sky,
Wav'd their dark wings, and, wondrous to behold !
Display'd each plume distinct with drops of gold ;
While down their backs, of bright cerulean hue,
Loose in the wind their wanton tresses flew.
Not long with Pelias young Acastus stay'd ;
He left his fire to lend the Grecians aid.
Argus, whom Pallas with her gifts inspir'd,
Follow'd his friend, with equal glory fir'd.
Such the compeers of Jason highly fam'd ;
And all these demigods were Minyans nam'd.
The most illustrious heroes of the host
Their lineage from the seed of Minyas boast :
For Minyas' daughter, Clymena the fair,
Alcmeda, great Jason's mother bare.
When all was furnish'd by the busy band
Which vessels destin'd for the main demand ;
The heroes from lōcos bent their way
To the fam'd port, the Pagæan bay,
And deep-environd with thick gathering crowds,
They shone like stars resplendent through the
clouds.
Then thus among the rout, with wondering look,
Some swain survey'd the bright-arm'd chiefs and
spoke :
' Say, what can Pelias, mighty Jove, intend,
' Far, far from Greece so great a force to send !
' Sure, should Æeta spurn the sons of Greece,
' And to their claims refuse the golden fleece,
' That self-same day shall see his palace crown'd
' With glittering turrets levell'd to the ground.
' But endless toils pursue them as they go,
' And fate has mark'd their desperate steps with
' woe.'

Thus, when he saw the delegated bands,
Spoke the rude swain with heaven-uplifted hands :
The gentler females thus the gods implore,
" Safe may they reach again their native shores !"

And thus some matron mild her mind express'd ;
 (Tears in her eye, and terrors at her breast) 310
 ' Unfortunate Alcimeda, thy fate
 ' Now frowns malignant, though it frowns fo
 ' Nor wills the tenor of thy life to run [late ;
 ' Serene and peaceful, as it first begun.
 ' On Æson too attend unnumber'd woes ;
 ' Far, better far, a lingering life to close,
 ' And bury all his sorrows in the tomb ;
 ' Unconscious of calamities to come.
 ' Oh ! had both Phrixus and the ram been drown'd
 ' When Helle perish'd in the gulf profound : 320
 ' But the dire monster was with voice endu'd,
 ' And human accents from his mouth ensu'd,
 ' To sad Alcimeda denouncing strife,
 ' And woes to cloud the evening of her life.'
 Thus spoke some matron as the heroes went ;
 Around their lords the menial train lament :
 Alcimeda embrac'd her son with tears,
 Each breast was chill'd with sad presaging fears.
 Age-drooping Æson heard the general moan,
 Wrapp'd in soft robes, and answer'd groan for
 groan. 330

But Jason soothes their fears, their bosom warms,
 And bids his servants bring the burnish'd arms.
 They, with a downcast look and lowly bow,
 Obey their chief with silent steps and slow.
 The pensive queen, while tears bedew her face,
 Her son still circles with a fond embrace.
 Thus to her nurse an infant orphan springs,
 And weeps unceasing as she closely clings ;
 Experienc'd insults make her loath to stay
 Beneath a stepdame's proud, oppressive sway.
 Thus in her royal breast the sorrows pent 341
 Forc'd sighs and tears, and struggled for a vent.
 Still in her arms she held her favourite son,
 And comfortless with faltering speech begun :
 ' Oh had I died on that detested day,
 ' And with my sorrows sigh'd my soul away,
 ' When Pelias publish'd his severe decree,
 ' Severe and fatal to my son and me !
 ' Thyself had then my aged eyelids clos'd, [pos'd ;
 ' And those dear hands my decent limbs com-
 ' This boon alone I wish'd thee to impart, 351
 ' This wish alone lay dormant at my heart.
 ' But now, alas ! though first of Grecian names,
 ' Admir'd and envy'd by Thessalian dames,
 ' I, like an handmaid, now am left behind,
 ' Bereav'd of all tranquillity of mind.
 ' By thee rever'd, in dignity I shone,
 ' And first and last for thee unloos'd my zone.
 ' For unrelenting hate Lucina bore,
 ' Thee, one lov'd son, she gave, but gave no more.
 ' Alas ! not ev'n the visions of the night 560
 ' Foretold such fatal woes from Phrixus' flight.'

Thus mourn'd Alcimeda ; her handmaids hear,
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.
 Then Jason these consoling words address'd,
 To sooth the rising anguish of her breast :
 ' Cease, mother, cease excess of grief to show,
 ' Oh ! cease this wild extravagance of woe.
 ' Tears cannot make one dire disaster less ;
 ' They cherish grief, and aggravate distress. 370
 ' Wisely and justly have the gods assign'd
 ' Unthought-of miseries to all mankind.

' The lot they give you, though perchance severe
 ' Confiding in Minerva, bravely bear.
 ' Minerva first this bold adventure mov'd,
 ' Apollo, and the oracles approv'd.
 ' These calls of heaven our confidence command,
 ' Join'd with the valour of this princely band.
 ' Haste, royal mother, to your native tow'rs,
 ' Pass with your handmaids there the peaceful
 " hours. 380

' Forbode not here calamities to come :
 ' Your female train will re-conduct you home."
 He spoke ; and from the palace bent his way,
 Graceful of port ; so moves the god of day
 At Delos, from his odour-breathing fanes,
 Or Claros situate on Ionian plains,
 Or Lycia's ample shores, where Xanthus leads
 His winding waters through irriguous meads.
 Thus Jason march'd majestic through the crowd,
 And fame auspicious rais'd her voice aloud : 390
 When lo ! the priestess of Diana came,
 Their guardian goddess, Iphias was her name,
 Bending with age, and kiss'd the chief's right
 hand ;

In vain she wish'd to speak ; the hasty band
 With speedy footsteps from the dame withdrew,
 And Jason mingled with his valiant crew.
 Then from the tower-fenc'd town he bent his way,
 And reach'd ere long the Pagæan bay ;
 There join'd his comrades waiting on the coast,
 And there saluted his confederate host. 400
 When from Æolos, lo, the wondering train
 Observe Acastus hastening o'er the plain.
 And with him Argus, his compeer and friend ;
 Unknown to Pelias, to the ship they tend.
 Argus around his brawny shoulders flung
 A bull's black spoils that to his ancles hung.
 Acastus wore a mantle rich and gay,
 Wrought by his sister lovely Pelops.
 Thus rob'd, the chiefs approach'd the crowded
 shore :

Illustrious Jason stay'd not to explore 410
 What cause so long detain'd them, but commands
 To council all the delegated bands.
 On shrouds and sails that cover'd half the beach,
 And the tall, tapering mast, in order each,
 The heroes sat ; then rising o'er the rest,
 His bold associates Jason thus address'd :
 ' Since now the itores lie ready on the strand,
 ' And since our chiefs and arms are all at hand,
 ' No longer let us waste the golden day,
 ' But the first summons of the breeze obey. 420
 ' And, since we all with equal ardour burn
 ' For Colchian spoils, and hope a safe return,
 ' Impartial choose some hero sam'd afar
 ' To guide the vessel, and conduct the war,
 ' Let him, your sovereign chief, with foreign foes
 ' The terms of treaty, and of fight propose.

He spoke ; with earnest eyes the youthful band
 Mark bold Alcides for supreme command ;
 On him with voice unanimous they call,
 Own him their leader, and the lord of all. 430
 In the mid circle sat the godlike man,
 His broad right hand he wav'd, and thus began :
 ' Let none to me this arduous task assign,
 ' For I the glory with the charge decline.

" Jason alone shall lead this valiant band,
 " The chief who rais'd it, let that chief com-
 " mand."

Thus briefly spoke th' unconquerable man;
 Loud approbation through the circle ran:
 Then Jason rose (complacence fill'd his breast),
 And thus the pleas'd attentive throng address'd:

' Friends and associates, since your wills decree
 ' This great, this honourable trust to me, 442
 ' No longer be our enterprise delay'd:
 ' To Phœbus first be due oblations paid;
 ' Let then a short repast our strength renew:
 ' And, till my herdsmen to our gallant crew
 ' With beeves return, the best my stalls contain,
 ' Strive we to launch our vessel in the main.
 ' And when close stow'd our military stores,
 ' Each take his post, and ply the nimble oars.
 ' To Phœbus first, Embasian Phœbus, raise, 451
 ' The smoking altar; let the victims blaze.

' He promis'd, if due rites to him I pay, [way.
 ' To point through ocean's paths our dubious
 He said, and instant to the task he flew;
 Example fir'd his emulative crew.

They heap'd their vestments on a rock, that stood
 Far from the insults of the roaring flood, 458
 But, in times past, when win'try storms prevail'd,
 Th' encroaching waves its towering top assail'd.
 As Argus counsel'd, with strong ropes they bound,
 Compacting close, the vessel round and round;
 Then with stout nails the sturdy planks they
 join'd,

To brave the fury of the waves or wind:
 Next delv'd with spades a channel deep and wide,
 Through which the ship might launch into the
 tide.

Near to the water deeper was the way,
 Where wooden cylinders transversely lay;
 On these they heav'd the vessel from the plain,
 To roll her, smoothly-gliding, to the main. 470
 Then to the benches, tapering oars they fix'd;
 A cubit's measure was the space betwixt:
 This was the station for the labouring bands,
 To tug with bending breasts, and out-stretch'd
 hands.

First Tiphys mounted on th' aerial prow
 To issue orders to the train below,
 That at his word, their strength uniting, all
 Might join together, and together haul.
 With eager look th' attentive heroes stand,
 And wait impatient till he gave command; 480
 Then all at once, with full exerted sway,
 They move her from the station where she lay,
 And pushing instant, as the pilot guides,
 On smooth round rollers Pelian Argo glides;
 Glibly she glides; loud shouts the jovial band;
 They haul, they pull, they push her from the
 strand

Beneath the huge bulk groan the rollers strong;
 Black smoke arises as she moves along;
 With swift deicent the rushes to the main:
 Coercive ropes her rapid race restrain. 490
 Then next, their sails they hoisted, fix'd their oars,
 The mast erected, and embark'd the stores.
 By lots on benches were the heroes plac'd,
 And with two heroes every bench was grac'd.

On great Alcides, formidable name,
 And on Ancæus, who from Tegea came,
 With voice unanimous, the martial host
 Bestow'd the centre's honourable post.
 To watchful Tiphys was the helm assign'd, 499
 To stem the waves, and catch the favouring wind.
 This done, with stones beside the shore which lay,
 They rear'd an altar to the god of day,
 Embasian Phœbus, and the surface round
 With the dry branches of an olive crown'd.
 Meanwhile the herdsmen drove two beeves well
 fed

From Jason's stalls; youths to the altar led
 The victims; some brought water from the lake;
 Some the due offering of the salted cake.
 Jason, while these the sacrifice prepare,
 Thus to his parent god prefers his pray'r: 510

' Patron of Pagasæ, thine ear we claim,
 ' Guard of the city grac'd with Jason's name:
 ' When to consult thine oracle I went, 515
 ' It promis'd to reveal this great event,
 ' The final issue of our bold emprise:
 ' On thee, chief author, all our hope relies.
 ' Conduct my comrades to the far-fam'd fleece,
 ' Then safe restore them to the realms of Greece.
 ' And here I vow, whatever chiefs return,
 ' So many bulls shall on thine altar burn; 520
 ' A sacrifice at Delphos is decreed,
 ' And in Ortygia shall the victims bleed.
 ' But now these humble offerings which we pay,
 ' Gracious accept, far-darting god of day,
 ' Be thou, O father, our auspicious guide,
 ' When hence we sail across the sounding tide.
 ' Smooth the rough billows, and let breezes bland
 ' Propitious waft us to the Colchian land.'

Thus pray'd he suppliant, and prepar'd to make
 The sacred offering of the salted cake. 430
 Alcides, fam'd for manly strength and sway,
 And bold Ancæus rose the beeves to slay.
 Alcides' club impress'd a deadly wound
 On the steer's front, and sell'd him to the ground.
 Thy axe, Ancæus, at one sturdy stroke,
 The steer's skull fractur'd, and the neck-bone
 broke,

Down fell the victim, floundering with the blow,
 Prone on his horns, and plough'd the sand below.
 The ready train, that round in order stood,
 Stab the fallen beeves, and shed the life-warm
 blood; 540

Then from the body strip the smoking hide,
 The beasts they quarter, and the joints divide;
 The thighs devoted to the gods they part,
 On these the fat, involv'd in cawls, with art
 They spread, and as the lambent flame devours,
 The Grecian chief the pure libation pours.
 Joy fill'd the breast of Idmon to behold,
 How from the thighs the flame reluctant roll'd
 In purple volumes, and propitious smoke;
 And thus the steer, inspir'd by Phœbus spoke:

' Though various perils your attempt oppose,
 ' And toils unnumber'd bring unnumber'd woes;
 ' Yet shall ye safe return, ye sons of Greece, 553
 ' Adorn'd with conquest, and the golden fleece.
 ' Me cruel fate ordains on Asia's shore
 ' To die, nor ne'er behold my country more.

' And though my destiny long fix'd I knew,
 ' Yet, still resolv'd, I join'd the martial crew;
 ' Inflam'd with glory to the host I came,
 ' Of life regardless, emulous of fame.' 560
 Thus he: the host the fate of Idmon mourn,
 But joy transports them for their wish'd return.
 The sun, remitting now his fiercer ray,
 Pours from the west the faint remains of day:
 Low as he sinks, the lofty rocks expand
 Their lengthen'd shadows o'er the distant land.
 On leafy couches now the warlike train
 Repose along the beach that skirts the main.
 Before the chiefs are savoury viands plac'd,
 And generous wines, delicious to the taste. 570
 The hours in mutual converse they employ,
 In festive songs, and undissembled joy.
 Thus at the banquet sport the young and gay,
 When mirth breaks in, and envy skulks away.
 But not unmark'd was Jason's pensive look;
 Idas beheld him, and licentious spoke:

' What doubts, what fears, do Æion's son perplex?
 ' What dangers fright him, and what sorrows
 ' Proclaim thy thoughts: or is thy dubious mind
 ' Dismay'd with terrors of the dastard kind? 580
 ' Now by this stout, unconquer'd lance, I swear,
 ' On which in war victorious wreaths I bear,
 ' Scorning from Jove's assistance to receive
 ' Those palms, which this resistless lance can give)
 ' No foes shall brave, no wiles of war withstand,
 ' Though Jove frown adverse, this impetuous hand.
 ' Such Idas is, for prowess fam'd afar,
 ' Arene's boast, the thunderbolt of war."
 [This said, the boaster seiz'd a goblet, fill'd
 With racy wine, and to the bottom swill'd. 590
 O'er his black beard and cheeks the liquor flow'd:
 Th' assembled host with indignation glow'd.
 Then Idmon rose, and boldly thus reply'd:

" Vain wretch! to brand our leader and our
 " guide; [wine,
 " And more irreverent still, thus flush'd with
 " To dare reproach superior powers divine.
 " Far different speech must cheer the social train;
 " Thy words are brutish, and thy boasts are
 " vain.
 " Thus, fame reports, the Aloïdæ strove
 " Long since to irritate the powers above 600
 " By vile aspersions, infamously free;
 " Yet they in valour far exceeded thee.
 " Slain by the shafts of Phœbus, down they fell,
 " Though high aspiring, to the depths of hell."

He said; but Idas, with sarcastic sneer,
 Laughing, provok'd the venerable seer:
 ' Declare, wise angur, if the gods decree,
 ' The same perdition shall be hurl'd on me,
 ' Which fam'd Aloëus' impious sons beset 609
 ' When slain by Phœbus, and condemn'd to hell.
 ' Meantime escape, or manfully withstand,
 ' Vain fear, the fury of this vengeful hand.'

Thus Idas spoke, impatient of controul,
 And rising rage inflam'd his fiery soul;
 Nor had they here ceas'd fiercely to contest,
 But Jason and his friends their wrath repress'd.
 'Twas then, the jarring heroes to compose,
 Th' enchanting bard, Oeagrian Orpheus rose,

And thus, attuning to the trembling strings
 His soothing voice, of harmony he sings: 610
 " How at the first, beneath chaotic sway,
 " Heaven, earth, and sea, in wild disorder lay;
 " Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
 " And beauteous order from confusion rose.
 " How in yon bright ethereal fields above
 " The lucid stars in constant orbits move;
 " How the pale queen of night, and golden sun,
 " Through months and years their radiant jour-
 neys run: [woods,
 " Whence rose the mountains, clad with waving
 " The crystal founts; and hoarse-rolling floods,
 " With all their nymphs; from what celestial seed
 " Springs the vast species of the serpent breed:
 " How o'er the new-created world below, 633
 " On high Olympus' summits crown'd with snow,
 " Ophion, and, from ocean sprung of old,
 " The fair Eurynome reign'd uncontroll'd:
 " How haughty Saturn, with superior sway,
 " Exil'd Ophion from the realms of day;
 " Eurynome before proud Rhea fled, 639
 " And how both sunk in ocean's billowy bed.
 " Long time they rul'd the blest Titanian gods,
 " While infant Jove possess'd the dark abodes
 " Of Diôtë's cave; yet uninform'd his mind
 " With heavenly wisdom, and his hand confin'd.
 " Forg'd by earth's giant sons, with livid rays
 " Flam'd not as yet the lightning's piercing blaze;
 " Nor roar'd the thunder through the realms
 " above,

" The strength and glory of almighty Jove."
 Here the sweet bard his tuneful lyre unstrung,
 And ceas'd the heavenly music of his tongue; 650
 But, with the found entranc'd, the listening ear
 Still thought him singing, and still seem'd to
 hear:

In silent rapture every chief remains,
 And feels within his heart the thrilling strains.
 Forthwith the bowl they crown with rosy wine,
 And pay due honours to the powers divine;
 Then on the flaming tongues libations pour,
 And wait salubrious sleep's composing hour.
 Soon as the bright-ey'd morning's splendid ray
 On Pelion's summit pour'd the welcome day, 660
 Light skimm'd the breezes o'er the liquid plain,
 And gently swell'd the fluctuating main;
 Then Tiphys rose, and, summon'd by his care,
 Embark the heroes, and their oars prepare.
 Portentous now along the winding shores
 Hoarse sounding Pagasæan Neptune roars:
 From Pelion Argo's keel loud murmurs broke,
 Urgent to fail; the keel of sacred oak,
 Endu'd with voice, and marvellously wrought,
 Itonian Pallas from Dodona brought. 670

Now on their destin'd posts, arrang'd along,
 In seemingly order fat the princely throng;
 Fast by each chief his glittering armour flames:
 The midmost station bold Anceus claims,
 With great Alcides (whose enormous might
 Arm'd with a massy club provokes the fight),
 Close plac'd beside him: in the yielding flood
 The keel deep-sinking owns the demigod.

Their hausers now they loose, and on the breeze
 To Neptune pour the consecrated wine: 680

Then from his native shore sad Jason turns
His oft-reverted eye, and silent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphic fane,
Or where Ismenus laves Mæotia's plain,
Apollo's altar round, the youthful choir,
The dance according with the sounding lyre,
The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in measure their alternate feet;
Together so Theſſalia's princes sweep
With well-tim'd oars the silver-curling deep : 690
While, raising high the Thracian harp, presides
Melodious Orpheus, and the movement guides.
Dash'd by their oars, the foaming billows broke,
And loud remurmur'd to each mighty stroke.
Swift sail'd the ship, the sun refulgent beam'd,
And bright as flame their glittering armour
gleam'd,

While to their outstretch'd oars the heroes bow,
The parted ocean whitening foams below.
So shines the path, along some grassy plain,
Worn by the footsteps of the village swain. 700
Th' immortal powers that Jove's proud palace
crown,

All on that memorable day look'd down,
The godlike chiefs and Argo to survey,
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too on Pelion's cloud-capt summit stood
The nymphs that wander in that sacred wood;
Wondering they view'd below the sailing pine,
(Itonian-Pallas fram'd the work divine)
And bold Theſſalia's labouring heroes sweep
With stretching oars the navigable deep. 710

Lo! from the mountain's topmost cliff descends
The Centaur Chiron; to the shore he bends
His hasty footsteps: on the beach he stood,
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the hoary flood.
He hail'd the heroes with his big broad hand,
And wish'd them safe to gain their native land.
With Chiron came Chariclo to the shore;
The young Achilles in her arms she bore.
Pelus, his sire, with secret pleasure smil'd,
As high in air he rais'd the royal child. 720

And now the winding bay's safe precincts pass,
Theſſalian Argo plough'd the watery waste;
On Tiphys' care the valiant chiefs rely'd,
To steer the vessel o'er the foaming tide,
The smooth well-modell'd rudder to command,
Obsequious to the movement of his hand.

And next inserting in the keel below
The mast tall-tapering, to the stern and prow,
With ropes that through the rolling pulleys glide,
They rear upright, and firm on every side. 730
Then high in air the swelling sails they raise,
While on their bosoms buxom Zephyr plays.
With favouring gales their steady course they
keep

To where Tifzum frowns upon the deep.
Meanwhile sweet Orpheus, as they sail'd along,
Rais'd to Diana the melodious song, [sides,
Who sav'd them, where her guardian power pre-
From treacherous rocks that lurk beneath the tides.
The fish in shoals, attentive to his lay,
Pursu'd the poet o'er the watery way; 740
And oft emerging from their liquid sphere,
Europe more distinct his heavenly notes to hear.

As sheep in flocks thick-pasturing on the plain
Attend the footsteps of the shepherd-swain,
His well-known call they hear, and fully fed,
Pace slowly on, their leader at their head;
Who pipes melodious, as he moves along,
On sprightly reeds his modulated song:
Thus charm'd with tuneful sounds the scaly train
Pursu'd the flying vessel o'er the main. 750

And now the winds with favouring breezes blew,
Corn crown'd Theſſalia lessen'd to the view,
The Grecian heroes pass by Pelion's steep,
Whose rocky summit nodded o'er the deep.
Now Sepias' cliffs beneath the waves subside,
And sea-girt Sciathos surmounts the tide.
Next, but far distant, was Pireſia seen,
(Built on Magnesia's continent serene)
And Dolops' tomb, for this pacific shore,
Blest with mild evening's soften'd gales, they bore.
To him with victims was an altar crown'd, 760
While night prevail'd, and ocean roar'd around.
Two days they tarried, till propitious gales
Rose with the third, and bellied all their sails.
Assiduous then, the well-known shore they fill,
The shore call'd Aphetæ of Argo still.
Next Melibœa, on Theſſalia's shore,
They pass, where winds and thundering tempests
roar.

At early dawn, incumbent o'er the deep,
They view high Omole's aspiring steep. 770
Next by the streams of Amyrus they steer,
And where thy vales, Euryœna, appear,
And Ossa and Olympus' shady brow;
Loud from deep caverns gush the waves below.
By night beside Pellene's heights they sail,
And rough Canastra frowning o'er the vale.
But when the morn display'd her orient light,
Fall Athos rose conspicuous to the sight;
Which though from Lemnos far remov'd it lay,
As far as ships can sail till noon of day, 780
Yet the proud mountain's high-exalted head,
A gloom umbrageous o'er Myrina spread.
All day till eve the soft indulgent gales
Their succour lent, and fill'd the swelling sails.
But when with eve the breezes ceas'd to blow,
The mariners to Sintian Lemnos row,
Ill-fated island! where the female train
Had all the males, the year preceding, slain.
For, deep-enamour'd with the nymphs of Thrace,
The men declin'd the conjugal embrace; 790
Their wives they slighted, and unwary led
War's pleasing spoils, fair captives, to their bed.
For angry Venus robb'd of love's delights
The Lemnian females, for neglected rites.
Ah miserable train! with envy curs'd,
And jealousy, of passions far the worst!
One fatal night this unrelenting crew
Their mates and all the lovely captives slew,
And every male, left in the course of time
Should rise some hero to revenge the crime. 800
Hypsipyla alone, illustrious maid,
Spar'd her sire Thoas, who the sceptre sway'd.
With pious care, in reverence to his age,
In a capacious ark she plac'd the sage,
Confiding in the mercy of the wave
The monarch from the massacre to save.

Some faithful fishers, to their mandate just,
Convey'd with care the delegated trust
Safe to a neighbouring sea-surrounded shore,
Æneæ nam'd, so nam'd in days of yore, 810
Now Sicinum; from Sicinus it takes
Its title, whom a Naiad of the lakes,
The nymph Æneæ, beautiful and fair,
Compress'd by l'hoas, to the monarch bare.
The widow'd Lemnians, though by waves se-

cur'd,
Oft shone in arms, to martial toils inur'd.
To feed their cattle was their daily care,
Or cleave the furrow with the crooked share:
Expert at these, Minerva's arts they scorn'd,
Which once employ'd them, and which once 820
adorn'd.

Oft to the main, oppress'd with dire alarms,
They look'd; for much they fear'd the Thracian
arms.

And when the Æolian Argo caught their view,
Quick from Myrina to the shore they flew.
All clad in glittering arms they press'd the strand,
Impetuous; (like the Bacchanalian band,
When with raw flesh their horrid feasts they 830
clofe): [foes]

They deem'd the vessel stor'd with Thracian
Hypsipyla advanc'd among the rest,

In the bright armour of her father dress'd; 830
Anxious, astonish'd all the dames appear,
And by their silence testified their fear.

Meanwhile Æthalides the heroes send;
To him their peaceful mandates they commend.
Invested with the office of the god,

They grace their herald too with Hermes' rod,
Hermes his fire; who bless'd his favourite heir
With memory nor time, nor place impair.

In vain around him Acheron's waters roll;
They pour no dull oblivion o'er his soul. 840

To him the fates this privilege bestow,
By turns to wander with the shades below:

By turns with men to view the golden day,
And feel the sun's invigorating ray.

But why expatiate on such themes as these?
Why tell the fame of great Æthalides?
The herald to Hypsipyla address'd,

With mild benevolence, this joint request:
That now, at evening-clofe, the friendly land
Might hospitably treat this gallant band, 850

Who fear'd at morn to hoist their swelling sails,
For Boreas blew with unpropitious gales.

The queen had summon'd to the council hall
The Lemnian dames, the dames obey'd her call:

In order rang'd, the heroines bespoke:

'Let us, my mates, and ye my words attend,
'Commodious presents to these strangers send;

'Such as their friends to mariners consign,
'Salubrious viands, and delicious wine: 860

'So will they peaceful on our borders stay,
'Nor need compel them to the town to stray.

'Here will they learn the story of our guilt,
'The vows we broke, the kindred blood we

'spilt;
'And sure a tale, thus horrid, must appear
'Cruel and impious to a foreign ear.

'These are the counsels of your faithful friend,
'Prompt to advise, and steady to defend.

'She who can furnish counsel more discreet,
'Now let her offer—for this cause we meet.' 870

Thus spake the queen, and press'd her father's
throne,

A royal seat, compos'd of solid stone.
Then rose Polyxo, venerable dame,

Once the queen's nurse, oppress'd with age, and
lame;

A staff sustain'd her (for her limbs were weak)
Tottering with age, yet vehement to speak.

Near her four damsels, blooming, fresh and fair,
Sat crown'd with ringlets of the whitest hair.

Full in the midst she stood, then rais'd her head,
Her back was bent with years, and thus she 880
said:

'The queen's advice I greatly must commend,
'Commodious presents to our guests to send.

'And what more saving counsel shall I give
'To those my friends who shall hereafter live;

'Whene'er the sons of Thrace, or hostile hosts
'From other kingdoms shall infect our coasts;

'Which well may happen, we must all allow,
'As this invasion that alarms us now?

'But should some god avert th' impending ill,
'Yet greater evils may befall, and will. 890

'For when the eldest die, as die they must,
'And our wise matrons be transform'd to dust,

'And you, now young, oppress'd at last with
'age,

'Shall unprolific tread life's irksome stage:
'What wretched mortals ye, who then survive!

'Who to their labour, then, the steers shall drive?
'Will oxen then their necks spontaneous bow

'Beneath the yoke, and drag the ponderous
'plough?

'Or will they reap the harvest on the plain,
'And every autumn house the golden grain? 900

'I, though preserv'd to this important day,
'(For death from me abhorrent turns away),

'Yet, ere the sun completes his annual round,
'If right I judge, shall mingle with the ground,

'Lodg'd in the lap of earth, at nature's call,
'And 'scape the ruin that involves you all.

'Hear then, young damsels, what my years ad-
'vise;

'Before you now the fair occasion lies:
'Commit your city to these strangers' care, 909

'Let them your mansions and possessions share.'
She spoke, pleas'd murmurs fill'd the spacious

hall:

Polyxo's counsel was approv'd by all.
From her sire's throne Hypsipyla arose,

Thus in few words the conference to clofe:

'My mates, since all this sage advice commend,
'An instant message to the ship I send.'

She said, and to Iphinoë gave command;

Haste, find the leader of yon martial band,
'Invite him (of our amity a proof

'To lodge beneath my hospitable roof: 910

'There time will furnish leisure to relate
'The genius and the manners of our state.

'But let his comrades rove, as pleasure leads,
'And pitch their tents along the fertile meads;

"Or to the tower-defended town repair,
"Assur'd of safety and our royal care."

Th' assembly rose, as thus the princess spoke,
Then to the regal dome her way she took.
Iphinoë, mindful of the queen's command,
Approach'd the Minyans scatter'd o'er the strand,
Who throng'd around her, eager to explore 931
Wherefore she came, and what commands she bore

Then thus she said: "Strangers, to you as friends
"Hypsipyla, the seed of Thoas, sends
"Her faithful herald with this strict command,
"To find the leader of your martial band;
"Him she invites (of amity a proof)
"To lodge beneath her hospitable roof:
"There time will furnish leisure to relate
"The genius and the manners of our state. 940
"But let his comrades rove, as pleasure leads,
"And pitch their tents along the fertile meads;
"Or to the tower-defended town repair,
"Assur'd of safety, and the royal care."

These words were grateful to the warlike band;
From her they learn'd whose sceptre rul'd the land;

Instant they urg'd their chief's assent, and all
Prepar'd obsequious to accept the call.
A mantle doubly lin'd, of purple hue,
The son of Ælen o'er his shoulders threw. 950
This Pallas gave him, when, with wond'rous art,
She plann'd his ship, and measur'd every part.
"Twere safer to survey the radiant globe
Of rising Phœbus, than this splendid robe.
Full in the middle beam'd a crimson blaze,
The verge surrounding darted purple rays.
In every part historic scenes were wrought;
The moving figures seem'd inform'd with thought.

Here, on their work intent, the Cyclops strove
Eager to forge a thunderbolt for Jove; 960
Half-rough, half-form'd the glowing engine lay,
And only wanted the fire-darting ray;
And this they hammer'd out on anvils dire;
At each collision flash'd the fatal fire.
Not distant far, in lively colours plann'd,
Two brothers, Zethus and Amphion stand,
Sons of Antiopa: no turrets crown'd
Thy city, Thebes, but walls were rising round.
A mountain's rocky summit Zethus bore
On his broad back, but seem'd to labour fore. 970
Behind, Amphion tun'd his golden shell,
Amphion, deem'd in music to excel:
Rocks still pursu'd him as he mov'd along,
Charm'd by the music of his magic song.
Crown'd with soft tresses, in a fairer field,
Gay Venus toy'd with Mars's splendid shield.
Down from her shoulder her expanded vest
Display'd the swelling beauties of her breast.
She in the brazen buckler, glittering bright,
Beheld her lovely image with delight. 980
On a rich plain appear, not distant far,
The Taphians, and Electryon's sons at war;
Fat steers the prize for which the swains contend,
Those strive to plunder, these their herds defend;
The meads were moist with blood and rosy dew:
The powerful many triumph'd o'er the few.

Two chariots next roll'd lightly o'er the plains,
This Pelops drove, and shook the sounding reins;

Hippodamia at his side he view'd:
In the next chariot, Myrtilus pursu'd, 990
And with him Oenomas; approaching near,
At Pelops' back he aim'd the vengeful spear;
The faithless axle, as the wheels whirl'd round,
Snapp'd short, and left him stretch'd along the ground.

Here young Apollo stood, in act to throw
The whirling arrow from the twanging bow,
At mighty Tityrus aim'd, who basely strove
To force his mother, erst belov'd by Jove:
He from fair Elara deriv'd his birth,
Though fed and nourish'd by prolific earth. 1000
There Phryxus stoop'd to listen to the ram,
On whose broad back the Hellepont he swam.
The beast look'd speaking: earnest could you gaze,

The lively piece would charmingly amaze.
Long might you feast your eye, and lend an ear,
With pleasing hope the conference to hear.

Such was the present of the blue-ey'd maid—
In his right hand a missile lance he sway'd,
Which Atalanta, to reward the brave,
Sure pledge of friendship, to the hero gave, 1010
When on the breezy Mænalus she rovd,
And wish'd the company of him she lov'd;
But he, of suitors' amorous strife afraid,
Represent'd the fond intention of the maid.
Thus robb'd, thus arm'd, he to the city went,
Bright as a star that gilds the firmament,
Which maids assembled view with eager eyes
High o'er their roof in orient beauty rise.
On the bright signal, as it darts its rays,
Attentive they with silent transport gaze. 1020
Each, with this omen charm'd, expects, though late,

Return'd from distant climes her destin'd mate.
Thus shone the chief, for high achievements known,

Majestic as he mov'd to Lemnos' town.
The noble heroines his footsteps meet,
With courteous joy the Grecian guest to greet,
Whose downcast eye ne'er wander'd, till he came

To the proud palace of the royal dame;
Obsequious damsels at the portal wait,
And quick unbar the double-folding gate: 1030
Then through the various courts extending wide,
And stately rooms, Iphinoë was his guide;
On a bright throne, with rich embroidery grac'd,
Fronting her sovereign she the hero plac'd.
Th' embarrass'd queen, her face with blushes spread,

In courteous terms address'd the prince, and said:
"Why, gentle stranger, should your warlike train
"At distance far, without the walls remain?
"The men who till'd these ample fields before,
"Now turn with furrows on the Thracian shore.
"But hear, while I our matchless woes relate;
"So shall you know the story of our fate. 1040
"When o'er this realm my father Thoas reign'd,
"The Lemnian youth, to fraud and rapine train'd,

- * On Thracian borders seiz'd the trembling prey,
 * And brought those flocks, and lovely maids
 away.
 * This Venus plann'd, with mischievous intent,
 * And fierce among them fatal discord sent.
 * Their wives they loath'd, and vainly impious
 led 1049
 * War's spoils, fair captives, to the lawless bed.
 * Long we endur'd, forgiving insults past,
 * And hop'd the faithless would reform at last.
 * In vain; each day but doubled our disgrace,
 * Our children yielded to a spurious race.
 * The widow'd mother, the discarded maid,
 * Forlorn, neglected through the city stray'd.
 * No tender pity touch'd the parent's breast,
 * To see his darling child abus'd, oppress'd
 * Beneath a stepdame's proud, imperious sway:
 * No sons would then maternal duty pay, 1060
 * Nor, as before, their mother's cause defend;
 * No sister then to sister prov'd a friend:
 * But the gay troops of Thracian captives fair
 * Earthrall'd the men, and challeng'd all their
 care;
 * At home, abroad, the first, at pleasure's call,
 * To share the banquet, and conduct the ball.
 * At length, but strange: some favouring power
 divine
 * In female minds inspir'd this bold design,
 * That, when return'd from Thracia's hateful
 shore,
 * Our roofs these traitors might protect no more;
 * That, thus constrain'd, they might forego their
 crimes, 1071
 * Or with their captives fly to distant climes.
 * They fail, return, the few remaining males
 * Demand, then quit us with auspicious gales;
 * And now the frigid fields of Thrace they
 plough,
 * And countries whiten'd with Sithonian snow,
 * Haste then, conduct your comrades to the
 town:
 * Here fix your seat, and Lemnos is your own.
 * And if to high dominion you aspire, 1079
 * Reign here, and wield the sceptre of my fire.
 * You must approve; for not so fair a coast,
 * Or isle so fertile can the Ægean boast.
 * Haste to your friends, and make my pleasures
 known,
 * Nor let them longer lodge without the town.
 * Artful she spoke, forbearing to relate
 How in one night each woman slew her mate.
 Then Jason thus: "Whate'er your bounty
 grants,
 * Stores for our voyage, or our present wants,
 * Pleas'd we accept: I to my valiant bands
 * Will speed to signify your kind commands, 1900
 * Then soon conduct my comrades to the town:
 * But still, O queen, still wear your father's
 crown.
 * Not from disdain I shun imperial sway,
 * But great achievements call me hence away."
 He spoke, and gently press'd her fair right hand,
 Then taught his comrades scatter'd o'er the strand,
 Unnumber'd damsels round the hero wait,
 Gazing with joy, and follow to the gate;
- Then grateful presents in swift cars convey 1099
 To the land's margin, where the warriors lay.
 When Jason now to his adventurous bands
 Had signified Hyppispyla's commands,
 With eager joy the Minyans haste to share
 Her friendly roofs, and hospitable fare.
 The queen of love Thessalia's chiefs inspires,
 For Vulcan's sake, with amorous desires;
 That Lemnos, Vulcan's sacred isle, agen
 May flourish, peopled with a race of men.
 Great Jason hastens to the regal walls; 1109
 The rest proceed where chance or pleasure calls,
 Save great Alcides: with a chosen train,
 Ambitious he in Argo to remain.
 Eager with joy the jolly crowds advance
 To share the genial feast, or lead the dance;
 To Venus and to Vulcan's fane they throng,
 And crown the day with victims and with song.
 Sunk in soft ease th' enamour'd heroes lay,
 (Their voyage still defer'd from day to day)
 And longer still, and longer had declin'd,
 Full loth to leave the lovely place behind, 1120
 Had not Alcides, the fair dames apart,
 Thus spoke incens'd the language of his heart:
 "Mistaken comrades, does our kindred, say,
 From our own country drive us far away?
 Or are we fondly thus enamour'd grown
 Of foreign damsels, and despise our own?
 Here shall we stay to till the Lemnian fields?
 Small fame to heroes this base commerce yields.
 No god, propitious to the sons of Greece, 1129
 Without our toil, will grant the golden fleece.
 Our course pursue we; for the breeze invites;
 And let him revel in love's soft delights,
 Who here but stays to propagate his kind,
 And leave a memorable name behind."
 Alcides thus: none dar'd to lift his eye,
 To breathe a murmur, or to make reply;
 But keenly stung with this sarcastic style,
 They haste to leave the lov'd Vulcanian isle.
 Soon as the damsels their fix'd purpose knew,
 Around the chiefs in busy crowds they flew. 1140
 As bees from some deep-cavern'd rock proceed,
 Buzz o'er the lilies of the laughing mead,
 The sweets of all ambrosial herbs devour,
 And suck the soul of every fragrant flow'r;
 Thus they in swarms the parting Greeks address,
 With hands salute, with soothing words caress;
 Then to the pow'rs above with fervour pray,
 Safe to their arms the heroes to convey.
 Hyppispyla the hand of Jason press'd, 1149
 And thus with tears the parting chief address'd:
 "Adieu!—and may you with the sons of Greece
 Return triumphant with the golden fleece.
 Here shall you then my father's sceptre sway,
 And his domains your sovereign will obey.
 The neighbouring states will furnish large sup-
 plies,
 "And a vast empire by your wisdom rise,
 "But if on nobler plans your thoughts are bent,
 "And vainly I preface the with'd event;
 "Absent or present, to my memory kind,
 "Still let Hyppispyla possess your mind. 1160
 "And if with offspring Heaven should bless me, say,
 "How shall I then my Jason's will obey?"

The prince beheld the queen with rapturous look,

And thus with mild benevolence bespoke :

' May these events, foredoom'd by heaven's decree,

' Successful prove, Hypsipyla, to thee.

' But still of Jason nobler thoughts retain :

' Enough for me o'er my own realms to reign ;

' May but the powers of heaven (I ask no more)

' Safe reconvey me to my native shore. 1170

' If that's denied, and you, my source of joy,

' Bear, the soft token of our loves, a boy ;

' Him, when mature, in kindness to your friend,

' My parents' solace, to Iöchos fend ;

' If then perchance the venerable pair

' Survive their woes, and breathe this vital air,

' There may he live, from Pelias far remov'd,

' By Grecians honour'd, who his father lov'd.'

He spoke his last farewell : then first ascends
The ship, and with him his illustrious friends. 1180

In their due stations plac'd, each seiz'd an oar,

While Argus loos'd the cable from the shore.

With active strokes the vigorous heroes sweep

The founding bosom of the billowy deep.

As Orpheus counsell'd, and mild evening near,

To Samothrace, Eleätra's isle, they steer,

That there initiated in rites divine,

Safe might they sail the navigable brine.

But, muse, presume not of these rites to tell :

Farewell, dread isle ! dire deities, farewell ! 1190

Let not my verse these mysteries explain ;

To name is impious, to reveal profane.

Thence the black main they lash'd with all their
might,

Thrace on their left, and Imbros on the right ;

And safely, with the now-declining sun,

To far-projecting Chersonesus run.

Then stemm'd they, aided by the fouthern gales,

The stormy Hellespont with swelling sails,

Left the high-furging sea with morning light,

And reach'd Sigæum with approaching night.

Dardania past, and high-exalted Iöe, 1201

They saw Abydos on the stormy tide.

Thence sail'd they by Percote's pasture lands,

Pityæa's meadows, and Abarnis' sands :

And nightly, favour'd by the friendly blast,

The purple-foaming Hellespont they pass.

An ancient island in Propontis lies,

That towering lifts its summit to the skies ;

Near Phrygia's corn-abounding coast it stands,

And far-projecting all the main commands ; 1210

An island this, save where the isthmus' chain

Connects both lands, and curbs the boisterous
main. [roar,

Round its rough sides the thundering tempests

And a safe bay is form'd on either shore.

Ælepus' waters near this isthmus fall :

And bordering tribes the mountain Arcton call.

On this rough mountain, barbarous, fierce, and
bold,

Dwell mighty giants, hideous to behold ;

And, wonderful to tell ! each monster stands

With six huge arms, and six rapacious hands ; 1220

Two pendent on their shaggy shoulders grow,

And four deform their horrid sides below.

TRANS. II.

The lowland isthmus, verging to the main,

The Dolian's till'd, and all the fertile plain.

O'er these reign'd Cyzicus, the brave, the young,

Who from the gallant warrior, Æneus, sprung.

The daughter of Euforus, first in fame,

Bore Cyzicus, Æneta was her name.

Secure they liv'd, and free from war's alarms,

Though earth's huge sons were terrible in arms.

Sprung from the monarch of the hoary tide, 1231

On Neptune's aid the Dolian race rely'd.

To this fair port, with gentle-breathing gales,

This friendly shore, Thessalian Argo sails.

Here the rope-fasten'd stone they heave on shore,

Which serv'd as anchor to the ship before,

But now too light, so Typhis bids, they bring,

And leave it at the pure Artacian spring ;

Then choose another on the rocky bay, 1239

More ponderous far, the rolling ship to stay.

There the first stone unnumber'd years remain'd,

Till, as Apollo's oracle ordain'd,

Th' Ionians found, with rites mysterious grac'd,

And sacred to Jasonian Pallas plac'd.

Soon as the Dolians, near approaching, knew

Thessalian Argo, and the godlike crew,

Led on by Cyzicus they haste to meet

The princely band, and amicably greet :

Invite them down the winding bay to fall,

And fix their cable near the city wall. 1250

Thus friendly treated, the Pelasgic train

Strive with their oars th' interior port to gain.

Then first Ecbaſian Phœbus they adore,

And rear an altar on the founding shore.

To them the king dispatch'd, with heart benign,

Fat sheep, and strong exhilarating wine.

For thus the sacred oracle foretold,

' When here arrives a band of heroes bold,

' With kind complacence treat the godlike crew,

' Meet not in arms, but pay them honours due !'

Scarce had the down the monarch's cheeks o'er-
spread ; 1261

No children yet had blest'd the nuptial bed.

Clita, his lovely queen, the young, the fair,

Renown'd for beauty, and her golden hair,

Sprung from Percosian Merops, still remains

A stranger to Lucina's cruel pains.

Late from her father's court the king convey'd,

With ample dower enrich'd, the blameless maid ;

Yet he neglects the genial bed, and feasts,

All fears far banishing, with foreign guests. 1270

Oft he inquires of Pelias' stern command,

And why the heroes left their native land.

As oft they ask'd what cities neighbouring lay,

And in Propontis which the safest bay.

But scanty knowledge could the king bestow,

Though it behov'd them much these truths to
know.

When morning rose, the Dindymean sleep

Some mount, to view the navigable deep,

And all its winding bays ; the road they came

They honour'd with illustrious Jason's name. 1280

The chiefs, who chose aboard the ship to stay,

Remov'd her from the moorings where she
lay.

Meanwhile the sons of earth, a numerous train,

From their bleak mountains rush into the plain,

R

Besiege the perrious bay, and strive to block
 Its mouth with massy fragments from the rock;
 Intending there Thessalia's pine to keep
 Hemm'd up, like some huge monster of the deep.
 But Hercules remain'd: his bow he drew,
 And heaps of giants with his arrows slew. 1290
 The rest enrag'd, rough, rocky fragments tore,
 Hurl'd high in air, and thunder'd from the shore.
 (This labour still for Hercules remain'd,
 By Juno, Jove's imperial queen, ordain'd)
 And fiercely now the glowing battle burn'd,
 When lo! the chiefs from Dindymus return'd,
 Attack'd the desperate giants in the rear,
 And dealt destruction with the dart and spear;
 Till earth's fierce sons, desil'd with wounds and
 gore,
 Dropp'd dead: their bodies cover'd half the
 shore. 1300

As near the sea's broad brink, with sturdy strokes,
 Assiduous woodmen fell aspiring oaks;
 Then draw them in due order from the flood,
 And thus well drench'd they cleave with ease the
 wood:

Thus at the entrance of the hoary bay,
 The frequent corse of many a giant lay;
 Some, tumbled headlong, made the sea their grave,
 While their legs rose above the briny wave;
 Some o'er the sands their horrid visage show,
 Their feet deep rooted in the mud below. 1310
 Thus their huge trunks afford abundant fare
 To Neptune's fishes, and the birds of air.
 Soon as concluded was the bloody fray,
 And favouring breezes call'd the chiefs away.
 They loos'd; o'er swelling ocean fouthern gales
 Breath'd all day long, and fill'd their belying
 sails.

Night rose, the favouring gales no longer last,
 The ship drives backward with the stormy blast.
 Again they harbour on the friendly coast,
 Where late the Dolians entertain'd the host; 1320
 And round the rock the steady cable bind,
 The rock ev'n now to sacred fame consign'd.
 Here through the gloom of night again they came,
 And knew not that the country was the same.
 Nor knew the Dolians, so dark night prevail'd,
 That back to Cyzicum the Greeks had sail'd;
 But deem'd the chiefs a band of Macrian foes:
 To arms they call, and force to force oppose.
 A gleamy lustre glanc'd along the field,
 While spear met spear, and shield encounter'd
 shield. 1330

In sun-scorch'd bushes thus the bickering blaze
 Flames forth, and crackling on the branches
 preys.

Dire was the conflict; on the fatal plain
 Their prince, alas! was number'd with the slain,
 His queen and bridal bed beheld he ne'er again. }
 For Jason spy'd the prince advancing near,
 And through his bosom plung'd the furious spear;
 The ribs it broke, and circumscrib'd his date,
 Wing'd with th' inevitable will of fate.
 Fate, like a wall, devoted man furrounds, 1340
 And fast confines him in its circling bounds.
 Himself he deem'd, in that disorder'd fight,
 Vainly he deem'd! protected by the night;

The favouring night, alas! produc'd his bane,
 And chiefs unnumber'd with their prince were
 For Hercules, with his all-conquering bow, [slain.
 Dispatch'd Teicles to the shades below,
 And Megabrontes: by Acastus' hand
 Pale Sphodris lay extended on the strand.
 Peleus to Pluto's dark dominions gave 1350
 Zelys the hardy, and Gephyrus brave.
 Bold Telamon, well-skill'd the lance to wield,
 Left Basilus expiring on the field.
 Next Idas vanquish'd Prometheus by his side;
 By warlike Clytius Hyacinthus dy'd.
 Fair Leda's sons, in bloody combat skill'd,
 Fierce Megaloffacus and Phlogius kill'd.
 And Meleager added two to these,
 Itymoneus and valiant Artaces.

These all were chiefs in fighting fields approv'd,
 Deplor'd as heroes, and as brothers lov'd. 1360
 The rest for safety on their flight rely
 (As trembling doves before the falcon fly);
 Then to the city-gates tumultuous press,
 And raise the piercing cry of deep distress:
 The city mourn'd; they deem'd, return'd from
 That hostile Macrians had renew'd the war. [far,
 But when the rosy morn began to wake,
 All found their irretrievable mistake.

Heart-rending grief oppress'd the Grecian train,
 To see the hospitable monarch slain, 1370
 A clay-cold corse, extended on the shore,
 Deform'd with dust, and all besmear'd with gore.
 The Greeks and Dolians, sunk in deep despair,
 Mourn three long days, and rend their graceful
 hair.

A tomb they rear upon the rising ground,
 And clad in brazen arms thrice march around;
 Then for the monarch, on Limonia's plain,
 Of rites observant, funeral-games ordain.
 There stands the tomb, adorn'd with honours
 due, 1380

Which distant ages will with sorrow view.
 When the sad news at Clita's ear arriv'd,
 Not long the queen her monarch's fate surviv'd;
 But woe augmenting, round her neck she tied
 The noose dishonest, and unseemly died.
 Her mournful dirge the weeping dryads sung,
 While Dindymus with lamentations rung;
 And all the tears that from their eye-lids fell,
 The gods transform'd in pity to a well;
 In crystal streams it murmurs still, and weeps, 1390
 And still the name of wretched Clita keeps.
 A day so dismal, so replete with woes,
 Till this sad day, to Dolians never rose.
 Deep, deep immers'd in sorrow they remain'd,
 And all from life-supporting food abstain'd;
 Save such poor pittance as man's needs require,
 Of corn unground, or unprepar'd by fire.
 And annual, on this day, the Dolians still
 Sift coarsest meal, and at the public mill.

Thenceforth twelve days and nights dire storms
 prevail, 1400

Nor could the chiefs unfurl the swelling sail.
 The following night, by sleep's soft power op-
 Once more in Cyzicum the heroes rest; [press'd,
 Mopsus alone and brave Acastus keep
 The watch nocturnal, while their comrades sleep,

When, lo ! a Halcyon, of cerulean hue,
O'er the fair head of slumbering Jason flew,
In airy circles, wond'rous to behold,
And, screaming loud, the ceasing storm foretold.
The grateful sound attentive Mopsus heard, 1410
And mark'd the meaning of the sea-bred bird;
(Which gently rising from the deck below,
Perch'd on the summit of th' aerial prow)
Then rous'd he Jason from his fleecy bed,
Of sheep's soft skins compos'd, and thus he said;
' O son of Æson hear ! be this thy care,
' Haste, to the fane of Dindymus repair;
' There Cybele with sacrifice implore,
' So will the winds tempestuous cease to roar.
' For this proclaim'd the boding Halcyon true,
' As round thee sunk in deep repose she flew. 1421
' By Cybele's dread power the vast profound,
' And all the winds in harmony are bound.
' By her subsists prolific earth below,
' And high Olympus, ever crown'd with snow.
' Jove yields when she ascends the courts of day,
' And all the powers immortal own her sway.'

To Jason thus the venerable seer;
And welcome came the tidings to his ear.
Instant the chief, exulting with a bound, 1430
Sprung from the bed, and wak'd his comrades round.

Elate with joy his looks, his words unfold
The glad preface which Mopsus had foretold.
Then from the stalls the youths appointed drove
Selected oxen to the heights above.
Some from the rock unloos'd the corded stay,
And with fleet oars approach'd the Thracian bay.
From thence the top of Dindymus they gain'd;
Few were the heroes that aboard remain'd : 1439
By those the Macrian rocks, and Thracian land
Directly opposite, appear'd at hand;
The Thracian Bosphorus here, involv'd in shade,
And Mysia's rising mountains were survey'd;
There where his waters black Ægeus pours,
Nepes's plain, and Adrasteia's tow'rs,
A vine's vast trunk adorn'd with branches flood,
Though old, yet found, and long had grac'd the

wood :

This trunk they hew'd, and made by Argus' skill,
An image of the goddess of the hill;
Which on the rocky eminence they plac'd, 1450
With the thick boughs of circling beeches grac'd.
They rear an altar then on rising ground,
Of stones that readiest lay, and wide around
Dispose the branches of the sacred oak,
And Dindymus's deity invoke,
The guardian power of Phrygia's hills and woods,
The venerable mother of the gods.
On Pityas and Cyllenus too they call,
Of all her priests most lov'd, and honour'd most
of all :

For skill prophetic they alone are fam'd ; 1460
Mean Dactyli these priests are nam'd ;
Both whom Anchiala in Diète's cave
Brought forth, where chill Oaxis roll his wave.
While on the burning victims Jason pours
Libations due, the goddess he implores
To smile propitious on the Grecian train,
And still the tempests of the roaring main.

Then Orpheus call'd, and youthful chiefs advance,
All clad in arms, to lead the martial dance ;
With flashing swords they clatter'd on their
shields, 1470

And fill'd with festive sounds th' aerial fields.
Lost in these sounds was every doleful strain,
And their loud wailings for their monarch slain.
The Phrygians still their goddess' favour win,
By the revolving wheel and timbril's din.
Of these pure rites the mighty mother show'd
Her mind approving, by these signs bestow'd :
Boughs bend with fruit, each from her bosom

pours

Herbs ever green, and voluntary flow'rs.
Fierce forest beasts forsake the lonely den, 1480
Approach with gentleness, and fawn on men.
A pleasing omen, and more wond'rous still
The goddess gave : the Dindymean hill,
That ne'er knew water on its airy brow,
Bursts into streams, and founts perennial flow.
This wonder still the Phrygian shepherds sing,
And give the name of Jason to the spring.
Then on the mount the chiefs the feast prolong,
And praise the venerable queen in song. 1489
But when the morning rose they plied their oars,
And the wind ceasing, left the Phrygian shores.
Then fair contention fir'd the princely train,
Who best the toil of rowing could sustain.

For now the howling storm was lull'd to sleep ;
Ethereal mildness had compos'd the deep.
On the calm sea the labouring chiefs rely'd ;
Fleet flew the ship along the yielding tide ;
Not Neptune's steeds so swift, with loosen'd reins,
Skim the light level of the liquid plains.
But when with even-tide the blustering breeze
Brush'd the broad bosom of the swelling seas,
The wearied chiefs their toilsome course repress'd,
And all, save great Alcides, sunk to rest.
Swift through the waves his arm unaided drew
The ship, deep-laden with the drowsy crew.
Through all her planks the well-compacted pine
Shook, as his oars dispers'd the foamy brine.
But soon the heroes view'd the Mysian shore,
As by the mouth of Rynacus they bore.

On Phrygia's fields a wishful look they cast, 1510
And huge Ægeon's promontory pass'd,
When great Alcides, at one luckless stroke,
His oar, hard straining, near the middle broke.
One part was swallow'd in the whelming main,
One, though he fell, his grasping hands retain ;
Backward he fell, but soon his seat regain'd,
And lothing rest in mute amaze remain'd.
What time the weary labourer, wanting rest,
Hies to his cot with pining fast oppress'd ;
Ev'n in the entrance of his rural door 1520
His tottering knees he bends, and moves no

more :

His dusty limbs he views, and callous hands,
And curses hunger's insolent demands ;
Then, not till then, the chiefs to Chius row,
Chius, whose streams around Arganthon flow.
The friendly Mysians on their peaceful coast
Receive with hospitality the host ;
Abundant stores they send, with hearts benign,
Fat sheep, and strong exhilarating wine. 1539

R ij

Some bring dry wood, and some in order spread
Soft leaves and herbage for a spacious bed :
Some from the flint elicit living fire ;
Some mix the wines that generous deeds inspire :
The feast they crown, and rites to Phœbus pay,
Ecbanian Phœbus at the close of day.
But Hercules the genial feast declin'd,
And fought the wood a fitting oar to find.
Nor long he fought before a fir he found ;
Few leaves adorn'd it, and few branches crown'd ;
Yet as the poplar's stem aspires on high, 1540
This fir, so stout and tall, attracts his eye.
On the green grafs his bow he laid aside,
His arrowy quiver, and the lion's hide.
First with his club the solid soil he shook,
Then in both arms, assur'd, the fir-tree took ;
Firm on his feet he stood with bended knee :
His big broad shoulder lean'd against the tree ;
Then heav'd it up, deep-rooted in the ground,
Clogg'd with the soil's impediments around.
As when beneath Orion's wint'ry reign, 1550
The sudden tempest rushes from the main,
Some tall ship's mast it tears, and every stay,
And all the cordage, all the sails away :
Thus he the trunk ; then took, in haste to go,
The hide, the club, his arrows, and his bow.

Meanwhile, preparing for his friend's return
A ready supper, with his brazen urn
Alone rev'd Hylas o'er the fields to bring
The purest water from the sacred spring.
For to such tasks Alcides train'd his squire, 1560
Whom first he took an infant from his fire
Theodamas ; but him with sword severe
He slew, who churlish had refus'd a steer.
For when Theodamas, oppress'd with care,
Turn'd the fresh furrow with his shining share,
He disobey'd, ah wretch ! the chief's command,
Who claim'd the labouring ox that till'd the land.
But know, Alcides fought for cause to bring
War on Dryopia's kingdom and the king, 1569
For barbarous acts, and rights neglected long.

But rove not, Muse, digressive from the song.
Soon faithful Hylas to the fountain came,
Which Mysian shepherds crystal Pegæ name ;
It chan'd the nymphs, in neighbouring streams
that dwell,

Then kept a concert at the sacred well.
In Dian's praise they rais'd the nightly song,
All who to high, aerial hills belong ;
All who in caverns hide, or devious rove
The mountain-forest, or the shady grove.
When from her spring, unfilled with a stain, 1580
Rose Ephydatia, to attend the train,
The form of Hylas rush'd upon her sight,
In every grace of blushing beauty bright :
For the full moon a beamy lustre shed,
And heighten'd all the honours of his head.
Fir'd with love's sudden flame, by Venus rais'd,
The frantic maid languish'd as she gaz'd :
And soon as, stooping to receive the tide,
He to the stream his brazen urn apply'd,
In gush'd the foaming waves ; the nymph with joy
Sprung from the deep to kiss the charming boy. 1591
Her left arm round his lovely neck she threw,
And with her right hand to the bottom drew.

First Polyphemus heard, as wandering nigh
This fatal fount, the youth's distressful cry,
(In search of Hercules he rov'd the wood)
And hied with hasty footsteps to the flood.
As when a lion from his cavern'd rock,
At distance hears the bleatings of the flock,
To seize his prey he springs, with hunger bold, 1600
But faithful shepherds had secur'd the fold ;
Defeated of his prize, he roars amain,
Rends his hoarse throat, and terrifies the swain :
Thus Polyphemus call'd with voice profound,
And vainly anxious rov'd the forest round.
At length retreating, he the path explor'd
Through which he came, and drew histrusty sword,
Left savage beasts should seize him for their prey,
Or nightly robbers intercept his way.
And as he brandish'd the bright burnish'd blade,
He met Alcides in the gloomy shade, 1611
Unknown at first, but as he nearer drew,
His friend returning to the ship he knew.
Though his breath falters, and his spirits fail,
He thus reveals the melancholy tale :
" Hard is my lot, and much averse my will,
" To be the first sad messenger of ill ;
" Young Hylas went to fetch fresh water late,
" Not yet return'd ; I tremble for his fate :
" By robbers seiz'd or beasts, 'tis hard to guess ;
" I heard his cry, the signal of distress : " 1621
Thus he : the sweat from great Alcides flow'd,
And the black blood through all his body glow'd ;
Enrag'd, the fir-tree on the ground he threw,
And, where his feet, or frenzy hurried, flew.

As when a bull, whom galling gadflies wound,
Forlakes the meadows, and the marshy ground,
The flowery food, the herd and herdsmen shuns,
Now stands stock-still, and restless now he runs ;
Stung by the breeze, he maddens with the pain,
Tosses aloft his head, and roars amain : 1631
Thus ran the raging chief with matchless force,
Then sudden stopp'd he, wearied with the course.
Anxious in vain, he rov'd the forest round,
The distant hills and vales his voice rebound.
Now o'er the lofty mountains rose in view,
The morning star, and mildest breezes blew :
That instant Tiphys bade the heroes sail,
Ascend the vessel, and enjoy the gale.
The ready crew obey the pilot's word, 1640
Their anchor weigh, and haul the cords aboard ;
Then give the stretching canvass to the wind
And leave the Possidon rocks behind.
When from the rosy orient, beaming bright,
Aurora tipp'd the foot-worn paths with light ;
And o'er moist meads the glittering dew-drops
shin'd,

They miss'd those friends their folly left behind.
Then rose contention keen, and pungent grief,
For thus abandoning their bravest chief.
In silence Jason sat, and long suppress'd, 1650
Though griev'd, the labouring anguish of his
breast.

Brave Telamon, with anger kindling, spoke :
" Mute is thy tongue, and unconcern'd thy
" look :
" To leave unconquer'd Hercules behind
" Was a base project, and by thee design'd ;

" Left, when to Greece we steer the sailing pine,
 " His brighter glories should out-dazzle thine.
 " But words avail not—I renounce the band,
 " Whose selfish wiles this stratagem have plann'd."

Thus spoke Æacides, inflam'd with ire, 1660
 His eye-balls sparkling like the burning fire;
 On Tiphys then, by rage impell'd, he flew:
 And once more Myfia had receiv'd the crew;
 Again the heroes the same course had sail'd,
 Though roaring winds and raging waves pre-

vail'd,
 Had not bold Boreas' sons the chief address'd,
 And, nobly daring, his rough rage repress'd.
 (Ill fated youths, for that heroic deed
 Doom'd by the hands of Hercules to bleed. 1669
 For when returning home their course they sped,
 From funeral games perform'd for Pelias dead,
 In sea-girt Tenos he the brothers slew,
 And o'er their graves in heapy hillocks threw
 The crumbling mould; then with two columns

crown'd,
 Erected high the death-devoted ground;
 And one still moves, how marvellous the tale!
 With every motion of the northern gale—
 But these are facts reserv'd for future years)
 Lo! sudden, Glaucus to their sight appears,
 Prophet of Nereus, rising from the main, 1680
 Most skill'd of all his fate-foretelling train.
 High o'er the waves he rear'd his shaggy head,
 With his strong hand the rudder seiz'd, and said:

" Why strive ye thus, though Jove's high will
 " withstands,

" To bear Alcides to the Colchian lands?

" He must at Argos, so the fates ordain,

" And so Eurytheus has decreed, sustain

" Twelve mighty labours, thence be rais'd above,

" To high Olympus, and the court of Jove.

" Cease for Amphytrion's son, your murmurs

" cease,

" And lull the sorrows of your souls to peace. 1691

" In Myfia, where meandering Chius strays,

" Must Polyphemus a proud city raise:

" Then, mid the Calybes, a desperate clan,

" Expires on Scythian plains the gallant man.

" But strange is Hylas' fate: his youthful charms

" Entic'd a nymph, who clasp'd him in her arms.

" Now the blest pair the bands of Hymen bind;

" In search of him the chiefs are left behind."

This said, he plung'd into the gulf profound,

The purple ocean foam'd in eddies round. 1701

The god descending with resistless sway,
 Impell'd the hollow vessel on her way.
 The chiefs rejoic'd this prodigy to view,
 And instant Telamon to Jason flew
 In friendly sort, and in his right he took
 The prince's hand, and thus embracing spoke:

" Illustrious chief, let not thine anger rise
 " At aught I said impetuous and unwise.
 " Grief for my friend has made me indiscreet, 1710
 " And utter words for Jason's ear unmeet;
 " Those to the winds wide scattering let us give,
 " And, as before, in friendly concord live."

Then Jason thus: " Thy censures wound my
 " mind,

" Which say, I left the bravest Greek behind.

" Yet though thy words reproachful guilt suggest,

" Rage dwells not long in Jason's generous breast;

" Since not for flocks or riches we contend,

" But a bold hero, and a faithful friend.

" And thou, I trust, if reason calls, wilt be 1720

" As firm and warm an advocate for me."

He spoke; and now, the hateful contest o'er,
 The chiefs resum'd the seats they held before.
 But for those heroes, whom they left behind,
 By Jove's decree are various cares design'd.
 Nam'd from its stream, the boat of future days,
 Must one on Mysian plains a city raise:

One (great Alcides) other toils must share,

And learn Eurytheus' stern commands to bear.

Long time he threaten'd, for his Hylas lost, 1730

Instant destruction to the Mysian coast,

Unless the Mysians to his arms restor'd,

Alive or dead, the partner of his board.

Of all their bands the choicest youths they chose,

And them as pledges of their faith propose;

Then swore they all, their search would never end,

Till haply they had found the hero's friend.

Still to this day the fond Cians seek

(All who at Trachin dwell) the lovely Greek.

For beauteous youths, to Trachin's walls con-

vey'd,

1740

Were there as pledges to Alcides paid.

Meanwhile all day and night brisk breezes blew,

Fleet o'er the foaming flood the vessel flew;

But when the dawn gave promise of the day,

The winds expiring gently died away.

A land projecting o'er the bay below

The chiefs discover'd, and to this they row;

This peaceful port a while the Minyans chose,

And, as they reach'd it, grateful morning rose.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

Ver. 1. Thus begins Homer's *Batrachomyachia*, the 17th Id. of Theocritus, and Aratus's poem.

See also on these words the Gr. Schol. and Hoezelinus's note.

Ver. 3. For Pelias, Æson, &c. see the preface.

Colchos, now called Mengrelia, is bounded on the north by part of Sarmatia, on the west by so much of the Euxine sea, as extends from the river

Corax to the mouth of the river Phasis; on the south by part of Cappadocia, and on the east by Iberia.

Ver. 5.

—when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the jutting rocks.
Milt. Par. Lost. B. ii. 1017.

Two rocks at the entrance of the Euxine sea, called *Symplegades* by the Grecians, by Juvenal *Concurrentia saxa*; because they were so near, that, as a ship varied its course, they seemed to open and shut; or, as Milton expresses it, to *justle* one another. They were also called *Cyanean*, from their dark colour.

Ver. 13. A river in Thessaly, according to Apollonius, Callimachus, and others. But some are of opinion, that Anaurus, as its etymology implies, is the general name of any torrent. Valerius Flaccus, relating the same story, mentions the river Enipeus.

Ver. 33. The Pæonians of Thrace lived upon the Hebrus; and all the people of that region were at one time great in science. The Grecians acknowledged they were greatly indebted to them; and the muses are said to have come from those parts. The Pierians were as famed for poetry and music, as the Pæonians were for physic. Thamyras, Eumolpus, Linus, Thymates and Musæus, were supposed to have been of this country. Orpheus also is ascribed to Thrace; who is said to have soothed the savage rage, and to have animated the very rocks to harmony. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 35.

Mulcentem tigres et agentem carmine quercus.
Virg. Georg. iv. 510.

Ver. 42. Orpheus, in the Argonautic poem ascribed to him, gives the same account of himself.

Καὶ μ' ἔκρινεν κινδύρον πολυδαίδαλον ἰβύοντο,
ὄφρα καὶ τοὶ μίλτων προχέω μελιγέην αἰοδῶν,
ἐκλήσσω δὲ τι θῆρας ἰδ' ἰσχυτὰ καὶ ποσεινῆα.

Orph. Arg. 71.

Ver. 71. It is fabled that this person was a Thessalian virgin, the daughter of Elatus, one of the Lapithæ; who, having been violated by Neptune, obtained of him, as the reward of her prostitution, that she might be transformed into a man, and rendered invulnerable. Thus changing her sex, she changed her name into Cæneus, being before called Cænis. See *Ovid's Metam.* and *Virg. Æn. vi. 448.*

Ver. 79. Mopfus was surnamed the Titarefian, from Titarefus, the name of a place and river in Thessaly. Thus Hesiod in *Scut. Herc. l. 181.*

Μόψον' Ἀρσυχιδὴν Τιταρήσιον —

Ver. 125. Theseus, by the help of his friend Pirithoüs, had stolen Helen from the Temple of Diana, and carried her off; in return for this service, he assisted Pirithoüs in the rape of Proserpine. In order to accomplish this design, they went down

to the infernal regions together: but Pluto, having discovered their intentions, exposed Pirithoüs to the dog Cerberus, who devoured him, and chained Theseus to the mountain Tænarus.

Plutarch's Life of Theseus.

Ver. 138. Apollonius calls him "Ἄργος ἀργεῖδης, the son of Areslor. But Banier remarks that we ought to read (as Meziriac has recommended) ἄλκιβεϊδης, the son of Alektor. For, Argus the son of Areslor, preceded the time of the Argonauts eight or nine generations: but most of the ancients agree, that the ship Argo was built by Argus the son of Alektor, who lived in the time of the Argonauts. *Banier's Myth. Vol. iv.*

Ver. 147. Iphiclus had seized upon the oxen of Tyro, the mother of Neleus. These Neleus demands, but is denied by Iphiclus. Pero, the daughter of Neleus was promised in marriage to him who recovered these oxen from Iphiclus. Melampus undertakes the recovery; but being vanquished, is thrown into prison. See *Homer's Odys. B. xi. 290.*

Ibid. He is mentioned in the same manner by Orpheus and Valerius Flaccus.

—Ἄλκιβης παῖς νόθος ἥλθε καὶ στίχους ἰδμεν,
τόν ῥ' ἰσχυροσσαιμένη σέβειν Ἀπόλλωνι ἀνακτὶ
Ἀμφοτέρων παρὰ χεῖμα φερηντὶς Ἀντιόνοισα,
τῷ καὶ μαντοσύνην ἴσους καὶ διεφύγον ὁμήων
Φοῖβος.
Orph. Arg. 185.

Phæbus Idmon,

Curi genitor tribuit monita prænocere Divum,
Omnia, seu flammæ, seu lubrica cominus exta,
Seu plenum certis interroget æra pennis.

Val. Flac. B. i. 228.

Ver. 180. There were two grand divisions of the religious ceremonies of the ancients, viz. into ἱερουργία and ἄστυρα, i. e. those where fire was heaped upon the altar, and those which were not accompanied with fire. The σήματα ἱερουργίας were observations made from the victims at the time they were burning; which was the province of the Haruspices: the σήματα ἄστυρα referred to the flight of birds, and such observations as the augurs collected from them. Thus Euripides, in *Bacchæ*, ver. 257.

Σκοπιὴν πηρωτὸς, καμπαύρων μινδὸς φέρων

Thus Ovid:

— cui posse figuras
Sumere quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas,
Neptunus dederat, Nelei sanguinis auctor.

Met. xii. 555.

And Seneca:

Sumere innumeras solitum figuras. *Med. 635.*

Ver. 222. The text has Polyphemus; which is undoubtedly a false reading, as Valerius Flaccus and Pausanias seem to confirm. The annotator to Mr. Pope's *Odyssey*, not suspecting this, was led into a pleasant mistake. "If Polyphemy (says he, *Od. ix. 569*), had really this quality of running upon the waves, he might have destroyed Ulysses without throwing this mountain: but Apollonius is undoubtedly guilty of an absurdity, and one

might rather believe that he would sink the earth at every step, than run upon the waters with such lightness as not to wet his feet." As this description of the swiftness of Euphemus is originally taken from Homer's account of the mares of Eriethonius, of Virgil's description of Camillus's swiftness, seems copied from these beautiful lines of Apollonius. See *Pope's Il. B. xx. 270.*

Theslightly skimming, when they swept the plain,
Nor ply'd the grafs, nor bent the tender grain:
And when along the level seas they flew,
Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.

*Ilia vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneres cursu læsisset aristas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.*

Ver. 251. Our poet, in his account of this hero, follows Orpheus very closely. Valerius Flaccus makes no mention of him.

Ver. 273. Milton's description of Raphael is similar to this:

— like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance
fill'd

The circuit wide; &c. *Par. Lost, B. v. 285.*

Apollonius in this beautiful description, has far exceeded his venerable master; who says only,

— τερπασιν ὑπακρίως πιστόντι
Ζήσης καὶ Κάλαις, δέμας ἑταίροι ἀθανάτοισιν.

Orph. Arg. 219.

Ver. 287. The Argonauts were distinguished by the appellation of Minyæ; a title which they took as being descended from the daughters of Minyas, a Bœotian prince, the son of Orchomenus, who built a city of that name in Bœotia.

Ver. 291. A city of Thessaly, and the birth-place of Jason. It was also called Larissa (as Pomponius Mela asserts); hence Larissæus Achilles.

Virg.

Ver. 292. Pagasæ is a town and promontory of Thessaly. Here Argo was built; and from that circumstance, ἀπ' αὐτῆς ναυπηγίας, the bay is supposed to have derived its name.

Ver. 319. For an account of Phrixus see the preface.

Ver. 327. This affecting scene is extremely natural, and drawn by our poet in a manner the most masterly. He is no where happier than in the execution of these pathetic pieces. This parting interview, the episode of Hypsipyla, and the loves of Medea and Jason, have been admired and imitated by the poets of ancient and modern times.

Ver. 379. Thus Telemachus addresses his mother in Homer, and Turnus in Virgil.

Tears and apprehensions of danger were deemed bad presages, when the people were going to war,

Ne, quæso, ne me lacrymis, neve omine tanto
Prosequere, in duri certamina martis euntem.

Virg. Æn. xii. 72.

— O royal mother, cease your fears,
Nor send me to the fight with boding tears. *Pitt.*

Ver. 384. Virgil has manifestly borrowed this comparison, and applied it to Æneas. *B. iv. 143.*

As when from Lycia, bound in wint'ry frost,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the smiling coast,
The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,
And hears in Delos, &c. *Pitt.*

Ver. 447. It was requisite to reserve the best of the flocks and herds for the altar: they must be sound and perfect in all their limbs, or they would be deemed a very unfit offering for the gods. Thus Achilles in Homer, offers up to Apollo—ἀρίων καὶ σσην ἀγώντι τιλίων τοῖς θεοῖς ὡς τιλίων προσέχων χερὲ τιλάνα, says Eustathius on this passage. It is the precept of Virgil, that the cattle which are designed for the plough, for breeding and sacrifices, should be distinguished by particular marks, and separated from the rest.

Continuoque notas, et nomina gentis inurunt.

Georg. iii. 158.

Ver. 456. The poet through this whole description is agreeably circumstantial. He paints the busy scene before us in the liveliest colours. We are present to all the labours of his heroes. We see them constructing, launching and manning their ship, choosing their seats, erecting their altar, and offering sacrifice. We feel ourselves already interested, and cannot help joining with Jason in his prayer, that success may crown their enterprise.

Ver. 503. Embasian and Ecbasian are epithets which they applied to their tutelar god at the instant of their embarkation, and when they were about to land.

Ver. 551. This speech of Idmon is calculated to excite our admiration and pity. We cannot but admire the courage and calmness of the hero, when he discloses to his comrades the purpose of Apollo. He tells them, in a prophetic strain, that they would be exposed to dangers, but successful at last; that, as to himself, he knew his doom, which was, that he must die in a distant country long before their return. Homer represents his hero weeping at his fate, ὡς ἄρ' ἴδεν δακρυχίων: our poet reserves the tears of sorrow for them, from whom they fall with a better grace:

— the host the fate, of Idmon mourn.

Ver. 581. This circumstance seems to be borrowed from that noble one of Achilles swearing by his sceptre, in Homer; which passage both Virgil and Valerius Flaccus have closely imitated.

Ver. 599. Iphimedia, the daughter of Triopas, and wife of Alcæus, fell in love with Neptune, by whom she had two sons, Ephaltes and Otus. Presuming on their gigantic strength, they attempted to dethrone Jupiter; but were slain (as Homer and Pindar relate, and after them Apollonius) by Apollo at Naxos, and thrown into Tartarus by Pluto.

Ver. 617. The following lines, to v. 720. are taken from Mr. West's translation of the song of
R. iii]

Orpheus, and the setting out of the Argonauts; but many passages are much altered.

Ver. 621.

Namque canebar, uti magnum per inane coacta
Semina terrarumque animæque marisque fuissent,
&c. *Virg. Ec.*

For a full illustration of the propriety and beauty of this song, which Scaliger condemns, I beg leave to subjoin Mr. Wharton's judicious criticism, in his *Observations on Spenser's Faery Queene*. "Scaliger finds great fault with the subject of this song, and prefers to it the subject of Orpheus's song in Valerius Flaccus. By this piece of criticism he has betrayed his ignorance of the nature of ancient poesy, and of the character of Orpheus. But the propriety of the subject of this song is easily to be defended, without considering the character of Orpheus. The occasion of it was a quarrel among the Argonauts, whom Orpheus endeavours to pacify with the united powers of music and verse. To this it may be added, that a song, whose subject is religious, and which asserts the right of Jupiter to the possession of Olympus, was even expedient, as one of the chiefs had but just before spoken blasphemy against him. Nor were the auditors of so mean a rank as Scaliger would represent them: he terms them *viri militares*; but it should be considered, that they were princes and demigods. There is one circumstance belonging to the song of Orpheus in Apollonius, which gives it a manifest superiority to that of Orpheus in Valerius Flaccus, I mean the design of it, which was to express the vehemence of the passion, at once so agreeable to the well-known character of Orpheus, and so expressive of the irresistible influence of music. In the Latin poet, Orpheus sings upon no occasion, and to no end, unless to make the night pass away more pleasantly."

Ver. 636. Milton has undoubtedly copied this passage, *Par. L. B. x. 580*.

— how the serpent whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, &c.

Apollonius, as well as Milton, has hinted that Ophion was of the serpent race. — the vast species of the serpent breed.

The upper part of Eurynome was a perfect figure of a woman; the lower part, from the thighs downward, terminated in the tail of a fish.

Lucian.

Ver. 649. The effect which the harp and voice of Orpheus had upon the Argonauts, is here elegantly described. When the poet had ended his song, they, intent and bending towards him, still listened, and imagined him still singing. Milton follows Apollonius very close:

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to
hear.

Par. Lost, B. viii. l.

Ver. 657. It was the custom of the ancients at their solemn festivals, before they went to rest, to sacrifice the tongues of the victims to Mercury, the god of eloquence, pouring on them a libation of wine. This was done, either with a design to make an expiation for any indecent language that had been spoken (as was the case about fifty lines above), or to signify, that what had been there spoken, ought not to be divulged or remembered afterward.

Ver. 669. The ancient writers, as well historians as poets, are full of these wonders. The speech of Achilles's horse to his master is well known. Among the many prodigies which are said to have appeared at the death of Julius Cæsar, this, Virgil informs us, was one, — *pseudosque locuta*. Appian expressly says that an ox spoke with an human voice. Livy has given us the speech of one of these animals on a certain occasion:

Quod maximè terrebat Consulem Cn. Domitium, bovem locutum, "Roma tibi cave." Lib. xxxv.

This ship was indeed built out of some sacred timber from the grove of Dodona, which was sacred to Jupiter Iomarias; and on this account it was said to have been oracular, and to have given verbal responses.

Ver. 670. Minerva was so called from Itonis, a city of Thessaly, where she was worshipped.

Ver. 698. The poets are fond of expressing the activity of the rowers, and the velocity of the ship, by the effect which the stroke of their oars and the track of the keel produce on the waters.

— λυκαῖνον ὄδῳρ ἕστῃς ἐλάττην. Od. μ'. 172.

Totaque remigio spumis incanuit unda. *Catull.*

Et freta canescunt, fulcam ducente carinā. *Manil.*

Ver. 701. Apollonius, anxious to impress on his readers a just idea of the importance of his subject, has, in the true spirit of Homer, represented all the gods looking down upon Argo, as if interested in the success of her voyage.

Ver. 717. Achilles was educated under Chiron. The circumstance of Chariclo's raising up young Achilles in her arms, to show him his father Peleus, is exceedingly beautiful and striking. From this action we may also fairly conjecture, that this famous expedition preceded the siege of Troy, probably about thirty years, viz. from the infancy of Achilles to his arrival at perfect manhood.

Ver. 752. On the epithet *ἄσπις*, which the poet here applies to Thessaly, and which seems to have perplexed the commentators, Mr. Bryant makes the following ingenious remark: "The Pelasgi settled very early in Thessaly, to which they gave the name *Æria*. This was the ancient name of Egypt, from whence this people came. They likewise called the same country *Æi Monah*, Regio Lunaris; which the poets changed to *Hæmonia*."

Ver. 759. The Scholiast tells us, this Dolops was the son of Hermes, and slain at Magnesia;

where they erected a monument near the shore to his memory.

Ver. 766. The place from which they set sail was named from that event Aphetæ. It is a town and port of Magnesia in Thessaly.

Ver. 788. Plutarch and Pliny assert that this mountain is so high as to project its shade, when the sun is in the summer solstice, on the marketplace of the city Myrina. *Univ. Hist.*

———— ingenti tellurem proximus umbrâ
Vestit Athos, nemorumque obscurat imagine pontum. *Stat. Theb.*

Ver. 793. "The description of Venus enraged against the men of Lemnos for neglecting her temple, represents her (says Mr. Spence in his *Polymetis*) rather as the goddess of jealousy than of love. There is no figure of her under this character, nor any description in any of the Roman poets before the third age." Had the learned author consulted Apollonius, he would have seen to whom Valerius was indebted for this description of Venus as the goddess of jealousy. The passage is indisputably borrowed from our poet. So true is it what Mr. Gray has observed of this writer, that had he consulted the Greek authors, they would have afforded him more instruction on the very heads he professes to treat, than all the other writers put together. See *Gray's 5th Letter to Mr. Walpole*.

Ver. 826. The Lemnian women are here represented as savage as the Thyades, who delighted in bloody banquets. Upon this the Scholiast observes, that the Mænades and Bacchæ used to devour the raw limbs of animals which they had cut or torn asunder. In the island of Chios it was a religious custom to tear a man limb from limb by way of sacrifice to Dionysus: the same in Tenedos. Hence we may learn one sad truth, that there is scarce any thing so impious and unnatural, as not at times to have prevailed. *Bryant's Myth. vol. ii. p. 13.*

Ver. 852. There is a judicious note on this passage, inserted in an elegant edition of our poet, lately published at Oxford; which I shall venture to give the reader: "Licet Ventus Boreas Argonautis ad cursum continuandum secundus esset, non tamen solverunt." Mihi perspectum est nihil veri his inesse. Non enim ventus Aquilo secundus est tendentibus in Pontum sed adversum tenet. Hoc ergo Apollonius indicat. Minyas non solvissè illo mane, ex insulâ Lemno, quod Aquilo, qui ipsis in Pontum porrecturis adversus erat, flaret. *Wesseling. Observ. p. 130.*

This observation appears to be just. Yet is it no unusual thing with the poets to put one wind for another. The most judicious and accurate of the Roman poets is not exempt from errors of this kind. "The description of the departure of Aneas from Carthage is not only inconsistent with truth and probability in this respect, but contradictory to itself. He sails in the morning with a west wind, which is very improperly called favourable; but before he is out of sight of Carthage, we find him pursuing his course with a

north wind, which is still more contrary to his intended course." See an *Essay on the original Genius and Writings of Homer*.

Ver. 913. Dido is the Hypsipyla of Virgil. The latter, as Hoelzelinus speaks, is the archetype of the former.

Ver. 949. This mantle, which Pallas gave to Jason, and the simile of the star, to which he is compared, are beautiful specimens of our poet's talent for description. We shall find him in the more descriptive parts of his poem, rising greatly above that equal mediocrity which some critics have ascribed to him.

Ver. 971. The fable of Thebes being built by the power of music is not in Homer, and therefore may be supposed to be of later invention. See *Pope's Od. B. xi. 320.*

Ver. 982. The Teleboans, or Taphians (so called from the island Taphos which they inhabited) coming to Argos, stole the oxen of Electryon, the father of Alcmena: a battle ensued, in which himself and sons were slain.

Ver. 983. Hippodamia was the daughter of Ctenomæus, king of Elis and Pisa. She was a princess of great beauty and had many admirers. Ctenomæus having been informed by the oracle, that he should be slain by his son-in-law, endeavoured to deter the suitors from paying their addresses to his daughter, by proposing a chariot-race. The terms were; that he who conquered him in the race should obtain his daughter, but that he who proved unsuccessful should be put to death. Pelops, whom Hippodamia was most attached to, accepted the dangerous conditions, and contended with Ctenomæus. The plan which his daughter had concerted with Myrtilus, the charioteer, of loosening the pin of the wheel, succeeded to her wish. The pin flew out, the chariot was overthrown, and victorious Pelops claimed the lady as his prize.

Ver. 997. Elara being pregnant by Jupiter, he, to avoid the jealousy of Juno, concealed her in a cavern of the earth, where Tityus was born: who, from his being immersed in worldly cares, and from his centering all his affections on the earth, as if he had sprung from it, is fabled to be the son of the earth.

Ver. 1132. This is an oblique, but very severe sarcasm on Jason.

Ver. 1161. That there was offspring appears from Homer's *Il. B. vii.*

And now the fleet arriv'd from Lemnos' sands,
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands.

Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent;
Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people bore.

These verses, says Mr. Pope, afford us the knowledge of some points of history and antiquity; as that Jason had a son by Hypsipyle; who succeeded his mother in the kingdom of Lemnos: that Samos was anciently famous for its wines; and that coined money was not in use at the time of

the Trojan war; but the trade of the countries carried on by exchange in brags, oxen, slaves, &c. as appears by two lines farther:

Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave,
Some brags, or iron, some an ox, or slave.

Ver. 1187. All that were initiated into the Cabaritic mysteries were thought effectually secured from storms at sea, and all other dangers: and the influence of the Cabirian priests was particularly implored by mariners for success in their voyages. *Potter. Bryant.*

Ver. 1193. So named from a bay, which lies west of the Thracian Chersonesus; called Melas, from a river of that name.

Ver. 1207. Cyzicus, or Cyzicum, according to Strabo, is an island in the Propontis, joined by two bridges to the continent. The strait, over which these bridges were thrown, being in a course of years filled up, an isthmus was formed, and the island became a peninsula: to this isthmus the poet alludes. *Strabo. Hoelz.*

Ver. 1235. It is observable that the name of an anchor does nowhere occur in Homer. The ships of which he speaks had only a rudder and ballast. Neither was there any metal employed in the construction of them; the timbers were fastened together with pegs.

We must not therefore wonder at the rude expedients to which the Argonauts had recourse, in these still earlier times.

Ver. 1299.

Ac veluti magnâ juvenum cum densa securi
Silva labat; cuneique gemit grave robur adactis;
Jamque abies, picæque sunt; sic dura sub ictu
Ossa virûm malæque sonant, sparsusque cerebro
Albet ager. *Val. Flac. L. iii. 163.*

Ver. 1380. The most ancient tombs were very simple: they were nothing more than hillocks of earth heaped up over the grave. This the Romans called Tumulus. Sometimes we find an oar, or pillar erected over it in honour of the deceased. Thus we read in Homer:

Τύμβον χεῖρας, καὶ ἐπὶ στήλην ἑστῶσαν,
Πηχέμεν ἀκροτάτω τύμβον ἱούης ἱερταῖν.

Bp. Lowth's note on Isaiah lii. 9.

Ver. 1384. Some nicer critics may be offended that Clita should die in so vulgar a manner: but this objection is owing to a want of considering the notions and manners of different ages and countries. Amata, the mother of Turnus, in the 12th book of the *Æneid*, hangs herself. In the 11th book of the *Odyssey*, Jocasta dies in like manner, and likewise in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles.

Ver. 1399. It was customary for families to grind their own corn. For this purpose they made use of handmills. Wind and water mills were a later invention. They employed their slaves at this work; and sometimes it was inflicted on them as the heaviest punishment.

Molendum in pistrind, vapulandum, habendæ compedes. *Ter. Phorm.*

See Bishop Lowth's Isaiah, p. 217.

Here we find not a single family, but a whole people, annually, in token of mortification and sorrow, labouring together at one common mill, and partaking of the bread of affliction, which is of the coarsest kind, and unbaked.

Ver. 1406. Ceyx, king of Thrace, married Alcyon, the daughter of *Æolus*. On a voyage to consult the Delphic oracle, he was shipwrecked. His corpse was thrown ashore in sight of his wife, who, in the agonies of love and despair, threw herself into the sea. The gods, in pity to her fidelity, changed her and her husband into the birds which bear her name. The halcyons very seldom appear but in the finest weather: whence they are fabled to build their nests on the waves. The female is no less remarkable than the turtle for her conjugal affection. When the halcyons are surprised by a tempest, they fly about as in the utmost terrors, and with the most lamentable cries.

Ver. 1418. The worship of Cybele was famous in Phrygia. Her priests, sounding their tabrets, and striking their bucklers with spears, danced and distorted their whole bodies. To these dances and distortions they add shrieks and howlings; whence they were called Corybantes. Thus it was that they deplored the loss of their goddess's favourite Atys. Thus they drowned the cries of Jupiter, concealed among the Curetes in Crete; and thus they stifled the grief of these Dolians for their slaughtered monarch. *See Banier's Myth.*

Ver. 1422. Orpheus, in his hymn to this goddess, has ascribed to her the same unlimited dominion:

Μήτηρ μὲντε θεῶν ἢς συντὼν ἀνθρώπων,
Ἐκ σὲ γὰρ καὶ γαῖα καὶ ὕδατος ἑστὶς ὀπίσθιν,
Καὶ πόντος, πνεύματα. *Orpb. Hymn 13.*

Ver. 1448. It sometimes happens, that the roots and branches of aged trees bear a faint likeness to the human fabric. The ancients seem to have taken advantage of this fancied similitude, which they improved by a little art; and their first efforts towards imagery were from these rude and rotten materials. *Bryant's Mythol. vol. i.*

Ver. 1461. The Daætyli were the priests of Cybele: they first inhabited mount Ida in Phrygia; hence they were styled Idæi. They were originally five in number, as their name, derived from the fingers of the hand, imports.

Ver. 1463. There is a river of this name, not only in Mesopotamia, but in Crete.

Thus Virgil, *Ecl. 1.*

Et rapidem Crætæ veniemus Oaxem.

Ver. 1469. Called also the Pyrrhic dance, from fire with which it was accompanied. It was esteemed a martial exercise, and was performed by persons in armour, who gave it the name of Berarmus, from the temple of the deity, where it was probably first practised; or from the regularity of their movements in dancing. *Schol. Bryant.*

Ver. 1478. It was the general opinion of the ancients, that when they had appeased their deities by sacrifice and prayer, the tokens of reconciliation would appear by an uncommon fertility of the soil.

The poets have not failed to avail themselves of this popular opinion. It is customary with them to represent fruits and flowers of every kind, as springing up and coming to perfection, in a manner that seemed to indicate the immediate agency of some propitious deity.

Besides, Cybele was taken for the earth; on which account she was called the mother of the gods; for the earth gives birth to all things. Hence her worship was blended with several circumstances which bore a relation to the earth. Its fertility, therefore, at the instant of the celebration of her festival, is something more than a poetical embellishment.

Ver. 1509. A river of Mysia, which empties itself into the Propontis. Near its banks, as some assert, stood the tomb of *Ægeus* or *Briareus*.

Ver. 1525. A mountain near Cios. Cios is the name of a river, and of a city in Mysia.

Ver. 1530. Thus Theocritus, speaking of the employments of the Argonauts, when they landed in the country of the Bebrycians, says,

Ἐνυαὶ τ' ἐσθλὸν, κ. τ. λ.

Id. 22.

On the dry beach they rais'd the leafy bed,
The fires they kindled, and the tables spread.

Ver. 1556. This story is told with great simplicity and elegance by our poet's rival and contemporary, Theocritus, *Id.* 13. Nor has his faithful imitator, Valerius Flaccus, neglected to embellish his poem with the same story. The learned editor of Theocritus published in 2 vols. at Oxford, portions out to each poet his share of merit in the following words: "Egregie quidem Valerius Flaccus *Herculis* vehementem & repentinam perturbationem depingit: qui, vespere reclusus, *Hylam* ad sociorum mensas, in littore constructas, non deprehendit. Nihil nisi dictionem Virgilianum castam, teretem, simplicem, pro turgidula illâ, & duriusculâ, desidero. Conferatur & *Hercules* Apollonii Rhodii: quem credibile est omnes intendisse nervos, ut in simili materiâ poetam cœvum superaret. Pulchrum profecto illud *Herculis*, a manu abietem abjicientis. At *Theocritus*, ad summum, simpliciora Theocriti & luculentiora fatebere, & minus frequentata circumstantijs & elaborata."

Not. ad P. lv. Id. 13.

Ver. 1568. *Hercules* arriving at the country of the Dryopians, a people of Epirus, applied to their prince *Theodamas* for refreshment. Upon his refusal, he unyoked one of the oxen with which he was ploughing, and sacrificed it. *Theodamas* attempting to redress this grievance by force of arms, was killed, and his son *Hylas* was carried off by the conqueror. Some attribute this exploit to the rapacity of *Hercules*, others to his desire of civilizing an inhospitable people. *Callimachus*, speaking of the rapacity of *Hercules*, says,

Ὁ γὰρ δὲ Φρυγίᾳ περὶ δὲ γυνὴν *Diodes*
Πάυσας ἀνηπάγας ἐπὶ εἰ πάρα νδύς ἰκνίη
τῷ δὲ ἀρετῆς ἐνὶ σὺν ἡσυχίᾳ *Θιεδάμανι*.

In Dian. 159.

Ver. 1576. Thus *Callimachus*, in his hymn to *Diana*, celebrates her as encircled with a choir of symphs:

— αὐτὴν μὲν σὺ χορὸν ἔνι κυκλῶσινται

Ἀρχαῖοι παλαιῶν.

In Dian. 170.

Ver. 1598. *Virgil* has closely imitated this simile in the following lines, where, speaking of the impetuosity of *Turnus*, he thus compares him;

Ac veluti pleno lupus infidiatus ovili,
Cum fremit ad caulas, ventos perpeffuset imbres,
Nocte super mediâ: tuti sub matribus agni
Balatum exercent: ille asper et improbus irâ,
Sæviti in absentes: collecta fatigat edendi
Ex longo rabies, et siccæ sanguine fauces.

Æn. B. ix. 59.

Ver. 1626. *Apollonius*, within the compass of a very few lines, makes use of two different words to express the same animal, μύωψ ὄρεος. The former, he tells us, is the more general appellation: ὅς (ὄρεος) μύωψα βουὴν κλίνει νομήν. *B. iii.* 276.

The correspondent names in Latin are *asilus* and *tabanus*: *asilus vulgò tabanus vocatur*, says *Servius*.

cui nomen asilo

Romanum est, æstron Græci vertere vocantes.

Arcebis gravido pecori.

Virg. Georg. iii.

Homer also speaks of this fly as being very pernicious to cattle:

Οἱ δ' ἐφ' ἑσθλὸν κατὰ μέγαρον, βίης ὡς ἀγλαΐης,

τῆς μὲντ' αἰόλος ὄρεος ἰφομενθεῖς ἰδόνειον. *Od.* xxii. 299.

Confus'd, distracted through the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting.

This simile is common to the poets: *Virgil* *Coluthus*, and *Tryphiodorus* have made use of it.

Ver. 1676. It was usual with the ancients to place one vast stone upon another for a religious memorial. The stones thus placed they poised so equally, that they were effected with the least external force! a breath or wind would sometimes make them vibrate. These were called rocking stones. Of such an one *Apollonius* is here speaking, as being moved by the wind, and the admiration of spectators. *Bryant*.

Ver. 1746. The coast of *Bebrycia*: the ancient name of *Bithynia*, a country of Asia Minor, near *Troas*, bounded on the north by the *Euxine* sea.

Orpheus has given us, at the beginning of his poem, a catalogue of the heroes that accompanied *Jason* to *Colchis*. *Apollonius* has followed his example. And he has shown himself a judicious imitator of *Homer*, by diversifying and enlivening his narration with an account of the family, character, and birth-place of his Argonauts. He constantly inserts some little history or anecdote, which may serve to impress their names on our memory, and to interest us in their future fortunes. He has contrived to throw the utmost variety into the voyage, by describing particularly the situation of the coasts, and the customs and manners of the inhabitants. The launching of *Argo*, the episode of *Hyppipyla*, the night-adventure of the *Dolians*, the story of *Hylas*, the sacrifices and similes, are severally possessed of such distinguished merit, as cannot fail to give the reader a favourable idea of our poet's taste and genius.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book contains the combat between Amycus and Pollux; the former of whom is slain. A battle ensues between the Argonauts and Bebrycians, in which the Argonauts come off conquerors. They sail to Salmydessus, a city of Thrace, where they consult Phineus, a soothsayer, on the success of their expedition. He promises, if they would deliver him from the Harpies, to direct them safely to Colchos. His request is granted, and he gives them instructions. The story of Paræbius, Cyrene and Aristæus. They sail through the Symplegades, and thence to the island Thynia, where they land. Apollo, who here appears to them, is rendered propitious by sacrifice. The course of the river Acheron is described. They land on the coast of the Mariandyni, and are hospitably entertained by Lycus, the king of that country. Here Idmon is killed by a wild boar, and here Tiphys dies. Ancæus is appointed pilot in his stead. They sail by the monument of Sthenelus, whose ghost is released by Proserpine, and gratified with the sight of the Argonauts. At the island of Mars they meet the sons of Phrixus, who had just before been shipwrecked. They are kindly received by the Argonauts, who take them on board. Sailing by Mount Caucasus they come in sight of the eagle that preys on the entrails of Prometheus. The end of their voyage.

TENTS o'er the beach Bebrycia's king had spread,
And stalls erected where fat oxen fed.
To genial Neptune a Bithynian dame
Bore the fierce tyrant, Amycus his name,
Proudest of men; who this hard law decreed,
That from his realm no stranger should recede,
Till first with him compell'd in fight to wield
The dreadful gauntlet in the lifted field.
Unnumber'd guests his matchless prowess slew:
Stern he accosts swift Argo's valiant crew, 10
Curious the reason of their course to scan,
Who, whence they were; and scornful thus began:
"Learn what 'tis meet ye knew, ye vagrant host;
"None that e'er touches on Bebrycia's coast,
"Is thence by law permitted to depart,
"Till match'd with me he prove the boxer's art.
"Choose then a chief who can the gauntlet wield,
"And let him try the fortune of the field:
"Should ye contemptuous scorn my fix'd decree,
"Know, your proud hearts shall yield to fate and
"me." 20

Thus spoke the chief with insolent disdain,
And rous'd resentment in the martial train;
But Pollux most his vaunting words provoke,
Who thus a champion for his fellows, spoke:
"Threat not, whoe'er thou art, the bloody fray;
"Lo, we obsequious thy decrees obey!
"Unfore'd, this instant, to the lists I go,
"Thy rival I, thy voluntary foe."
Stung to the heart with this severe reply,
On him he turn'd his fury-flaming eye: 30
As the grim lion, pierc'd by some keen wound,
Whom hunters on the mountain-top surround;
Though close hemm'd in, his glaring eye-balls
glance

On him alone who threw the pointed lance.
The Greek stript off his mantle richly wrought,
Late from the Lemnian territory brought,

Which some fair nymph, who had her flame avow'd,
The pledge of hospitable love bestow'd:
His double cloak, with clasps of sable hue,
Bebrycia's ruler on the greensward threw, 40
And his rough sheep-hook of wild olive shade,
Which lately flourish'd in the woodland spade.
Then fought the heroes for a place at hand
Commodious for the fight, and on the strand
They plac'd their friends, who saw, with wonder-
ing eyes,
The chiefs how different, both in make and size;
For like Typhæus' race the tyrant stood
Enormous, or that miscreated brood
Of mighty monsters, which parturient earth,
Incens'd at Jove, brought forth, a hideous birth. 50
But Pollux shone like that mild star on high,
Whose rising ray illumines fair evening's sky.
Down spread his cheek, ripe manhood's early sign,
And in his eye-balls beam'd the glance divine.
But like a lion, glorying in his might,
Stood Jove's puissant son, prepar'd for fight.
His arms he pois'd, advancing in the ring,
To try if still they kept their pristine spring;
If pliant still, and vigorous as before,
Nor rigid grown with labouring at the ear. 60
Trial like this the haughty king disdain'd:
Aloof and silent Amycus remain'd.
Full on his foe his vengeful eyes he turn'd,
For blood he thirsted, and for conquest burn'd.
With that his squire Lycoreus, full in view,
Two pair of gauntlets in the circle threw,
Of barbarous fashion, harden'd, rough and dry'd.
Then thus the king with insolence and pride:
"Lo, two stout pair; the choice I leave to thee;
"(No lot appoints them) choose, and blame not
"me. 70
"Bind them secure, and after trial tell,
"How greatly I in either art excel,

" Whether to form the cestus firm and good,
 " Or stain the cheeks of mighty men with blood."
 He spoke : brave Pollux nothing deign'd to say,
 But smiling chose the pair which nearest lay,
 To cheer their champion, Castor, honour'd name !
 And Talaüs, the son of Bias, came ;
 Firm round his arms the gloves of death they
 bind,

And animate the vigour of his mind. 80
 Aratus, and bold Ornytus his friend,
 To Amycus their kind assistance lend :
 Fools ! for they knew not, this one conflict o'er,
 Those gauntlets never should be buckled more.
 Accoutred thus each ardent hero stands,
 And raises high in air his iron hands ;
 With clashing gauntlets fiercely now they close,
 And mutual meditate death-dealing blows.
 First Amycus a furious onset gave

Like the rude insult of the battering wave, 90
 That heap'd on high by driving wind and tide,
 Bursts thundering on some gallant vessel's side ;
 The wary pilot by superior skill,
 Foresees the storm, and shuns the menac'd ill.
 Thus threatening Amycus on Pollux press'd,
 Nor suffer'd his antagonist to rest :

But Jove's brave son observes each coming blow,
 Quick leaps aside, and disappoints the foe ;
 And where a weak unguarded part he spies,
 There all the thunder of his arms he plies. 110
 As busy shipwrights stoutly labouring strive
 Through sturdy planks the piercing spikes to drive,
 From head to stern repeated blows go round,
 And ceaseless hammers send a various sound ;
 Thus from their batter'd cheeks loud echoes
 sprung, [rung :
 Their dash'd teeth crackled, and their jaw-bones
 Nor ceas'd they from the strokes that threaten'd
 death,

Till tir'd with toil they faintly gasp'd for breath :
 A while they then remit the bloody fray,
 And panting wipe the copious sweat away. 100
 But adverse soon they meet, with rage they glow,
 Like bulls fierce fighting for some fav'rite cow.
 Then Amycus, collecting all his might,
 Rose to the stroke, resolv'd his foe to smite,
 And by one blow the dubious war conclude :
 The wary prince, his ruin to elude,
 Bent back his head ; defeated of its aim,
 The blow impetuous on his shoulder came.
 Then Pollux with firm steps approaching near,
 Vindictive struck his adversary's ear ; 120
 Th' interior bones his ponderous gauntlet broke,
 Flat fell the chief beneath his dreadful stroke ;
 The Grecians shouted, with wild rapture fir'd,
 And, deeply groaning, Amycus expir'd.

The griev'd Bebrycians saw their monarch
 slain,
 And big with vengeance rush'd into the plain ;
 With season'd clubs and javelins arm'd they ran,
 And aim'd their fury at the conquering man.
 Their keen-edg'd swords the friends of Pollux
 drew,

And to the succour of their comrade flew. 130
 First Castor slaughter'd with victorious hand,
 A hero of the bold Bebrycian band,

The griding sword at once his head divides,
 And on his shoulders hang the parted sides.
 Mimans, Itymoneus of giant size,
 Each by the arm of conquering Pollux dies.
 On this his foot impress'd a deadly wound
 Full on his side, and stretch'd him on the ground :
 His right hand dash'd with unresist'd sway,
 Mimans' left eye, and tore the ball away. 140

Orcides, Amycus's proud compeer,
 Then launch'd at Talaüs his brazen spear ;
 Just near his flank the point he lightly felt,
 That ras'd the skin beneath his broider'd belt.
 Aratus, with his club of harden'd oak,
 Aim'd at brave Iphitus a deadly stroke :
 Vain thought ! too soon, alas ! it is decreed,
 The hero by his brother's sword must bleed.
 Then rush'd to succour the Thessalian band,
 Ancaüs, with his pole-ax in his hand ; 150
 O'er his broad back a bear's dark spoils he threw,
 And boldly mingled with the hostile crew.
 The sons of Æacus, renown'd for might,
 And Jason join'd them in the fields of fight.
 As when, what time both dogs and shepherds
 keep

Close in warm cots, neglected of their sheep,
 Wolves, pinch'd with hunger and bleak winter's
 cold,

Leap o'er the fence, and terrify the fold,
 With ravening eyes the crowded sheep survey, 159
 And doubt where first to rend the trembling prey ;
 Thus the bold Greeks, as near their foes they
 drew,

Intimidate the congregated crew.

As swains with smoke, of honey studious, strive
 From some rocks cleft the swarming bees to drive,
 Alarm'd and trembling, with a murmuring sound ;
 They crowd to all their waxen rooms around ;
 But if the fumes prevail, their wings they ply,
 And rove uncertain through the various sky :
 Dispersing thus, the wild Bebrycians fled, 169
 And loud proclaim'd that Amycus was dead.
 Ah, hapless race of men ! they little knew,
 That soon far greater evils must ensue :
 Soon must they see, their monarch now no more,
 Their lands a drear depopulated shore ;
 Their vineyards spoil'd, and wasted all their coast
 By Lycus, and the Mariandine host :
 For 'twas their fate, with spear and steely brand,
 Hard lot ! to battle for an iron land.

The Greeks then seiz'd their herds, an easy prey,
 And from the sheep-folds drove the flocks away ;
 The live provision to the ship they sent : 181
 Then thus some sailor gave his boating vent ;

' What had these miscreants done, with fears
 ' dismay'd,

' Had heaven indulg'd us with Alcides' aid ?

' No fierce contention then, I judge had been,

' No bloody boxing on the litted green :

' The chief's stout club had tam'd the tyrant's
 ' pride,

' And set his execrable laws aside.

' But now impell'd by swelling waves and wind,

' We leave at land the matchless chief behind ; 190

' Whose loss distresses to every Greek will prove.'

He said ;—but all things own the will of Jove.

All night the heroes on the coast remain,
To heal the bruises of the wounded train.
First to the gods they give the honour due,
And next, a banquet to the princely crew.
Nor can night's shades the chiefs to sleep incline,
Or o'er the sacrifice, or o'er the wine;
Mirthful they sit, their brows with laurel crown'd:
To a green laurel was the cable bound. 200
While Orpheus strikes the lyre, the hymn they raise,

And Jove's fam'd offspring, mighty Pollux, praise:
Soft breathes the breeze, the billows cease to roar,
And festive joy exhilarates the shore.
But when the sun illum'd the hills and plains,
Dank with the dew, and rous'd the shepherd-swains,

They sent abundant flocks and herds aboard,
And from the laurel-stem unloos'd the cord;
And while the favourable winds prevail'd,
Through the rough rolling Bosporus they sail'd.
When, lo! a wave by gathering surges driven, 211
Swollen big for bursting, is up-heav'd to heaven,
Still rises higher, and still wider spreads,
And hangs a watery mountain o'er their heads;
Like a black cloud it frowns, prepar'd to fall,
And threatens quick destruction to them all.
Yet the train'd pilot, by superior skill,
Well knows to 'scape, this last impending ill;
Safe through the storm the vessel Tiphys steer'd,
And sav'd the heroes from the fate they fear'd. 220
Fronting Bithynia's coast, next morn, they reach

New land, and fix their halbers on the beach.
There on the margin of the beating flood,
The mournful mansions of sad Phineus stood.
Agenor's son, whom heaven ordain'd to bear
The grievous burden of unequal'd care.
For, taught by wife Apollo to defy
Unborn events of dark futurity,
Vain of his science, the presumptuous peer
Deign'd not Jove's awful secrets to revere; 230
But wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
The sacred purpose of th' omniscient mind:
Hence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
But dimm'd in endless night his visual rays,
Nor would the vengeful god indulge his taste
With the sweet blessings of a pure repast,
Though (for they learn'd his fate) the country round

Their prophet's board with every dainty crown'd.
For, lo! descending sudden from the sky,
Round the pil'd banquet shrieking harpies fly, 240
Whose beaks rapacious, and whose talons rear,
Quick from his famish'd lips th' untasted fare.
Yet would some slender pittance oft remain,
Life to support, and to perpetuate pain.
Such odours still the nauseous scraps exhal'd,
That with the stench the loathing stomach fail'd.
Aloof the guest amaz'd and hungry stood,
While their sick hearts abhor'd the putrid food.

But now the princely crew approaching near,
The welcome sound invades the prophet's ear; 250
Taught by almighty Jove, that now was come
The long-wish'd period of heaven's vengeful doom;

When, by these heroes' destin'd aid restor'd,
Peace should hereafter bless his faithful board.
Then heaves he from his couch his haggard head,
(Like some pale, lifeless, visionary shade)
Prop'd on his staff his way explores, and crawls
With lingering step along the lonely walls,
Diseas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,
Through every limb he trembled as he pass'd;
Shrunk was his form, with want aduft and thin,
The pointed bones seem bursting through his skin; 262

But faint and breathless as he reach'd the gate,
Down on the threshold, tir'd with toil he fate.
In dizzy fumes involv'd, his brain runs round,
And swims beneath his feet the solid ground;
No more their functions the frail senses keep,
But speechless sinks he in a deathlike sleep.

This saw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round;
When from his labouring lungs a hollow sound
(His breath and utterance scarce recover'd) broke,
And thus th' enlighten'd seer prophetic spoke:
' Princes of Greece, attend, if ye be they
' Whom o'er the main Thessalia's pines convey,
' And Jason leads to Colchos' magic land;
' Such is your cruel tyrant's stern command.
' Yes, ye are they, for yet my mental eye
' Undimm'd, past, present, future, can descry:
' Thanks to thy son, Latona, who bestows
' This grace, this only solace of my woes. 280
' By Jove, to whom the suppliant's cause belongs,
' Who hates the cruel, and avenges wrongs,
' By Phoebus and by Juno, from on high
' Who marks your progress with compassion's eye,
' Aid me, and, oh! pity the distress'd,
' And bid corrosive famine cease to rage;
' Leave me not thus, unpitied and unblest'd,
' But ere you sail, ah! pity the distress'd.
' For not these orbs alone depriv'd of sight,
' Vindictive heaven hath veil'd in doleful night;
' But to extreme old age his cruel law 291
' Dooms me th' unwasting thread of life to draw.
' Still weightier woes from sorrows lengthen'd
' chain

' Depend, and pain is ever link'd to pain.
' From secret haunts, aerial, unexplor'd,
' Flights of devouring harpies vex my board;
' Swift, instantaneous, sudden they descend,
' And from my mouth the tasteful morsel rend.
' Meanwhile, my troubled soul, with woe oppress'd,
' No means of aid, no comfort can suggest. 300
' For when the feast I purpose to prepare,
' They see that purpose, and prevent my care:
' But cloy'd, and glutted with the luscious spoil,
' With noisome ordure parting they defile
' Whate'er remains, if aught perchance remain,
' That none approaching may the stench sustain,
' Though his strong heart were wrapp'd in plat-
' ed mail,
' The filthy fragments such dire steams exhale,
' Yet me fell hunger's all subduing pain
' Compels reluctant, loathing to remain; 310
' Compels the deadly odours to endure,
' And gorge my craving maw with food im-
' pure.

' From these invaders (so hath fate decreed)
' By Boreas' offspring shall my board be freed.
' Nor on a stranger to your house and blood,
' O sons of Boreas! is your aid bestow'd.
' Phineus behold, Agenor's hapless son,
' Once for prophetic skill and riches known;
' Who, while I sway'd the Thracian sceptre, led
' Your portion'd sister to my spousal bed.' 320
Here Phineus ceas'd, and touch'd each pitying
chief:

But Boreas' sons were pierc'd with double grief;
Compassion kind was kindled in their breast:
Their tears abating, friendly Zetes press'd
His trembling hand, and thus the feer address'd:

" O most disastrous of all human kind,
" Whence spring these evils that o'erwhelm thy
" mind?

" Hast thou, intrusted with the book of fate,
" By folly merited celestial hate?
" Hence falls this indignation on thy head? 330
" Fain would the sons of Boreas grant thee aid;
" Fain would they execute what heaven ordains,
" But awful dread their willing hands restrains.
" To frighted mortals well thy sufferings prove
" How fierce the vengeance of the gods above.
" Swear, or we dare not, as we wish, essay
" To drive these hateful harpies far away:
" Swear that the succours, which our arms intend
" Shall no superior deity offend."

He spoke; and straight to heaven disclosing
wide 340

His sightless eye-balls, thus the feer reply'd;
" My son, th' injustice of thy tongue restrain,
" Nor let such thoughts thy pious soul profane.
" By Phœbus, heavenly augur, who inspires
" My conscious bosom with prophetic fires;
" By every woe fate destines me to bear,
" And by these eyes, involv'd in night, I swear;
" By the fell demons of the realms below,
" (Whom ever unpropitious may I know,
" From their repentment not in death secure, 350
" If falsely their dread godheads I adjure):
" That, should a captive by your arms be freed,
" No god vindictive will avenge the deed."

Then acquiescing in the solemn pray'r,
Toaid the prophet Boreas' sons prepare.
The youthful train a banquet spread; the last
Which those fell harpies were decreed to taste.
Nigh stand the brothers, ardent to oppose
With glittering falchions their invading foes.
But scarce the first sweet morsel Phineus took,
When from the clouds with swift pervention
broke, 361

(Swift as the lightning's glance, or stormy blast,
Whose rapid fury lays the forest waste)
Shrill-clamouring for their prey, the birds obscene;
The watchful heroes shouting rush'd between;
But they with speediest rage the gates devour'd,
And round intolerable odours pour'd;
Then o'er th' Ægean faraway they flew; 369
The sons of Boreas arm'd with swords pursue;
Close they pursue; for Jove, that signal day,
Their strength proportion'd to the desperate fray;
The strength he gave, had Jove, that day, deny'd,
In vain their pinions had the brothers plied.

For when to Phineus furious they repair,
Or quitting Phineus seek the fields of air,
The light-wing'd monsters, fleetier than the wind,
Leave the careering zephyrs far behind.
As when swift hounds, experienc'd in the chase,
Through some wide forest, o'er the scented grass
The bounding hind, or horned goat pursue, 380
Near, and more near their panting prey they view;
And eager stretching, the short space to gain,
They snap, and grind their gnashing fangs in vain:

Thus ever near, the rapid chiefs pursu'd,
The harpies thus their grasping hands elude.
But now far off in the Sicilian main,
By the wing'd brothers, sons of Boreas, slain,
The harpy-race, though every god withstood,
Had stain'd the Plotian isles with sacred blood;
Their fore distress had Iris not survey'd, 390
And darting from the skies the heroes staid:
" O sons of Boreas, the dread laws above
" Permit you not to wound the dogs of Jove:
" And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
" Shall these fell dogs approach the Thracian
" shore."

This said, adorning the tremendous floods,
Most fear'd, most honour'd by immortal gods;
By the slow-dripping urn of Styx she swore;
The prophet's peaceful mansions on the shore
For ever from those spoilers should be free;
Such was the fatal sisters' fix'd decree. 401
The goddesses swore, the brothers straight obey,
And back to Argo wing their airy way:
The Strophades from thence derive their name,
The Plotian islands styl'd by ancient fame.
Disparting then, to different regions flew
The maid celestial and the monster-crew.
Those to the grots retir'd, the dark retreat
Of Dictæ's caverns in Minoian Crete;
While the gay goddesses of the watery bow 410
Soar'd on fleet pinions to Olympus' brow.

Meanwhile the princes, with unwearied pains,
Wash from their feet the harpies' filthy stains:
Next from the spoils, which on Bebrycia's shore
From vanquish'd Amycus brave Pollux bore,
The fleecy victims they select with care;
And sooth the gods with sacrifice and pray'r.
Then in the palace each heroic guest
Partakes the pleasures of the sumptuous feast:
With them sat Phineus, and refresh'd his soul 420
With savoury viands, and the cheering bowl:
While yet he feasts, insatiate still he seems,
And shares a bliss beyond the bliss of dreams.

Though now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And generous wine had open'd every breast;
Yet still the chiefs prolong the banquet late,
And for the feather'd sons of Boreas wait.
Plac'd in the midst, before the cheerful fire,
Thus of their voyage spoke the sacred fire:

" Hear what the gods permit me to relate; 430
" For 'tis profane to publish all your fate.
" Unnumber'd woes I felt, and feel them still,
" For erst divulging Jove's almighty will:
" To man he gives fate's dark events to scan
" In part, but always leaves dependent man.
" When hence your destin'd voyage ye pursue,
" Two rocks will rise, tremendous to the view.

- ' Just in the entrance of the watery waste,
 ' Which never mortal yet in safety past :
 ' Not firmly fix'd : for oft with hideous shock 440
 ' Adverse they meet, and rock encounters rock :
 ' The boiling billows dash their airy brow,
 ' Loud thundering round the ragged shore below.
 ' Safe if ye hope to pass, my counsel hear,
 ' Be rul'd by prudence, and the gods revere ;
 ' Nor on your unexperienc'd youth depend,
 ' The want of caution brings you to your end.
 ' First from your ship a nimble dove let fly,
 ' And on the sure prognostic bird rely ;
 ' Safe through the rocks if she pursue her way,
 ' No longer ye the destin'd course delay ; 451
 ' Steer for the strait, and let the rowers sweep
 ' With stretching oars the close-contracted deep :
 ' For not in prayers alone your safety stands ;
 ' But nervous vigour, and the strength of hands.
 ' Ply then your oars, and strain at every stroke ;
 ' But first with prayer the deities invoke.
 ' The dove's sad fate should you desponding view,
 ' Crush'd by the closing fragments as she flew,
 ' Steer back, lest you against those rocks be driv'n,
 ' Steer back ; 'tis safest to submit to Heav'n. 461
 ' I were death through them to force the foam-
 ' ing keel, [steel.
 ' Though heav'n-built Argo were compos'd of
 ' O friends, be warn'd by me, nor rashly dare
 ' To venture farther than my words declare ;
 ' Me though ye deem the righteous gods pursue
 ' With direful vengeance, threefold more than
 ' due ; [strait,
 ' Tempt not without the dove this dangerous
 ' For man must suffer what's ordain'd by fate.
 ' But if with active oars ye safely gain, 470
 ' Through these tremendous rocks, the distant
 ' main ;
 ' Close to Bithynia let your vessel run,
 ' And on the left the dangerous shallows shun ;
 ' Till Rhebas, rapid-rolling stream, ye reach,
 ' The gloomy shore, and Thynia's sheltering
 ' beach. [strand,
 ' Thence o'er the billows fronting Thynia's
 ' Soon will ye gain the Mariandine land.
 ' Here lies the path to Pluto's dreary caves,
 ' Here Acherusia frowns above the waves,
 ' Whose skirts the gulfy Acheron divides, 480
 ' And from deep whirlpools disembogues his
 ' tides.
 ' Thence, not far distant, with the western gale,
 ' Near Paphlagonia's towering heights ye sail,
 ' The hardy sons of which inclement coast
 ' Enetean Pelops for their founder boast.
 ' Full to the north a promontory fam'd
 ' Lifts the high head in air, Carambis nam'd ;
 ' The northern winds below its summit sweep,
 ' So loftily it rises o'er the deep.
 ' This point once doubled, a new coast expands
 ' Its ample plains, and on the limit stands
 ' A cape far-jutting, from whose rocky shores
 ' The rapid Halys in old ocean roars.
 ' Near him clear Iris draws his humbler train,
 ' In silver torrents foaming to the main.
 ' Beyond projects an headland tall and steep,
 ' And forms a peaceful harbour in the deep.
- ' Here o'er extensive fields Thermodon pours,
 ' Near Themiscyria's heights, his watery stores.
 ' Next lie the spacious Ocean plains, and near 500
 ' Three cities of the Amazons appear :
 ' And next the Chalybes, inur'd to toil,
 ' Work at the forge, and turn the stubborn soil.
 ' Near these the wealthy Tiberenians till,
 ' Sacred to Jove, the Genetæan hill.
 ' The Messynæans, next, the country round
 ' Possess, with mountains and with forests crown'd.
 ' In towers they live of solid timber fram'd,
 ' Mossy fens call'd, and thence the nation nam'd.
 ' When these are pass'd, an island bleak and bare
 ' Lies full in view, there guide your ship with
 ' care, 511
 ' And thence with care those noxious birds expel,
 ' Which on the desert shore unnumber'd dwell.
 ' Here form'd of solid stone, and seen from far,
 ' Stands the rough temple of the God of war.
 ' Two Amazonian queens, renown'd for arms,
 ' Had rais'd the fane, when stunn'd with war's
 ' alarms.
 ' Steer to this island through the stormy main,
 ' And, all that mariners can wish, ye gain. 519
 ' But why should I each circumstance disclose,
 ' And make again the powers of heaven my foes ?
 ' Beyond that isle, but on the fronting shores,
 ' The Philyreans feed their fleecy flocks :
 ' The brave Macronians till the neighbouring
 ' coast ;
 ' Next these the numerous Bechirian host :
 ' Near them Sapirians and Byzerians dwell,
 ' And next the Colchians, who in arms excel.
 ' But ye, your steady course in Argo keep,
 ' Shun the false shores, and plough secure the
 ' deep,
 ' Till that rich coast ye reach, where Phasis leads
 ' From Amarantine hills o'er Colchian meads 531
 ' His liquid stores, and through fam'd Circe's
 ' plain ;
 ' Then rolls his widening current to the main.
 ' To this fam'd stream pursue your watery way,
 ' Soon will your eyes Ætæa's towers survey,
 ' And Mars's grove, where, wondrous to behold !
 ' Hangs on a spreading oak the fleecy gold.
 ' A hideous dragon of enormous size
 ' Turns all around his circumspective eyes :
 ' O'er the bright spoil the strictest watch he
 ' keeps ; 540
 ' He never slumbers, and he never sleeps.
 ' He spoke, and terror curdled all their blood ;
 ' Deep fix'd in silence long the warriors stood.
 ' At length thus Jason, though possess'd with fear :
 ' Tell us, O tell us, venerable seer,
 ' Th' event of all our toils : the sign explain
 ' How safely we may pass into the main [say,
 ' Through those dire rocks : and, O ! indulgent,
 ' Shall we once more our native land survey ?
 ' Unskill'd am I, unskill'd our martial train ; 550
 ' How shall I act, how measure back the main ?
 ' For far as ever flying sails were fur'd
 ' Lies Colchos, on the limits of the world."
 ' Thus Jason spoke ; and thus the prophet old :
 ' Those dangerous rocks once pass'd, my son, be
 ' bold.

' Some god from Æa shall through seas untry'd,
' Skirted by other coasts, your vessel guide,
' But you, to Æa sailing, on your crew confide.
' But, friends, to Venus be due honours paid;
' Still in remembrance keep her secret aid. 560
' On all your toils she kindly will bestow
' A glorious end—expect no more to know."

Scarce had he spoke, when speeding back repair
The sons of Boreas through the fields of air;
At the seer's door with nimble feet they light:
Up rose the chiefs, rejoicing at the sight.
When Zetes trembling, and with toils oppress'd,
While thick short sobs incessant heav'd his chest,
Tells how they drove the harpies far away,
How Iris screen'd them, and forbade to slay, 570
And pledg'd her solemn oath; while they retreat
To the huge caves of mountain-cover'd Crete.
These joyful tidings cheer'd the hearts of all,
But most the prophet's, in the feastful hall;
Whom Jason thus: " Sure from his heavenly state
" Some god look'd down, and wail'd thy woe-ful
" fate,

" And fore-decreed from far our hands to send,
" That Boreas' sons might their assistance lend.
" Should the same god restore the long-lost sight,
" My gladden'd soul would feel as great delight,
" As even my native country could bestow." 581

Then thus sage Phineus, with dejected brow:
' My eyes, alas! shall ne'er behold the day; [ray:
' Shrunk are these balls, and quench'd the visual
' Heaven round me soon death's gloomy shade
' shall spread,

' And every honour will await me dead.' [cheer'd,

With converse thus the fleeting hours they
When rosy morning beaming bright appear'd.
The neighbouring peasants round, with early day,
Flock to the seer, their due regards to pay: 590
This daily custom love and reverence taught;
And some provision for the sage they brought.
All came to learn by his prophetic lore:
He to the rich divin'd, and to the poor:
For numerous votaries he reliev'd from dread,
Who dearly lov'd him, and who daily fed.
With these his steady friend Paræbius came,
Who saw with joy these gallant sons of fame.
To him prophetic Phineus had foretold,
That a young band of Grecians, brave and bold,
Should, in their voyage to the Colchian shore, 601
In Thynia's bay their well-built vessel moor,
And from these coasts those ravenous birds of prey
The harpies drive, though sent by Jove away.
The seer, well pleas'd, dismiss'd his friendly train,
But bade Paræbius with the Greeks remain,
And fetch him instant from his numerous flock
A sheep, the best and fairest of the flock.
The willing swain obey'd the seer's request,
And Phineus thus the mariners address'd: 610
' We are not all unciviliz'd and rude,
' My friends, nor guilty of ingratitude.
' That shepherd to my mansion came of late,
' To learn from me the colour of his fate;
' For the more labours and fatigues he bore,
' Pale, pining want oppress'd him still the more;
' New woes succeeded to the woes that past,
' And every day was darker than the last:

TRANS. II.

' And yet no crime had poor Paræbius wrought,
' Alas! he suffer'd for his father's fault: 620
' Who, when alone, and on the mountain's brow,
' With cruel axe he laid the forest low,
' Deaf to a doleful hamadryad's pray'r,
' The nymph neglected, and refus'd to spare,
' Though oft the urg'd this lamentable plea;
' Pity, ah, pity my coeval tree,
' " Where I so many blissful ages dwelt!"
' But his hard heart no soft compassion felt: 628
' The tree he fell'd; and, for this foul disgrace,
' The nymph ordain'd him woes, and all his race
' To me Paræbius came, oppress'd with fear:
' The cause I found, and counsel'd him to rear
' An altar to the goddess of the shore,
' And pardon for his father's crimes implore.
' Thus was the guilt aton'd: e'er since, the man
' Pays all regards that grateful mortal can:
' For ever at my side he loves to slay,
' And always goes unwillingly away." 638

Thus Phineus spoke, when from his fleecy flock
His friend brought two, the fairest of the flock.
Then Jason rose, and urg'd by Phineus blind,
Rose the bold offspring of the northern wind:
Their sacred offerings on the flames they lay,
Invoking Phœbus at the dawn of day,
The choicest viands with assiduous care
The younger heroes for their friends prepare.
Thus feasted, some their vessel's cordage press'd,
Some in the prophet's mansion sunk to rest.
Etesian breezes with the morning blow, 649
Which, sent by Jove, o'er every region flow.

The nymph Cyrene, in old times, 'tis said,
Her flocks beside Thessalian Peneus fed,
Pleas'd with the honours of her virgin name,
Till day's bright god seduc'd the rural dame.
Far from Hæmonia he convey'd the fair,
Brought to the nymphs, and trusted to their care,
The mountain-nymphs that in parch'd Libya keep
Their airy mansions on Myrtolia's steep.
Cyrene there, along the winding shore,
Thee, Aristæus, to Apollo bore; 660
To whom rich swains, who in Thessalia live,
The names of Agreus and of Nomius give.
With length of days the god her love repaid,
And fix'd her huntress of the woodland shade;
But the young boy to Chiron's care he gave,
To reap instruction in his learned cave.
To him, when blooming in the prime of life,
The muses gave Autonoe to wife;
And taught their favourite pupil to excel
In arts of healing, and divining well. 670
To him they gave their numerous flocks to
feed,

Which Phthia's athamantine pastures breed;
And those that stray on Othrys' lofty brow,
Or where Apidanus' san'd waters flow.
But when fierce Sirius scorch'd the Cyclades,
The realms of Minos, in th' Ægean seas,
Nought could the burning malady allay;
The islanders implor'd the god of day,
Who sent young Aristæus to their aid,
By whom the fatal pestilence was staid. 680
At his fire's call he left fair Phthia's land,
Attended by a bold Arcadian band,

Who from Lycaon their extraction boast,
And fail'd to Ceos with his numerous host.
He there an altar rais'd to flowery Jove,
And made oblation on the heights above
To the red star that desolates the land,
And to heaven's king; at whose supreme command
Th' Etesian winds, while forty days they blow,
Refresh with balmy gales the soil below. 690
Ev'n now the Cean priests pay rites divine
Before the burning stars begin to shine.
Thus fame reports; and by these winds detain'd,
With Phineus still the Argonauts remain'd.
The grateful Thynians daily, while they staid,
To their lov'd fees abundant stores convey'd.
Yet, ere they leave this hospitable land,
To the twelve gods erect they on the strand
An altar, and with sacrifice and pray'r
Appease the powers of heaven, and to their ship

repair, 700
Eager their long neglected oars to prove;
Yet not unmindful of the timorous dove,
Which safely fasten'd by a slender band
Euphemus carry'd trembling in his hand. [cord :
Quick from the stay they lopp'd the double
Minerva saw the heroes haste aboard :
On a thin cloud she lighted from above,
(The cloud upheld the mighty seed of Jove)
And sped her voyage to the Euxine main,
For much she lov'd the delegated train. 710
So when some shepherd quits his native home,
(As men adventurous much delight to roam)
No roads too distant or too long appear,
In thought he fees, and thinks his mansion near;
O'er sea, o'er land, with keen inquiring eyes
He views all ways, and in idea flies :
Thus to the Thynian shore, from heaven above,
Swift flew the daughter of imperial Jove. 718

When now the heroes through the vast pro-
found [round,
Reach the dire straits with rocks encompass'd
Though boiling gulfs the sailing pine detain'd,
Still on their way the labouring Grecians gain'd,
When the loud-jostling rocks increas'd their fears :
The shores resounding thunder'd in their ears.
High on the prow Euphemus took his stand,
And held the dove that trembled in his hand.
The rest with Typhus on their strength rely'd,
To shun the rocks, and stem the roaring tide.
Soon, one sharp angle past, the joyful train
Saw the cleft crags wide opening to the main.
Euphemus loos'd the dove, the heroes stood 731
Erect to see her skim the foaming flood.
She through the rocks a ready passage found :
The dire rocks met, and gave a dreadful sound.
The salt sea spray in clouds began to rise;
Old ocean thunder'd; the cerulean skies
Rebellow'd loudly with the fearful din :
The caves below remurmur'd from within. [o'er
O'er wave-worn cliffs, the coast's high margin
Boil'd the light foam, and whiten'd all the shore.
Round whirl'd the ship; the rocks with rapid

sway 741
Lopp'd from the dove her steering tail away ;
Yet still securely through the straits she flew :
Loud joy inspir'd the circumspicuous crew.

But Typhus urg'd the chiefs their oars to ply,
For the rocks yawn'd tremendous to the eye.
Then terror seiz'd them, when with sudden shock
The reflux billows forc'd them on the rock :
With chilling fears was every nerve unstrung,
While o'er their heads impending ruin hung. 750
Before, behind, they saw the spacious deep,
When instant, lo ! a billow, vast and steep,
Still rises higher, and still wider spreads,
And hangs a wat'ry mountain o'er their heads.
The heroes stoop'd, expecting by its fall
That mighty billow would o'erwhelm them all ;
But Typhus' art reliev'd the labouring oars :
On Argo's keel the impetuous torrent pours,
Which rais'd the ship above the rocks so high,
She seem'd sublimely sailing in the sky. 760
Euphemus hastening urg'd the valiant crew
Their course with all their vigour to pursue.
Shouting they ply'd their oars, but ply'd in vain ;
For the rough billows beat them back again.
And as the heroes unremitting row,
Their labouring oars were bent into a bow.
Swift down the mountainous billows Argo glides,
Like a huge cylinder along the tides,
Entangled with thick, craggy rocks around,
Her seams all bursting, and her planks unbound.
In that nice moment the Tritonian maid 771
To sacred Argo lent the timely aid.
Her left hand heav'd her from the craggy steep,
Her right dismiss'd her gently to the deep :
Then like an arrow from th' elastic yew,
Swift o'er the foaming waves the vessel flew.
Yet had the clashing rocks with adverse sway
Torn the tall prow's embellishments away.
When thus the Greeks had safely reach'd the main,
To heaven Minerva wing'd her flight again. 780
The parted rocks at once concurrent stood,
Fix'd on one firm foundation in the flood :
This had been long determin'd by the fates,
If mortal ever past those dangerous straits.
Now freed from fears, the Greeks with eager eyes
View the broad ocean and serener skies :
Their anxious doubts for Argo they dispel,
And deem her rescued from the jaws of hell.
Then Typhus thus : ' Sure to this ship we owe
' That fearless safety we experience now. 790
' For though wise Argus with ingenious art
' Form'd the fair ship compact in every part,
' Vigour divine propitious Pallas gave,
' And pow'r assign'd her o'er the wind and wave,
' All now is safe : fear not thy haughty lord,
' But mark, illustrious chief, the prophet's word ;
' The rocks escap'd, no future fears remain,
' Your toils are easy, and your voyage plain."
Thus he; and steering through the spacious sea,
Near fair Bithynia plow'd the liquid way. 800
Then Jason mild the pilot thus address'd :
' Why, Typhus, this to me with grief opprest'd?
' Yes I have err'd—my faults afflict my soul :
' When Pelias gave command without controul,
' 'Twas mine to've shunned this wild-projected
" plot,
' Though instant death had been my certain lot.
' Now fears and cares my tortur'd bosom rend ;
' I dread those ills that from the deep impend,

"I dread the savage coast, and every place
 "Where dwells the bloody or the barbarous race.
 "No peace by day, no sleep at night I take, 811
 "Since these brave chiefs assembled for my sake.
 "With cold indifference may'st thou now look down,
 "For no man's safety anxious but thy own;
 "But I, the least solicitous for mine,
 "Feel for this friend's, that comrade's, and for
 "thine.

"Much shall I feel for all this martial band,
 "Unless they safe regain their native land."
 Thus spoke the prince, his gallant host to try:
 With animating sounds they rend the sky. 820
 'The loud acclaim was grateful to his ears,
 And thus he boldly hails his brave compeers:
 "Your valour, friends, encourages my soul:
 "And since no fears your gallant hearts controul,
 "Boldly will I each coward thought repel,
 "Though doom'd to enter the abyss of hell.
 "For these rocks past, no dangers can dismay,
 "If we the counsel of the seer obey."

The Greeks applauding what their leader spoke,
 Ply their stout oars, and bend to every stroke;
 And first by Rhebas rapid stream they fly, 831
 And where Colona's rocks invade the sky.
 And where the black-brow'd promontory low'rs,
 And where lov'd Phillis his broad current pours.
 There Diplacus receiv'd, in days of yore,
 Young Phryxus landing on his friendly shore,
 When, exil'd from Orchomenos, he swam
 On the broad shoulders of the gold-fleece'd ram.
 For to that stream a nymph of rural race
 Bore Diplacus, who, fearful of disgrace, 840
 Dwelt with his mother; and along the mead
 Chose, near his father's stream, his fleecy flocks to
 feed.

The chiefs soon pass'd his celebrated fane,
 The river Calpis, and th' extended plain;
 And all the night, along the tranquil tide,
 And all the day their oars incessant ply'd.
 As when laborious steers, inur'd to toil,
 With the bright plough-share turn the stubborn
 soil,
 Sweat from their sides distills in foamy smoke;
 Their eyes obliquely roll beneath the yoke; 850
 Their scorching breath heaves quick with panting
 sound,

While all day long they tread the weary ground:
 So toil'd the Greeks; nor yet the morning light
 Had pass'd the doubtful confines of the night,
 But, faintly glimmering on this earthly ball,
 Produc'd what mortals morning-twilight call.
 To Thynia's neighbouring isle their course they
 bore,

And safely landed on the desert shore,
 When bright Apollo show'd his radiant face,
 From Lycia hastening to the Scythian race, 860
 His golden locks, that flow'd with grace divine,
 Hung clustering like the branches of the vine:
 In his left hand his bow unbent he bore,
 His quiver pendent at his back he wore:
 The conscious island trembled as he trod,
 And the big rolling waves confess'd the god.
 Nor dar'd the heroes, seiz'd with dire dismay,
 The splendours of his countenance survey,

But on the ground their downward eyes they
 cast:

Meanwhile Apollo o'er the watery waste, 870
 And through thin ether on his journey flew.
 Then thus spoke Orpheus to the martial crew:
 "Let us, my honour'd chiefs, with joint acclaim
 "This island sacred to bright Phoebus name,
 "Who early here to all this host appear'd;
 "Here let an altar on the shore be rear'd;
 "And paid the rites divine: and if he deign
 "That safe we reach our native land again,
 "Young horned goats shall on his altars bleed,
 "And the choice thighs to Phoebus be decreed.
 "Now, comrades, due libations let us pay: 881
 "Be gracious, O be gracious, god of day!"

Thus he: and some the stony altar raise,
 And some explore the forest's devious maze;
 Haply within its lone retreats to find
 A kid wild wandering, or a bounding hind:
 Latona's son soon led them to the prey;
 Then on the altar, blazing bright, they lay
 The choicest parts involv'd in sacred smoke,
 And fair Apollo, early god, invoke. 890
 Around the flame in sprightly dance they spring,
 And Iö Pæan, Iö Pæan sing.

Then on the Thracian harp Oeager's son
 In soothing strains his tuneful tale begun:
 How once beneath Parnassus' rocky brow
 He launch'd an arrow from his deadly bow,
 And the fell serpent flew; though young and
 fair,

And beardless yet, but grac'd with golden hair:
 O prove propitious, thou whose radiant head
 Is deck'd with curls unclip'd, that never shed, 900
 Worthy thyself! (Larona only knows
 With nicest art those ringlets to dispose)
 Corycian nymphs their joys in rapture show'd,
 And Iö, Iö Pæan call'd aloud:
 Encomium grateful to the god of day.
 Thus having prais'd him in the solemn lay;
 They swear devoutly, due libations made,
 To league for ever, and lend mutual aid:
 Then touch the hallow'd altar with their hands
 Concordant; and ev'n now a temple stands 910
 Sacred to Concord, by the Grecians rais'd,
 When here that mighty deity they prais'd

Now the third morn began on earth to smile,
 When with fresh gales they left the lofty isle.
 The foaming Sangar at a distance seen,
 The Mariandine meads for ever green,
 And Lycus' winding waters they forsake
 All on the right, and Anthemioissa's lake,
 So fast before the wind the vessel went, 919
 Crack'd was the cordage, and the canvas rent:
 But the gale ceasing with the dawning day,
 Joyful they reach the Acherusian bay.
 Begirt with rocks so towering tall and steep,
 The frown tremendous on Bithynia's deep;
 And yet so firmly founded in the main,
 The raging billows round them roar in vain:
 Above, upon the promontory's brow,
 Umbrageous planes in beauteous order grow.
 Thence, downward, through a deep and dreary
 dell,

Descends the path-way to the cave of hell, 930

With woods and shaggy rocks obscure; from
whence

Exhaling vapours, chilly, damp, and dense,
Scatter hoar frost along the whitening way,
Which melts before the sun's meridian ray.
On these rough cliffs, which many a storm mo-
lests,

The pleasing power of silence never rests.
From hollow caverns through the leafy boughs,
Above, the whistling wind for ever blows;
And while mad billows lash the founding shores,
Below, the raging main for ever roars. 940

There, bursting from the promontory's sides,
Sad Acheron along the valley glides;
Deep-hollow'd beds his turbid streams convey,
As eastward to the main he winds his way.
This fable flood, in ancient story fam'd,
The Megarensians Soönautes nam'd
In after ages, when their course they bore

By ocean to the Mariandine shore: 948
For when the deep in deathful billows heav'd,
This peaceful port their shatter'd ships receiv'd.
To this the labouring Grecians bent their way,
Row'd round the cape, and anchor'd in the bay.

When Lycus and his Mariandine host,
Lycus, the mighty monarch of the coast,
Knew these brave Greeks who Amycus had slain,
They welcom'd Jason and his conquering train:
But most on Pollux fix'd their wondering eyes,
And view'd him as a hero from the skies:
For long the fierce Bebrycian's rude alarms
Had rous'd the Mariandyni to arms. 960

That day, the Grecian band with one consent
To the king's hospitable palace went:
Cheerful they there on choicest dainties din'd,
And there with converse sweet regal'd the mind.
Then Jason to the king recounts the name
And race of all these chosen sons of fame,
Who lent their aid at Pelias' dire command;
Their strange adventures on the Lemnian land;
What griefs, what woes at Cyzicus they bore;
And how they landed on the Mylian shore, 970
Where Hercules, disreis'd his friend to find,
They left at land, unwillingly behind.

What Glancus spoke prophetic from the main,
How with his subjects Amycus was slain,
The prince relates: what Phineus poor and old,
Worn out with sufferings to the chiefs foretold;
How through Cyanean rocks they safely steer'd,
And in what isle the god of day appear'd.
The king rejoic'd his guests so well had sped.

But griev'd that Hercules was left, and said: 980

'I think how, my friends, this hero's aid deny'd,
'Rashly ye tempt a length of seas untry'd.
'Full well I knew that valiant son of fame,
'When here on foot through Lydia's coast he
'came

'(For here my hospitable father dwelt)
'To fetch Hippolita's embroider'd belt.
'The hero found me then a beardless swain,
'Mourning my brother by the Mylians slain;
'(The nation dearly lov'd the blooming chief,
'And still lament in elegies of grief) 990
'Then at the funeral games he prov'd his might,
'And vanquish'd Titias in the gauntlet-fight

'Though young and stout, and eager for the fray,
'From his bruise'd jaws he dash'd the teeth away,
'The Mylian country, and the Phrygian plains,
'The conqueror added to my fire's domains;
'And the rude nations that Bithynia till,
'To foaming Rhebas and Colona's hill;
'And Paphlagonia to its utmost bounds,
'Which fable Billis with his waves suffronds.
'But now proud Amycus, and all his host, 1000
'Since Hercules has left the neighbouring coast,
'Have spoil'd my realms, and spread their hostile
'bands

'Wide as where Hipias' streams enrich the lands.
'At length their lawless insolence they rue,
'And by your hands have suffer'd vengeance due.
'And sure some god afforded his relief
'When Pollux flew that proud Bebrycian chief.

'I for this deed my due regard will show;
'Tis what the meanest to the mighty owe. 1010

'My son, your comrade, shall at my command
'Attend o'er distant seas your gallant band:
'O'er distant seas, with Dascylus your guide,
'You still with faithful friends shall be sup-
'ply'd,

'Far as Thermodon rolls his foaming tide.
'Meanwhile on yon bold cape that mates the
'skies

'To Leda's fons a sacred fane shall rise,
'Admir'd by all that cross the boundless main,
'For all shall venerate the sacred fane:
'To them will I, as to the powers divine, 1020
'Some fruitful acres near the town assign.'

Conversing thus, the genial feast they share,
And to the ship at early day repair:
With his brave son the friendly Lycus went,
Who store of viands to the ship had sent.

'Twas here the cruel destinies decreed
That Idmon, fam'd for augury, should bleed:
The fate of others he had oft foretold,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.
Here, in a covert near the reedy flood, 1030
A fell wild boar lay deep immers'd in mud.
With horrid tusks so dreadful he appear'd,
The fountain-nymphs the savage monster fear'd:
No living wight in miry marsh or moor
E'er saw so fierce, so horrible a boar.
On the lake's verge as luckless Idmon stood,
From his close covert, in the reedy mud,
Up sprung the furious beast with might and main,
Tore the chief's thigh, and snapp'd the bone in
twain;

He groans, he falls, and on the bank he lies, 1040
His griev'd companions answer to his cries;
When Peleus instantly approaching near,
Launch'd at the boar his unavailing spear:
But Idas aim'd his pointed dart so well,
Low in the marsh the dying monster fell.
The chiefs with Idmon to the ship retir'd,
Who deeply groaning in their arms expir'd.
Immers'd in grief, they now neglect to fail;
For three whole days their comrade they bewail;
But on the fourth, with pensive sorrow, paid 1050
The last sad honours due to Idmon's shade.
The king, the people join'd the mournful crew,
And, loud lamenting, numerous victims flew:

They dug the grave, and on the greenward raise
A tomb on which posterity will gaze:
For near the tomb a tall wild olive grows,
Beneath the cape, and beautifully blows.
Me would the nine commission to unfold
This truth, which Phœbus had long since fore-
told,

This, this is he, the tutelary lord, 1060
Henceforth to be by mighty states ador'd:
For here Bœotians and Megarians join'd,
Near the wild olive wavering in the wind,
To build a city; though due honours they
To Agamestor, not to Idmon, pay.

Who fell beside? for, lo! the chiefs intend
Another tomb for some lamented friend.
Ev'n now two mournful monuments appear:
Tiphys, fame says, was stretch'd upon the bier.
Him cruel fate ordain'd no more to roam; 1070
He died far distant from his native home.
For while to Idmon funeral rites they pay,
Untimely sickness snatch'd the chief away.
Then heart-felt sadness seiz'd the pensive train,
Who, prostrate on the margin of the main,
Forgetful of their necessary food,
Mourn'd in sad silence to the roaring flood.
For they, now skilful Tiphys is no more,
Despair'd returning to their native shore; 1079
And here had staid, with bitter grief oppress'd,
Had not Saturnia in Ancæus' breast
Breath'd courage: him Aëtyalæa bore,
Near winding Imbrasis on Samos' shore,
To ocean's god; a chief expert to guide
The flying vessel o'er the foaming tide.
Then thus to Peleus, Neptune's valiant son,
By heaven inspir'd, in cheering terms begun:
' Ill suits the brave in foreign climes to stay,
' And waste, O Peleus, precious time away.
' I left not Samos less for failing skill'd 1090
' Than fierce contention, in the fighting field.
' For Argo cherish not one abject fear,
' Since many skill'd, besides myself, are here.
' And he, to whom the steerage we ordain,
' Will safely guide the vessel o'er the main.
' 'Tis then to stimulate the fainting crew
' With ready oars their voyage to pursue.'

He spoke, and transport touch'd the Phthian's
breast,

Instant he rose, and thus the host address'd: 1100

" Why are we here by fruitless grief detain'd?

" Two friends are dead, and this the fates or-
dain'd;

" Yet many pilots in this host remain,

" To steer firm Argo o'er the watery plain,

" To sorrows unavailing bid adieu!

" Let us, bold peers, our destin'd course pursue."

He said, and Jason anxious thus reply'd;

' Where are those pilots, say, our course to guide?

' For those whom late we boasted as the best

' And ablest chiefs, are most with grief oppress'd,

' I therefore deem a like sad fate attends 1110

' On us, as on our late departed friends,

' If neither in Ætæa's ports we moor,

' Nor through those rocks regain our native shore.

' But here inactive and inglorious stay,

' Years following years, and linger life away.'

He spoke; Ancæus seiz'd the steerage, driv'n
By power insinivive from the queen of heav'n.
Erginus next the glorious charge desir'd;
Euphemus, Nauplius to the helm aspir'd.
But these the congregated chiefs declin'd, 1120
And bold Ancæus to the post assign'd.

With the twelfth rising morn the heroes sail;
Favonius breath'd a favourable gale;
And soon they leave sad Acheron behind,
Then give the swelling canvass to the wind:
On the smooth sea the ship serenely rides,
And light along the liquid level guides.
Ere long with stretching sails the coast they
gain,

Where broad Callichorus augments the main.
To Thebes returning from his Indian fights, 1130
Here Bacchus solemniz'd mysterious rites,
The dance before the sacred cave ordain'd,
And here full many a doleful night remain'd.
This name the country to the river gave,
Callichorus; and Aulion to the cave.

Still as their course the daring Greeks pursue,
The monument of Schenelus they view.
With honours grac'd, obtain'd in realms afar,
Returning from the Amazonian war,
On the bleak shore (Alcides at his side) 1140
Pierc'd by a fatal dart the hero died.
Slow fall'd they on, for, eager to survey
His kindred warriors on the watery way,
At his request, from her infernal coast
Pluto's grim queen releas'd the pensive ghost.
The pensive ghost beheld with eager ken
From the tall monument the ship and men.
As arm'd for war the martial phantom seem'd;
Four crests high-towering on his helmet beam'd,
With purple rays intolerably bright; 1150
Then soon it sunk beneath the shades of night.
In mute amazement flood the Grecian host
But Mopsus counsel'd to appease the ghost
With offerings due; the chiefs approach the
strand,

And round the tomb of Schenelus they stand.
They pour libations, and the victims slay,
And on the fire the destin'd offerings lay.
Apart, to guardian Phœbus next they raise
An altar meet, and bid the victims blaze. 1159
Here Orpheus plac'd his lyre for music fam'd;
Apollo's altar hence was Lyra nam'd.

And now, invited by the favouring gales,
They climb the ship and spread their swelling
sails;

Swift o'er the deep the winged vessel flies,
Swift as the rapid hawk that cleaves the skies,
And lightly through the liquid ether springs,
Nor moves, self-poiz'd, his wide expanded wings.
Thence by Parthenius fall'd the social train,
The gentlest stream that mingles with the main.
Fatigued with traversing the mazy grove, 1170
Here, ere she re-ascends the courts of Jove,
The chaste Diana, huntress of the wood,
Bathes her fair limbs, and gambols in the flood,
Then during night by Sefamus they sail,
And Erythius rising o'er the vale;
By Cromna and Crobrialus, and where
Thy grove, Cytorus, ever green appear.

Thence with the rising sun they stoutly row
Near where Carambis lifts his rocky brow.
All day, all night with unremitted oar 1180
They coast along Ægialus's shore.
Then to the Syrian clime the heroes sped,
Where Jove, by hasty promises misled
Sinope plac'd, and, all she wish'd to claim,
Gave her the honours of a virgin's name.
For, know, the god, by love's strong power op-

press'd,
Promis'd to grant whate'er she might request:
And this request th' insidious damsel made,
That her virginity might never fade. 1189
Hence Phœbus foil'd could no one wish obtain;
Hence winding Alys woo'd the maid in vain.
No mortal force such virtue could o'ercome,
Defeat Jove's promise, and impair her bloom.
Here dwelt Deimachus's offspring fam'd,
Deileon Autolycus and Phlogius nam'd,
What time they ceas'd with Hercules to roam,
And at Sinope found a settled home.
They, when they saw the bold Thessalian band,
Met them on shore and welcom'd them to land;
And loathing longer in these climes to stay, 1200
Join'd the brave crew, and with them sail'd away.
Bleat'd with the zephyr's breeze that briskly blew.
Near Halys' stream and Ilis' sail'd the crew;
Near Syria's coast, and, e'er night's shades abound,
Near th' Amazonian cape, for many a bay re-

nown'd.
Where Hercules surpris'd in days of yore,
Bold Menalippe wandering on the shore:
A belk Hippolyta her sister paid,
And for this ransom he restor'd the maid. 1210
Here in Thermodon's bay firm Argo moor'd:
For lash'd with tempests the vex'd ocean roar'd.
No river like the fam'd Thermodon leads
Such numerous currents o'er the fertile meads:
A hundred streams to him their waters owe;
Yet from one source, one only source they flow.
On Amazonian hills, that reach the skies,
The great Thermodon first begins to rise;
Hence soon emerging many a course he takes,
Sinks but to mount, and various channels makes.
The different streams from different founts distil,
In fest meanders wandering down the hill; 1221
Some public notice and fair titles claim,
Some flow obscurely, and without a name;
But confluent soon, along the winding plain,
He rolls his waves, and foams o'er half the main.

Had the Greeks landed on the hostile coast,
War would have soon pursu'd the gallant host:
(For the fierce Amazons regard not right,
Strife is the'r sport, and battles their delight:
From Mars and harmony these warlike maids 1230
Sprung where Acmonius spreads his bowery
shades!

But favour'd with the soft Favonian wind,
The heroes left the crooked shore behind,
Where the bold Amazons, perceiv'd from far,
Stood sheath'd in arms, prepar'd for speedy war.
Not in one city dwelt this martial band,
But in three parties scatter'd o'er the land:
The first tribe at Themiscyra remain'd,
O'er this Hippolyta, their empress, reign'd;

There dwelt the fair Lycallian dames apart, 1240
Here the Chadesians, skill'd to lance the dart.
Th' ensuing day the delegated band
Approach'd with oars the rough Chalybian land;
Whole sons ne'er yoke their oxen to the plough,
Nor healing plants, nor fruits delicious know:
Nor aught delight they in th' irriguous mead,
Retir'd and still, their fleecy flocks to feed;
But they dig iron from the mountain's side,
And by this ore are nature's wants supply'd.
Devoid of toil ne'er beam'd Aurora's ray, 1250
And dust and smoke obscur'd the dismal day.

From thence they pass where Tiberenians till,
Sacred to Jove, the Genetean hill.
Here, when the teeming wives, are brought to
bed,
Their groaning husbands hang the drooping
head;

Equal attendance with their wives they claim;
The same their diet, and their baths the same.
Next by the sacred hill their oars impel,
Firm Argo, where the Mossynœans dwell.
In towers they live, of solid timber fram'd, 1260
Mossynes call'd, and thence the nation nam'd:
Of manners strange; for they with care conceal
These deeds which others openly reveal;
And actions, that in secret should be done,
Perform in public and before the sun:
For like the monsters of the bristly drove,
In public they perform the feats of love.
Exalted in his tower that mates the sky,
The monarch here dispenses law from high:
But if his judgment err, this rigid stare 1270
Condemns their chief, and starving is his fate.
These nations past, with unremitting oar
They reach, Aretias, thy sea-girt shore.
Then sunk the breezes with the evening day,
When down the sky descending they survey
A winged monster of enormous might
Which toward the ship precipitates her flight.
Her wings she shook, and from her pinions flung,
A dart-like quill, which on Oileus hung;
Down his left shoulder swift it fell: no more,
Faint and enfeebled, could he hold his oar. 1281
In silence long the Grecian heroes gaze,
And view the feathery javelin with amaze.
But Erybotes, soon approaching near,
Extracted from the chief the winged spear;
Then from his side his pendent belt unbound,
And wrapp'd that bandage o'er the gaping wound.
When, lo! a second bird appear'd in view,
But ready Clytius first had bent his yew;
By his keen shaft the feather'd monster slain 1290
Fell by the ship fell headlong in the main.
Then thus Amphidamus: 'My friends, ye know,
'And these obscene voracious fiends foreshow
'Aretias near: then list to what I say,
'Fruitless are shafts to drive these pests away;
'But, would you here a fit reception find,
'Recal th' advice of Phineus to your mind.
'For when Alcides to Arcadia went
'Well arm'd with arrows, on his toils intent,
'From the Stymphæan lake he sail'd to
'fright 1300
'These ravenous harpies (I beheld the sight)

‘ But when he rung a cymbal with his spear;
 ‘ The clanging cymbal fill’d the birds with fear:
 ‘ In wild confusion far away they fly,
 ‘ And with shrill clamours pierce the distant sky.
 ‘ ’Tis ours to practise this expulsive art;
 ‘ But hear ye first the counsel I impart:
 ‘ Let half our crew in glittering armour dress’d,
 ‘ Nod, as by turns they row the high-plum’d crest;
 ‘ The rest bright spears and swords and shields
 ‘ provide, 1310

‘ And meet dispose them round the vessel’s side.
 ‘ Then all at once your voices raise on high,
 ‘ And with loud pealing shouts assail the sky;
 ‘ The deafening clamours, the pretended spears,
 ‘ And nodding crests will fill the birds with fears.
 ‘ And when Aretia’s barren isle ye gain,
 ‘ Ring your broad bucklers, and all shout amain.
 He spoke, the chiefs approv’d the wise design;
 High on their heads the brazen helmets shine.
 Whose purple crests wav’d dreadful in the wind;
 To these alternate were stout oars assign’d; 1321
 The rest with care their vessel’s side conceal’d
 With glittering spears, and many a shining shield.
 As when industrious builders cover o’er
 With tiles the walls their hands had rais’d before;
 In checker’d squares they decorate the roof,
 And make it fair to view, and tempest proof:
 Thus they with shields dispos’d in order due,
 Shelter’d their vessel, and adorn’d it too.

As when embattled hosts their foes assail, 1330
 Tumultuous shouts, and martial sounds prevail;
 So from the ship loud clamours pierc’d the sky;
 No more the Greeks their feather’d foes defy:
 Rattling their bucklers, near the land they drew,
 And far away the winged furies flew.
 So when great Jove on close-throng’d cities pours
 From hyperborean clouds his haily showers;
 Within, the dwellers sit in peace profound,
 Nor heed the rattling storms that rage around;
 In vain the hail descends, the tempests roar, 1340
 Their roofs from harm were well secur’d before:
 Thus on their shields the furies shot their quills,
 Then clamouring vanish’d to far distant hills.

Say, Muse, why Phineus counsel’d here to land,
 On Mars’s isle, this delegated band?
 And what advantage could the Grecians gain
 From all the toils and perils of the main?

To fam’d Orchomenos, with favourite gale,
 From Æa’s walls the sons of Phrixus sail,
 Their grandfire’s vast inheritance to share, 1350
 Who dying left this voyage to their care.
 Near Mar’s island on this signal day
 The sons of Phrixus plow’d the liquid way.
 But Jove ordain’d that Boreas blasts should blow,
 While moist Arcturus soak’d the vales below.
 First on the mountains, rising by degrees,
 All day rough Boreas shook the trembling trees;
 Then, night approaching, he with hideous sound
 Roll’d the big waves, and heav’d the vast profound.
 No stars appear translucent through the clouds,
 But gloomy darkness every object shrouds. 1361
 The son of Phrixus, tost by whelming waves,
 With horror shudder’d at the watery graves;
 For the fierce blast, impell’d with might and main,
 Tore all their canvass, split the ship in twain

And dash’d to pieces; but by heaven’s kind aid
 On a large fragment of the wreck convey’d,
 The winds and waves the trembling brothers bore
 Aghast, and half expiring to the shore.
 Instant in floods descended copious rain, 1370
 Drench’d the whole island, and increas’d the main;
 (These shores, the neighbouring coast, and sacred
 hill,

The rude, the barbarous Mossynceians till)
 Borne on a broken plank, the forceful blast
 The sons of Phrixus on this island cast,
 Who met the Grecians with the rising sun;
 Ceas’d was the rain, and Argus thus begun:
 ‘ Adjur’d by Jove, whose circumpective ken
 ‘ Surveys the conduct and the cares of men,
 ‘ Whate’er your name or race, our tale attend.
 ‘ And to the wretched your assistance lend. 1381
 ‘ The raging storms that Neptune’s empire sweep,
 ‘ Have wreck’d our luckless vessel in the deep;
 ‘ To you we pray, if pity touch your heart,
 ‘ Some scanty raiment for our wants impart;
 ‘ The sons of misery for mercy call;
 ‘ To one low level sorrow sinks us all.
 ‘ They who to prostrate suppliants lend an ear,
 ‘ The laws of hospitable Jove reverse.
 ‘ All-present he hath listen’d to our pray’r, 1390
 ‘ And sinking sav’d us with a parent’s care.’

Then Æsus son (fulfilling Phineus’ plan)
 Thus question’d mild the miserable man;
 “ But first, of truth observant, frankly tell,
 “ In what far region of the world ye dwell;
 “ What business call’d you from your native
 “ coast, [boast.”
 “ What race ye sprung from, and what names ye
 Then Argus thus: ‘ Ye, sure, have heard the
 “ fame

‘ Of Phrixus, who from Greece to Æa came.
 ‘ To great Æeta’s citadel he swam 1400
 ‘ Supported on the shoulders of the ram,
 ‘ Whose fleece now high-suspended ye behold,
 ‘ By Hermes metamorphos’d into gold.
 ‘ On the tall oak’s high top it hangs in view,
 ‘ The ram to Jove, propitious, Phrixus flew.
 ‘ The generous king receiv’d him as his guest,
 ‘ And with undow’d Chalciopé he blest’d.
 ‘ From these we sprung; but Phrixus breathes no
 “ more,

‘ His bones lie buried on the Colchian shore.
 ‘ We now to fam’d Orchomenos repair, 1410
 ‘ The wide domains of Athamas to share;
 ‘ Such were the last injunctions of our sire:
 ‘ Our business this—if ye our names require,
 ‘ This Cytisorus, that will Phrontis claim,
 ‘ He furnam’d Melas, Argus is my namé.’

He spoke: the Argonauts with still amaze,
 And secret transport on the strangers gaze.
 Then Jason mark’d the much enduring man,
 And thus with mild benevolence began:
 “ Friends as ye are, and near relations too, 1420
 “ To us for succour not in vain ye sue.
 “ Cretheus and Athamas their sire the same;
 “ And Cretheus was my honour’d grandfire’s
 “ name: [Greece
 “ With these companions join’d, I sail’d from
 “ To Colchos, famous for the golden fleece—

"Some distant day, at ease may we relate
 "These strange events, and all our various fate.
 "Now shall warm robes to clothe your limbs be
 "giv'n,
 "We meet conducted by the hand of heav'n."
 He said, and from the ship rich vestments sent;
 Then to the sacred fane of Mars they went. 1431
 From fleecy flocks they drain'd the life-warm
 blood,

And all devoutly round the altar stood;
 This, of small stones compos'd, was plac'd before
 The lofty temple's double-folding door:
 (Within the fane a stone of fable hue
 Stood, where the Amazons their victims slew;
 Who held it lawless, when they sojourn'd here,
 To slay the sheep, or sacrifice the steer;
 Instead of these the full-fed, pamper'd breed 1440
 Was doom'd, a victim at this fane, to bleed.)
 These rites dispatch'd, and hunger's rage repress'd,
 Thus Ælon's son the listening host address'd:

"Impartial Jove the race of man regards;
 "The bad he punishes, the just rewards:
 "As from a bloody scepter's rage of yore
 "He sav'd your fire, and blest with ample store,
 "So he preserv'd you from the whelming deep,
 "And in this vessel will securely keep;
 "Whether for Æta in our ship ye sail, 1450
 "Or to far Phthia court the favouring gale.
 "For this fam'd ship of Pelion's pines was made,
 "And form'd by Argus, with Minerva's aid;
 "But storms had lash'd her, ere, with hideous
 "shock, [rock.
 "She reach'd those straits, where rock encounters
 "Then lend your aid to gain the golden fleece,
 "And be our guides to bring it back to Greece.
 "Jove seems incens'd, and we this voyage take,
 "To sooth his anger, and for Phrixus' sake,"
 Ardent he spoke; but they despair'd to find,

Æta of so tractable a mind, 1461
 To yield the fleece: then Argus thus replies,
 Alarm'd and troubled at their bold emprise;
 "Whate'er our powers can grant, or wishes
 "gain,

"The sons of Greece shall never ask in vain.
 "But proud Æta, cruel and severe,
 "Clothe the tyrant, and his power i fear;
 "The son his fire, so fame relates, he boasts;
 "Unnumber'd subjects guard his ample coasts;
 "For mighty strength he stands renown'd afar,
 "And voice terrific as the god of war. 1471
 "The golden prize a monstrous dragon keeps:
 "Hard task to seize it, for he never sleeps.
 "Earth on rough Caucasus a being gave
 "To this fierce beast near Typhaonia's cave,
 "Where huge Typhæus, as old stories prove,
 "Was struck by lightning from almighty Jove,
 "When hence in arms against heaven's king he
 "stood;

"From his head issu'd warm corrupted blood;
 "To Nyl's hills, to Nyl's plains he flies, 1480
 "And now beneath Serbonian marshes lies."
 He said; distress'd he had a tale to hear,
 On every countenance sat pallid fear.
 When Pelæus thus with confidence reply'd,
 And gave that courage which their fears deny'd:

"Despair not, friend; for we disdain to yield,
 "Nor dread to meet Æta in the field.
 "We too are skill'd in war, and draw our line
 "From godlike chiefs, and origin divine.
 "Incens'd should he the fleecy gold detain, 1490
 "He'll ask, I trust, the Colchians aid in vain."
 Converting thus the chiefs their thoughts ex-
 press'd,

And, fated with repast, reclin'd to rest.
 With rising morn the gently breathing gales
 Play'd round the pine, and fill'd the swelling sails;
 The swelling sails, expanded by the wind,
 Soon left Aretias' barren shore behind;
 And, swiftly skimming o'er the watery vast,
 The Philyraean isle at eve they pass;
 Where Saturn first fair Philyra survey'd, 1500
 When on Olympus he the Titans sway'd,
 (Nurs'd by the fierce Curetes, yet a child,
 Young Jove was hid in Cretan caverns wild)
 Unknown to Rhea he the maid compress'd;
 But soon to Rhea was the crime confess'd;
 Detect'd Saturn left his bed with speed,
 And sprung all-vigorous as a mane-crown'd flood.
 Swift fled fair Philyra, abash'd with shame,
 And to the hills of Thessaly she came:
 Fam'd Chiron sprung from this embrace so odd,
 Ambiguous, half a horse, and half a god. 1511
 From thence they sail by long Macronian strands,
 And where Bichira's ample coast expands;
 Shores where Byzerians wander far and wide,
 And fierce Sapirians, stigmatiz'd for pride;
 And, favour'd by the soft impelling wind,
 Leave numerous coasts and lands unnam'd be-
 hind:

And, sailing swiftly o'er the waves, survey,
 Far on the Pontic main, an opening bay;
 Then, Caucasus, thy hills were seen on high, 1520
 That rear their rocky summits in the sky;
 Fix'd to these rocks Prometheus still remains,
 For ever bound in adamant chains:
 On the rude cliffs a ravenous eagle breeds,
 That on the wretch's entrails ever feeds.
 The Grecians saw him, ere th' approach of night,
 Soar high in air, loud hissing in his flight:
 Around the ship he flew in airy rings,
 The sails all shivering as he shook his wings:
 Not as a light aerial bird he soars, 1530
 But moves his pinions like well-polish'd oars.
 The ravenous bird now rushing from the skies,
 Sudden they heard Prometheus' piercing cries:
 The heavens re-echo'd to the doleful sound,
 While the fell eagle gnaw'd the recent wound.
 Till gorg'd with flesh the bird of Jove they spy'd
 Again descending from the mountain's side.

Night now approaching, near the land they
 drew,

And Argus well his native country knew;
 For, Phasis, thy wide-spreading flood they gain,
 And the last limits of the Pontic main. 1541
 At length arriv'd, so many dangers past,
 They turl the main-sail, and they lower the mast:
 Their bending oars the mighty stream divide;
 The stream receives them on his foaming tide.
 All on the left, in ancient rolls renown'd,
 Rise Æta's walls, with glittering turrets crown'd;

And on the right the field, not distant far,
And grove, both sacred to the god of war;
Where on an oak the fleece, suspended high, 1550
A dragon guards with ever-watchful eye.
Then Jason hastes, impatient to consign
To the pure stream the unpolluted wine,
And from a golden vase fulfils the rite divine, }
Sacred to earth, to gods that guard the coasts,
And ancient heroes' long-departed ghosts:
For their protection he preferr'd his pray'r,
To keep the ship with tutelary care.

Then thus Ancæus: 'Numerous perils past,
'Colchus and Phæas we behold at last; 1560
'Behoves you now your sage advice to lend,
'Whether to treat Ætæa as a friend,
'With speech accordant, and compliance bland,
'Or in rough terms the golden prize demand.'
Thus he; but Jason urg'd, at Argus' call,
High up the sedgy stream the ship to haul;
Which, undisturb'd, might there at anchor ride,
In the calm bosom of the peaceful tide:
There fought the chiefs the blessings of repose,
And slept secure till grateful morning rofe.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

Ver. 16. This encounter between Amycus and Pollux is described likewise by Theocritus, who, in the opinion of Casaubon, far surpasses Apollonius; but Scaliger gives the preference to our author, who has certainly furnished Virgil with many circumstances in his description of the contest between Dares and Entellus. See *Æn. B. v.*

Neither Apollonius nor Theocritus have lost sight of Homer's description of the combat of the cestus, *Il. xxiii. 683.*

Mr. Warton, in his valuable edition of Theocritus, delivers his opinion of the description of this combat, by the three poets, Apollonius, Theocritus, and Valerius, in the following words: "Apollonio sane, auctore suo, Flaccum inferiorem censeo; quippe quod Flaccus minus simplex sit et omnia, sublimitatis affectato studio, magnificentius esserat et inflatus. Utrouque præstantior Theocritus, quod utroque simplicior. Tantum illi cedit Apollonius, quantum Flaccus Apollonio."

Ver. 112. This simile is borrowed by Virgil, *Æn. xii. 715.*

With frowning front two mighty bulls engage,
A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage, &c.

Pitt.

Ver. 163. Virgil has also taken this simile from Apollonius: a poet, as Catrou observes, very rich in beautiful comparisons. See *Pitt's Virg. Æn. xii. 832.*

So when the swain invades with stifling smoke
The bees, close-cluster'd in a cavern'd rock,
They rise; &c.

It was the custom of the ancients to force bees out of their hives by fumigation. To this practice the poets frequently allude. Thus Ovid de rem. amor. *L. i. 185.*

Quid, cum suppositos fugiunt examina fumos,
Ut relevant dempti vimina curva fugi?

—σφῆ πελλὰ σφ' καπνῷ.

Arif. in ossp.

Ver. 178. The land of the Chalybes, which bordered upon that of the Mariandyni.

Ver. 199. Crowns and garlands were thought so necessary to the gods, and were so anciently

used, that some have derived the custom of putting them on at feasts, from the primitive entertainments, at which the gods were thought to be present. *Fæter.*

Ver. 221. The storm drove them to Salmydessus, a city on the coast of Thrace, opposite to Bithynia.

The Scholiast speaks of more than one Bithynia. There is a country of that name, he tells us, both on the coast of Europe and of Asia. The storm drove the Argonauts to Salmydessus, which is opposite to the Asiatic Bithynia.

Ver. 224. Phineus was a king of Thrace, or, as some say, of Arcadia. He ordered the eyes of his two sons to be torn out, to satisfy their mother-in-law. The gods punished his cruelty: they struck him with blindness, and sent the harpies to him, who took the meat from his mouth: so that he would have perished with hunger, if Zeres and Calais had not delivered him from them, and pursued them to the Strophades, where they gave over the chase. These harpies were called out of hell, and seem to be of the number of the furies. A permission was given them to dwell upon earth to punish the wicked: by which the poets would represent to us the remorse of a bad conscience. *Catrou.*

Ver. 237. Apollonius has furnished Virgil with many hints on this subject of the harpies. *Æn. B. iii. 225.*

At subitæ horridæ lapsa de montibus adsunt
Harpyiæ &c.

When from the mountains, terrible to view,
On sounding wings the monster-harpies flew.

Pitt.

The harpies were a kind of birds which had the faces of women, and foul long claws. When the table was furnished for Phineus, they flew in, and either devoured or carried away the greater part of his repast, or polluted what they left. *Rauleigh.*

Ver. 256. The person and diseases of this old man are represented to us in a manner the most striking and pathetic. Virgil had this description in view, when, speaking of Achemenides, he says,

Cum subito e silvis, macie confecta suprema,
 Ignoti nova forma viri, miserandaque cultu
 Proceat, supplexque manus ad litora tendit,
 Respicimus : dira illuvies, immisque barba.
 Consertum tegmen spinis.— *Æn.* iii. 590.

Ver. 346, 347. Thus Telemachus swears, not only by Jupiter, but by the sorrows of his father.

By great Ulysses, and his woes I swear.

See *Pope's Odys.* xx. 406.

Adjurations of this sort are frequently to be met with in the Greek tragedians.

Ver. 377. Virgil has closely copied the conclusion of this comparison : the eager hound, says he,

Hærat hians, jamque tenet, similisque tenenti
 Increpuit malis, morsuque clavis inani est.

Æn. xii. 754.

They snap, and grind their gnawing teeth in vain.

Ver. 393. The ancient name of a priest was *eohen*, rendered mistakenly, *κυν* and *canis*. Hence the harpies, who were priests of *Ux*, are styled by Apollonius, the dogs of Jove. Iris, accosting Calais and Zetes, tells them, it would be a profanation to offer any injury to those personages. The sirens and harpies were of the same vocation. *Bryant's Myth.* vol. ii.

Ver. 404. The word Strophades is derived from a Greek verb that signifies to turn. These islands therefore were named Strophades, because near them the sons of Boreas left off pursuing the harpies, and turned back to the house of Phineus.

Ver. 437. This is very similar to a passage in the *Odyssey*, B. xii. v. 71.

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
 The boiling billows thundering roll below ;
 Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,

Hence nam'd erratic by the gods above.—
 Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these rapid floods,
 The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods !
 Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
 Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

Pope.

It is observed in the note on this passage, "that Homer, to render his poetry more marvellous, joins what has been related of the Symplegades to the description of Scylla and Charybdis.—The story of the dove being reported of the Symplegades might give him the hint of applying the crushing of the doves to Scylla and Charybdis." But we must remember that Argo passed, in her return, through Scylla and Charybdis, and that Apollonius, as well as Homer, has mentioned these rocks by the name *πλαγκται*, erratic, which is supposed to be more strictly applicable to the Symplegades. If the Cyanean rocks were called Symplegades from their jussling together, and

that appearance was occasioned by the different views in which they were seen, sometimes in a direct line, and sometimes obliquely, why might not Scylla and Charybdis, for the same reason, be said to jussle together, and consequently without impropriety be called *πλαγκται*, or erratic? Minerva, according to Apollonius, guided Argo through the Symplegades; but her course through Scylla and Charybdis was directed by Thetis, at the intercession of Juno, agreeable to what Homer here mentions.

Ver. 448. The dove which returned to Noah with a leaf of olive, and brought the first tidings that the waters of the deep were assuaged, was held in many nations as particularly sacred : it was looked upon as a peculiar messenger of the Deity, an emblem of peace and good fortune. Among mariners it was thought to be particularly auspicious; who, as they sailed, used to let a dove fly from their ships, to judge of the success of their voyage. The most favourable season for setting sail was at the Heliacal rising of the seven stars, near the head of Taurus; and they are, in consequence of it, called Pleiades: It was at their appearance that the Argonautics set out upon their expedition. "*Ἄμμος δ' ἀντίλλουσι πλειάδασι.*" —*Theoc.* Id. xiii. 25. When first the pleasing Pleiades appear. And this was thought a fortunate time for navigation in general. The Argonauts, in a time of difficulty and danger, made the experiment of letting a dove fly, and formed from it a fortunate presage. *Bryant's Myth.* vol. ii. 285.

It is indeed the opinion of many learned men, that the science of augury, or of predicting future events by the flight of birds, arose from the dismissal of the raven and the dove from Noah's ark at the time of the deluge. This species of divination is undoubtedly very ancient: it is mentioned in many places of the Old Testament, and made a considerable part of the religion of the heathen world.

Ver. 479. *Acherusia*.] Is a cave, through which, according to the fable, is a passage to the regions below. Hercules is said to have descended through it to bring up Cerberus. Tokens of which exploit they show, says Xenophon, even to this day. Near this spot stands the principal city of the Mariandyni, named from Hercules, Heraclea. Here, as our poet informs us, runs the river Acheron, so called from the abovementioned lake.

Ver. 493. This river, which rises in Cappadocia, and empties itself into the Euxine, took its name from the beds of salt through which it runs. *Strabo*. Tournefort says, this country is so full of fossil salt, that it is to be found in the high roads and ploughed lands.

Ver. 498. This river, says *Strabo*, after having received many others, runs through Themiscyris, formerly inhabited by the Amazons, and then falls into the Euxine sea.

Ver. 502. It is commonly believed, that the ancient Chalybes were the descendants of Tubal; for they are celebrated by the ancients for their extraordinary skill in working of iron, and mak-

ing of steel armour; whence they are said to have had their name. *Univ. Hist.*

Strabo is of opinion, that they are the same whom Homer mentions by the name of *ἄλκυες*. For he joins them with the Paphlagonians, and characterizes them thus, *ἄλκον ἀργύρεον ἰσὶ γυνέσσιν*.

Chalybes nudi ferrum —

Ver. 505. A promontory, so named from Genetes, a neighbouring river which ran through the country of the Chalybes. A temple was erected here to Jupiter the Hospitable.

Ver. 530. Pliny informs us, that the bird called the Pheasant, derives its name from this river, whose banks they frequented in great abundance: and that they were first brought over into Greece by the Argonauts.

Argivā primum sunt transportata carinā;

Ante mihi notum nil nisi nomen erat.

Mart.

Ver. 535. Tarchon, which, according to the learned and ingenious Mr. Bryant, signifies a hill with a tower, or temple on it, was in later times rendered Trachon; from whence the region Trachonitis received its name. This word, it seems, was still further sophistified by the Greeks, and expressed *Δρακον*, Dragon: from whence, in a great measure, arose the notion of treasures being guarded by dragons. The gardens of the Hesperides, and the golden fleece at Colchis, were intrusted to a sleepless serpent. The dragons are represented as sleepless; because in towers there were commonly lamps burning, and a watch maintained. The eyes of the dragon were windows in the uppermost part of the building, through which the fire appeared. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 553. All the countries which lie on the north and north-east parts of the Euxine, the region of the Colchis, and the country at the foot of Caucasus, were of old esteemed Scythia, and these the Greeks looked upon to be the boundaries, northward, of the habitable world.

Ver. 556. The region termed *Asia*, above Colchis, was a name peculiarly given by the Amonians to the places where they resided. Among the Greeks the word grew general; and *Asia* was made to signify any land. But among the Egyptians, as well as among those of Colchis Pontica, it was used for a proper name of their country.

It was owing to this, that the name given to the chief person of the country was *Asiatus*. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 646. It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the Hamadryads lived and died together with their trees, and therefore were extremely grateful to those, who at any time preserved them. The Scholiast tells a remarkable story to this purpose: A person called Rhæcus, observing a beautiful oak ready to fall, ordered it to be set upright and supported. The nymph of the tree appeared to him, and bade him, in return, ask whatever he pleased. She being exceedingly handsome, Rhæcus desired he might be entertained as her lover: which she promised, and accordingly sent a bee to summon him. But the

young man, happening to be playing at dice when the bee came, was so offended with its buzzing, that he drove it from him. The nymph, provoked at this uncivil treatment of her ambassador, in revenge deprived Rhæcus of the use of his limbs. He also speaks of another nymph, who was grateful to the man that preserved her oak.

—τάτι δρύος ἑλίκαι νόμφοι.

Call. Hymn. in Del. v. 83.

Ver. 662. Thus Callimachus:

Φοῖβον καὶ Νόμιον κινέλοκομον, ἐξ ἑτι πῖνον
ἔχοντ' ἐπ' Ἀμφικύβω ζευγυρίτιδες ἱερὸν ἴσσαν,
ἠΐδ' ἐπ' ἱερῷ κακαυμένῳ Ἀδμήτῳ.

Hymn. ad Ap. 47.

Ἀργεῖος and Νόμιος were undoubtedly the names of Apollo: but they are also bestowed on his son Aristeus, on account of his fondness for a country life, and his many useful discoveries.

Ἀνδράσι χάσμα φίλοις,
Ἀγχίσην ὁσάνα μύλων,
Ἀγροὶ καὶ Νόμιον
τοῖς δ' Ἀριστίων καλῶν.

Pind. Pyth. ix. 115.

Ver. 671. Almost all the principal persons, whose names occur in the mythology of Greece and Italy, are represented as shepherds. It is reported of the muses, that they were of shepherd-extraction, and tended flocks, which they intrusted to their favourite Aristæus; the same whom Virgil styles Pastor Aristæus. *Bryant.*

Ver. 685. Jupiter is frequently represented under the character of Pluvius, or the dispenser of rain, both by poets, painters, and statuaries. For it was his province, as chief ruler of the air, to direct not only the thunders and lightnings, but the rain. Virgil has given us a noble description of the Jupiter Pluvius in the following description:

—cum Jupiter, horridus austris,
Torquet aquotam hiamem, et cælo cava nubila
rumpit. *Æn. ix. 670.—Spence's Polym.*

Ver. 693. For these Etesian winds, the history of which the poet has just given us, blew north-east, and consequently in a direction the most unfavourable for them who were sailing up the Euxine.

Ver. 735. This storm seems to have been copied by Virgil. *Æn. i.* by Lucan, Ovid, and Valerius Flaccus.

Ver. 813. The great outlines of Jason's character are piety, humanity, and valour. The sentiment before us is replete with philanthropy, and prejudices us highly in favour of the hero of the poem.

Ver. 861. Milton thus describes Adam's hair:

—hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſt'ring. *B. iv. 303.*

The circumstance of the hair hanging like bunches of grapes has been justly admired. But it is literally translated from the description of Apollo's hair in the Greek poet.

χρῆσσι δὲ παρειάν ἑκατέρῃ
Πλοῦχοι βορρύνοντες ἀντὶβόλον κισῆν.

The word *βορρύνοντες* could hardly be rendered into English by any other word than by clustring. *Watson's Obs.*

Ver. 857. Thus Hædion in Scuto, speaking of Hercules,

ὅδῃ τις ἄνθρωπος
Ἐρλῆ ἐς ἄντα ἰδὼν χερσὶν ἔλκεν.

There was probably, in the old pictures of Apollo, a certain brightness beaming from his eyes, and perhaps diffused all over his face; in the same manner, as the body of the principal figure is all luminous and resplendent in the famous nativity of Correggio, of the transfiguration by Raphael. What made me then suspect this, was the ancient poets speaking so often of the brightness of Apollo's face, and the beaming splendours of his eyes. Virgil does not only compare his Æneas (under whom is generally supposed to be meant Augustus) to Apollo for beauty; but, in another place, he seems to call Augustus himself (who was really very beautiful) by the name of this god. *Spence's Polym.*

Ver. 771. Virgil has adopted this comparison, where he represents Cloanthus's ship as moved forward by Portunus:

Et pater ipse manu Portunus euntem
Impulit: illa noto citius volucrique sagittâ
Ad terram fugit, et portu se condidit alto.

Æn. v. 241.

Ver. 960. Nothing was deemed by the ancients more essential to the beauty of a young person (and Apollo was always represented a youth) than fine long hair. Hence the epithets *crinitus* and *inconfusus* are so often given to Apollo.

—crinitus Apollo,

Nube sedens. *Virg. Æn. ix. 638.*

—sic tibi sint intonsi, Phœbe, capilli. *Tibull.*

Ver. 946. They are called by our poet in this place, and by Theocritus, *Id. xii. 27.* Νεώτερος Μυγανῆς; from Nisa, which, as the Scholiast informs us, was the name of their dock. It was so named from Nisus, son of Pandion, and king of this people.

The Megarenians, going out to plant a colony in Heraclea, were driven by distress of weather into the river Acheron, which from the protection it afforded them, they called *Soônantes*.

Ver. 1028.

Sed non augurio potuit depellare pestem.

Æn. ix. 328.

The fate of others he had oft foretold,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own. *Pitt.*

Ver. 1029. This description of a boar hid among the rushes, and the terror of the neighbourhood, reminds us of the following beautiful lines of Ovid, who is describing the Caledonian boar:

Concava vallis erat, quo se demittere rivi
Assuerant pluvialis aquæ: tenet ima lacunæ
Lenta falix, ulvaeque leves, juncique palustres,
Viminaque, et longæ parvâ sub arundine cannæ:
Hinc aper excitus, medios violentus in hostes
Featur, ut excussis elisus nubibus ignis.

Ov. Met. L. viii.

Ver. 1167. This river rises in Paphlagonia, and derives its name from the cheerful meadows through which it flows. *Strabo.*

Ver. 1176.

Thy groves of box, Cytorus, ever green.

Pope's Il. B. ii.

Hence things made of box were called Cytoriaci.

Sæpe Cytoriaci deducit pæline crines.

Ver. 1204. The Greeks, who would fain deduce every thing from their own language, imagined, that by the term Amazon was signified a person without a breast. From this wrong etymology proceed all the absurdities with which the history of this extraordinary people abounds. They were in general Euthite colonies from Egypt and Syria; and as they worshipped the sun, they were called Azones, Amazones, Alazones; which are names of the same import. The most noted were those, who settled near the river Thermodon, in the region of Pontus.

Quales Theciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis
Pulsant, et picis bellantur Amazones armis.

Æn. xi. 658.

Ver. 1229. The Amazons worshipped the deity from whom they received their name; viz. Azon and Amazon, the same as Ares, the sun. They worshipped also Harmon, the moon; which the Grecians changed to a feminine, Harmonia. So that by γυνή "Ares and Harmonia" is meant the children of the sun and moon. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 1251. It is remarked of this people, that they are uncommonly addicted to laughter and buffoonery. Some have accounted for the absurd custom, here alluded to, from this cause. But it is difficult to assign a reason for the many absurd customs which different nations have adopted. It has been recorded by grave historians, that the ancient Spaniards and the Americans follow the practice of the Libareans.

Ver. 1260. Xenophon gives us the most authentic accounts of this people in the fifth book of his *Anabasis*. He tells us, that they do those things in private, which others do in public: that they talk to themselves, laugh by themselves, and dance alone, as if they were showing their skill to public. Savage and indecent as the custom, alluded to by our poet, may seem, Strabo ascribes the same barbarities to the Irish, and Cæsar makes the same observations on the ancient Britons.

Ver. 1269. Thus Pomponius Mela, l. i. c. 19. Reges suffrago deligunt, vinculisque et ætissimâ custodia tenent; atque ubi culpam pravè quid imperando meruerit, inediâ totius diei afficiunt.

Ver. 1301. This cymbal, or crutalum, was made, the Scholiast tells us, by Vulcan; Hercules

received it from Pallas. The description of this instrument is differently given by different authors. Our poet tells us it was made of brass: others represent it as formed of a rod or reed cut in two: both parts of which, when struck together, emitted a sound after the manner of castanets. This latter description agrees with the opinion of Suidas, and the Scholiast of Aristophanes.

Ver. 1386. Thus Virgil, *Æn.* i. 784.

Jupiter (hospitibus nam te dare jura loquantur).

Almighty Jove! who pleads the stranger's cause;
Great guardian god of hospitable laws. *Pitt*

And Homer, in the words of Mr. Pope, *Od.* B. ix.

The poor and stranger are Jove's constant care;
To Jove their cause and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.

Ver. 1430. The tombs, of which frequent mention is made by the ancient writers, were in reality high altars or pillars, and not, as has been

supposed, monuments erected in honour of the dead. Such an one the Argonauts are said to have found in the temple of Mars, when they landed upon the coast of Pontus. This was the express object to which the Amazonians paid their adoration; as they lived in an age when statues were not known. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 1472. Apollonius mentions an ancient Typhonian Petra in the hollows of the mountain. It was an Ophite temple, where the deity was probably worshipped under the figure of a serpent. Hence the poet supposes the serpent, with which Jason engages, to have been produced in those parts. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 1497. Saturn, to avoid being discovered by his wife Ops, while he was engaged with Philira his mistress, turned himself into a beautiful horse.

Chiron, the famous centaur, was the son of this nymph Philira.

Ver. 1547. The Greek here, and at v. 1399, is *δρυς*; but at v. 534 the word is *φρυγία*, a *beech*: both which trees bearing mast, they may perhaps be indiscriminately used.

B O O K III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno and Pallas intercede with Venus. They request that she would persuade Cupid to inspire Medea with love for Jason. Venus consents: and the shafts of Cupid, at her suit, have their desired effect. Jason, Augias, and Telamon, proceed to the court of Ætæa, where they are hospitably entertained. But having heard the occasion of their voyage Ætæa is incensed, and refuses to bestow the golden fleece on Jason, unless on such terms as he presumed he durst not comply with. The passion of Medea for Jason is described with great simplicity and delicacy. Medea early in the morning repairs to the temple of Hecate: thither Jason, at the suggestion of Mopsus, follows her. The poet dwells particularly on their interview and conference. Medea instructs him how to subdue the brazen bulls and armies of giants. With Jason's combat, and the success of it, the book concludes.

Come, heavenly maid, thy timely succour bring,
And teach thy poet, Erato, to sing,
How Jason, favour'd by the Colchian maid,
To Grecian realms the golden prize convey'd.
Thy songs the rites of Cyprian bliss proclaim,
And in young virgins raise the melting flame;
For the soft passion thy behests approve,
And Erato's the kindred name of love.

Conceal'd in sedges as the heroes lie,
Juno and Pallas mark'd them from the sky; 10
Apart from all the gods their seats they took
In heaven's high hall, and thus Saturnia spoke:
"Daughter of Jove, thy sage advice impart,
"By what nice fraud, what well-dissembled art,
"These venturous chiefs shall gain the golden
"fleece,

"And safe convey it to the realms of Greece.

"Say, shall they call entreaties to their aid?

"Will soft address the wayward king persuade,

"So fam'd for fierce barbarity and pride?

"No art, no effort, must be left untry'd." 20

She said; and Pallas thus: "O queen, I find

"The same ideas rising in my mind:

"To lend assistance to the Grecian train

"My heart is willing, but my counsel vain."

This said, their minds on various projects ran,
On earth their eyes were fix'd, when Juno thus
began:

"To Venus instant let us speed our way,

"(Her soft persuasions Cupid will obey)

"Entreat her that the wily god inspire

"Medea's soul with love's unconquer'd fire, 30

"Love for great Æson's son; applauding Greece

"Will by her aid regain the glorious fleece."

She said: Minerva patronis'd the plan,

And thus with mild benevolence began:

"I, who arose from Jove's immortal brain,

"Stranger to love, his pleasure or his pain,

' Thy sage proposal from my soul approve ;
' Do thou explain it to the queen of love.'

This said, with speed the two immortals came,
To the grand mansion of the Cyprian dame. 46
Which crippled Vulcan rais'd when first he led
The Paphian goddess to his nuptial bed.
The gate they pass, and to the dome retire
Where Venus oft regales the god of fire :
(He to his forge had gone at early day,
A floating isle contain'd it on the bay,
Here wondrous works by fire's fierce power he
wrought,

And on his anvil to perfection brought).
Fronting the door, all lovely and alone,
Sat Cytherea on a polish'd throne. 50

Adown the shoulders of the heavenly fair,
In easy ringlets flow'd her flaxen hair ;
And with a golden comb, in matchless grace,
She taught each lock its most becoming place.
She saw the deities approach her dome,
And from her hand dismiss'd the golden comb ;
Then rose respectful, all with beauty grac'd,
And on rich thrones the great immortals plac'd ;
Refum'd her seat, and with a ready hand 59
Bound her loose ringlets, and thus question'd bland :

' What cause, ye visitants from heaven, relate,
' Has brought such guests to Cytherea's gate ?
' Ye who excel in high Olympus' sphere,
' Such mighty deities, and strangers here ?'

Then thus Saturnia : " Wantonly you jest,
' When pressing grief sits heavy on our breast.
' Now in the Phasis, with his warlike train,

' Great Jason moors, the golden fleece to gain :
' For that fam'd chief, and for his martial host,
' Dire fears alarm us, but for Jason most : 70

' This potent arm, whate'er our prowess can,
' Shall snatch from misery the gallant man,
' Though far as hell he, rash adventurer ! go,
' To free Ixion, link'd in chains of woe ;

' Left Pelias proudly heaven's decrees deride,
' Who on my altars sacrifice deny'd.
' Nay more, young Jason claims my love and

" grace,
' Whom late I met returning from the chase,

' Returning met, as o'er the world I stray'd,
' And human kind, and human works survey'd :

' Hard by Avarus I beheld the man, 81
' Wide o'er its banks whose rapid currents ran ;

' From snow-clad hills, in torrents loud and
" strong, [mong).

' Roar'd the twain streams the rugged rocks a-
' He on his back, though like a crone I stood,

' Securely brought me o'er the foaming flood ;
' This won my love, a love for ever true,

' Nor will the haughty-minded Pelias rue
' His flagrant crimes, till you propitious deign

' To speed my Jason to his Greece again." 90
She spoke, and Venus stood amaz'd to find

The queen of heaven to humble prayer inclin'd ;
Then thus familiar said : ' O wife of Jove,

' Safest of beings call the queen of love,
' Unless her every word and work conspire

' To give you all the success you require :
' All that my hand, my feeble hand, can do,

' Shall unrewarded be perform'd for you.'

Then Juno thus : " Not difficult the task ;
' No mighty force, no strength of arm I ask. 100

' Bid gentle love the Colchian maid inspire,
' And for my Jason fan the rising fire ;

' If kind she prove, he gains the golden fleece,
' And by her subtle aid conducts it safe to

" Greece."
Love's queen replied : ' Cupid, ye powers divine,

' Will reverence your injunctions more than mine :
' Your looks will awe him, though, devoid of

' shame,
' Of me the urchin makes eternal game,

' Oft he provokes my spleen, and then I vow
' Enrag'd, I'll break his arrows and his bow : 110

' Refrain your ire," exclaims the sneering elf,
' Left you find reason to upbraid yourself."

At this the powers with smiles each other
view'd,

And Venus thus her woeful tale pursu'd :
' Others may ridicule the pains I feel,

' Nor boots it all my sufferings to reveal.
' But since ye jointly importune my aid,

' Cupid shall yield, and Venus be obey'd.'
She said ; and Juno press'd her hand and smil'd,

Then answer'd thus, benevolent and mild : 120
' O grant this boon ; do instant as you say ;

' Chide not the boy, and he will soon obey."
This said, both hasten'd to the realms above,

And left the mansions of the queen of love :
The Cyprian goddess o'er Olympus flies,

To find her son in every dale she pries,
Through heaven's gay meads the queen pursu'd

her way,
And found him there with Ganymede at play.

Him Jove translat'd to the blest abodes, 129
And, fam'd for beauty, plac'd among the gods.

With golden dice, like boon companions they play'd :
Love in his hollow hand some cubes convey'd ;

Resolv'd to cheat young Ganymede with those,
While on his cheeks the conscious crimson rose.

The Phrygian boy was vanquish'd to his cost,
Two dice alone remain'd, and those he lost.

Silent he sat in dull dejected state,
Enrag'd that Cupid should deride his fate :

His loss increasing with protracted play,
He went a wretch with empty hands away, 140

Nor saw he Venus : she her Cupid took
Fast by the cheek, and thus upbraiding spoke :

' And can you laugh, you fly, deceitful elf ?
' Such tricks will bring a scandal on yourself,

' But haste, my Cupid, my commands obey,
' And a nice plaything shall your toils repay,

' What once to Jove dear Adrastæa gave,
' When Jove was nourish'd in the Cretan cave,

' A sweet round ball ; oh ! keep it for my sake,
' A finer ball not Vulcan's hands can make. 150

' Gold are the circles, beauteous to behold,
' And all the finish'd seams are wrought in

' gold ;
' But all so close, they scarcely can be found :

' And the pale ivy winds its wreaths around.
' If high in air you fling this ball afar,

' It shines and glimmers like a radiant star.
' This prize I'll give, if you propitious prove,

' And lure Medea to the toils of love ;

' Fire all her soul for Jason : haste, away ;
' The favour is diminish'd by delay.' 160

She said, and Cupid listening long'd to hear,
For her sweet words are music to his ear.
He ceas'd his pastime, and with both his hands
Hangs on the goddess, and the ball demands.
She kiss'd her boy, and press'd him to her cheek,
And fondly smiling, thus she answer'd meek :

' By thee, my son, and by myself I swear,
' By all that's sacred, and by all that's dear,
' This ball I'll give thee, if thy fatal dart
' Thou fix unerring in Medea's heart.' 170

This said, he gather'd all his dice with haste,
And in his mother's splendid lap he plac'd.
Then snatch'd his bow and quiver from the
ground,

And to his back with golden girdle bound.
From Jove's all-fertile plains he swift withdrew,
And through Olympus' golden portals flew.
Thence the descent is easy from the sky,
Where the two poles erect their heads on high,
Where the tall mountains their rough tops display.
And where the sun first gives the radiant day.

Hence you behold the fertile earth below, 181
The winding streams, the cliffs' aerial brow,
Cities extended on the distant plain,
And through the vast expanse the roaring main.

On the broad Phasis, in a fedy bay,
Stretch'd on the deck the Grecian heroes lay ;
Till call'd to council rose each godlike man,
And Jason thus the conference began :

" To you, my comrades, be my counsel known,
" 'Tis yours that counsel with success to crown.

" One common cause our great emprise is made ;

" The common cause demands the common aid.

" He who unutter'd can his counsel keep,

" Stays our rescuing o'er the sounding deep.

" I to Æeta's court will speed my way,

" The rest well-arm'd shall in the vessel stay ;

" With me shall go, the palace to explore,

" Phrixus' brave sons and two associates more.

" First will I prove the power of soft address

" To gain the fleece ; complacence wins success.

" If in his arms he sternly should confide, 201

" And spurn our claims with insolence and pride,

" Consult we whether, when such powers oppress,

" By arms or arts to free us from distress.

" Be force the last alternative we take,

" For soothing speeches deep impressions make ;

" And oft, where force and martial prowess fail,

" The milder powers of eloquence prevail.

" Once king Æeta kind reception gave

" To blameless Phrixus, when escap'd the wave

" He fled from Ino's unrelenting hate, 211

" And the dire altars that denounc'd his fate

" Savage or social, all alike approve

" The sacred rites of hospitable Jove."

He said : the Greeks his sage advice rever'd :

No voice dissentient through the host was heard :

Augeas then, and Telamon attends,

And with them Phrixus' sons, his faithful friends ;

Jason they follow : he thy peaceful wand,

All-sapient Hermes, brandish'd in his hand. 220

Soon from the ship they gain the rising ground,

Mount every steep, and o'er the marshes bound,

Till Circe's plain they reach ; in many a row
Here humble shrubs and lonely willows grow ;
On whose tall branches wavering o'er the fen,
Suspended hang the carcasses of men.

At Colchos still this barbarous rite prevails :
They never burn the bodies of the males,
Nor deep in earth their decent limbs compose,
And with sepulchral dust the dead enclose ; 230
But in raw hides they hang them high in air :
And yet, that earth may equal portions share,
Departed females to the grave they doom,
(Such are their rites) and close them in the tomb.

The chiefs advance ; but friendly Juno shrouds
Her favourite heroes in a veil of clouds,
That none, too curious, might their steps delay,
While to the regal dome they bent their way :
But when unseen they pass'd the vulgar crowd,
The same kind deity dissolv'd the cloud. 240

Full in the court they stand with fix'd amaze,
On the proud gates, strong walls and columns
gaze,

Which, rear'd in rows, erect their heads on high
And lift the brazen cornice to the sky.

The portal past, young branching vines appear,
And high in air their verdant honours rear :
Beneath whose boughs, by matchless Vulcan made,
Four copious fountains in four currents play'd ;
The first with milk, with wine the second glow'd,
Ambrosial oil the third, the fourth with water
flow'd ;

This, as by turns the Pleiads set or rose, 250
Dissolv'd in summer, and in winter froze.

Such were the wonders which the chiefs admire,

All highly finish'd by the god of fire.

With these were brass-hoof'd bulls of curious
frame,

From brazen nostrils breathing living flame.

And near a plough of burnish'd steel was laid,

Which for the god of day great Vulcan made,

When Phœbus brought him in his friendly car,

Sore harass'd in the fierce Phlegrean war. 260

The midmost court they reach ; on either side

Large folding doors the various rooms divide.

Two painted porticoes salute their eyes,

And high in air transverse two turrets rise ;

In this, which far in stately height excels,

Æeta with his royal consort dwells :

Ablyrtus that contains, his royal heir,

Defended from Asterode the fair,

A Scythian nymph, ere yet Æeta led,

Idya Ocean's daughter to his bed. 270

Him Phæton the youthful Colchians call,

For he in beauty far surpass'd them all.

The proud apartments that remain'd contain

Chalciope, Medea, and their train.

Ordain'd a priestess to the Stygian queen,

She at the palace now was seldom seen :

But artful Juno, on this signal day,

Within the regal court decreed her stay.

Here now, from room to room, the pensive maid,

To find Chalcione her sister, stray'd. 280

Soon as she spied them in the spacious hall,

Around she call'd, her sister heard her call,

And with her maidens fallied from the door ;

Their growing webs were scatter'd on the floor.

Well-pleas'd her sons the fees, and raptur'd stands,
While high to heaven the rears her greeting
With equal joy to her embrace they fly. [hands;
Then thus Chalciope with plaintive cry:

' Here though you left me, heedless of my cries,
' See! fate hath frown'd upon your bold emprise;
' Hath check'd your voyage o'er the distant main,
' And soon restor'd you to these arms again.
' Wretch that I was, when, by your fire's com-

' mand,
' Ye fought in evil hour the Grecian land!
' Sad was the talk your dying fire enjoin'd,
' Sad and distressful to a mother's mind.
' Ah! whence the wist Orchomenos to see,
' His city visit, and abandon me?
' Yes, Athamas's fancied wealth to gain,
' Ye left me sorrowing, and ye fought the main.
Rous'd by her cries, at length Æeta came,
And to the hall repair'd his royal dame.
With busy crowds the spacious hall is fill'd;
The steer is chosen, and the victim kill'd.
Some heat the bath, some cleave the knotty wood,
And all attentive round their monarch stood.

Cupid, meantime, through liquid air serene,
Speeds to the Colchian court, his flight unseen;
Like that large fly, which breeze the shepherds
call,

That hastes to sting the heifers in the stall. 310
The nimble god unseen the porch ascends,
And there his bow behind a pillar bends;
A fatal arrow from his quiver took,
And, quick advancing with insidious look,
Behind great Æson's son, conceal'd from sight,
He fits the arrow, fatal in its flight;
Bends the tough bow with all his strength and art,
And deep he hides it in Medea's heart.

A sudden transport seiz'd the melting maid:
The god, exulting now, no longer staid. 320
The glowing shaft the virgin's heart inspires,
And in her bosom kindles amorous fires.
On Jason beam'd the splendour of her eyes:
Her swollen breast heav'd with unremitting sighs:
The frantic maid had all remembrance lost,
And the soft pain her sickening soul engross'd.
As some good house-wife, who, to labour born,
Fresh to her loom must rise with early morn;
Studious to gain what human wants require,
In embers heap'd preserves the seeds of fire; 330
Renew'd by these the brand rekindling burns,
And all the glowing heap to ashes turns:
Thus, kindling slow, love's secret flames invade,
And torture, as they rise, the troubled maid:
Her changeful cheeks the heart-felt anguish show,
Now pale they turn, now like the ruby glow.

The rich repast by seneschals prepar'd,
Fresh from their baths return'd, the strangers
shar'd;

And when the rage of hunger was suppress'd, 339
His grandsons thus the Colchian king address'd:

' Sons of my child, and Phrixus, honour'd most
' Of all the guests that reach'd the Colchian coast,
' Say, why so soon return'd? what loss constrains
' This speedy visit to your native plains?
' In vain, with terrors for your safety fraught,
' I urg'd the distance of the climes ye fought;

' Warn'd, since of old my fire's bright chariot
bore

' Me and fair Circe to Hesperia's shore, 348
' Where now o'er Tuscan realms my sister reigns,
' A long, long distance from the Colchian plains.
' But what of this? come now, the cause declare
' That brought you back, and who these heroes
' are.

Then Argus, anxious for the Grecian band,
By birthright eldest, rose and answer'd bland:
" Our ship, O king, by nightly tempests tost,
" On Mars's isle, a dreary coast, was lost;
" We, on the wreck by furious surges driv'n,
" Were sav'd at last by kind protecting heav'n.
" Nor did those birds then desolate the shore,
" Dire harpies that infested it before; 360
" For these brave warriors the preceding day,
" Had driv'n the curst, infernal fiends away.
" Sure to our prayer some god inclin'd his ear;
" For when of Phrixus and your name they
" hear,

" Food for our wants, and raiment they convey,
" And to your city now they bend their way.
" But would you know, I'll tell their purpos'd
" plan:

" Lo! sprung from Æolus the godlike man,
" Whom a fierce tyrant's stern decree constrains
" To quit his country and his rich domains: 370
" Nor can he 'scape Jove's rage, unless the fleece,
" Base theft of Phrixus, be restor'd to Greece,
" Their ship was fashion'd by Minerva's aid;
" How different are the Colchian vessels made!
" Ours, far the worst that ever rear'd a mast,
" Split with the tempest's desolating blast;
" Theirs, firm-compacted, and of fittest wood,
" Defied each storm that heav'd the troubled
" flood:

" With equal speed their nimble vessel sails,
" Impell'd by oars alone, or favouring gales, 380
" In this their chief, with chosen Greeks explores
" Unnumber'd seas, and towns, and wide extend-
" ed shores.

" And now he sues the golden fleece to gain;
" But that as best your princely will ordain—
" Nor hostile comes he; as a friend he brings
" Large gifts proportion'd to the state of kings.
" Inform'd the fierce Sarmatians waste your lands,
" He vows destruction to their barbarous bands.
" Their names and lineage would you wish to
" hear,

" Lend to my narrative a listening ear, 390
" He, in whose cause the Grecian chiefs conspire
" Is valiant Jason, Æson is his fire,
" The son of Cretheus: thus are we ally'd
" By blood, relations on the father's side:
" The sons of Æolus were Cretheus fam'd,
" And Athemas, whose heir was Phrixus nam'd.
" 'Mid your brave chiefs, Augeus you survey,
" Illustrious off-spring of the god of day,
" And Telamon, who high his birth can prove,
" His sire is Æacus, his grandfire Jove: 400
" The rest, that visit your august abodes,
" Are all the sons or grandsons of the gods."

This said, the king with indignation swell'd,
But chief enrag'd his grandsons he beheld;

Through them he deem'd the Greeks to Colchus
came :

His eyeballs redden'd with avenging flame,
While thus he spoke : ' Hence from my sight
' away,

' Nor longer, traitors, in my kingdom stay :
' Back, back to Greece your speedy course pursue,
' Nor idly hope the golden fleece to view. 410
' Not for that fleece (vain pretext ye must own)
' But for my sceptre came ye, and my crown.
' Had ye not first my feast partook to-day,
' Your tongues and hands, torn out and lopp'd
' away,

' Should for your bold atrocious crimes atone :
' My just revenge had spar'd your feet alone,
' To bear you hastily to Greece again,
' Dreading to visit more my just domain,
' And with your perjuries the gods profane.' }
He said : bold Telamon with fury burn'd, 420

And to the king stern answer had return'd,
But Jason check'd his warmth, and mild reply'd :
" Let not Æeta falsely thus decide.

" Nor crowns, nor empires, come we here to
" gain ; [main ?

" Who for such wealth would measure half the
" But fate, and Pelias' more severe command,
" Have forc'd the suppliant on your friendly
" land.

" Aid us, and Greece your praises shall record,
" And thank you, sovereign, with their conquer-
" ing sword ;

" Whether the fierce Sarmatians to enthrall 430
" Or realms more barbarous for your vengeance
" call."

While Jason thus in gentlest terms reply'd,
The tyrant's breast distracting thoughts divide,
Whether with vengeance on the foe to fly,
Or in the field of Mars his courage try.

On this resolv'd, ' What need (he thus begun)
' With tedious tales my harass'd ears to stun ?

' For whether from immortals ye descend,
' Or march'd in might ye dare with me contend,

' Soon will I prove ; that proof must thou display ;
' Then, if victorious, bear the fleece away ; 441

' Nor shall my hand the golden prize withhold :
' Like your proud lord, I envy not the bold.

' This nervous arm shall now sustain the fight,
' Which calls to speedy proof thy boasted might,

' Two bulls in Mars's field your wonder claim,
' Their hoofs of brass, their nostrils breathing
' flame.

' These oft I seize, and to the yoke constrain
' To plough four acres of the stubborn plain.

' No feeds I sow, but scatter o'er the land 450
' A dragon's teeth ; when, lo ! an armed band
' Of chiefs spring up ; but, soon as they appear,
' I flay th' embattled squadrons with my spear.

' Each morn I yoke the bulls, at eve resign :
' Perform this labour, and the fleece is thine.

' These are the terms ; on these the prize I quit :
' The weaker to the stronger must submit.'

He said ; and Jason, sunk in thought profound,
Sat mute, his eyes fast fix'd upon the ground ;

Long time he ponder'd o'er the vast design, 460
Nor dar'd with confidence the battle join.

TRANS. II.

So hard the task, he stood embarrass'd long,
At last these words dropp'd cautious from his
tongue :

" Cruel thy terms, but just : my strength I'll try
" In this dread conflict, though ordain'd to die.

" For, say, what law so rigorous can there be
" As the hard law of fix'd necessity ?

" That law which forc'd me from my native
" home,

" And bade me thus in search of dangers roam ?"

Perplex'd he spoke ; then thus the king in
rage : 470

' Rejoin thy comrades, since thou dar'st engage.
' But if the bulls constrain thy heart to yield,

' Or the dread dangers of the martial field,
' Be mine the toil ; that hence the coward slave

' May dread to combat with the bold and brave.'
Imperious thus the haughty king replies :

And from their seats incens'd the heroes rise.
To warn his brothers here, at home, to wait,

Argus stopp'd short awhile ; then rush'd they
through the gate. 479

Far o'er the rest, in grace unmatched alone,
And charms superior, youthful Jason shone.

Him through her veil the love-distracted maid
With melting eyes and glance oblique survey'd :

Her mind, as in a dream, bewilder'd ran,
And trac'd the footsteps of the godlike man.

Sorrowing they went : to shun the monarch's ire,
With fond Chalciope her sons retire

Medea follow'd, but with cares oppress'd ;
Such cares as love had rais'd within her breast.

His graceful image in her mind she bore, 490
His gait, his manner, and the robe he wore,

His pointed words : through earth's remotest
bound [crown'd :

No prince she deem'd with such perfections
His tuneful voice, still still she seems to hear,

Still the sweet accents charm her listening ear.
The bulls and wrathful king excite her dread :

She mourns his fate, as if already dead.
From her bright eyes the shower of anguish breaks,

And thus, o'erwhelm'd with woe, Medea speaks :

" Why fall the tears of sorrow from my eyes,
" Though he the first or last of heroes dies ? 501

" Perish the man !—no, safely let him fail ;
" And may my prayer, kind Hecate, prevail !

" Safe fail he home ; but, ah ! if doom'd to bleed,
" Teach him, that I rejoice not in the deed."

Thus mourn'd the maid : meantime, to join
their train,

The chiefs pursue their course along the plain ;
Then Argus thus : ' Though, Jason you may

' blame,
' And spurn the counsel which I now proclaim ;

' Yet sure for us, with threatening dangers press'd,
' To try some safe expedient must be best. 511

' A maid there is whose wond'rous art excels,
' Long taught by Hecate, in magic spells :

' If the propitious to our wishes yield,
' Thou com'st victorious from the martial field ;

' But if Chalciope decline her aid,
' Be mine with tenderest motives to persuade.

' Instant I'll go, on her for succour call ;
' For lo ! one general ruin threatens all.

Humane he spoke, and Jason thus rejoind; 520

"Much I admire the purpose of thy mind.

"Go, friend, to thy Chalciope repair,

"Sue her with soft entreaty and with pray'r :

"But, ah! vain hopes our vacant minds must fill,

"Who trust for conquest to a woman's skill."

He said; and soon they join'd their social train,

Rejoic'd to meet their princely peers again.

Then Jason thus began his mournful tale :

"With proud Ætæa soft entreaties fail;

"Our purpos'd end unable to attain, 530

"Vain are my words, and your inquiries vain.

"Two monstrous bulls the tyrant bid me tame :

"Their hoofs of brass, their nostrils breathing

"flame;

"These must my prowess to the yoke constrain,

"To plough four acres of the stubborn plain;

"My feed a dragon's teeth, to sow the land;

"When lo! up springs a formidable band

"Of bright-arm'd giants; soon as they appear,

"Poiz'd by this arm, my well-direct'd spear

"Must pierce the foe intrepid I accede 540

"To the hard terms, nor future dangers heed."

He said: they deem'd it all a desperate deed;

Silent they stood, with sad dejected look

Each gaz'd on other, till bold Peleus spoke :

"Time calls for our resolves; our safety stands

"No more in counsel, but in strength of hands.

"If, Jason, eager of the honour, thou

"Wilt yoke these fiery monsters to the plough,

"Haste to the charge; but if thy soul relent,

"Sunk in sad bodings of the dire event, 550

"Nor dar'st thou go; then go not, nor look round,

"If haply here some fitter man be found :

"Myself will go, and risk my dearest breath;

"No greater evil can befall than death."

He spoke; and Telamon with rage inspir'd

Starts up, and Idas with like fury fir'd;

Next the twin-race of Tyndarus arise;

Last Ceneus' son, who with the bravest vies;

Though o'er his cheeks scarce spreads the callow

down,

His heart beats high for honour and renown. 560

And while the rest in mute attention stand,

Argus bespeaks the emulative band :

"Though hard the task, O chiefs, I still portend

"My parent will assist, and prove a friend.

"Still in your ship a while with patience wait;

"For rashness will accelerate your fate.

"Know, at Ætæa's court a maiden dwells,

"Deep skill'd by Hecate in magic spells: [steep,

"All plants she knows that grow on mountains

"On vales, on meads, or in the boundless deep :

"By these she quells the fire's relentless force, 571

"Stops the mad torrent in its headlong course,

"Retards the planets as they roll on high,

"And draws the moon reluctant from the sky.

"As from the palace o'er the plain we came

"We mention'd oft my mother's honour'd name;

"If the perchance her sister could persuade,

"And fix our interest in the magic maid.

"Back, if you bid, my ready steps I bend;

"Fortune may smile, and fair success attend."

He said; when, lo! this signal of their love,

Was kindly given them by the powers above;

For, by the falcon chas'd, a trembling dove,

Far from his foe, to Jason's bosom flies;

Stunn'd on the deck the felon falcon lies.

Then Mopsus thus divin'd: "The powers of

"heav'n,

"They, they alone this gracious sign have giv'n,

"Be then the maid in mildest terms address'd;

"She'll listen friendly to our joint request, 589

"I ween the will; if Phineus could foreknow

"That we to Venus must our safety owe.

"For, lo! her bird escapes: oh! may we

"prove

"With safety crown'd, like her auspicious dove.

"Entreat we now for Cithæra's aid,

"And let th' advice of Argus be obey'd."

Thus he; the chiefs approv'd, remembering

well

What Phineus deign'd prophetic to foretell:

Idas alone with indignation burn'd,

And with loud voice thus insolent return'd :

"Gods! what a crew hath Argo wasted o'er! 600

"Women, not heroes throng the hostile shore.

"Women, who still to Venus' altars fly,

"Nor dare but only on her aid rely.

"No warlike deeds your dastard souls inflame:

"To you is Mars an unregarded name.

"As doves or falcons but direct your flight,

"You flinch at danger, and you dread the fight.

"Go; and all manly martial toils forbear,

"Sue to weak women, and deceive the fair."

Furious he spoke; a general murmur ran 610

Through the whole train; yet none oppos'd the

man;

Indignant then he sat. Of dauntless breast

Thus Jason's son the listening train address'd :

"This instant Argus to the town I send,

"For thus the general suffrages intend :

"Meanwhile approach we nearer to the land,

"And fix, in sight, our halfers to the strand :

"Ill suits us longer thus to lie conceal'd;

"We neither shun, nor dread the fighting field."

He said, and Argus went without delay, 620

And to the city backward sped his way;

At Jason's call they ply the labouring oar,

And land their beds and couches on the shore.

Meantime the king a council call'd, and sat,

(So were they wont) without the palace-gate.

Assembled there, unceasing toils they plann'd,

And wiles destructive to the Grecian band.

Thus he ordain'd, that when the bulls had slain

And stretch'd this dauntless hero on the plain,

Himself would lay the lofty forest low, 630

And for the funeral pile prepare the bough :

Their boasted ship should be consum'd with fire,

And every traitor in the flames expire.

No hospitable rites had Phrixus shar'd,

Though much he wish'd and merited regard,

Had not Jove hasten'd Hermes from above

To win his favour and bespeak his love.

Were these invaders of his native soil

To thrive unpunish'd by rapacious spoil,

Soon would they make his lowing herds a prey,

And drive the shepherds and their flocks away.

But Phrixus' sons, who join'd the lawless crew,

He vow'd with double vengeance to pursue : 640

Bafe plunderers! come to spoil him of his crown.

So had the fun, his sapient sire, foretold:

Who warn'd him to suspect his faithless race,
And dread from them destruction and disgrace.
Therefore dismiss'd he; by his sire's command,
The youths far distant, ev'n to Grecian land.
His daughters gave him no perplexing care, 650
Nor young Absyrtus, his adopted heir;
But from Chalciope's detested race
He look'd for injuries, and fear'd disgrace.
Thus stern denouncing, as with rage he swells,
Death on each daring subject that rebels,
His guards he charg'd, and threaten'd vengeance
due,

If either scap'd, the vessel or the crew.

Swift to the palace Argus now repairs,
And to his pitying mother pours his pray'rs,
That the night importune Medea aid: 660

Nor had the queen her son's request delay'd,
But boding fears her willing mind restrain,
Lest all her fond entreaties should be vain;
And should the project be disclos'd to view,
Her father's ire the magic maid must rue.
As on her couch reclin'd the virgin lay,
Soft slumbers chas'd her anxious cares away;
But frantic dreams, which love-sick maids infest,
Present false terrors, and disturb her rest.

Her hero seem'd the task to undertake, 670
But not for honour or the fleece's sake;
For her alone he risk'd the glorious strife,

To gain her love, and win her for his wife.
She then in dreams her utmost succour lends,
And with the bulls herself in fight contends.
Her parents she, in fancied rage, averr'd
False and regardless of their promis'd word,
Who Jason doom'd the brazen bulls to foil,
But made her not a partner of the toil. 679

Then warm disputes and fierce contentions reign
Between Æeta and the Grecian train:
On her decision both the parties wait,
And deem what she determines to be fate.
In spite of parents, the fond maid express'd
Her choice in favour of her godlike guest.
Rage wrung their souls, and grief, and dire dismay,
Till the loud clamour chas'd her sleep away,
Trembling she starts; pale fears confus'd her
look;

Her soul reviv'd, and thus the virgin spoke: 689
' Alas! what fruitful dreams alarm my breast

' For these fam'd chiefs, but most the royal
' guest?

' I fear, some mighty mischief will ensue
' From this bold leader and his gallant crew.
' Yes, let him wed far off some Grecian dame;
' Be mine my parents' house, my virgin's fame.
' If from my headstrong purpose I refrain,
' My sister's counsel might relieve my pain:
' Oh! for her sons would she my aid implore,
' My griefs would cease, my sorrows be no more!

She said, and rose, nor longer deign'd to wait,
But past the threshold of her sister's gate, 701

Barefoot, undrest; long time she there remain'd,
(For modest fears her passing step restrain'd);
Then back retreats; new courage soon acquires;

Again advances, and again retires:
Passions so various sway'd the virgin's breast,
That when fierce love impell'd her, fear repress'd:

Thrice she essay'd, and thrice retreating fled;
Then on the pillow sunk her drooping head:

As some young damsel, whom her friend had
join'd 710

In marriage to the darling of her mind,
Conceal'd in secret, mourns her blooming mate
Snatch'd from her arms by some untimely fate,
Ere yet kind heaven indulg'd them to employ
The golden moments in connubial joy:

In silence she, though stung with torturing grief,
Seeks on the widow'd bed the wish'd relief;
Looks eager round, then sheds the trembling tear,
Screen'd from the female eye, and tongue severe.
Thus mourn'd Medea, not unseen; her pain
Was mark'd by one, the youngest of her train;

Who told Chalciope Medea's grief: 720
And the sad tale exceeded her belief:

Her sons consulting, she with them essay'd
To sooth the sorrows of the love-sick maid.
Instant she rose, and trembling with dismay
Came to the chamber where her sister lay;
Torn were her cheeks, the tears her grief con-
fess; 730

And thus Chalciope the maid address'd:

' Say, why those tears that thus incessant fall?

' What mighty ills your feeble mind appal;

' Say, does some heaven-sent woe your grief in-
' spire?

' Or in your bosom dwells Æeta's ire,

' My sons and I the cause? Oh! far from home;

' On the world's utmost limits may I roam,

' Nor see my parents, nor my native shore,

' Nor hear the hated name of Colchos more.'

She said: Medea's cheeks the crimson stain'd;
She strove to speak, but shame her words re-
strain'd.

Now on her lips the ready accents hung, 740
Now stifled in her breast: her faltering tongue

Long time the purpose of her soul with-held,
Artful at length she spoke, by love impell'd:

' Dire fears, Chalciope, my soul dismay, [flay,

' Lest with these guests my sire thy children

' My frightful dreams such horrid scenes present;

' May some kind deity these woes prevent!

' Lest for thy sons the tears eternal flow:'

Thus spoke the maid, inquisitive in woe,

If haply for her children's fate afraid, 750

Chalciope might first solicit aid.

Mix'd grief and terror all the mother shook,

At last, impassion'd, thus she trembling spoke:

' 'Tis for their sakes I now before thee stand;

' Lend me, O lend thy salutary hand!

' But swear by earth and heaven what I unfold

' Rests in thy bosom, never to be told:

' By the great gods, and all that's dear I call,

' Swear thou wilt never see my children fall,

' Lest I too perish, and in fell despair 760

' Rise a dread fury from the shades of night.'

Earnest she spoke, and tears incessant shed,

Then on her sister's breast reclin'd her head,

And mix'd their mutual sighs; groan answer'd

groan,

And the wide palace echo'd to their moan.

Medea thus in mournful terms replies:

' Alas! what succour can my thoughts devise,

T ij

" Thus with thy cruel menaces oppress'd ?
 " Oh, still uninjur'd may thine offspring rest !
 " By heaven above I swear, and earth below, 770
 " Earth, the great mother of the gods, I vow,
 " (If aught my power can do, or words persuade)
 " To give thee counsel, and to lend my aid."
 Thus spake the maid ; and thus Chalciopé ;
 " Perhaps, in favour of my sons and me,
 " Thy mind, to save the hero, might impart
 " Some secret counsel, some mysterious art.
 " From Jason Argus comes, imploring aid ;
 " They rest their safety on the magic maid."

Thus she ; with joy exults the virgin's heart,
 And rising blushes rosy charms impart ; 781
 But soon o'ercast with grief she thus reply'd :
 " To serve thee, sister, be no art untry'd.
 " Ne'er may I see with pleasurable eyes
 " In yon bright orient cheerful morning rise,
 " If aught on earth be half so dear to me
 " As is the welfare of thy sons and thee.
 " As brethren, they my fond regard engage,
 " By blood related, and the same our age.
 " My sister, most esteem'd, and ever dear, 790
 " Thee with a daughter's love I still revere.
 " For with thy children, nurs'd by thee, I shar'd
 " (So fame reports) a mother's fond regard.
 " Go then, and from my prying parents hide
 " The means of succour which I now provide.
 " All-potent spells will I, at dawn of day,
 " To Hecate's mysterious shrine convey."
 Pleas'd with the tale, Chalciopé departs,
 And with the proffer'd aid transports her children's hearts.

Fear mix'd with shame now seiz'd the lonely maid, 800

Who dare, her fire reluctant, lend her aid.

Now rising shades a solemn scene display
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way ;
 All night the sailer marks the Northern Team,
 And golden circlet of Orion's beam :
 A deep repose the weary watchman shares,
 And the faint wanderer sleeps away his cares ;
 Ev'n the fond maid, while yet all breathless lies
 Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes :
 No sound of village-dog, no noise invades 810
 The death-like silence of the midnight shades ;
 Alone Medea wakes : to love a prey,
 Restless the rolls, and groans the night away :
 For lovely Jason cares on cares succeed,
 Left vanquish'd by the bulls her hero bleed ;
 In sad review dire scenes of horrors rise,
 Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought
 she flies :

As from the stream-stor'd vase with dubious ray
 The sun-beams dancing from the surface play ;
 Now here, now there the trembling radiance falls, 820

Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls :
 Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,

And from her eyes descends a pearly flood.
 Now raving with resistless flames she glows,
 Now sick with love she melts with softer woes :
 The tyrant god, of every thought possess'd,
 Beats in each pulse, and flings and racks her breast :

Now she resolves the magic to betray—

To tame the bulls—now yield him up a prey.

Again the drugs disdaining to supply, 830

She lothes the light, and meditates to die :

Anon, repelling with a brave disdain

The coward thought, she nourishes the pain.

Then pausing this : " Ah wretched me ! she cries,

" Where'er I turn what varied sorrows rise !

" Tost in a giddy whirl of strong desire,

" I glow, I burn, yet blest the pleasing fire :

" Oh ! had this spirit from its prison fled,

" By Dian sent to wander with the dead,

" Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian 840

" skies,

" Ere Jason, lovely Jason, met these eyes !

" Hell gave the shining mischief to our coast,

" Medea saw him, and Medea's lost—

" But why these sorrows ? if the powers on high

" His death decree,—die, wretched Jason, die !

" Shall I elude my fire ? my art betray ?

" Ah me ! what words shall purge the guilt away !

" But could I yield—O whither must I run

" To find the chief—whom virtue bids me shun ?

" Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly ? 850

" And yet I must—if Jason bleeds I die !

" Honour farewell ! adieu for ever shame !

" Hail black disgrace ! and branded be my fame !

" Live, Jason, live ! enjoy the vital air !

" Live through my aid ! and fly where winds can

" bear.

" But when he flies, cords, poisons lend your

" pow'rs :

" That day Medea treads th' infernal shores !

" Yet what reproach will after death be cast ?

" The maids of Colches will my honour blast—

" I hear them cry—the false Medea's dead, 860

" Through guilty passion for a stranger's bed ;

" Medea, careless of her virgin fame,

" Prefer'd a stranger to a father's name !

" O may I rather yield this vital breath,

" Than bear that base dishonour worse than
 " death !"

Thus wail'd the fair, and seiz'd, with horrid joy,

Drugs foes to life, and potent to destroy ;

A magazine of death ! again she pours

From her swollen eye-lids tears in shining show'rs.

With grief insatiate, comfortless she stands, 870

And opens the casket, but with trembling hands.

A sudden fear her labouring soul invades,

Struck with the horrors of th' infernal shades :

She stands deep-musing with a faded brow,

Absorb'd in thought, a monument of woe !

While all the comforts that on life attend,

The cheerful converse, and the faithful friend,

By thought deep-imag'd in her bosom play,

Endearing life, and charm despair away.

Enlivening suns with sweeter light arise, 880

And every object brightens to her eyes.

Then from her hand the baneful drugs she throws,

Consents to live, recover'd from her woes ;

Resolv'd the magic virtue to betray,

She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day :

Time seems to stand, or backward drive his

wheels ;

The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern hills :

At length the morn displays her rosy light,
And the whole town stands pictur'd to her sight.
Back to the ship (his brothers left behind 890
To mark the motions of Medea's mind)
Argus return'd; meanwhile her golden hair,
That flow'd diffusive in the wanton air,
The virgin binds, then wipes the tears away,
And from her eyes bids living lightning play;
On every limb refreshing unguents pours,
Unguents that breathe of heaven, in copious
show'rs.

Her robe she next assumes, bright clasps of gold
Close to the lessening waist the robe infold: 899
Down from her swelling loins the rest unbound
Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
Then takes her veil, and stately treads the room
With graceful ease, regardless of her doom.

Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
Blind to the future, to the present blind.
Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bow'r,
Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,
Join to the car her mules; dire rites to pay,
To Hecate's fair fane she bends her way.
A juice she bears, whose magic virtue tames 910
(Through fell Persephone) the rage of flames;
For one whole day it gives the hero might,
To stand secure of harms in mortal fight;
It mocks the sword; the sword without a wound
Leaps as from marble shiver'd to the ground.
This plant, which rough Caucasian mountains
bore,

Sprung from the venom of Prometheus' gore,
(While on the wretch the savage eagle storm'd)
In colour like Corycian crocus form'd:
On two tall stems up-springs the flowery shoot,
A cubit high; like red raw flesh its root. 921
From this root's juice, as black as that that still'd
From mountain beeches, the fair maid had fill'd
A Caspian conch; but first, as best befits,
Array'd in black seven times in living streams
She bath'd; and call'd seven times on Brimo's
name;

At midnight hour, the ghost-compelling dame.
She pluck'd the root, earth murmur'd from below,
And sad Prometheus groan'd with agonizing
woe.

This root the Colchian maid selecting plac'd 930
In the rich zone that bound her slender waist:
Then issuing mounts the car, but not alone,
On either side two lovely damsels shone:
Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein con-
trouls,

Back fly the streets as swift the chariot rolls.
Along the wheel-worn road they speed their way,
The domes retreat, the sinking towers decay:
Bare to the knee succinct a damsel-train
Close throng behind them, hastening to the plain.

As when her limbs divine Diana laves 940
In fair Parthenius, or th' Amnesian waves,
Sublime in royal state the bounding roes
Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows:
Swift to some sacred feast the goddess moves,
The nymphs attend that haunt the shady groves;
Th' Amnesian fount, or silver-streaming rills,
Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills:

The fawning beasts before the goddess play,
Or, trembling, savage adoration pay: 949
Thus on her car sublime the nymph appears,
The crowd falls back, and, as she moves, reverts:
Swift to the fane aloft her course she bends,
The fane she reaches, and on earth descends:
Then to her train — "Ah me! I fear we stray,
" Mistled by folly to this lonely way!
" Alas! should Jason with his Greeks appear,
" Where should we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
" No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
" Haunt the cool shade, or tread in dance the
" plain. 959

" But since alone—with sports beguile your hours,
" Collect sweet herbs, and pluck the fairest
" flow'rs:

" If due attention to my words ye pay,
" With richest spoils ye shall return to-day.
" For Argus and Chalciopé require,
" (But sacred keep this secret from my fire)
" That for large presents, for my succour paid,
" To this rash stranger I should lend my aid.
" I pass'd my word, and soon without his train
" The Grecian will attend me at the fane:
" In equal portions we the spoil will share— 970
" For him a dose more fatal I prepare—
" But when he comes, ye nymphs, retire apart."
She spoke; the nymphs approv'd the virgin's art.

When Argus heard the maid with early day
To Hecate's fair fane would speed her way,
He beckon'd Jason from his hold compeers
Apart, and Mopfus most renown'd of seers;
For prescient Mopfus every omen knew
Of birds that parting or approaching flew.
No mortal ever of the first-born race 980
Display'd like Jason such superior grace,
Whether from demigods he trac'd his line,
Or Jove himself immortal and divine,
As grac'd by Juno, Jove's imperial queen,
With soft address, and dignity of mien.
His comrades gaz'd with wonder as he went;
Mopfus foresaw, and hail'd the blest event.
Hard by the path, and near the temple, stands
A poplar tall, that wide its arms expands;
Here frequent rooks their airy pastime take, 990
And on the boughs their spray-form'd mansions
make:

One shook its pinions (louder than the rest),
And croaking, thus Saturnia's mind express'd:
" Vain seer! whose divinations fail to tell
" Those plain events which children know so well;
" That maids will not, with comrades in the train,
" Tell the soft love-tale to their favour'd swain.
" False prophet, hence! for thee nor love inspires,
" Nor Venus gratifies with soft desires." 999
Then Mopfus laugh'd, as scoffing thus she spoke,
To hear the bird her dark predictions croak;
And thus: "Hence, Jason, to the fane and find
" The maiden to thy warmest wishes kind;
" Venus approves, and fortune will ensue,
" If what prophetic Phineus said prove true.
" Myself and Argus here will wait apart,
" Go and unfold the secrets of thy heart;
" Be every mode of soft persuasion try'd."
He counsel'd wisely, and the chief comply'd.

Meanwhile the maid her secret thoughts enjoy'd, 1010

And one dear object all her soul employ'd:
Her train's gay sports no pleasure can restore,
Vain was the dance, and music charm'd no more;
She hates each object, every face offends,
In every wish her soul to Jason sends;
With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores,
To find the hero whom her soul adores;
At every whisper of the passing air,
She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there:
Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain, 1020
He comes, her Jason shines along the plain.
As when, emerging from the watery way,
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
He shines terrific, for his burning breath,
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows,
Bright author of unutterable woes;
Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
Her flush'd cheeks glow'd, her very heart was dead: 1029

No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fix'd, without motion, as to earth they grew.
Her train recedes—the meeting lovers gaze
In silent wonder, and in still amaze.

As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves, with roots adjoining grow;
Erect and motionless the stately trees
Short time remain, while sleeps each fanning breeze,

Till from th' Æolian caves a blast unbound
Bend their proud tops, and bids their boughs re-found: 1039

Thus gazing they; till by the breath of love,
Strongly at last inspir'd, they speak, they move;
With smiles the love-sick virgin he survey'd,
And fondly thus address'd the blooming maid:

'Dismiss, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
'Tis Jason speaks, no enemy is here!
'Dread not in me a haughty heart to find,
'In Greece I bore no proud inhuman mind.
'Whom wouldst thou fly? stay, lovely virgin, stay!

'Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
'Speak! and be truth in every accent found! 1050
'Scorn to deceive! we tread on hallow'd ground.
'By the stern power who guards this sacred place,
'By the fam'd authors of thy royal race;
'By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
'To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs:

'O guard me, save me, in the needful hour!
'Without thy aid thy Jason is no more.
'To thee a suppliant in distress I bend,
'To thee a stranger, one who wants a friend!
'Then, when between us seas and mountains rise, 1060

'Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;
'All Greece to thee shall owe her hero's fates,
'And bless Medea through her hundred states.
'The mother and the wife who now in vain
'Roll their sad eyes fast screaming o'er the main
'Shall stay their tears: the mother and the wife,
'Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!

'Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed,
'Sav'd valiant Theseus, and with Theseus fled.
'Forsook her father, and her native plain, 1070
'And stemm'd the tumults of the furling main;
'Yet the stern fire relented, and forgave
'The maid, whose only crime it was to save;
'Ev'n the just gods forgave: and now on high
'A star she shines, and beautifies the sky:
'What blessings then shall righteous heaven de-

cease
'For all our heroes sav'd, and sav'd by thee?
'Heaven gave thee not to kill, so soft an air;
'And cruelty sure never look'd so fair!"

He ceas'd, but left so charming on her ear 1080
His voice, that listening still the seem'd to hear;
Her eyes to earth she bends with modest grace,
And heaven in smiles is open'd on her face.

A look she steals; but rosy blushes spread
O'er her fair cheek, and then she hangs her head.
A thousand words at once to speak she tries;
In vain—but speaks a thousand with her eyes;
Trembling the shining casket she expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;

And had the power been granted to convey 1090
Her heart—had given her very heart away.
For Jason beam'd in beauty's charms so bright,
The maid admiring, languish'd with delight.
Thus, when the rising sun appears in view,
On the fair rose dissolves the radiant dew.

Now on the ground both cast their bashful eyes,
Both view each other now with mild surprise.
The rosy smiles now dimpling on their cheeks,
The fair at length in faltering accents speaks:

"Observant thou to my advice attend, 1100
"And here what succour I propose to lend.

"Soon as my fire Ætea shall bestow
"The dragon's teeth in Mars's field to sow,

"The following night in equal shares divide;
"Bathe well thy limbs in some perennial tide;

"Then all retir'd, thyself in black array,
"Dig the round foss, and there a victim slay,

"A female lamb; the carcase place entire
"Above the foss, then light the sacred pyre,

"And Perseus daughter, Hecate, appease 1110
"With honey, sweetest labour of the bees;

"This done, retreat, nor while the relics burn,
"Let howling dogs provoke thee to return.

"Nor human footsteps; lest thou render vain
"The charm, and with dishonour join thy train.

"Next morn, the whole enchantment to fulfil,
"This magic unguent on thy limbs distil:

"Then thou with ease wilt strong and graceful move,

"Not like a mortal, but the gods above.
"Forget not with this unguent to besmear 1120

"Thy sword, thy buckler, and tremendous spear:
"No giant's faulchions then can harm thy frame,

"Nor the fell rage of bulls expiring flame.
"One day, nor longer, wilt thou keep the field;

"Nor thou to perils, nor to labour yield.
"But mark my words; when thou with ceaseless

soil,
"Hast yok'd the bulls and plough'd the stubborn

"And seest up-springing on the teeth-sown land
"Of giant foes a formidable band,

"Hurl silly midst their ranks a rough hard stone,
 "And they, like dogs contending for a bone, 1131
 "Will slay each other: thou with speed renew
 "The glowing fight, and conquest will ensue.
 "Thus shalt thou bear from Ææa's realms to
 "Greece,

"If such thy fix'd resolve, the golden fleece."
 This said, her eyes were fix'd upon the ground,
 And her fair cheeks with streaming sorrows
 drown'd;

Depositing anguish seiz'd her gentle mind,
 Left he should leave her comfortless behind.
 Embolden'd thus, him by the hand she press'd,
 And in the language of her soul address'd: 1141

"If safely hence thou sail'st, O, think of me!
 "As I for ever shall remember thee!
 "And freely tell me, to relieve my pain,
 "Where lies thy home beyond the boundless
 "main?

"Say, is Orchomenos thy native soil?
 "Or dwell'st thou nearer on th' Ææan isle?
 "Let me that far-fam'd virgin's name inquire,
 "Who boasts the same high lineage with my
 "fire."

She said; her tears his soft compassion won, 1150
 And thus the chief, by love inspir'd, begun:

"While on my fancy bright ideas play,
 "Thy image never from my soul shall stray,
 "If safe I sail, preserv'd by thee, to Greece,
 "Nor heavier labours interrupt my peace.
 "But if the distant country where I dwell
 "Thy will demands, my ready tongue shall tell.
 "A land there is which lofty hills furround,
 "For fertile pastures and rich herds renown'd,
 "Where from Prometheus good Deucalion came,
 "His royal heir, Hamonia is the name. 1161
 "Deucalion here the first foundations laid
 "Of towns, built fanes, and men by empire sway'd;
 "There my loleos stands, and many more
 "Fair ample cities, that adorn the shore.
 "What time, as rumour'd by the voice of fame,
 "Æolian Minyas to that country came,
 "He built, close bordering on the Theban ground,
 "Orchomenos, a city far renown'd. 1169
 "But why your wonder should I vainly raise?
 "My birth-place tell, and Ariadne's praise?
 "For this the virgin's name you now inquire,
 "A lovely maid, and Minos is her fire.
 "Oh! may, like her's, your fire propitious prove,
 "Who honour'd Theseus with his daughter's love!"
 Complacent thus he sooth'd her sorrowing soul;
 Yet anxious cares within her bosom roll.

"Perchance in Greece" (the pensive maid re-
 join'd)

"Oaths are rever'd, and solemn compacts bind.
 "But Minos greatly differs from my fire, 1180
 "Nor I to Ariadne's charms aspire.
 "Then mention hospitality no more;
 "But, safe conducted to thy native shore,
 "Grant this, 'tis all I ask, Oh! think of me,
 "As I for ever shall remember thee,
 "In my great fire, the Colchian king's despite:
 "But if thy pride my ardent passion slight,
 "Fame, or some bird the hateful news will bring;
 "Then will I chase thee on the tempest's wing,

"Brand thy false heart, thy curs'd familiar
 "be, 1190

"And prove thou ow'st thy life, thy all to me."
 Medea thus, and tears abundant shed;

And mildly thus the son of Æson said: [soar
 "In vain, dear nymph, thy missive bird shall
 "Through air sublime, in vain the tempest roar.
 "But if towards Greece thou deign'st thy course
 "to bear,

"Immortal honours shall attend thee there;
 "Thine husbands, brothers, sons, so long deplor'd,
 "Safe to their native land by thee restor'd,

"Shall as a goddess reverence thy name, 1200
 "And pay thee rites which only gods can claim.
 "But would'st thou grace my bed with bridal
 "state,

"Our love can only be dissolv'd by fate."

His words with raptures all her soul subdue;
 Yet gloomy objects rise before her view,
 Ordain'd, ere long, Thessalia's realms to see;
 For such was Juno's absolute decree,
 That soon to Greece the Colchian maid should go,
 To Pelias source of unrelenting woe.

Meanwhile apart her anxious handmaids stay,
 In silence waiting till the close of day: 1211
 Such pleasing transports in her bosom roll,
 His form, his words so captivate her soul,
 On feather'd feet the hours unheeded fled,
 Which warn'd her home: "Hence (cautious Jason
 "said),

"Hence let us hasten unperceiv'd away,

"And here enraptur'd pass some future day."

Thus the blest hours in converse sweet they
 spent,

And both unwilling from the temple went;
 He to his comrades bordering on the main, 1220
 The fair Medea to her virgin train.

Her train approach'd, but stood unnotic'd by:
 Her soul sublime expatiates in the sky.
 Her rapid car she mounts; this hand sustains
 The polish'd thong, and that the flowing reins.

Fleet o'er the plain the nimble mules convey'd
 To Ææa's walls the love-transported maid.
 Meanwhile Chalciopæ astonish'd stands,
 And instant tidings of her sons demands;

In vain: sad cares had clos'd Medea's ears, 1230
 No answers gives she, and no questions hears;

But on a footstool low, beside her bed,
 All bath'd in tears she sits; her hand sustains her
 head.

There sits she pondering, in a pensive state,
 What dire distresses on her counsels wait.

But Jason, eager to return, withdrew
 With his two friends, and join'd his social crew,

Who throng'd impatient round, while he display'd
 The secret counsels of the Colchian maid,

And show'd the potent herbs: Idas apart 1240
 Conceal'd the choler rankling in his heart.

Meanwhile the rest, when glimmering day-light
 clos'd,

Wrapp'd in the mantle of the night repos'd.

Next morn they sent Ætholides the son

Of Mercury, and valiant Telamon,

(For thus in council had the Greeks decreed)

Of fierce Æëta to demand the seed,

The serpent's teeth, whose ever-wakeful sight
 Watch'd o'er the fountain of the god of fight.
 This baneful monster was by Cadmus slain, 1250
 Seeking Europa o'er the Theban plain;
 An heifer to his seat of regal sway,
 So will'd prophetic Phœbus, led the way.
 These teeth Minerva from the monster rent,
 And part to Cadmus and Æta sent:
 Sow'd on Boeotia's ample plains, from thence
 A hardy race of earth-born giants rose.
 To Jason these he gave, a precious spoil;
 Nor, though his matchless aim the bulls might
 foil, 1259

Deem'd he, that victory would crown his toil.
 The sun now sinking with a feeble ray
 To distant Ethiopians stop'd his way;
 Night yok'd her steeds; the Grecian heroes spread
 Around the halbers and the sails their bed.
 The northern Bear was sunk beneath the hills,
 And all the air a solemn silence fills:
 Jason to lonely haunts pursu'd his way;
 (All rites adjusted the preceding day):
 'Twas Argus' care a lambkin to provide,
 And milk, the rest the ready ship supply'd. 1270
 A sweet sequester'd spot the hero found,
 Where silence reigns, and swelling streams a-
 bound;

And here, observant of due rites, he laves,
 His limbs immersing in the cleansing waves:
 Then o'er his shoulders, pledge of favours past,
 The gift of fair Hyppolyta he casts,
 A sable robe: a deep round foils he made,
 And on the kindling wood the victim laid:
 The mix'd libation pouring o'er the flame,
 Loud he invoc'd infernal Brimo's name; 1280
 Then back retires: his call her ears invades,
 And up the rifies from the land of shades:
 Snakes, wreath'd in oaken boughs, curl'd round
 her hair,

And gleaming torches cast a dismal glare.
 To guard their queen the hideous dogs of hell
 Rend the dark welken with incessant yell;
 The heaving ground beneath her footsteps shakes;
 Loud shriek the Naiads of the neighbouring lakes,
 And all the fountain-nymphs astonish'd stood
 Where Amaranthine Phasis rolls his flood. 1290
 Fear seiz'd the chief, yet backward he withdrew,
 Nor till he join'd his comrades, turn'd his view.

And now on Caucasus with snow o'erspread,
 The rising morn her silver radiance shed,
 When proud Æeta, earlier than the rest,
 The fencing corslet buckled to his breast,
 The spoils of Mimas of gigantic race,
 Whom Mars had vanquish'd on the plains of
 Thrace:

His golden helmet to his head he bound,
 With four fair crests of glittering plumage crown'd,
 Bright as the sun new rising from the main; 1301
 His nervous arm a mighty spear sustain:
 From his broad shoulder beams his sevenfold shield,
 Which not a chief of all the Greeks could wield,
 Since great Alcides, of his friend bereft,
 Was (sad mischance!) on Myia's borders left.
 His son hard by with ready chariot stands;
 The king ascends; the reins adorn his hands;

Fierce to the field he hastes in regal state,
 And crowds of Colchians round their monarch
 wait. 1310

As ocean's god, when drawn by rapid steeds,
 To Isthmian games, or Calauria speeds,
 To Tanarus, or rocky Petra roves,
 Or where Gerætus boasts her oaken groves,
 Onchestus' woods, or Lerna's limpid spring;
 So to the combat drives the Colchian king.

Meanwhile, instructed by the magic maid,
 The chief his shield, his spear and trenchant blade
 With unguents smear'd: the Greeks approaching
 nigh

In vain their efforts on his armour try; 1320
 But chief the spear such magic charms attend,
 No force can break it, and no onset bend.
 Idas enrag'd deals many a furious wound,
 But, as hard hammers from an anvil bound,
 So from the spear his sword recoiling sprung:
 The distant vales with loud applauses rung.
 Next, with the potent charm the chief anoints
 His well-turn'd limbs, and supples all his joints.
 And, lo! new powers invigorate his hands,
 And arm'd with strength intrepidly he stands. 1330

As the proud steed, exulting in his might,
 Erects his ears, impatient for the fight,
 And pawing snuffs the battle from afar;
 So pants the hero for the promis'd war.
 Firmly he moves, incapable of fear;
 One hand his shield sustains, and one the spear.
 Thus, when black clouds obscure the darken-
 ing day,

And rains descend, the living lightnings play.
 And now the fight draws near; the Grecian
 train

Sail up the Phasis to the martial plain; 1340
 Which from as far the towers of Æta stand,
 As when the chieftans, who the games command
 For some dead king, the bounding barriers place
 For steeds or men contending in the race.
 Æeta there they found, of mind elate;
 On Phasis' banks his chariot rolls in state.
 On the Caucasian summits, that command
 The field of Mars, the crowded Colchians stand.
 Now Argo moor'd, the prince invades the field,
 Arm'd with his magic spear, and ample shield; 1350
 With serpents' teeth his brazen helm was stor'd,
 And cros his shoulder gleam'd his glittering
 sword:

Like Mars the chief enormous power display'd,
 Or Phœbus brandishing his golden blade.
 O'er the rough tilth he cast his eyes around,
 And soon the plough of adamant he found,
 And yokes of brags: his helm (approaching near)
 He plac'd on earth and upright fix'd his spear.
 To find the bulls he farther went afield,
 And trac'd their steps, arm'd only with his shield.
 In a dark cave which smoky mists surround, 1361
 Horrid and huge their safe retreat he found.
 With rage impetuous forth the monsters came,
 And from their nostrils issued streams of flame.
 Fear seiz'd the Greeks, but he their fury braves;
 Firm as a rock, defies the roaring waves;
 Screen'd by his shield, intrepidly he scorns
 The bulls loud-bellowing, and their butting horns;

Collected firm he wards each threatening blow.
 As at the forge where melting metals glow, 1370
 While now the bellows heave, now sink by turns,
 The flame subsides, or with fresh fury burns;
 Stirr'd to the bottom roars the raging fire:
 So roar the bulls and living flame respire,
 That fierce as lightning round the hero play'd,
 In vain, now shelter'd by the magic maid.
 One bull he seiz'd, that aim'd a deadly stroke,
 Seiz'd by the horns, and dragg'd him to the yoke;
 Then hurl'd the roaring monster on the ground;
 An equal fate his fellow-captive found. 1380
 Loos'd from his arm he flung his shield aside,
 And the two monsters manfully he ply'd,
 Dragg'd on their knees his fiery foes o'ercome,
 And shifting artfully escap'd the flame.
 Æta view'd him with astonish'd eyes;
 When lo! the sons of Tyndarus arise,
 As erst it was decreed, and from the land
 Heav'd the strong yokes and gave them to his hand:

These o'er the bulls' low-bended necks he flung;
 The brazen beams by rings suspended hung. 1391
 The youths retreating from the burning field,
 The chief resum'd his loaded helm, his shield
 Behind him thrown; then grasp'd his massy spear,
 (Thus arm'd the hinds of Theffaly appear,
 With long sharp goads to prick their bullocks' sides)

And the firm plough of adamant he guides.
 The restiff bulls with indignation fir'd,
 From their broad nostrils living flames expir'd,
 Loud as the blasts when wintry winds prevail,
 And trembling sailors furl the folding sail. 1400
 Urg'd by his spear the bulls their task fulfil,
 Prove their own prowess, and the ploughman's skill.

As the sharp coulter cleft the clodded ground,
 The roughen'd ridges sent a rattling sound.
 Firm o'er the field undaunted Jason treads,
 And scattering wide the serpent's teeth he spread:
 Yet oft looks back, suspecting he should find
 A legion rising up in arms behind:
 Unwearied still the bulls their toil pursue;
 Their brazen hoofs the stubborn soil subdue. 1410

When now three portions of the day were spent,
 And weary hinds at evening homeward went,
 The chief had till'd four acres of the soil;
 He then releas'd the monsters from their toil,
 Away they scamper'd wildly o'er the plain;
 Himself rejoin'd his delegated train,
 Till on the field his earth-born foes appear:
 The Greeks their animated hero cheer.
 He in his helm, replenish'd at the springs,
 To slake his burning thirst fresh water brings. 1420
 His limbs renew'd with forceful vigour play,
 His heart beats boldly and demands the fray.

Thus the fell boar disdains the hunter-bands,
 Foams, whets his tusks, and in defiance stands.
 Now rose th' embattled squadron in the field,
 In glittering helms array'd, with spear and shield,
 Bright o'er the martial train the splendors rise,
 And dart in streams of radiance to the skies.
 Thus, when thick snow the face of nature shrouds,
 And nightly winds dispel the wintry clouds, 1430
 The stars again their splendid beams display;
 So shone the warriors in the face of day.

But Jason, mindful of the maid's command,
 Seiz'd a vast rock, and rais'd it from the land:
 Not four stout youths, for strength of limbs renowned,

Could lift a weight so ponderous from the ground:
 This midst his foes, embattled on the field,
 He hurl'd, and safe retir'd behind his shield.
 The Colchians shout, as when the raging main
 Roars round tremendous rocks, but roars in vain.
 In silence fix'd, Æta stands aghast 1441
 To see the fragment with such fury cast.

The hoit, like dogs contending o'er their prey,
 With curs'd ferocity their comrades slay,
 Then leave on earth their mangled trunks behind,

Like pines of oaks uprooted by the wind.
 As shoots far from heaven's ethereal brow,
 Portending vengeance to the world below,
 Who through dark clouds descry its radiant light:
 Thus Jason rush'd, in glittering armour bright.
 His brandish'd falchion fell'd the rising foes:
 Succinct in arms, some half their lengths disclose,
 Some scarce their shoulders; others feebly stand,
 While others, treading firm, the fight demand.

As on the bounds which separates hostile
 Eternal source of battle and debates, [states,
 The cautious hind the cruel spoiler fears,
 And reaps his wheat with yet unripen'd ears;
 Ere yet the spikes their wonted growth attain,
 Ere yet the sun-beams have matur'd the grain:
 So Jason's arms the rising squadrons mow'd; 1461
 Their blood profusely in the furrows flow'd.
 Some sidelong fall on earth, and some supine,
 Some prone lie grovelling and their lives resign,
 Like whales incumbent on the buoyant main;
 Some wounded perish ere they tread the plain;
 As late in air they held their heads on high,
 So lowly humbled in the dust they lie.
 Thus tender plants, by copious torrents drown'd,
 Strew their fresh leaves uprooted from the ground; 1470

The tiller views with heart-corroding pain
 His fostering care, and all his labours vain.
 Æta thus with wild vexation burn'd,
 And with his Colchians to the town return'd,
 Some weightier task revolving in his mind:
 Thus clos'd the combat, and the day declin'd.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Ver. 2. Apollonius, with great propriety, invokes Erato, the muse who presided over love af-

fairs. For this book contains the loves of Medea and Jason, and abounds with the most beautiful

sentiments descriptive of the tender passion. Virgil's invocation of Erato, *Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, &c.* is a transcript of Apollonius, *Εἰ δ' ἄν τις ἔραται*, &c. Virgil seems to have copied our poet in this instance, at the expence of his judgment; for it is difficult to assign a reason for his invocation of this muse, when he was about to sing, as he informs us, *reges et tempora rerum*.

The fourth book of Virgil, Servius tells us, is borrowed from this of Apollonius Rhodius. Virgil's *Æneid*, says Hoelzelinus, would not have been enriched with the episode of Dido, had not the amours of Hypsipyla and Medea been worked up ready to his hand by Apollonius.

Ver. 10. Having conducted his heroes to the banks of the Phasis, our poet shifts the scene, and takes occasion to introduce the two goddesses, Juno and Pallas, consulting for the safety of Jason. There is a necessity for such machinery, in order to preserve the dignity of epic poetry. And the propriety of its introduction in this place will be acknowledged, if we recollect, that on the successful application of these goddesses to Venus, the future fortunes of Jason depend. There needs no greater proof of the beauty of this passage, than that it has been imitated by Virgil in that part of his first book, where Cupid is commissioned by his mother to kindle in Dido's breast a passion for *Æneas*.

Ver. 46. The Greek is *Νήσσοι πλαγιοπῆης*. Homer has a similar expression, *Πλαστήν' ἐν νήσῳ*. *Odys.* x. 3.

A floating isle, high rais'd by toil divine. *Pope.*

Ver. 50. This whole passage is imitated by Claudian, who, speaking of Venus, says,

*Cæsariem tunc forte Venus subnixâ corusco
Fingebat solis: dextrâ lævâque sorores
Stabant Idaliæ: largos hæc nectaris imbres
Irrigat; hæc morfu numerosi dentis eburno
Multifidum discrimen arat: sed tertia retro
Dat varios nexus, et iusto dividit orbis
Ordine, neglectam partem studiosa relinquens.*

Ver. 74. He, for making love to Juno, and boasting afterwards that he had dishonoured Jupiter, was hurled headlong by him into Tartarus, and bound to a wheel, which he was doomed to turn without intermission.

Ver. 79. It was the opinion of the ancients, that the gods frequently assumed the human shape. Thus Homer, *Odys.* xvii. v. 485.

They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.

Pope.

—summo delabor Olympo,
Et Deus humanâ lustrò sub imagine terras.

Ov. Met. l. i.

Ver. 131. The Greek is, *ἀπ' οὐρανὸν ἔλκει*. Homer has the same expression, *Il. xxiii. 88.* but it is omitted in Pope's translation,

Ver. 141. She was nurse to Jove when an infant. Thus Callimachus:

—οὐδ' ἔτι καί μιν ἀνέθρεξε
Αἰνὴν ἐν χροστίῳ. *Hym. ad Jov. v. 47.*

Ver. 149. It is partly from the wanton and playful character of these little Cupids, that they are almost always given us under the figure of children.

Thus Ovid:

*Et puer es, nec te quicquam nisi ludere oportet:
Lude, decent annos mollia regna tuos.*

Ov. Rem. Am.

In conformity to this puerile character, Venus promises to reward her favourite boy with playthings.

Ver. 210. See the preface.

Ver. 227. These extraordinary rites of the Colchians are mentioned by *Ælian*, in his fourth book. The earth and air are said to be the principal objects of their worship. *Hoelz. and Schol.*

Ver. 237. Thus Pallas spreads a veil of air around Ulysses, and renders him invisible:

Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
Around him threw a veil of thicken'd air.

Homer's Odys. B. vii.

Thus Venus conceals *Æneas* and his companions:

At Venus obscuro gradientes ære sepsit.

Virg. Æn. l. i.

Ver. 251. The Pleiades are said to be daughters of Atlas by the nymph Pleione. They were seven in number. Their name is derived, either from their mother, or from their number; or, more probably, from the Greek word, which signifies *to sail*. They are called in Latin *Vergilia*, from the vernal season when they rise. They rise about the vernal equinox, and set in autumn. See a further account of them in the note on ver. 448. B. ii.

Ver. 260. The battle between the gods and giants is supposed to have been fought at Phlegra, near Pallene, in Thessaly.

Ver. 299. These sons of Phrixus and Chalciope had sailed from Colchis to Orchomenos, a city of Bœotia, to receive the inheritance of their grandfather Athamus.

Ver. 327. Virgil seems to have copied this simile from Apollonius. *Æn. viii. 408.*

What time the poor, laborious, frugal dame,
Who plies her distaff, stirs the dying flame:
Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
And lengthens out their tasks with half the night;
Thus to her children she divides the bread,
And guards the honours of her homely bed. *Pitt.*

Ver. 356. One of those islands called the Strophades, in the Ionian sea.

Ver. 387. The Sarmatians, or Sauramatae, were Scythians, who dwelt in the country that lies between the river Tanais and the Borysthenes.

Ver. 413. The table was looked upon by the ancients as a sacred thing; and a violation of the laws of hospitality was esteemed the highest profanation imaginable.

Ver. 562. Virgil's description of the Massilian priests is taken from this passage:

Hæc se carminibus promittit—
Sistere aquam fluviis, et vertere sidere retro!
Nocturnoque ciet manes: mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram, et descendere montibus oros.
Æn. L. iv. 487.

Ver. 705. The chief power of disposing of their daughters in marriage, even among the heathens, was in their parents, without whose consent it was not held lawful. This Hermione in Euripides

Ναυαγριμάσαν δὲ τῶν ἱμῶν πατὴρ ἱμῶς
Μυρμυρῶν ἔχει καὶ ἄν ἱμῶν κρήνην τάδ'.

Ver. 797. Here Dr. Broome's translation begins, and continues to ver. 1087; but not without considerable omissions which are supplied. Virgil has copied this exquisite description from our author. Both the poets describe minutely the profound calm and stillness of the night, in order to render the agonies of the restless heroines more affecting by such a contrast. It is impossible to give us a more lively idea of their restless situation, than by representing it in opposition to that general tranquillity which prevails through the whole creation. The silence of the night, which disposes others to rest, serves to increase but their anguish, and to swell the tumult of their passion.

'Twas night; and weary with the toils of day,
In soft repose the whole creation lay,
The murmurs of the groves and furies die,
The stars roll solemn, through the glowing sky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,
The flocks lie stretch'd along the flowery plains:
The furious savages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkness share
In sleep a sweet forgetfulness of care;
All but the hapless queen.

Pitt.

That sudden and beautiful transition at the close of the description, *At non infelix animi Phænissa*, is copied with the utmost exactness from the correspondent line in our poet,

Ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐ Μήδευαν ἐπὶ γλυκερὸς λάβεν ὄππες.

Ver. 813. Virgil has imitated this simile, *Æn. viii. 22.*

Sicut aquæ tremulum, &c.

So from a brazen vase the trembling stream
Reflects the lunar, or the solar beam:
Swift and elusive of the dazzled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies:
Thence to the circling shoot the dancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quivering splendor plays.

Pitt.

Ver. 911. Caucasus is called by Propertius, B. i. El. 12. the Promethean mountain; because the

magic herbs, for which it was famous, were said to have sprung out of the blood of Prometheus.

—An quæ

Lecta Prometheus dividet herba jugis. *Potter.*

Ver. 935. We meet with this simile in the sixth book of Homer's *Odyssey*, who applies it to Nausicaa sporting with her fair attendants in the meads. Virgil applies the same simile to Dido, walking in the midst of the city, with the Tyrian princes. See Pope's note on *Od. 6. ver. 117*. Some of the critics have thought that no passage has been more unhappily copied by Virgil from Homer, than this comparison. But, it should seem from some circumstances in his simile, that the Roman poet rather imitated this passage of Apollonius, than that of Homer.

Ver. 936. Or rather Amnisian, according to Callimachus:

—Ἀμνισίδας ἱεροὶ νύμφες.

They were so named from Amnisus, a city and river of Crete.

Ver. 988. Some birds were of use in divination by the manner and direction of their flight; others by the sounds they uttered; these were called *espines*, of which kind were crows.

Oscinem corvum prece fuscitabo

Solis ab ortu. *Hor. Od. xxvii. l. 3.*

Ver. 1005. No poet has succeeded better in any description than Apollonius has in the following. The anxiety with which Medea expects the arrival of Jason, expressed by her inattention and aversion to every other object, by her directing her eyes every way in search of him, and by her trembling at every breeze, are admirable strokes of nature. The appearance of Jason, flushed with all the bloom of youth, advancing hastily towards her, like the star, to which he is compared, rising from the ocean; the embarrassment which his presence occasions, the silent admiration in which they stand gazing at each other, like two tall trees in a calm, are particulars which none but the imagination of a real poet could have put together, and can never be sufficiently admired.

Ver. 1099. We have here a curious account of the ceremonies made use of in their sacrifices to the infernal deities. Hecate the same with the moon or Diana, was so called, either from her being appeased by hecatombs, or from the power she possessed of obliging those who were unbred to wander an hundred years. Virgil applies to her the epithet of *ter geminam*, and Horace that of *triformis*. She was called in heaven Luna, or the Moon, on earth Diana, and in hell Proserpina. Hecate, and Brimo, from her terrifying appearance.

It seems extraordinary that Diana, who is the goddess of chastity, should be represented as dispensing her favourable influence in illicit amours. But the mythologists inform us, that Diana and Venus are but one and the same divinity. The Scholiast on Theocritus, Id. ii. says, that it was customary, among the ancients, for the men to

implore the sun, and women the moon in their amours. Cicero, speaking of three Dianas, observes, that the first was thought to be the mother of winged Cupid. *De Nat. Deor.* l. 3.

Ver. 1095. Honey was a favourite ingredient with the ancients, in their oblations to the gods, whether of heaven or hell. Homer, in his hymn to Mercury, calls it

—Στῶν ἡδίστων ἰδαδῶν.

Bees and honey are subjects which the Greek poets are particularly fond of introducing; and their country was plentifully supplied with these commodities.

Ver. 1115. Apollonius Rhodius, according to the common opinion, supposes Deucalion to have been a native of Greece, the son of Prometheus, the son of Japetus: but in these ancient mythological accounts, all genealogy must be entirely disregarded. He represents him as the first of men, through whom religious rites were renewed, cities built, and civil polity established in the world; none of which circumstances are applicable to any king of Greece. We are assured by Philo, that Deucalion was Noah. *Bryant.*

Ver. 1245. Upon the report of the rape of Europa, her father, Agenor, sent every where in search of her, and ordered his son Cadmus not to return home till he had found her. Cadmus having traversed a part of Greece without gaining any

information of her, settled in Boeotia, where he built the city Thebes. Having sent his associates into a grove, consecrated to Mars, to fetch water, a serpent, which guarded the place, devoured them. Cadmus, to revenge their death, slew the monster; from whose teeth, which he had sown, a body of armed men sprung up. This is the fabulous account to which Apollonius alludes.

No colony, says Mr. Bryant, could settle any where, and build an orphite or serpent temple, but there was supposed to have been a contention betwixt a hero and a dragon. Cadmus was described in conflict with such an one at Thebes.

Ver. 1247. Πομπηϊός relates properly to divine influence, and πομπή is an oracle. An ox or cow was by the Amonians esteemed very sacred and oracular. Cadmus was accordingly said to be directed πομπή βοῶν. *Bryant.*

Ver. 1285. This river is supposed to have derived its source from a nation of that name. The poet, in describing the effects of this infernal evocation, has heaped together with great judgment, and in the true spirit of poetry, every circumstance that is capable of exciting terror and astonishment.

Ver. 1288. Apollonius introduces his heroes on the plains of Mars with the utmost pomp and magnificence, thus artfully preparing us for the solemnities of the ensuing combat, on which the fate of Jason depends.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jason obtains the Golden Fleece by the assistance of Medea. She embarks with the Argonauts for Greece. Aëta pursues them. Having crossed the Euxine sea, they sail up the Ister; and by an arm of that river enter the Adriatic. Ablyrtus is treacherously murdered by Jason. They sail into the Sardinian sea by the way of Eridanus and the Rhone. The murder of Ablyrtus is expiated by Circe, at whose island they land. Thetis and her nymphs conduct the heroes through the straits of Scylla and Charybdis. They sail by the island infested with the Syrens, from whose enchantments Orpheus delivers them. At Coreyra, once called Drepane, they meet with the Colchians that pursued them through the Symplegades; who request Alcinous, king of the island, to deliver up Medea. He agrees to send her back to her father, if unmarried; but if married to Jason he refuses to separate them. Upon this determination, her nuptials are immediately celebrated. They again put to sea, and are driven upon the quicksands of Africa. The tutelary deities of the country extricate them from their distresses. They bear Argo on their shoulders as far as the lake Tritonis. The Hesperides, who were bewailing the death of the serpent, slay the preceding day by Hercules, give some account of that hero. The death of Canthus and Mopius, two of their comrades, is related. Triton, whose figure is particularly described, gives them directions about their voyage. They sail near Crete. The story of Talus. At Hippuris they sacrifice to Phœbus, who, standing on the top of an hill, enlightens their way. The clod of earth, given by Triton to Euphemus, becomes an island, called Calliste. They anchor at Ægina; and loosing from thence, arrive without further interruption at Thessaly.

O goddess, daughter of th' eternal King,
Medea's various cares and counsels sing:
Far from my mind the sad suspense remove,
Whether to celebrate her lawless love,

Or whether her base flight from Colchis' bay,
Best claims the tribute of my tuneful lay.
In solemn council to his faithful chiefs
The vengeful king disclos'd his bosom griefs:

Some disconcerted at the recent fight,
 He spent in long debate the doleful night; 10
 Mistrusting still, these schemes, so deeply laid,
 Were all conducted by his daughter's aid.
 Meanwhile the imperial queen of heaven had fled
 O'er the fair virgin's breast despondent dread.
 She starts, she trembles, as, pursu'd by hounds,
 The fawn light skipping o'er the meadow bounds.
 She fears the secrets of her soul betray'd,
 And her fire's vengeance for her proffer'd aid.
 Her handmaids, conscious of her crimes, she fears;
 Her eyes fierce flames emit, loud murmurs fill her
 ears. 20

Her death she meditates in wild despair,
 And, sadly sighing, tears her golden hair.
 Now fate imbibing from the poison'd bowl,
 Soon had she freed her voluntary soul,
 And Juno's projects all been render'd vain,
 But, kindly pitying a lover's pain,
 The goddess urg'd with Phrixus' sons her flight,
 And eas'd her bosom of its sorrow's weight.
 Forth from her casket every drug she pours,
 And to her lap consigns the magic stores. 30
 Then with a parting kiss her bed she press'd,
 Clung round each door, and ev'n the walls ca-
 refs'd.

A lock she tore of loosely-flowing hair,
 And safe consign'd it to her mother's care,
 The sacred relic of her virgin-fame;
 And, wailing thus, invok'd Idya's name:
 'This lock, O mother, at my hand receive,
 'Which I, far-distant roaming, with thee leave.
 'Farewell, Chalciopé; far hence I roam! 39
 'And thou farewell, my first, my dearest home!
 'Oh! hadst thou stranger, in deep ocean drown'd,
 'Perish'd, and never trod on Colchian ground!"
 She spoke, and tears her heartfelt woe be-
 tray'd;

Then fled the instant. Thus the captive maid,
 When, from her friends and country banish'd far,
 She shares the miserable fate of war,
 Disus'd to toil beneath a tyrant's sway,
 Flies from oppression's rod with speed away.
 With speed like her's the weeping fair with-
 drew:

The doors spontaneous open'd as she flew, 50
 Shook by her magic song; barefoot she strays
 Through winding paths and unfrequented ways.
 Before her face one hand her vesture holds,
 And one confines its border's flowing folds.
 Beyond the city walls with trembling haste,
 Unseen of all the centinels, she pass'd,
 Then by accusom'd paths explor'd the fane,
 Where spectres rise, and plants diffuse their bane;
 (Thus practise magic maids their mystic art)
 Fears ill portending flutter round her heart. 60
 Her frenzy Cynthia, rising bright, survey'd,
 And this soliloquy in triumph made:

'Yes, with Endymion's heavenly charms o'er-
 come.

'I to the cave at Latmos once could roam,
 'Of love regal'd, when your potent lay
 'Had from the starry spheres seduc'd my ray,
 'That you, protected by the gloom of night,
 'Might celebrate unseen the mystic rite,

'Your lov'd employ: now Cupid's shafts subdue,
 'Not Cynthia only, but, fair sorceress you. 70
 'For you his toils the wily god hath wove,
 'And all your heart inflam'd with Jason's love.
 'Come then, those pangs which love ordains en-
 dure,

'And bear with courage what you cannot cure."
 She said: impetuous hastening to the flood,
 Soon on its lofty banks Medea stood.
 A fire, which midnight's deadly gloom dispell'd,
 Signal of conquest gain'd, she here beheld.
 Involv'd in shade, the solitary dame
 Rais'd her shrill voice, and call'd on Phrontis'
 name. 80

Known was her voice to Phrixus' sons, who bear
 The grateful tidings to their leader's ear.
 The truth discover'd, the confederate host
 All silent stood, in wild amazement lost.
 Loud call'd she thrice; and with responsive cries
 His friends requesting, Phrontis thrice replies,
 Quick at her call they ply the bending oar;
 Nor were their halbers fasten'd to the shore,
 When Æson's son at one decisive bound
 Leaps from the lofty deck upon the ground; 90
 Phrontis and Argus hasten to her aid,
 Whose knees embracing, thus Medea pray'd:

'Oh! save me, friends, from my offended fire,
 'Oh! save yourselves from dread Æeta's ire.
 'Known are our projects: fail we hence afar,
 'Ere Æta's monarch mounts his rapid car.
 'My magic charms shall close the dragon's eyes,
 'And soon reward you with the golden prize.
 'But thou, lov'd guest, continue faithful still,
 'And swear whate'er thou promis'd to fulfil:
 'Ah! leave me not to infamy a scorn, 100
 'By all my friends abandon'd and forlorn.'

Plaintive she spoke: his arms around her waist
 Rapturous he threw, then rais'd her and embrac'd,
 And solac'd thus in terms of tenderest love:

"By heaven's high king I swear, Olympian
 "Jove,

"By Juno goddess of the nuptial rite,
 "Soon as my native land transports my sight,
 "Thou, lovely virgin, shalt be duly led,
 "Adorn'd with honours to my bridal bed." 110

This said, in her's he clos'd his plighted hand:
 To Mars's grove Medea gave command,
 Spite of her fire, the vessel to convey,
 And bear by night the golden fleece away.
 Swift at the word they sprung; the Colchian maid
 Embark'd, and instant was their anchor weigh'd,
 Their crashing oars resound: she oft to land
 Reverts her eye, and waves her trembling hand:
 But Æson's son his ready aid affords,
 And soothes her sorrows with consoling words.

Wak'd by their hounds, what time the hunt-
 men rise, 120

And shake the balm of slumber from their eyes,
 At twilight, ere Aurora's dreaded ray
 Efface the tracks, and waft the scent away:
 Jason then landing with the fair, attains,
 With flowers diversified, the verdant plains,
 Where first the ram, with Phrixus' weight op-
 press'd,
 His wearied knee inclin'd, and sunk to rest.

Hard by, an altar's stately structure stands, 129
To favouring George first rais'd by Phrixus' hands,
Where he the golden monster doom'd to bleed;
So his conductor Hermes had decreed.

Here, as by Argus taught, the chiefs withdrew,
While their lone course the regal pair pursue
Through the thick grove, impatient to behold
The spreading beech that bears the fleecy gold.
Suspended here, it darts a beamy blaze,
Like a cloud tipp'd with Phœbus' orient rays.
With high arch'd neck, in front the dragon lies,
And towards the strangers turns his sleepless eyes;
Aloud 'he hisses, the wide woods around. 141

And Phafis' banks return the doleful sound.
Colchians far distant from Titanus' shore,
Heard ev'n to Lycus' streams the hideous roar;
Lycus, who, sever'd from Araxis' tides,
A boisterous flood with gentle Phafis glides:
One common course their streams united keep,
And roll united to the Caspian deep.

The mother, starting from her bed of rest,
Fears for her babe reclining on her breast, 150
And closely clasping to her fondling arms,
Protects her trembling infant from alarms.

As from some wood, involv'd in raging fires,
Clouds following clouds ascend in curling spires:
The smoky wreaths in long succession climb,
And from the bottom rise in air sublime;
The dragon thus his scaly volumes roll'd,
Wreath'd his huge length, and gather'd fold in fold.

Him, winding slow, beheld the magic dame,
And sleep invok'd the monster's rage to tame 160
With potent song the drowsy god the sway'd
To summon all his succour to her aid;

And Hecate from Pluto's coasts she drew,
To lull the dauntless monster, and subdue.
Jason advanc'd with awe, with awe beheld
The dreaded dragon by her magic quell'd.
Lifeless he lay, each languid fold unbound,
And his vast spine extended on the ground.
Thus when the boisterous wave forbears to roar,
It sinks recumbent on the peaceful shore. 170
Still grove the monster his huge head to heave,
And in his deadly jaws his foe receive.

A branch of juniper the maid applies,
Steep'd in a baneful potion to his eyes:
Its odours strong the branch diffus'd around,
And sunk th' enormous beast in sleep profound.
Supine he sunk! his jaws forgot to move,
And his unnumber'd folds are spread o'er half the grove.

Then Jason to the beech his hand applies,
And grasps, at her command, the golden prize.
Still she persists to ply the potent spell, 181
And the last vigour of the monster quell,
Till he advis'd her to rejoin the crew;
Then from the grove of Mars the maid withdrew.

As some fair dame, when Cynthia rises bright,
Beholds the beamy splendours with delight,
Which from her vestment strong-reflected rise;
Thus gloried Jason in the glistering prize.
The flaming rays that from its surface flow'd,
Beam'd on his cheeks, and on his forehead glow'd.
Large as the heifer's hide, or as the hind's, 191
Which in Achaia's plains the hunter finds,

Shone the thick, ponderous fleece, whose golden
Far o'er the land diffus'd a beamy blaze. [rays
He on his shoulders now the spoil suspends,
Low at his feet the flowing train descends;
Collecting now within its ponderous folds,
His grasping hand the costly capture holds.
Fearful he moves, with circumspect survey,
Left men or gods should snatch the prize away.

Now as returning morn illumines the land, 205
The royal pair rejoin the gallant band.

The gallant band beheld with wondering eyes,
Fierce as Jove's fiery bolt, the radiant prize.
Their hands extending as they flock around,
All wish to heave the trophy from the ground.

But Jason, interdicting, singly threw
O'er the broad fleece a covering rich and new;
Then in the ship he plac'd the virgin-guest,
And thus the listening demigods address'd: 210

'No longer doubt ye, comrades, to regain
'Far o'er a length of seas your lov'd domain.

'For see, the end of all our glorious toil,
'Won by Medea's aid, this precious spoil!

'Her, not reluctant, I to Greece will bear,
'And with connubial honours crown her there.

'Guard your fair patroness, ye gallant crew,
'Who sav'd your country when she succour'd you.

'Soon will Æeta with his Colchian train
'Preclude, I ween, our passage to the main. 220

'Some with your oars resume your destin'd feat;
'Some with your shields secure your with'd re-

'treat;
'This rampire forming, we their darts defy,
'Nor home returning unreveng'd will die.

'Lo! on our prowess all we love depends,
'Our children, parents, country, and our friends.

'Greece, as we speed, through future times shall
'boast

'Her empire fix'd, or wait her glory lost.'

He said, and arm'd; the heroes shout applause:
Then from its pendent sheath his sword he draws,

Severs the halber, and, in arms array'd, 231
His station fixes near the magic maid,

And where Anceus' hand the pilot's art dis-
play'd.

Keen emulation fir'd the labouring crew,
As down the stream of Phafis Argo flew.

Medea's flight now reach'd Æeta's ear,
And all her crimes in all their guilt appear.

To council call'd, in arms the Colchian train
Rush thick as billows on the roaring main,

Thick as the leaves that flutter from above, 245
When blasting autumn strips the faded grove;

So thick the shouting Colchians rush to war,
Led by Æeta in his splendid car,

Glorying in Phœbus' gifts, his rapid steeds,
Whose swiftness far the speed of winds exceeds.

His left a buckler's wide circumference rais'd;
In his extended right a flambeau blaz'd;

His girded belt a mighty spear sustains;
His son Absyrtus grasps the flowing reins. 249

Now by tough oars impell'd and prosperous tides,
The vessel glibly down the river glides.

Th' indignant king invok'd the powers above,
His parent Phœbus, and almighty Jove,

His wrongs to witness: and to sudden fate
Doom'd in his fury the devoted state.

Who dar'd delay the guilty maid to bring,
From land or ocean to their injur'd king,
On their rebellious heads his wrath should fall,
And vengeance merited o'er take them all. 259

Thus menac'd he; and, lo! the Colchian train
Launch'd on that day their vessels in the main;
Swift, on that day, unfurl'd their belling sails,
And all embarking caught the balmy gales.
Nor deem ye this a well-train'd naval host;
Like flocks of birds they scream around the coast.
Juno, propitious to her favourite crew,
Inspir'd the breezes that serenely blew,

That soon on Grecian land the fair might tread,
And pour destruction down on Pelia's head.
With the third morn, on Paphlagonia's shore, 270
Where Halys rolls his stream, the heroes moor,
Medea here ordain'd a solemn rite
To Hecate, the magic queen of night.

But what, or how she form'd the potent spell
Let none inquire, nor shall my numbers tell:
Fear holds me silent. Here the pious band
Erect a sacred temple on the strand,
Sacred to Hecate, night's awful queen!

And still beside the beech the holy fane is seen.
And now the words of Phineus, old and blind,
Recurr'd to Jason; and each hero's mind, 281
From Æa he advis'd them to pursue

A different course, a course no pilot knew,
Which Argus thus delineates to the crew:

'When towards Orchomenos our course we bent,
'We took that route th' instructive prophet meant.
'For in times past a different road was known,
'And this thy priests Egyptian Thebes have shown.

'Before the stars adorn'd the sapphire sphere,
'O' Danus' race had reach'd th' inquirer's ear:
'In Greece the bold Arcadians reign'd alone, 291
'And ere bright Cynthia deck'd her silver throne,
'On acorns liv'd, the food of savage man;

'Before Deucalion's sons their reign began;
'With harvests then was fertile Egypt crown'd,
'Mother of mighty chiefs, of old renown'd;
'Then the broad Triton, beauteous to behold,
'His stream, prolific o'er the country roll'd.

'For Jove descends not there in beauteous rains,
'But inundations fertilize the plains. 300

'Hence rose the matchless chief (if fame says true),
'Who conquer'd Europe's realms and Asia's too;

'His hardy troops embattled at his side,
'He on his valour and those troops rely'd.

'He built and peopled with superior skill
'Unnumber'd cities, some remaining still.

'Though many ages now have pass'd away,
'Yet Æa stands, nor hastens to decay;

'Peopled at first by his adventurous train, 309
'Whose long-continued race ev'n now remain.

'With care they still recording tablets keep
'Of all the limits of the land and deep,

'Wherever rivers flow, or storms prevail,
'Wherever men can march, or ships can sail.

'A river, stately-winding, deep and wide,
'From far far distant mountains rolls its tide;

'Where ships of burden sure protection claim:
'Long is its course, and Ister is its name.

'Far o'er Rhiphæan hills where Boreas reigns,
'He undivided flows through various plains; 320

'But when through Thrace and Scythian clim'
'he glides,

'In two broad streams his rapid flood divides:

'This to th' Ionian sea its circuit sweeps,

'That wider stretches to Trinacria's deeps,

'Whose lofty shores your Grecian coast command,

'If Achelous flow through Grecian land.'

He said; a favouring sign the goddess gave,
Which with new courage animates the brave.

Celestial fires emit a living ray,
And beams of glory point the certain way. 330

Here, leaving Lycus' valiant son behind,
They spread with joy their canvases to the wind.

Afar the Paphlagonian hills appear;
And from Carambis' cape remote they steer;

Led by the heavenly light and kindly gales,
Till in broad Ister's flood the vessel sails.

Where the Cyanean rocks o'erlook the main,
Past of the Colchians steer their course in vain;

While they, whose counsels sage, Absyrtus guides,
Cut through the mouth call'd Calon Ister's tides.

Outsailing thus yon tardy ships, they sweep 341
With skilful oars the wide Ionian deep.

An isle, which Ister's branching streams com-
prise,

Pence, triangular, before them lies:

Wide o'er the beach its ample base extends,
And in the flood its pointed angle ends.

The two broad streams, that round the island
flow,

They by Arecos' name and Calon know,
Below this isle Absyrtus and his crew

Through the wide Calon their swift course pur-
sue: 350

Above it sailing Jason's comrades stray,
And through Arecos wind their distant way.

Such naval force dismay'd the neighbouring
swains;

They left their fleecy flocks and verdant plains:

The ships in view, with terror struck they stood,
And deem'd them monsters rising from the flood:

Never beheld they from their native shore
Ships proudly sailing on the seas before.

For the fierce Scythians and Sigynnian race
Maintain'd no commerce with the sons of

Thrace: 360

Nor Sindians e'er, who roam the desert plain,
Nor e'er Graucianians cross'd the seas for gain.

When Argo's crew the mount Angurus pass'd,
And reach'd the rock Cauliacus at last,

(Ister, near which his stately stream divides
And mingles with the deep his sever'd tides):

And distant left the wide Taurian plain,
Then had the Colchians plough'd the Chronian

main.

Here, left the vessel 'scape, they cautious stay,
And strive to intercept her in her way. 370

At length appears to their expecting view
On Ister's flood the enterprising crew.

Two lovely sea girl isles their notice claim'd,
Dear to Diana, and the Burgi nam'd.

Superb in one a sacred temple rose,
And one secur'd them from their Colchian foes.

Her power revering whom these isles obey,
The foe had quitted them without delay.

Each isle beside was throng'd with Colchian hosts,
Who, guarding every pass, protect the coasts. 380
For troops of enemies embattled stood,
Far ev'n as Nestis and Salango's flood.

Their numbers few, the Mynian chiefs for-
bear

To wage with numerous foes unequal war,
Preventive of debate, this truce was seal'd;
That, since the king propos'd the fleece to yield,
Whether by open force, or arts unknown,
Conquest the daring combatant might crown,
He, though reluctant, must resign his right, 389
And the contested prize the victor's toil requite.
That, from the crowd with secrecy convey'd,
Diana's fane should guard the magic maid,
Till mid' the sceptred princes one arose
To fix their vague opinions, and propose,
Or to restore her to her fire's embrace,
Or in Orchomenos's city place,
Or freely grant her to embark in peace,
And with the Grecian heroes visit Greece.

When now long pondering, the suspicious
maid

Had learn'd, and all their secret counsels weigh'd, 399
Tormenting cares disturb her mind's repose,
And keen reflection added woes to woes.
Alike she then, from all th' assembled crew,
With cautious secrecy her Jason drew:
Him, thus withdrawn, th' impassion'd maid
address'd,

And told the secret sorrows of her breast:

' Say, what the cause that hostile hosts are
join'd,

' And leagues, destructive of my peace, combin'd?

' Say, have these charms, with rapture once ex-
plor'd,

' Lull'd to forgetfulness my faithless lord? 410

' Hath time effac'd the promises he made,

' When in the needful hour he ask'd mine aid?

' Where now thine oaths, prefer'd to mighty
' Jove?

' Where now thy tenders of unalter'd love?

' Curs'd oaths! which bade me all I love dis-
claim, [name!]

' Friends, parents, country, every honour'd

' Forlorn and vex'd lest thou should'st toil in vain,

' I with the plaintive halcyon sought the main,

' I follow'd but to shield thee from alarms,

' When bulls breath'd fire, and giants rose in
' arms. 420

' Now is the fleece, for which ye sail'd, possess'd,

' And by my foolish fondness thou art blest'd.

' Bless'd thou; but me what secret sorrows vex,

' Whose deeds reflect dishonour on my sex!

' Me as thy daughter, sister, wife they brand,

' Who dare attend thee to a distant land.

' But stay, protect me, ease my weight of woe,

' Nor to my royal fire without me go.

' Oh! think on justice, and revere thine oath,

' Which both consented to, which bound us
' both: 430

' Or instant, should'st thou every tie evade,

' In this frail bosom plunge the pointed blade,

' Thus frantic love its due deserts shall see,

' And death come grateful to a wretch like me.

' Think, should the king exert his sovereign sway
' And with my brother destine me to stay,

' (That king with whom ye both with treache-
' rous aim

' Have form'd a league, subversive of my fame); 439

' Oh! how shall I behold my father's face?

' With courage I! not shrinking at disgrace?

' No; stung by conscience, I forestall my fate,

' And feel the horrors which my crimes create.

' Back o'er the seas, mid' raging tempests borne,

' Long may'st thou wander joyless and forlorn.

' Ne'er may thy boasted patroness and friend,

' Juno, to thee her wonted aid extend.

' Stern fate may still severer toils ordain,

' And thou, false wretch, remember me in vain.

' Oh! may the fleece deceive thy ravish'd sight,

' And, like a vision, vanish into night. 450

' Rise may my furies, vengeance to demand,

' And distant drive thee from thy native land.

' From thee, their guilty source, my sorrows flow:

' Share now thy part, and suffer woe for woe.

' Thine oaths no more a flighted maid shall

' wrong,

' Nor this perfidious truce protect thee long.'

Stung with despair, she utter'd thus her grief,

Thus to her angry spirit gave relief.

To burn the ship forth rush'd th' impetuous
dame, 460

And wrap its heaven-built sides in sudden flame;

Resolv'd in thought, as now the vessel blaz'd,

To perish dauntless in the flame she rais'd:

But Jason thus, with boding fears impress'd,

Sooth'd the mad tumults of Medea's breast: [ear

' Cease, heavenly maid, nor wound a lover's

' With words unwelcome, and unfit to hear.

' The common safety bids us all unite

' To gain a timely respite from the fight.

' See, fair protectress, to restore thee lost, 469

' What clouds of enemies surround the coast.

' The country arms thy brother's cause to aid,

' And bear thee to thy fire a captive maid.

' Against such force should we our arms oppose,

' Perish might all our host, o'erpower'd by
' foes:

' Then, sad to think! if, every hero slain,

' In long captivity must thou remain.

' Our arts perfidious will this truce conceal,

' Whose baneful influence must thy brother feel.

' Berav'd of him, the Colchians' cause to aid,

' And to recover thee, a captive maid, 480

' No more the neighbouring forces will unite:

' Instant will I renew the desperate fight,

' Secure my wish'd return, and vindicate my
' right."

Thus spoke he mild: the mischief-brooding
maid

Told her dark purpose, and, ' O think,' she said,

' Think, Jason, now: oppose we, as befits,

' To their destructive deeds destructive schemes.

' Urg'd first by love, in error's maze I stray'd,

' And through that god is every lust obey'd.

' Decline the fight, till I the youth betray, 490

' And to your hands consign, an easy prey.

' With presents be the heedless stripling lur'd:

' Heralds, of faith approv'd, by me procur'd,

Ere long a secret audience shall obtain,
And to my purposes Absyrtus gain.
My plan (I reck not) if it please, pursue:
Go, slay my brother, and the fight renew.

Such were the snares the treacherous lovers
laid;

And by large presents was the prince betray'd.
The heralds with these specious presents bore 500
The veil Hypsipyle so lately wore.

Each grace in Naxos isle, with art divine,
Wrought the rich raiment for the god of wine;
He gave it Thoas, his illustrious heir,
And Thoas to Hypsipyle the fair;
She gave it Jason; wondering you behold
And with new transport trace th' embroider'd
gold.

What time with large nectareous draughts op-
press'd,

On the soft vesture Bacchus sunk to rest,
Close by his side the Cretan maid reclin'd, 510
At Naxos isle whom Theseus left behind;

From that bless'd hour the robe, with odours
fill'd,

Ambrosial fragrance wide around distill'd.
Her guileful purposes the magic maid
In order thus before the heralds laid:
That soon as night her sable shade had spread,
And to the temple was Medea led,
Thither Absyrtus should repair and hear
A project pleasing to a brother's ear:
How she, the golden fleece in triumph borne,
Would to Ætæa speed her wish'd return; 521
How Phrixus' treacherous sons prolong'd her
stay,

And her to cruel foes consign'd a prey.
Then far she stung her potent speik in air,
Which lur'd the distant savage from his lair.
Curse of mankind! from thee contentions flow,
Disastrous love! and every heart-felt woe:
Thy darts the children of thy foes infect,
As now they rankle in Medea's breast.
How vanquish'd by her wiles, Absyrtus fell, 530
In seemly order now my muse must tell.

Medea now secur'd in Dian's fane,
The Colchians hasten to their ships again.
Jason meanwhile lies in close ambush bent,
Absyrtus and his friends to circumvent.
Him, yet unpractis'd in his sister's guile,
His ready ship had wafted to the isle:
Conceal'd in night they tug'd their toilsome oars,
Till in the bay secure the vessel moors.

Alone, in confidence, the stripling came, 540
And at Diana's porch approach'd the dame,
(She like a torrent look'd, when swoln with rain,
Which foaming terrifies the village-swain);
To learn what snare her wily art could lay,
To drive these bold adventurers away.

And all was plann'd; when from his ambushade
Sprung Ætæon's son, and shook his lifted blade.
The conscious sister, stung with secret dread,
Left her own eyes should view Absyrtus dead,
Turn'd from the murderous scene aside distres'd,
And veil'd her guilty face beneath her vest. 551
As falls an ox beneath the striker's blow,
So was Absyrtus laid by Jason low.

TRANS. II.

Near that bright fane the neighbouring Brugi
built,

He eyes his victim, and completes his guilt.
Here sunk he low; and to his bleeding side,
Compressing both his hands the hero died.
Medea's veil receiv'd the purple flood,
And her fair vesture bluish'd with brother's
blood.

Hell's blackest fury the dire scene survey'd, 560
And mark'd with sidelong eye the recking blade.
The pious rite for blood in secret spilt,
Jason fulfils, and expiates his guilt.
The skin he rases from the bloody slain,
Thrice licks the blood, thrice spits it out again.
Then with collected earth the corpse he press'd;
And still his bones with Absyrtians rest.

When in full prospect the bright flambeau
blaz'd,

Which to conduct the chiefs Medea rais'd,
Elate with hope the radiant guide they view, 750
And near the Colchian vessel Argo drew.
As lions fierce the timorous flocks dismay.

Leap o'er the folds, and drive them far away;
As trembling doves before the kite retreat,
So before Argo flies the Colchian fleet,
Furious as flame, on all the host they prey'd;
And low in death was each assailant laid.

Jason at length, to aid his valiant crew,
Who little need his aid, appear'd in view.
For not a fear their gallant hearts oppress'd, 580
Save what their Jason's safety might suggest.

The chiefs assembled with Medea sat,
And on their future voyage thus debate;
Pelæus began: 'Now, ere Aurora rise,

' A speedy embarkation I advise:
' A different course with caution let us choose;
' From that far different which the foe pursues.
' For (such my sanguine hope) when morning-
light

' Yon slaughter'd heaps disclose to their sight,
' No words will win them to pursue us far, 590
' No tongue entice them to renew the war.
' Sedition soon, their prince Absyrtus dead,
' Will, like a pest, o'er all the navy spread:
' Secure and free shall we recross the main,
' Their forces scatter'd, and their sovereign slain.'

He said: the chiefs consented, and with haste
Re-enter'd Argo, and their oars embrac'd.
Hard by Electris, last of isles, they row,
Near which, Eridanus, thy waters flow. 599

Soon as their leader's fate the Colchians knew,
They vow'd destruction to the Grecian crew;
And eager to o'ertake the Mysian train,
Had travers'd in their wrath the boundless main,
But Juno, as her thunder awful roll'd,
Presag'd her vengeance, and their pride con-
troul'd.

Dreading Ætæa's ire, the vanquish'd host
Far distant voyag'd from the Colchian coast.
Unnumber'd ports the scatter'd fleet explor'd:
Some to those isles repair'd where Jason moor'd,
Nam'd from Absyrtus: some where stately flows
The flood Illyricum, expect repose;
Beside whose bank a lofty tower they rear'd,
Where Cadmus' and Harmonia's tomb appear'd:

U

Here with the natives dwell they. Others roam
Till midst Ceraunian rocks they find a home;
Ceraunian nam'd, since Jove's red thunder tore
Their ships that anchor'd on the neighbouring shore.

But towards the Hyllean port the heroes bear,
And fortune smiling, fix their halbers there.
For many an isle projected o'er the tide, 620
Near which no vessel could with safety ride.
No hostile arts the Hylleans now devise:
They teach the Mynians where their voyage lies;
And for their friendly intercourse obtain
The largest tripod from Apollo's fane.
For, doubtful of the fleece, when Jason came
To hear responses from the Pythian dame,
Enrich'd and honour'd from the shrine he trod
With two bright tripods given by Delphi's god.
'Twas doom'd no power should lay the country
waste, 630

Within whose confines were these tripods plac'd.
Hid, for this cause, in earth the sumptuous prize
Hard by the fair Hyllean city lies;
Deep, deep it lies, with ponderous earth oppress'd,
That there unseen it might for ever rest.
King Hyllus, whom in fam'd Phœacia's shore
Fair Melite to great Alcides bore, }
To mortal view as manifest no more.
Naufithoüs, to youthful Hyllus kind,
The heedless stripling in his courts confin'd; 640
(For, when to Macris' isle Alcides fled,
That far-fam'd isle, which infant Bacchus fed,
To expiate his guilt, and wash the stain
Of blood yet streaming from his children slain,
Here as beside his favourite beach he rov'd,
The naiad Melite he saw and lov'd,
The daughter of Ægæus fair and young,
From whose caresses hopeful Hyllus sprung.)
But he, to manhood ripening, wish'd to roam
Far from his sovereign's eye and regal home:
The native islanders augment his train, 651
And with their leader tempt the Chronian main.
Naufithoüs complied with each demand,
And Hyllus settled on th' Illyric strand:
But as he strove his scatter'd herd to shield,
A'boor's rude weapon stretch'd him on the field.

How cross these seas, how round th' Ausonian
shores,

And the Ligurian isles they plied their oars,
Ye muses tell: what tokens still remain
Of Argo's voyage, what her feats explain: 660
Say, to what end, by what impelling gales
She o'er remotest seas unfurl'd her sails.

All-seeing Jove their perfidy discern'd,
And for Ablyrtus slain with anger burn'd.
By Circe's mystic rites heaven's fire decreed
The guilt to expiate of so base a deed.
To sufferings dire, but what no mortal knew,
He, ere they safe return'd, foredoom'd the crew.

Beyond the Hyllean land their course they
steer'd:

Remote the vast Liburnian isles appear'd, 670
Late fill'd with Colchians; Pitya fair,
And rocky Issa, are the names they bear.
These islands past, Cercyra's cliffs they greet,
Where dwell (for here had Neptune chose her seat)

Cercyra; he, by tender passions sway'd.
From distant Phliuns fetch'd the black-ey'd maid;
Melaine her admiring sailor's name,
As through dark groves they view the swarthy
dame.

Fleet as the vessel sails before the wind,
Ceroffus, Melite they leave behind. 680
Soon on Nymphæa, though remote, she gains,
Where Atlas daughter, queen Calypso, reigns.
The crew conjectur'd, through far distant skies
They saw the tall Ceraunian mountains rise.
And now Jove's purposes and vengeful rage
Propitious Juno's anxious thoughts engage.
That every toil with glory might be crown'd,
And no disastrous rocks their ship surround,
She wak'd the brisker gales in Argo's aid,
Till in Electris' isle she rode embay'd. 690
Sudden, the vessel, as the sail'd along,
Spoke, wondrous portent! as with human tongue:
Her sturdy keel of Dodonean oak,
By Pallas vocal made, prophetic spoke.
This solemn voice shook every heart with fear:
They deem'd the thunderer's threaten'd vengeance
near.

'Expect,' says Argo, 'storms and wint'ry seas,
'Till Circe's rites the wrath of Jove appease.
'Ye guardian twins, who aid our great design,
'By humble pray'r the heavenly powers incline
'To steer me safe to each Ausonian bay, 701
'And to the haunts of Circe point my way.'

Thus Argo spoke, as night her shades display'd:
The sons of Leda listen'd and obey'd.
Before th' immortal powers their hands they
spread; [dread.
All, save these chiefs, were struck with silent
The canvass, wide-distended by the gales,
Swift down Eridanus the galley sails.
Here Jove's dread bolt transfix'd the stripling's
side, 709

Who greatly dar'd the car of Phœbus guide.
This flood receiv'd him; and the flaming wound
Still steams, and spreads offensive vapours round.
The feathery race, as o'er the flood they fly,
Wrapp'd in sulphureous exhalations die.
The poplar's winding bark around them spread,
Apollo's daughters wail their brother dead.
Down their fair cheeks bright tears of amber
run,

Sink in the sand, and harden by the sun.
When boisterous winds the troubled waters urge,
And o'er its bank ascends the swelling surge, 720
These amber gems, swept by the tide away,
Their pearly tribute to the river pay.
But, down the stream, as Celtic legends tell,
The tears of Phœbus floated as they fell
In amber drops, what time from angry Jove
The god withdrew, and left the realms above:
To the fair Hyperborean race he fled,
Griev'd for his favourite, Æsculapius dead.
From fair Coronis sprung this godlike son,
Where Amyros' streams near Lacera run. 730

Strangers to mirth, the pensive Mynians muse
On their hard lot, and strengthening food refuse.
Loathing the stench these putrid streams emit,
Sickenings and spiritless whole days they sit;

Whole nights they hear the sorrowing sisters tell,
How by the bolts of Jove their brother fell.
Their mingled tears, as o'er the stream they weep,
Like drops of oil float down the rapid deep.
The Rhone's broad channel Argo's keel divides,
Which mingles with Eridanus its tides : 740
There, where the confluent floods unite their force,
Boisterous they foam. The Rhone derives its
source

From caverns deep, which, far from mortal sight,
Lead to the portals and the realms of night.
One stream its tribute to th' Ionian pays,
One to the wide Sardinian ocean strays ;
Through seven wide mouths it disembogues its
tides,
Where foaming to the sea its streams divides.
This winding stream transmits th' adventurous
train

To lakes that delug'd all the Celtic plain. 750
Disastrous fate had here their labour foil'd,
And of her boasted prowess Argo spoil'd,
(For through a creek to ocean's depths convey'd,
To sure destruction had the heroes stray'd) ;
But Juno hasten'd from on high, and stood
On a tall rock, and shouted o'er the flood.
All heard, and all with sudden terror shook :
For loud around them bursts of thunder broke.
Admonish'd thus, submissive they return,
And steering back their better course discern. 760
Mid' Celtæ and Lugurians long they stray'd,
But reach'd the sea-beat shore by Juno's aid :
O'er them each day her cloudy veil she drew,
And thus from human sight conceal'd the crew ;
Whose ship had now the broad mid channel pass'd,
And rode amid the Stæchades at last : [vain.
For Jove's twin sons had pray'd, nor pray'd in
Hence rear they altars, and due rites ordain
To these kind powers, whose influential aid
Not later Argo's bold adventurers sway'd ;
But later voyagers, by Jove's decree.
Have own'd their happy influence o'er the sea.

The Stæchades now lessening from their view,
Swift to Æthalia's isle the vessel flew, [shore,
With chalks, that, as they cover'd, ting'd the
The heroes rubb'd their wearied bodies o'er.
Here are their quitoes and wond'rous armour
fram'd,

Here is their port display'd, Argos's nam'd.
Hence sailing, they the Tyrrhene shore survey,
As through Ausonia's depths they cleave their li-
quid way.

Æeas' celebrated port they reach, 781
And fasten here their halbers to the beach.
Here saw they Circe, as in ocean's bed,
Dismay'd with nightly dreams, she plung'd her
head. [gore

For thus the forcerefs dream'd ; that blood and
Had smear'd her walls, and flow'd around her
floor :

That all her treasure'd stores were wrapp'd in flame,
With which the lur'd each passenger that came.
That copious streams of blood her hand apply'd,
And her fears vanish'd as the flames subside. 690
For this the magic dame, as morning rose,
Walk'd in the cleansing wave her locks and clothes,

Monsters, unlike the savage, bestial race,
Unlike to humankind in gait or face,
Limbs not their own support whose hideous frame
As sheep their shepherd follow, these their dame.
Such monsters once the pregnant earth disclos'd,
Of heterogeneous shape and limbs compos'd :
No drying winds had then the soil condens'd,
No solar rays their genial warmth dispens'd ; 800
But time perfection to each creature gave :
Monsters like these were seen in Circe's cave,
All, steadfast gazing on her form and face,
Pronounc'd the forcerefs of Æeta's race.
Those terrors vanish'd, which her dream inspir'd,
Back to her gloomy cell the dame retir'd.
Close in her guileful hand she grasp'd each guest,
And bade them follow where her footsteps press'd.
The crowd also at Jason's mandate stay'd,
While he accompanied the Colchian maid. 810
Together thus they Circe's steps pursue,
Till her enchanting cave arose in view.

Their visit's cause her troubled mind distress'd ;
On downy seats she plac'd each princely guest.
They round her hearth sat motionless and mute :
(With plaintive suppliants such manners suit)
Her folded hands her blushing face conceal ;
Deep in the ground he fix'd the murderous steel ;
Nor dare they once, in equal sorrow drown'd,
Lift their dejected eyelids from the ground. 820
Circe beheld their guilt : she saw they fled
From vengeance hanging o'er the murderer's head,
The holy rites, approv'd of Jove, she pays :
(Jove, thus appeas'd, his hasty vengeance stays)
These rites from guilty stains the culprits clear,
Who lowly suppliant at her cell appear.
To expiate their crime in order due,
First to her shrine a sucking pig she drew,
Whose nipples from its birth distended stood :
Its neck she struck, and bath'd her hands in
blood. 830

Next with libations meet and prayer she ply'd
Jove, who acquits the suppliant homicide
Without her door a train of naiads stand,
Administring whate'er her rites demand ;
Within, the flames, that round the hearth arise,
Waste, as she prays, the kneaded sacrifice :
That thus the furies' vengeful wrath might cease,
And Jove appeas'd, dismiss' them both in peace,
Whether they came to expiate the guilt
Of friends or strangers blood by treachery spilt.

Circe arose, her mystic rites complete, 841
And plac'd the princes on a splendid seat.
Near them she sat and urg'd them to explain
Their plan and progress o'er the dangerous main ;
Whence rose the wish to visit Circe's isle,
And thus beneath her roof converse a while.
For still on every thought the vision press'd,
And its remembrance still disturb'd her rest.
Soon as the forcerefs saw Medea raise 849
From earth those eyes which shot a beamy blaze,
Anxious she wish'd to hear her native tongue,
Conjecturing from her features whence she sprung,
For all Sol's race are beauteous as their fire ;
Their radiant eyes emit celestial fire.
The willing maid complied with each demand,
And in the language of her native land

Her story told; each strange event declar'd,
 What countries they had seen, what dangers shar'd;
 Her sister's counsels, how they sway'd her breast;
 How with the sons of Phrixus she transgress'd,
 How from her father fled, his threats disdain'd:
 But still untold her brother's fate remain'd. 862
 His fate th' enchantress knew; no arts could
 hide

The murderous deed: she pitied and reply'd:

' Ah! wretch, dire mischiefs thy return await.
 ' Hope not to shun thy father's vengeful hate;
 ' Resolv'd on right, he to the realms of Greece
 ' Will close pursue thee, nor his fury cease,
 ' Till he avenge the murder of his son: 869
 ' For deeds of blackest darkness hast thou done.
 ' But go, at once my kin and suppliant free,
 ' Nor fear additional distress from me.
 ' Thy lover hence, far hence thyself remove,
 ' Who scorn'dst a father's for a vagrant's love.
 ' Here supplicate no more: my heart disclaims
 ' Thy guilty wanderings and sinister aims.'

She spoke: the maid lamented; o'er her head
 Her veil she cast, and many a tear she shed.
 Her trembling hand the hero rais'd with speed.
 And from the cave of Circe both recede. 880

By watchful Iris taught, Saturnia knew
 What time from Circe's cave they both withdrew.
 To mark their steps commission'd Iris staid,
 On whom these fresh injunctions Juno laid:
 ' Haste, Iris, now; thy pinions now expand,
 ' And bear once more Saturnia's dread command,
 ' Go, Thetis rouse from ocean's dark retreat;
 ' Her potent aid my projects will complete.
 ' Spread then towards Vulcan's shores thy speedy
 ' wing, 889

' Where round his anvils ceaseless hammers ring.
 ' Bid him no more his boisterous bellows ply,
 ' Till heaven-buill Argo sail securely by.
 ' Then to the deity, whose sovereign sway
 ' Controls the winds, whom raging storms obey,
 ' Haste; and request that every rising gale
 ' Be hush'd, and silence o'er the seas prevail:
 ' That round the waves sereneest zephyrs play,
 ' Till Argo anchors in Phæacia's bay.'

She said: and Iris, pois'd on airy wings,
 From the bright summit of Olympus springs: 900
 Descends impetuous down the Ægean deeps,
 Where in his watery caverns Nereus sleeps.
 To Thetis first repairs the winged maid;
 Solicits and obtains her potent aid.
 Vulcan she next in humble prayer address'd;
 The god of fire complied with her request:
 His bellows heave the windy sides no more,
 Nor his shrill anvils shake the distant shore.
 Her wants to Æolus she next disclos'd:

And while her wearied limbs she here repos'd,
 Thetis from all her naiad train withdrew, 911
 And from her Nereus to Olympus flew.
 Juno with transport hail'd her sea-born guest,
 Whom near her throne she seated, and address'd:

' O, hear my tale, bright goddess of the main:
 ' Thou know'st my care for Jason and his train;
 ' Thou know'st how Juno's arm alone upheld,
 ' And through the jutting rocks their ship im-
 ' pell'd:

' Around whose sides fierce, fiery tempests rave,
 ' And the huge crag is whiten'd by the wave. 920
 ' Now must they sail near Scylla's awful height,
 ' And where the rock Charibdis forms a streight.
 ' Thee yet an infant in my arms I press'd,
 ' And more than all thy sister-nymphs carest'd.
 ' Revering me, the wife of sovereign Jove,
 ' Thou scorn'dst the tenders of his lawless love.
 ' (For him a mortal beauty now inflames,
 ' And now he revels with celestial dames),
 ' And Jove, in vengeance for his slighted bed,
 ' Swore not a deity should Thetis wed. 930
 ' Nor could the fervour of his love abate,
 ' Till Themis thus disclos'd the will of fate:
 ' That from thy womb in future times should
 ' spring,

' Superior to his fire, an infant king.
 ' Dreading th' event, left in some future day
 ' This infant king should claim celestial sway,
 ' Thee Jove abandon'd to secure his throne,
 ' And reign unrivall'd ever and alone.
 ' But, lo! I gave, thy bridal bed to grace,
 ' A mortal husband worthy thy embrace; 940
 ' I made thee mother of a happy line,
 ' And to thy nuptials call'd the powers divine.
 ' Myself, in honour to the godlike pair,
 ' Deign'd on that day the bridal torch to bear.
 ' Soon as thy son (believe the truths you hear)
 ' Shall in Elysium's blissful plains appear,
 ' Whom kindly now the fostering naiads guard
 ' In Chiron's mansion, of thy milk debar'd,
 ' In Hymen's silken chains the hero led,
 ' Must share the honours of Medea's bed. 950

' Oh! be a mother's tenderest care display'd,
 ' Succour thy Peleus, and thy daughter aid,
 ' Hath he transgress'd? thy rising wrath subdue;
 ' For Atë's dire effects th' immortals rue.
 ' Vulcan, I woen obsequious to my will
 ' His fires will stifle, and his bellows still;
 ' His boisterous wave will Æolus restrain,
 ' And zephyrs only fan the curling main,
 ' Till Argo anchors in Phæacia's bay.
 ' But shelve and stormy seas obstruct her way;
 ' These, these I dread; but with my train expert,
 ' Be thine the care these mischiefs to avert. 962
 ' Safe from Charybdis' gulf the vessel guide,
 ' Safe from loud Scylla's all-absorbing tide;
 ' Scylla, the terror of Ausonia's shore,
 ' Whom Phorcus to infernal Hecat bore,
 ' Crataeis nam'd. Oh! summon all thy pow'r,
 ' Lest her voracious jaws my chiefs devour.
 ' Hope's cheerly dawn if haply thou discern,
 ' Snatch from the watery grave the sinking stern.
 ' "If 'tis resolv'd," replies th' assenting queen,
 ' "Tempests to curb, and oceans to serene, 972
 ' "Fear not; but in my proffer'd aid confide:
 ' "This arm shall convoy Argo o'er the tide.
 ' "The surge subsiding shall confess my sway,
 ' "While harmless zephyrs round the canvass play.
 ' "Now must I traverse the wide fields of air,
 ' "And to my sister's crystal grotts repair;
 ' "Request their aid, and hasten to the shores,
 ' "Where anchor'd Argo unmolested moors: 980
 ' "That each brave comrade, at the dawn of day,
 ' "With heart elate may cleave the liquid way."

She spoke; and through th' aerial regions sped,
Then in the pools of ocean plung'd her head.

At Thetis' call the sister nereids came,
And flock'd obedient round their oozy dame.
Juno's commands she bade the sisters heed,
And to th' Ausonian deep descend with speed.

Swifter than lightning, or than Phœbus' beams,
The goddesses darted through the yielding streams;
Till, gliding smooth beside the Tyrrhene strand,
Her speedy footsteps press'd th' Æean land. 992
Along the winding beach the Mynians stray,
And while with quoits and darts their hours away.
Here Thetis singled from the gallant band
Pelus her spouse, and press'd the hero's hand:
Unseen by all the host, his hand she press'd;
By all, save Pelus, whom she thus address'd:

' Loiter not here; but with returning light
' Unfurl your sails, nor Juno's counsels flight. 1000
' Safe through th' Erratic rocks your ship to guide,
' Which frown tremendous o'er the tossing tide.
' For this the sea-green sisters join their force,
' And smooth through dangerous seas your def-

' tin'd course.
' My form, what time we urge the foaming keel,
' By you not unobserv'd, to none reveal;
' Left, as before, your folly I chastise, [rise.
' And to more desperate heights my vengeance
She said, and vanish'd to the deeps below.
The wondering chief was pierc'd with keenest
woe. 1010

For since the dame, with indignation fir'd,
Had from her Pelus' hated bed retir'd,
Unseen till now she lurk'd: the strife begun
From this unweeting cause, her infant son.
For, soon as night diffus'd its darkest shade,
Her young Achilles o'er the flame she laid,
And, at return of day, with ceaseless toil
Apply'd to all his limbs ambrosial oil,
That youth might triumph o'er th' attacks of
time, 1019

Nor creeping age impair his vigorous prime.
The father saw, as from his bed he rose,
Fierce, ambient flames his infant's limbs enclose;
And, as he gaz'd, his rufous cries confess'd
The boding sorrows of a parent's breast.
Fool! for his queen, who heard her lord deplore,
Dash'd in a rage her infant on the floor.
Then fleet as air, or like a dream of night,
She vanish'd sudden from his odious sight,
Plung'd in her fury down the whelming main,
Nor e'er emerg'd she from the waves again. 1030
For this he sorrow'd: but each sage command
Which Thetis gave, he told his gallant band.
They heard, and from their sports retir'd in haste;
Then shar'd recumbent, in a short repose.
Sated, they catch the comforts of repose,
Till, every toil renewing, morn arose.

Soon as her radiant light illumin'd heav'n,
And to their with' were breezy zephyrs giv'n,
Quitting the land, they climb with nimble feet
The lofty decks, and reassume their seat. 1040
Each to his toil returns alert and bold:
They tear the gripping anchor from its hold;
They hoist the yard, their bracing ropes unbind,
And give the flapping canvass to the wind.

Swift sails the ship: soon to th' expecting crew
Anthemoclea's isle arose in view.

The syrens here, from Achelous sprung,
Allure the loitering sailors with their tongue,
Who, fastening to the beach the corded stay,
Neglect their voyage, and attend the lay. 1050
What time to Achelous' longing arms
The muse Terpsichore resign'd her charms,
Their mutual love these wily songsters crown'd:
Who lur'd, in times remote, with tempting sound,
Ceres' fair daughter, and fallacious show
A virgin-face, while wing'd like fowls they flew.
On a bright eminence the charmers stand,
And watch the vessels as they tug to land.

Foll many a mariner their songs betray,
Who lists and lingers till he pines away. 1060
As Argo sail'd they rais'd their tuneful tongue;
And here their halbers had the heroes hung,
But Thracian Orpheus wak'd his wonted fire,
And sung responsive to his heavenly lyre,
That each resounding chord might pierce their ear,
And none the music of the syrens hear.
Yet still they sung: still briskly, with the breeze,
The vessel tilted o'er the curling seas.
Butes alone became an easy prey,
Who all enraptur'd listen'd to their lay. 1070
Erect, above the rowing chiefs, he stood,
And frantic sprung into the faithless flood.
His helpless hands he rais'd, the ship to gain,
And, but for Venus' aid, had rais'd in vain:
She Eryx' honour'd queen, the wretch decry'd,
And snatch'd him floundering from the foaming
tide,

His kind protectress, as her course she bends
Where Lilybæum's ample cape extends.
This dire mishap dishearten'd all the band, 1079
Who row with vigour from the traitorous strand.
But other pests, more fatal to their freight,
Threaten their progress to that dangerous freight,
Where Scylla's rock projects its wave-worn side,
And where Charybdis' gulf absorbs the tide.
Dash'd by the driven waves the Planctæ roar'd,
From whose cleft summits flames sulphureous
pour'd.

Thick dusky clouds involve the darken'd skies,
And hid are Phœbus' splendours from their eyes.
Though Vulcan ceas'd from his assiduous toils,
The fires flash thick, and servid ocean boils. 1090
Here o'er the sailing pine the nymphs preside,
While Thetis' forceful hands the rudder guide.
As oft in shoals the sportive dolphins throng,
Circling the vessel as the sails along,
Whose playful gambols round the prow and stern
The much delighted mariners discern;
Round Argo thus the toiling nymphs attend,
And, led by Thetis, their assistance lend.
O'erhanging black the rock's bleak brow they see,
And gird their azure vestures to their knee. 1100
Now here, now there, as danger warns, they glide,
And stem mid' crushing crags the troubled tide.
Pendent on mountain waves the vessel hung,
That pierc'd her solid planks, and foam'd the
rocks among.

Above these rocks, here now the nereids rise,
And float on billows hid amidst the skies:

Descending now to ocean's secret bed,
They in his gulfy deeps conceal their head.

As when along the beech, succinct for play,
To tosse the flying ball the nereids stray, 1110
From hand to hand the sphere unerring flies,
Nor ever on the ground inglorious lies;
The sisters thus, with coadjutant force,
High o'er the surge impel the vessel's course:
From secret shelves her wave-dash'd sides they
shove,

Though sturdy billows strong against them strove.
On a tall fragment that o'erlook'd the flood,
His shoulder resting on his hammer, stood
The footy god: and from her starry skies
Juno beheld the scene with stedfast eyes. 1120
Her hand around Minerva's neck she threw;
For much Saturnia trembled at the view.

Long as the vernal suns protrude the light,
So long in Argo's cause the nymphs unite.
Propitious to their labours sprung the breeze,
And the free vessel shot across the seas.
Trinacria's verdant meads they soon survey,
Where graze thy herds, illustrious god of day.
Juno's commands obey'd, the watery train,
Like diving mews, explore the deeps again. 1130
Coasting along, the bleating flocks they hear,
And herds loud bellowing strike their listening
ear.

Sol's youngest daughter, Phaethusa, leads
The bleating flocks along the dewy meads;
Propp'd on her silver crook the maid reclin'd;
A flouter staff, with brazen ringlets join'd,
Lampetie takes; whose herds the heroes see
Slunk to the brook, or browsing on the lea.
Of fable hue no cattle you behold;
Milkwhite are all, and tipp'd their horns with
gold. 1140

They pass'd these meads by day; at day's decline
They brush'd with pliant oars the yielding brine.
At length Aurora's all-reviving ray
Redden'd the waves, and show their certain way.

A fertile isle towers o'er the Ionian tide,
Ceraunia nam'd; the land two bays divide.
Fame says, (forgive me, muse, while I unveil,
Reluctant too, a legendary tale).
A sickle lies conceal'd within this land,
With which rash Saturn's mutilating hand 1150
His father castrated: for Ceres' aid
Others assert this fural sickle made,
For Ceres once, with love of Macris fir'd,
To this fam'd isle, her favourite seat, retir'd.
The Titans here she taught her arms to wield,
And crop the bearded harvest of the field.
This island hence, nurse of Phæacian swains,
Th' expressive name of Drepane obtains.
From mangled Uranus's blood they trace
The source inglorious of Phæacia's race. 1160

Trinacria left, and numerous perils past,
Her heaven-protected Argo moors at last.
The heroes disembark'd Alcinoüs hails,
And at their festive sacrifice regales.
Mirth unremitted through the city runs,
As though they welcom'd home their darling sons.
The godlike guests their social part sustain,
Joyous as though they press'd Hæmonia's plain:

But ere that distant plain delights their view,
The chiefs must buckle on their arms anew. 1170
For, lo! those Colchians who adventurous stray'd
Through deeps unknown, had enter'd undimay'd
The dire Cyanean rocks, here throng the coast,
And wait th' arrival of the Grecian host.
The forfeit maid should Argo's crew refuse,
War in each sad disastrous shape ensues.

Arm'd and resolv'd they threaten instant fight,
And future fleets t' assert their monarch's right.
But king Alcinoüs interpos'd his aid,
And, ere they rush'd to fight, their wrath allay'd.
Arete's knee the suppliant virgin press'd, 1181
And thus th' associate band and queen address'd:
'O queen,' exclaim'd she, 'lend thy timely aid
'To save from Colchian hands a suffering maid.
'With ruffian rage to bear me hence they come,
'And to my wrathful fire conduct me home.
'Thou know'st, if one, like me, of human kind,
'How prone to err is man's unstable mind.
'Deem me no slave to lust's usurping pow'r;
'Prudence forsook me in the needful hour. 1190

'Be witness fun, and thou, whose every rite
'Is wrapp'd, dire Hecate, in fable night,
'How I reluctant left my native home,
'And with rude foreigners abhor'd to roam.
'Fear wing'd my flight; and, having once trans-
'gress'd,

'To flee I judg'd my last resource and best.
'Still have I liv'd, as with my father, chaste,
'My spotless zone fast girded to my waist.
'Oh! may my tale, fair princess, claim thy tears;
'Oh! teach thy lord compassion as he hears. 1200
'On thee may all th' immortal gods bestow
'Beauty and life, exempt from age and woe;
'Cities, that need no bold invaders dread,
'And a fair progeny to crown thy bed.'

In tears she spoke: then to each gallant chief
Told in these plaintive strains her tale of grief:
'Low at your feet, ye warriors, suppliant view
'A princess doom'd to wretchedness for you.
'Yok'd were the bulls, and, desperate as they
'rose, 1209

'Crush'd by my aid were hosts of giant-foes.
'Yes, soon Hæmonia the rich prize will see,
'And boast of conquests which she owes to me.
'My country I, my parents, palace left,
'To pine through life, of all its joys bereft;
'But gave to you, a base ungrateful train,
'To see your country and your friends again.
'Spoil'd of my beauty's bloom by fate severe,
'In endless exile must I languish here.
'Revere your oaths; Erynnis' vengeance dread,
'Who heaps her curses on the perjurd head:
'Dread heaven's fure wrath, if, to my fire re-
'stor'd, 1221

'My shame or ruin wait his desperate word.
'No sheltering shrine, no fortress near, I fly
'To you alone, on your defence rely.
'Yet why on you? who, merciless and mute,
'Have heard my cries, nor seconded my suit;
'Unmov'd have seen me lift my suppliant hand
'To the kind princes of this foreign land.
'Elate with hope the golden fleece to gain,
'Colchos oppos'd you, and her king in vain:

' But fearful now the battle to renew, 1231
' Ye dread detachments, nor will fight with few.'
She said; and all who heard her suppliant
moan,

Cheer'd her sad heart, and check'd the rising groan.
Each gallant man his brandish'd spear display'd,
And vow'd assistance to the suffering maid,
Shook his drawn sword, a prelude to the fight,
Resolv'd on vengeance, and resolv'd on right.

Night now dispers'd the faint remains of day,
And all the slumbering world confess'd its sway:
Grateful its gloom to men with toils oppress'd;
Grateful to all but her, with sleep unblest'd. 1242
She, hapless fair, her painful vigils kept;
Revelling still her griefs, the watch'd and wept.

As at the distaff toils th' industrious dame,
Whose frequent tears her orphan children claim.
All night she toils, while clinging round they
stand,

Wail their lost fire, and his return demand.
Swift down her cheek descends the silent tear:
So hard the lot fate destines her to bear! 1250
Like her's Medea's copious tears descend,
Such agonizing griefs her tortur'd bosom rend.
The royal pair retire with wonted state
From the throng'd city to their palace-gate.
On their soft couch reclin'd, at evening's close,
Long conference held they on Medea's woes.
Thus to Alcinoüs the queen express'd
The kind suggestions of her pitying breast:

' Oh! may the Minyans, prince, thy favours
share: 1259

' Oh! shield from Colchian foes an injur'd fair.
' Not distant far Hæmonia's plains extend,
' And near our island Argo's frontiers end.
' But far remote Æeta reigns; his name
' Unknown to us, or faintly known by fame.
' She, in whose sorrows now I bear a part,
' Hath to redress them, open'd all my heart.
' Let no rude Colchian bear her hence away,
' To her fire's vengeance a devoted prey.
' Her error this: the fiery bulls to quell,
' Fond and officious the prepar'd the spell. 1270
' Augmenting then (as oft offenders will)
' Her first with future errors, ill with ill,
' Far from her native home, impress'd with dread,
' Far from her angry fire the damsel fled.
' But bound is Jason by strong ties, says fame,
' To wed the wanderer, and retrieve from shame.
' Urge him not then, with many an added threat,
' His faith to violate, his oaths forget;
' Nor stimulate Æeta's wrath to rise: 1279
' Their daughters parents rigorously chastise.
' Thus Pycteus, with parental zeal o'ercome,
' Compell'd his child Antiope to roam.
' Thus Danaë, by her wrathful fire secur'd,
' Toss'd in the troubled deep distress endure'd.
' Nor long since Echetus, a wretch accurs'd,
' With brazen pins his daughter's eye-balls
' pierc'd:

' Pent in a dungeon's awful gloom she pin'd,
' Doom'd by her savage fire obdurate brafs to
' grind.' [breast,

She said: soft pity touch'd the sovereign's
Who thus his supplicating queen address'd: 1290

" In me, O queen, these heroes should decry,
" For the fair sufferer's sake, a firm ally;
" Soon should my arms the Colchian foes remove,
" But I revere the just decrees of Jove.
" Unsafe I deem Æeta to deride,
" Who sways the sceptre with a monarch's pride;
" Able, though distant, if averse from peace,
" To scatter discord through the realms of Greece.
" Hear my proposal then; which you, I trust,
" And all who hear it, will applaud as just: 1300
" If still a virgin's spotless name she bear,
" Safe to her fire's domains conduct the fair:
" But if one bed the wedded pair contain,
" I will not sever Hymen's silken chain.
" Forbid it, Heaven! that I in wrath expose
" Her sinless offspring to insulting foes."

He said, and sunk to rest: his sage resolves
Anxious and oft the wakeful queen revolves.
She rose: their prince's footstep heard, arise
Her female train, and each her wants supplies.

' Go,' to her page apart Arete said,
' Bid Æson's valiant son the virgin wed.
' Bid him no more Alcinoüs' ears assail
' With long entreaties, and a well-known tale.
' Himself, unask'd, his advocate will go,
' And tender these conditions to the foe:
' If still the fair a spotless maid remain,
' Soon shall she view her father's courts again:
' But, if a matron's honour'd name she bear,
' He will not separate the wedded pair.' 1320

She said: her herald, eager to convey
The royal message, sped without delay;
To Æson's son he told Arete's word,
And the kind counsels of her sovereign lord.
Hard by their ship, in glittering arms array'd,
Deep in the port of Hyllicus embay'd,
He spies the chiefs, his embassy repeats,
And every gallant heart with transport beats.
They crown the goblets to the powers divine,
And drag th' accustom'd victims to the shrine:
Then for the penive fair officious spread 1331
In a sequester'd grot the bridal bed.
Hither, in days of yore, fair Macris came,
Daughter of Aristæus, honour'd name!
He taught mankind the virtues and the use
Of the bee's labours, and the olive's juice.
For, know, when Hermes infant Bacchus bore,
Snatch'd from the flames, to fair Eubœa's shore,
Macris embrac'd him with a mother's love,
And there, awhile, she nurs'd the seed of Jove,
And there with honey fed; till Juno's spite 1341
Far from Eubœa's isle compell'd her flight.
At length, of this Phæacian grot possess'd,
She with vast opulence the natives blest'd.

To deck with honours due the bridal bed,
Around it wide the golden fleece was spread.
With sweetest flowers, that deck or dale or hill,
Th' assiduous nymphs their snowy bosoms fill.
The golden fleece emits so bright a ray,
They shone all radiant as the star of day, 1350
Inspiring love: the prize though strong desire,
Prompts them to touch, with reverence they
retire.

These are the daughters of the Ægean flood,
Those, Meletæum, haunt thy lofty wood.

From groves, from streams, at Juno's call they
To grace the nuptials of this godlike man. [ran,
The sacred grot, recorded still by fame,
Bears to this day Medea's honour'd name.
For here the nymphs, their veils around them
spread,

To nuptial joys the happy lovers led : 1360

And every chief, to guard the blissful spot,
Clad in bright armour, stood before the grot,
Left hostile troops, with rude tumultuous noise,
Should force an entrance, and distract their joys.
Thus station'd, they protect the hallow'd ground,
Their festive brows with leafy chaplets crown'd.
As Orpheus struck his tuneful lyre, they sung,
And Hymeneals round the grotto rung.
But in Alcinoüs' court the fair to wed,
O'er Jason's anxious mind disquiet spread : 1370
Full oft he wish'd solcos' coast to gain,
And wed the virgin in his fire's domain ;
Such too Medea's wish : but fate severe
Forc'd him to celebrate his nuptials here.
For pleasure unalloy'd we look in vain ;
Pleasure to suffering man is mix'd with pain.
Whether the Colchian foe had scorn'd or clos'd
With the just terms Phæacia's prince propos'd,
Of this they doubted : mid' the mirthful scene
Fears, which these doubts suggested, intervene.

Aurora now her orient beams display'd, 1381
And pierc'd the sullen night's surrounding
shade.

The circling shores and new bespangled ground
Reflect her rays : the streets with noise resound.
The citizens and Colchians, who possess'd
The distant coast, awake from balmy rest.
Impatient now his purpose to disclose,
To plead Medea's cause the monarch rose.
His hand sustain'd a sceptre's massy gold, 1389
Which kings deciding right were wont to hold.
Around their prince, in glistering arms array'd,
Phæacia's peers a seemly pomp display'd.
Eager on each adventurous chief to gaze,
A female troop beyond the city strays.
In festive bands the distant swains unite :
(For Juno had divulg'd the nuptial rite)
One from his fold a ram selected brought,
An heifer one, to feel the yoke untaught ;
Flagons of wine some for libation bear :

The smoke of victims blacken'd all the air. 1400

As women wont, the female train select
Their costly veils, with gay embroidery deck'd :
Such golden toys, such trinkets they provide,
As on a nuptial day adorn the bride.
The comely chiefs their admiration won ;
But more than all Æger's tuneful son,
As lightly to the lyre's melodious sound
Tripp'd the brisk dancer o'er the measur'd ground.
In concert full the virgin-choir prolong
The happy day with Hymeneal song. 1410
Here a fair band, collected in a ring,
Praises to thee, auspicious Juno, sing.
By thee inspir'd, disclos'd the royal dame
The friendly terms her prince was pleas'd to name.
Nor are the terms Alcinoüs nam'd disown'd :
(For now their faithful loves hath Hymen
crown'd)

True to his oath, he heard with fix'd disdain
And deem'd Æeta's vengeful fury vain.

Soon as the Colchians saw their purpose cross'd,
Defeated all their schemes, their labour lost ; 1420
That to the sovereign's terms they must accede,
Or quit his ports, and sail away with speed ;
Dreading the monarch's wrath, submit they try
To win his friendship, and commence ally.
Settling at last, long time the Colchian host
Dwelt with the natives on Phæacia's coast :
Till Bacchus' hated race from Corinth fled,
Exil'd these Colchians, and the isle o'erspread.
They fought the neighbouring shores : in times
to come

Their sons emigrating explor'd a home, 1430

Where far and wide extends th' Illyric coast,
And the Ceraunian hills in clouds are lost.
But these events, which now my muse engage,
Were late fulfill'd in some succeeding age.
Yet still, in Phœbus' fane, uninjur'd stand
The altars rais'd by fair Medea's hand :
Some to the fates are pil'd with victims due,
Some to the nymphs their annual rites renew.
Towards the parting train the royal pair
Their generous love by costly gifts declare. 1440
Twelve fair Phæacians, at the queen's command,
Conduct Medea to the sea-beat strand.

On the seventh morn with gently breathing
gales

Propitious Jove expanded Argo's sails ;
Argo decreed fresh dangers to sustain,
Ere Greece beholds her gallant sons again.
Ambracia's bay had open'd to their view,
Besides Cureses' land the galley flew,
The clustering isles, Echidanæ, they pass'd,
And Pelops' distant realm beheld at last. 1450
Nine tedious nights and days the vessel sweeps
The troubled surface of the Libyan deeps ;
Till, driven by rapid tides and storms astray,
She near the Syrtis' quicksands plow'd her way :
Whirl'd in whose gulfy pools, their destin'd grave,
Nor sails nor oars the sinking galleys save.
Burst from its black abyss, the boiling flood
Up-heaves its shaggy weeds, involv'd in shelves
of mud.

With the far-spreading spray the sands arise ;
But nought discern they here that creeps or flies.
The tide (which now retreats into the main, 1460
And now returns upon the beach again) :
Far o'er the shore, impell'd with fury, show
All Argo's slumy keel expos'd to view.
They disembark, and gaze with aching eyes
On ridgy mountains lost amid the skies.
No grateful streams, no beaten paths appear,
No rural cot discern they far or near ;
A death-like silence reign'd : around dismay'd
His comrade each interrogating said : 1470

' What country this ? on what bleak clime at
last

' Have the rude tempests heaven-built Argo cast ?

' Oh ! had we dar'd, devoid of vulgar fear,

' Our course undaunted through those fragments
steer,

' Like heroes then (though Jove success deny'd)

' We in the bold attempt had bravely died.

What can our skill devise? the least delay
Is fatal here; the winds forbid our stay.
How bleak and barren is the coast we tread!
And what a desert waste is wide around us
spread!

He said; and, joining in the loud lament, 1481
Ancaeus thus forboded the event:

What dire mishaps our gallant host befall!
Thus by stern fate's decree we perish all!
What woes await us on this desert coast,
If from the land awakes the furious blast!
For slimy seas my sight far off commands,
And whitening billows bursting o'er the sands.
And dreadfully had Argo's yawning sides, 1489
Remote from shore, receiv'd the gushing tides,
Had not the surge which lifted her to heav'n,
Full on the pebbly beach the vessel driv'n.
But now the tide retiring quits the strand,
And waves unfaithful skim the levell'd sand.
Our projects baffled, and hope's cheerly dawn
From our expecting sight thus soon withdrawn,
Let other hands the pilot's art display,
And they who fear not danger steer the way.
But our joint labours Jove decrees to foil,
Nor will our native home reward our toil.' 1500

He said; and all renew'd for naval skill,
Close with his words, and wait th' impending ill.
From every heart the vital motion fled,
O'er every face a deadly paleness spread.

As when from street to street, in wild dismay,
Affrighted mortals like pale spectres stray;
Expecting wars, or plagues, or bursting rains,
That deluge all the harvest of the plains:
Or, as when statues drops of blood distil,
And fancied bellowings the temples fill; 1516

The noon-day sun eclips'd involves in night
Th' astonish'd world, and stars emit their light:
Thus on the beach they stalk'd, a heartless clan!
Like sweating statues, or like spectres wan.
His feeble arm each round his comrade cast,
Then sank into the sand to breathe his last,
Resolv'd, as now the star of Hesper rose,
To share the solace of united woes.
Some here, some there select their clay-cold bed,
And round their shivering limbs their garments
spread: 1520

Resign'd to death, in midnight's fullen shade
And at mid-day, here languishing they laid.
Remote, Medea's fair attendants moan, [groan.
Cling round their queen, and groan return for
As when a nest, furcharg'd with callow young,
Falls from the lofty cliff to which it clung,
Th' unfeather'd brood by shrillest cries attest
Their far-flown mother, and their ruin'd nest:
As on the banks Pactolus' streams bedew,
Melodious swans their dying notes renew;
The rivers gliding the rich vales among,
Bear on their silver streams the soothing song:
Thus they, their golden locks besmear'd with
gore,

All night in plaintive elegies deplore.
Their toils yet incomplete the godlike band
Had now ignobly perish'd on the sand,
But the bold heroines, who guard the coast,
Beheld with pitying eye the drooping host:

Those nymphs, who, when in glistering arms ar-
ray'd, [maid,

Rush'd from the thunderer's brain the martial
In needful hour their kind assistance gave, 1541
And clean'd her infant-limbs in Triton's wave.

'Twas noon: o'er Libya's sands the god of day
Darted the splendours of his fiercest ray.

Full before Jason stood the nymphs confess'd,
And gently from his head withdrew the vest.
Sudden he starts, impress'd with silent dread,
And from his fair protectors turns his head.
They in compassion's mild address began

To free from terrors vain the hopeless man: 1550

'Why griev'st thou thus? Oh! bid thy sorrows
cease:

'We know thy coming's cause, the Golden Fleece.

'We know the various toils by land you bore;

'How toils'd on ocean, how distress'd on shore.

'Terrestrial powers, for acts of friendship known,

'We make the shepherd's rural cares our own.

'We, Libya's daughters and avengers, boast

'Our sway extended o'er the Libyan coast.

'Arise, nor sink beneath thy sorrow's weight;

'But rouse thy fellows from their drooping state.

'When Amphitrite with officious speed

'Unreins from Neptune's car the fiery steed,

'Thy mother then with duteous care repay.

'Whose womb hath borne thee many a toilsome
'day.'

'Discharge this duty, and resort to Greece,

'Safe and triumphant with the Golden Fleece.'

They spoke, and vanish'd: from his sandy bed

Jason arose, and looking round he said;

'Ye godlike powers, the desert plains who rove,

'Ye fair, who tend the flocks, propitious prove.

'Those dark mysterious truths your tongues fore-
told, 1571

'I go, if haply can my friends unfold.

'Conven'd, may they some prudent scheme devise,

'For in th' advice of numbers safety lies.'

He said: and, wading through the driven sand,

Rous'd with loud voice the sad desponding band.

Thus while the lion his lost mate explores,

The forebills ring, earth trembles as he roars:

Herdsmen and herds, o'erwhelm'd with equal fear,

All mute and trembling deem destruction near.

But grateful to the host was Jason's call;

No fears it cherish'd, but gave hope to all.

Yet with dejected looks the heroes meet.

Beside the female train to each his seat

He near the shore assign'd; in order due

His wondrous tale relates, and cheers the pensive

crew:

'Attend, my friends: three virgin forms, who

claim [came.

'From heaven their race, to soothe my sorrows

'Their shoulders round were shaggy goat-skins

cast, 1589

'Which, low descending, girt their slender waist.

'High o'er my head they stood; with gentle hand

'My vesture rais'd, and gave this dread command:

'That I with speed my piteous bed forsake,

'And, risen, haste my comrades to awake.

'That mindful we our mother's cares repay,

'Whose womb sustain'd us many a toilsome day,

' When Amphitrite with officious speed
 ' Unreins from Neptune's car the fiery steed,
 ' Long have I sought this wonder to explain,
 ' And still revolving I revolve in vain. 1600
 ' In the bold name of heroines they boast,
 ' Daughters and guardians they of Lybia's coast.
 ' Known to these nymphs are all the toils we bore
 ' On the rough ocean and the faithless shore.
 ' Nor staid they long; but, sudden from my view
 ' Their radiant forms an ambient cloud withdrew.
 He said: on every face sat boding fears;
 When, lo! a portent greater far appears.
 Fierce from the foamy deep, of wondrous size,
 Springs an huge horse; his mane expanded flies.
 From his strong sides he shakes th' adherent
 spray, 1611

Then towards the coast directs his rapid way.
 Skill'd in whate'er this prodigy portends,
 With pleasure Peleus thus consoles his friends:
 ' Now by his consort's hand releas'd I see
 ' The car of Neptune, and his horses free.
 ' A mother's name (or I predict in vain)
 ' Argo may boast; she feels a mother's pain.
 ' Her pregnant womb a troop of heroes bears,
 ' And endless perils for their safety shares. 1620
 ' Come, let us now our boasted strength display,
 ' And on our shoulders bear our ship away.
 ' Steer we through depths of sand our dangerous
 course,

' Led by the steps of this portentous horse.
 ' His steps reluctant press the dusty plain,
 ' But rapid bear him to his kindred main;
 ' Thither attend his flight.' Thus spoke the seer:
 His pleasing counsels gratify'd their ear.

This wondrous tale the tuneful nine recite,
 And as the muses dictate I must write. 1630
 This have I heard, and this as truth proclaim,
 That you, O princely peers, of deathless fame,
 By the joint efforts of united hands, [sands,
 Twelve days and nights through Lybia's burning
 High on your shoulders rais'd the vessel's weight,
 All that its womb contain'd, a mighty freight.
 What woes o'ertook them, and what toils befell,
 No verse can celebrate, no tongue can tell.
 Such brave exploits proclaim'd their godlike line,
 For, as their lineage, were their deeds divine. 1640
 But when Tritonis' lake the chiefs attain,
 They eas'd their shoulders, and embark'd again.
 Doom'd to acuter griefs they now are curs'd
 With all the miseries of burning thirst;
 Like dogs they run its fury to assuage,
 And at a fountain's head suppress its rage.
 Nor wander'd they in vain; but soon explor'd
 The sacred spot with golden apples stor'd,
 In Atlas' realm: the serpent's wakeful eyes
 Watch'd till but yesterday the golden prize. 1650
 The fair Hesperides with kind survey
 Tended the serpent as they tun'd their lay.
 But, lo! the monster by Alcides slain,
 Beneath a branching pear-tree press'd the plain.
 His tail still vibrates, though his ghastly head
 And spine immense lie motionless and dead;
 Flies in thick swarms his gory sides surround,
 Drink his black blood, and dry the dripping
 wound,

Made by the darts, whose poison'd tips detain
 The deadly venom of the Hydra slain. 1660
 As Ladon's fate the penive maids deplore, [tore;
 Their hands they wrung, their golden locks they
 Bot, sudden as the heroes hasten'd bear,
 They to the dust descend and disappear.
 Struck with the prodigy his eyes survey'd,
 Thus to the nymphs observant Orpheus pray'd:

' Ye goddesses, with blooming beauty blest'd,
 ' Look with benevolence on men distress'd.
 ' Whether ye grace the splendid courts of Jove,
 ' Or on this humble earth auspicious move; 1670
 ' Whether to flowery pastures ye repair,
 ' And the lov'd name of shepherdesses bear;
 ' Illustrious nymphs, from ocean sprung, arise,
 ' Bless with a recent view our longing eyes.
 ' Bid from the thirsty soil a torrent burst,
 ' Or open some hard rock to slake our thirst.
 ' Should we again our tatter'd sails expand,
 ' And greet at last the dear Achaian land,
 ' Grateful we then these favours will repay,
 ' And choicest offerings on your altars lay: 1680
 ' No goddess who frequents the court of Jove,
 ' Shall greater honour share, or greater love.'
 Thus Orpheus pray'd, with feeble voice and
 low:

The listening nymphs commiserate their woe.
 First tender grass they bade the soil disclose;
 Then high above it verdant branches rose,
 Erect and strong, the spreading boughs display'd
 Wide o'er the barren soil an ample shade.
 A poplar's trunk fair Hespera receives,
 And in a weeping willow Ægle grieves. 1690
 But Erytheis in an elm remains:
 Each in her tree her proper shape retains;
 Stupendous sight! first Ægle silence broke,
 And kindly thus the suppliant band bespoke:

' Hither some lawless plunderer came of late,
 ' Who will reverse the colour of your fate.
 ' Yon beast he slew for whom we sorrow now,
 ' And tore the golden apples from their bough.
 ' But yesterday the desperate giant came;
 ' From his black eye-brows flash'd the livid flame:
 ' A lion's shaggy skin, besmear'd with gore, 1701
 ' Wide o'er his shoulders spread the monster wore.
 ' On his stout staff his fearless step rely'd,
 ' And by his deadly dart the serpent died.
 ' He like a sturdy traveller stalk'd along,
 ' Seeking some fount to cool his fiery tongue.
 ' With eager haste he trod the dusty plain,
 ' And still for water look'd, but look'd in vain.
 ' To this tall rock, hard by Titonis' lake,
 ' Some god conducted him his thirst to slake. 1710
 ' Struck by his heel its deep foundation shook,
 ' And from the yawning clefts a torrent broke.
 ' Prone on the ground the limpid streams he swills,
 ' And, groveling like a beast, his belly fills.'

Elated with the tale, they speed their course,
 To find as Ægle told, the fountain's source.
 As when assembled ants with joint essay
 Strive in some chink their lifted grain to lay:
 Or as when flies some liquid sweet explore,
 They hang in clusters round the honied store;
 Like them the Mynians: such their numbers seem,
 And such their haste to gather round the stream.

Conjecturing thus some grateful hero said,
As from the rill refresh'd he rais'd his head :
' Ye gods ! though absent, great Alcides gives
' These limpid streams ; by him each hero lives.
' Come, haste we now the country to explore,
' And the lost wanderer to our host restore.'

Instant to council rose th' associate band,
Selecting heroes to explore the land. 1730

For nightly winds dispersing o'er the plains
The light loose sands no step impress'd remains.
Boreas' fleet sons, who wing their airy flight,
Sagacious Lynceus blest'd with keenest sight,
Euphemus swift of foot, and Canthus speed :
Him his brave spirit urg'd, and heaven decreed
To ask Alcides, on what fatal coast
He left his comrade, Polyphemus lost.

When this bold chief had rear'd on Mysian ground,
And fenc'd with circling walls a city round, 1740
Wide o'er the country Argo's fate to learn,
He roam'd, with Argo anxious to return.
Scarce had his feet Calybian frontiers press'd,
Ere fate consign'd him to eternal rest.

Along the beech with stately poplars spread,
They rear'd a tomb in honour of the dead.
But Lynceus deems, that, o'er the distant lands
His sight the long-lost Hercules commands.
Thus sees the clown, or thinks he can descry 1749
The new moon breaking through a cloudy sky.
Back to his comrades hastes the joyous chief,
Precludes their further search, and gives their
mind relief.

Euphemus soon, and Boreas' sons his friends,
Whose search in empty expectation ends,
Rejoin'd the host : but thee, brave Canthus, slain
Stern fate foredoom'd to press the Libyan plain.
To feast his comrades with the grateful prey,
He forc'd through scatter'd flocks his desperate
way.

Sudden his flock to guard the shepherd flew,
And with a rock's huge fragment Canthus flew.
This sturdy villager, Capharus nam'd, 1761
His lofty lineage from Apollo claim'd,
And Acacallis : conscious of his might,
He fear'd no rival, nor declin'd the fight.
Minos her fire, to Libya's coast remov'd
Fair Acacallis, by the god below'd.

To Phœbus here a hopeful son she gave,
Amphithemis or Garamans the brave.
Thy love, Amphithemis, Tritonis crown'd,
And grac'd thy bed with Nasamon renown'd,
And bold Caphaurus ; whose decisive blow 1771
Transmitted Canthus to the shades below.
The bloody deed divulg'd to all the host,
Not long his conquest could Caphaurus boast.
They to its sepulchre the corse convey,
Weeping : and make the shepherd's flocks their
prey.

To Pluto's realms prophetic Mopfus fled,
And join'd on that sad day the mighty dead.
With fate's decrees must mortal man comply,
And the wife seer in spite of prescience die. 1780
For, shelter'd from the fierce meridian ray,
Beneath a sandy bank a serpent lay.
Innoxious till incens'd, he ne'er annoy'd
But strove th' affrighted traveller to avoid.

But all whome'er the foodful earth contains,
Who feel his darted venom in their veins,
Nor long, nor distant deem the dreary road,
That leads direct to Pluto's dark abode.

His fangs infix'd when once the wretches feel,
In vain would medicine's god attempt to heal.

For when brave Perseus (his her godlike son 1791
His mother oftener nam'd Eurymedon)

O'er Libya flew, the Gorgon's head to bring,
Fresh slain and dripping, to th' expecting king,
From every drop that dyed the soil with blood,
A serpent sprung, and thus increas'd the brood.
The monster's spiry tail rash Mopfus press'd
With his unheeding foot : his tortur'd breast
Upward he turn'd, and writh'd his spires around,
Then with his venom'd fang infix'd a deadly
wound. 1800

Medea trembled and her female train :
Fearless he bathes the wound, nor heeds the pain.
But now, lost wretch ! each sense is clos'd and
dead, [spread,

And o'er his sinking eyes death's gloomy shade is
Prone to the dust he falls : his cold remains
Press with unwieldy weight the desert plains.
His faithful friends, and Jason with the rest,
Weep o'er the corse, with heart-felt grief im-
press'd.

His flesh all putrid from the taint within, 1809
And hanging round him loose his flabby skin,
The burning sun unable long to bear,
His busy comrades, with officious care,
Deep in the soil conceal their delving spade,
And soon a decent sepulchre was made.
Men, matrons, all, as round the grave they flock,
Lamenting loud select the sacred lock :
His corse the bright-arm'd heroes thrice surround,
And raise in seemly form the hallow'd mound,
Then hasten to their ship : the southern breeze
Curl'd, as it blew, the surface of the seas. 1820

In sad suspense, still wishing to forsake,
And cross with favouring gales Tritonis' lake,
They loiter long, and waste the useful day
In idle contest, and in vain delay.

A serpent thus, long scorch'd with summer's
heat,

Winds to some secret chink, his cool retreat.
Enrag'd he hisses, rears his crest on high,
And furious darts his fire-emitting eye,
Till haply he the wish'd-for chink pervade,
And in its cool recess secure a shade. 1830

Uncertain thus, the ship explor'd in vain
The lake's wide mouth that open'd to the main.
With pious care, as Orpheus gives command,
They place Apollo's tripod on the strand ;
That those auspicious powers the coast who guard,
Pleas'd with th' oblation, may their toils reward.
Clad like a youth, before them stood confess'd
The mighty Triton : in his hands he press'd
The gather'd foil ; this amicable sign
He to the heroes held, and spoke benign : 1840

' The hospitable pledge my hand extends,
' The best I now can give, accept, my friends.
' Would you o'er ocean's paths your course dis-
' cern, [learn,
' And learn the tracks which strangers wish to

- * Hear! from my fire, the monarch of the main,
 * I boast my science; o'er these seas I reign.
 * Perchance ev'n you, though distant far you
 came, 1847
 * May recognise Eurypylus's name,
 * In Libya born.' He said: Euphemus took
 The proffer'd foil, and thus responsive spoke:
 "If such thy knowledge, friendly chief, explain
 "Where Atthis lies, where rolls the Cretan main.
 "Reluctant sail'd we towards the Libyan coast,
 "By angry heaven and adverse tempests tost:
 "By land, with Argo o'er our shoulders cast,
 "We toil'd, and launch'd her in this lake at last.
 "Nor can we yet our certain course devise, 1857
 "Where full in prospect Pelops' realms will rise."
 He said: his hand out-stretching, Triton show
 The lake's wide mouth, and sea expos'd to view.
 * Where the lake blackens, and its waters deep,
 * Expect, he cries, 'a passage to the deep.
 * Observe the cliffs high towering on each side,
 * And through the strait they form your vessel
 guide. [skies]
 * There, above Crete, where, mingling with the
 * Yon ocean spreads, the land of Pelops' lies.
 * When to the right th' expanded lake ye leave,
 * And the safe seas your mighty freight receive,
 * Still cautious coast along the winding strand,
 * Till you the cape's projecting sides command:
 * Your course, that cape once doubled, safe pur-
 sue, 1871
 * Your ship uninjur'd, and undaunted you.
 * Thus gladden'd, go; nor let your vigorous arms
 * Droop with fatigue, and shake with vain alarms.
 Heartening he spoke: the decks they reackend,
 And, rowing brisk, to cross the lake contend.
 The proffer'd tripod friendly Triton takes,
 And hides his head beneath the dimpling lakes.
 Thus with the costly prize the god withdrew,
 Instant invisible to mortal view. 1880
 Inspir'd with joy, that some superior guest
 Had comfort given them, and with counsel blest'd,
 The choicest sheep they bade their leader slay,
 And to the power benign due honours pay.
 He to the galley's poop with speed convey'd
 The choicest sheep, and, as he offer'd, pray'd:
 * Dread deity, who late conspicuous stood
 * On the clear margin of this rolling flood,
 * Whether great Triton's name delight thine ear,
 * Triton, whom all the watery gods revere: 1890
 * Or ocean's daughters, as they found thy fame,
 * Thee mighty Nereus, or thee Phorcus name,
 * Be bounteous still: bid all our labours cease,
 * And reinstate us in our native Greece.
 Thus pray'd the chief, as on the poop he stood,
 And sunk the slaughter'd victim in the flood.
 His head above the billows Triton rear'd,
 And in his proper shape the god appear'd.
 As when, intent his fiery steed to train,
 The horseman leads him to the dusty plain, 1900
 His floating mane firm twist'd in his hand,
 He runs, yet holds him subject to command:
 Superb he paces, by his master led,
 Curvetting still, and tossing high his head.
 His bits, all white with gather'd foam around,
 Craunch'd by his restless jaw, aloud resound:
 Thus Triton's hands the vessel's head sustain,
 And safely guide her to the seas again.
 His every limb, down to his swelling loins,
 Proclaims his likeness to the powers divine. 1910
 Below his loins his tapering tail extends;
 Arch'd like a whale's, on either side it bends.
 Two pointed fins, projecting from his side,
 Cleave, as he scuds along th' opposing tide.
 Acute and tapering, these indented thorns
 A semblance bear to Phœbe's budding horns.
 His arm conducts her, till, from danger free,
 She rides embosom'd in the open sea.
 This prodigy the shouting warriors saw,
 Impress'd at once with gratitude and awe. 1920
 Here shatter'd ships Argous' port receives,
 Here tokens of her voyage Argo leave:
 To Triton here, high-towering o'er the strand,
 And here to Neptune stately altars stand.
 For here they linger'd out one useless day;
 But with fresh breezes sail'd at morn away.
 Far to the right they leave the desert land,
 And the stretch'd canvass to the winds expand.
 Gaining mid ocean with returning light, 1929
 The doubled cape diminish'd from their sight.
 The zephyr's ceasing, rose the southern gale,
 And cheer'd the shouting heroes as they sail.
 † The evening star now lifts, as daylight fades,
 † His golden circlet in the deepening shades;
 † Stretch'd at his ease the weary labourer shares
 † A sweet forgetfulness of human cares:
 † At once in silence sleep the sinking gales,
 † The mast they drop, and furl the flagging
 sails; 1939
 † All night, all day, they ply their bending oars
 † Towards Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores;
 † Thence Crete they view, emerging from the
 main;
 † The queen of isles; but Crete they view in vain.
 † There Tagus mountains hurls with all their
 woods;
 † Whole seas roll back, and tossing swell in floods.
 † Amaz'd the towering monster they survey,
 † And trembling view the interdicted bay.
 † His birth he drew from giants sprung from oak,
 † Or the hard entrails of the stubborn rock:
 † Fierce guard of Crete! who thrice each year
 explores [shores,
 † The trembling isle, and strides from shores to
 † A form of living brass: one part beneath 1951
 † Alone he bears, a part to let in death,
 † Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
 † Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.
 † Pining with want, and sunk in deep dismay,
 From Crete far distant had they sail'd away,
 But the fair forcerefs their speed repress'd,
 And thus the crew disconsolate address'd:
 * Attend. This monster, ribb'd with brass 2-
 round,
 * My art, I ween, will level to the ground. 1969
 * Whate'er his name, his strength however great,
 * Still, not immortal, must he yield to fate.
 * The lines thus marked 3 are Bream's, who has
 translated the story of Talus; not without several omis-
 sions, which are here supplied.

* But from the far-thrown fragments safe retreat,
* Till prostrate fall the giant at my feet.

She said : retiring at her sage command,
They wait the movement of her magic hand.
Wide o'er her face her purple veil she spread,
And climb'd the lofty decks, by Jason led.

† And now her magic arts Medea tries;
† Bids the red furies, dogs of Orcus, rise, 1970
† That, starting dreadful from th' infernal shade,
† Ride heaven in storms, and all that breathes
invade.

† Thrice she applies the power of magic pray'r,
† Thrice, heliward bending, mutters charms in
air; [fly,

† Then, turning towards the foe, bids mischief

† And looks destruction, as she points her eye.

† Then spectres, rising from Tartarean bow'rs,

† Howl round in air, or grin along the shores. †

Father Supreme ! what fears my breast annoy,

Since not disease alone can life destroy, 1980

Or wounds inflicted fate's decrees fulfil,

But magic's secret arts have pow'r to kill !

For, by Medea's incantations plied,

Enfeebled soon the brazen monster died.

† While rending up the earth in wrath he throws

† Rock after rock against th' aerial foes,

† Lo ! frantic as he strides, a sudden wound

† Burls the life-vein, and blood o'er spreads the
ground.

† As from a furnace, in a burning flood

† Pours melting lead, so pours in streams his
blood : 1990

† And now he staggers, as the spirit flies,

† He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies.

† As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow,

† Pierc'd by the steel, expects a final blow,

† Awhile it totters with alternate sway,

† Till freshening breezes through the branches
play; [sound,

† Then tumbling downward with a thundering

† Headlong it falls, and spreads a length of
ground :

† So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars,

† Outstretch'd he lies, and covers half the shores. †

† Crete thus deliver'd from this baneful pest,

The Minyans unmolested sunk to rest. 2002

Soon as Aurora's orient beams appear,

A temple they to Cretan Pallas rear.

With water stor'd, once more the busy train

Embark, and lash the foamy brine again.

Assiduous all with equal ardour glow

Distant to leave Salmonis' lofty brow.

As o'er the Cretan deep the galley flew,

Around them night her sable mantle threw ;

Pernicious night, whose all-investing shade

Nor stars nor Phœbe's brighter rays pervade.

Thick darkness, or from heaven or hell pro-
found,

Spread, as it rose, its rueful shades around.

Uncertain whether, on huge billows tost,

Sublime they sail, or sink to Pluto's coast,

Uncertain where the bursting wave may throw,

They to the sea commit their weal or woe.

Jason aloud, with lifted hands, address'd

The god of day to succour the distress'd, 2020

The tears fast trickling down his sorrowing face,
He vow'd with gifts the Delphic shrine to grace,
He vow'd with choicest gifts, an ample store,
To load Amyclæ and Ortygia's shore.

Attentive to his tears and meek request,
Phœbus from heaven descends, and stands con-
fess'd.

Where, frowning hideous o'er the deeps below,

The rocks of Melans lift their shaggy brow.

Awhile on one of these he takes his stand,

His golden bow high lifting in his hand ; 2030

Assisted by whose far-reflected light,

An isle of small extent attracts their sight,

Amid the Sporades ; against it stood

Hippuris, circled by the rolling flood.

Their anchors here they drop. Aurora's ray

Glimmer'd, and sunk before the light of day.

A temple here o'er-arch'd with woods, they raise,

And bid an altar to Apollo blaze,

On whom the name *Æglete* they bestow ;

For here the god display'd his beamy bow. 2040

Here, since on Argo's crew all bright he shone,

By the name *Anaphe* the isle is known.

The scanty produce of this barren isle

To Phœbus they on humble altars pile.

Each fair Phæacian in Medea's train,

Who oft had seen the fatted oxen slain

In king Alcinoüs' court, in laughter joins

At sight of waters pour'd on burning pines.

With well dissimbled wrath the chiefs reprove

The laughing damsels, and the mirth they love.

A wordy altercation soon began, 2051

And pleasant raillery through the circle ran.

Hence, to *Æglete*, on this festive day,

All who in *Anaphe* due honours pay,

Maidens and men, a mix'd assembly, join

In friendly contests and debates benign.

The halbers now were loosen'd from their hold,

And unrestrain'd in ocean Argo roll'd,

When thus the dream of night, yet uneffac'd,

Revering Maia's son, Euphemus trac'd. 2060

How, with close grasp the sacred clod compress'd,

Stream'd with a milky current at his breast.

And from this clod, though small, his wondering
eyes

Beheld a lovely female form arise.

Charm'd with the beauteous fair, he soon resign'd

To nuptial joys his love-devoted mind,

Lamenting still that he the maid should wed,

Whom at his fostering breast with milk he fed.

" Thy children's nurse am I," (the fair began,

Accosting mild the disconcerted man) ; 2070

" But not thy daughter : I from Triton came ;

" (Triton and Libya my parents' name)

" He fix'd near *Anaphe* my watery cell, [dwell.

" And bade me here with Nereus' daughters

" But now I hasten towards the sun's bright ray,

" And to thy race the choicest boon convey."

This dream recurring to his mind again,

He told the leader of the gallant train,

Who, long revolving, thus at length reveal'd

Those mytic truths the Pythic shrine conceal'd :

" Ye gods ! what glory waits thy valorous
deeds,

" What fame, Euphemus, to thy toil succeeds !

- * For, when in ocean's bed this earth you fling,
- * Thence (so the gods ordain) an isle shall spring;
- * Here shall thy children's children late repose.
- * Triton this hospitable gift bestows :
- * He tore from Afric's coast the treasur'd soil ;
- * To him, of all the gods, ascribe the isle.

Thus spoke he prescient, nor in vain divin'd :
 Euphemus heard him with attentive mind : 2090
 Transported with the preface, forth he sprung,
 And the mysterious clod in ocean flung.
 Instant emerging from the reflux tides,
 Calliste's isle display'd its wave-wash'd sides,
 Nurse of Euphemus' race : in days of yore,
 They dwelt on Sintian Lemnos' foety shore.
 Exil'd from Lemnos by Etrurian force,
 To Sparta's friendly walls they bent their course :
 Ejected thence, Theras, Autefion's heir,
 Bade him to fam'd Calliste's isle repair ; 2100
 His name it took : th' events we now display
 Were unaccustom'd in Euphemus' day.

Vast tracks of ocean pass'd, the joyous host
 Steer'd towards, and anchor'd on Ægina's coast.
 They here propose a trial of their skill ;
 What chief can first the weighty lucket fill,

And, ere his fellows intercept his way,
 First to the ship the watery store convey.
 For parching thirst, and winds that briskly blew,
 To the fleet course inclin'd the gallant crew. 2110
 His bucket now, replenish'd at the springs,
 Each stout Theffalian on his shoulder brings ;
 Intent the palm of conquest to obtain,
 He scours with speedy foot across the plain.

Hail, happy race of heroes, and repay
 With tributary praise my tuneful lay !
 With pleasure still may distant times rehearse
 And added years on years exalt my verse !
 For here I fix the period of your woes, 2119
 And with your glorious toils my numbers close.
 Your galley loosen'd from Ægina's shore,
 Waves discompos'd, and winds detain'd no more.
 Serene he sail'd beside th' Achaian strand,
 Where Cecrops' towers the subject main com-
 mand,

Where opposite Eubœa Aulis lies,
 And where the Locrian cities lofty rise,
 Till Pagasæ her friendly port display'd,
 Where rode triumphant Argo safe embay'd.

NOTES ON BOOK IV.

Ver. 1. THE first and second books contain, as we have seen, the voyage of the Argonauts to Colchis. In the book we are now entering upon, the poet has given us an account of the route they took on their return. And, in order to throw the utmost variety into his poem, he has conducted them to Greece by a way altogether new and unknown. He makes them sail up the Ister, and by an arm of that river, to the Eridanus, and from thence to the Rhone. Apollonius's geography is, in many instances, very exceptionable. The licence which poets are allowed, *quidlibet audendi*, is his best excuse for inaccuracies of this kind. Scaliger, who seldom spares our author, does not scruple to assert, that, "quod attinet ad situm orbis terrarum, sanè imperitus regionum fuit Apollonius. De Istro, dii boni ! quas nugas." But let it be remembered, that not only poets have trifled in their descriptions of this river, but that historians and geographers, who have attempted to explain its course, have given very different and inconsistent accounts of it. Many curious traditions, and entertaining pieces of ancient Greek history are interspersed throughout this book. The speeches of Medea can never be enough admired. Her sentiments are admirably suited to her condition ; they are simple, unaffected, and calculated to raise our pity. Our poet has displayed a luxuriant fancy in his description of the nuptials of Jason and Medea ; and he has painted the distresses of his Argonauts, on the coast

of Africa, in the most glowing colours. This book appears, indeed, in every view of it, equal, if not superior, to any of the foregoing. We meet with some obscurities. The translator confesses his inability to ascertain the true sense of every intricate passage. Let it, however, be some alleviation of his errors, that his guides have been but few, and they not always the most intelligent ; and that no part of this book, except only the story of Talus, has appeared in an English dress, before the present version was published.

Ver. 32. The custom of kissing beds, columns, and doors, before they were obliged to quit them, occurs frequently in the Greek tragedians.

Ver. 33. It was customary for young women, before the nuptial ceremony was performed, to present their hair to some deity, to whom they had particular obligations. Medea, therefore, previous to her departure and marriage with Jason, presents a lock of hair to her mother, to be deposited by her in the temple of some deity to whom it was consecrated.

Ver. 64. Latmos was a mountain in Caria, in whose cave the moon was said by the poets to visit Endymion. Thus, in Valerius Flaccus, who seems to have had this passage in his eye, we read ;

Latmius æstivâ residet venator in umbrâ,
 Dignus amore deæ ; velatis cornibus et jam
 Luna venit.

Lib. viii. 29.

Ver. 92. Several parts of the body were considered by the ancients as the seats of virtues and vices, of good and bad qualities. Modesty was assigned to the eyes, sagacity and desirion to the nose, pride and disdain to the eye-brows, and pity to the knees; which, it was customary for suplicants, when they made their requests, to touch and embrace with reverence.

Ver. 123. Xenophon, de Venatione, makes the same observation, *ἔχουσιν πρῶν, exire diluculo*. The same remark is made by Oppian and others.

Ver. 143. This noble hyperbole was copied by Virgil, B. vii. v. 515. where, speaking of Alecto, he says,

With her full force a mighty horn she winds;
Th' infernal strain alarms the gathering hinds,
The dreadful summons the deep forest took:
The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains shook.
The lake of Trivia heard the note profound;
The Veline fountains trembled at the sound;
The thick sulphureous floods of hoary Nar
Shook at the blast that blew the flames of war:
Pale at the piercing call, the mothers prest
With shrieks their starting infants to the breast.

Pitt.

This circumstance of the mothers clasping their infants to their breasts, is a very tender and affecting one. The poets seem particularly fond of it. We meet with it in the Troades of Euripides; and Camoens, in his imitation of these striking passages in Apollonius and Virgil, was too sensible of its beauty to omit it.

Such was the tempest of the dread alarms,
The babes that prattled in their nurses' arms
Shrick'd at the sounds: with sudden cold impress,
The mothers strain'd the infants to the breast,
And shook with horror.—

The Lusad, B. iv. p. 124.

Ver. 203. Mr. Warton is of opinion, that Virgil had this beautiful passage in his eye in the following lines:

Expleri nequit, atque oculis per singula voluit,
Miraturque, interque manus et brachia versat.

Æn. viii. v. 618.

And thus Spenser, in his Faery-Queene:

But Tristram then despoiling that dead knight
Of all those goodly ornaments of praise,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair light
Of the bright metal, shining like sun-rays;
Handling and turning them a thousand ways.

B. vi. c. 2. ft. 39.

Ver. 292. By Selene, and Selenia, is meant the ark, of which the moon was only an emblem; and from thence the Arcades, or Arkites, had the appellation of Selenitzæ. When, therefore, it is said that the Arcades were prior to the moon, it means only, that they were constituted into a nation before the worship of the ark prevailed, and before the first war upon earth commenced. *Bryant*. This boast of the Arcadians, that they were a nation before the moon gave light to the world, is also thus accounted for by some ingenious writers:

the Greeks generally ordered their affairs according to the appearance of the moon, especially those two of the new and full moon. The Spartans held it criminal to begin any great design till after they had considered the moon, as she appeared when new and at the full. The Arcadians, contrary to this general custom of the Greeks, transacted all their business of importance before the appearance of the new moon, or that of the full; and were, therefore, called in derision, *προεῖληνοι*, for their neglect of this religious ceremony. Which term of reproach the Arcadians applied to their commendation, and shrewdly affirmed, that they were entitled to this epithet, because their nation was more ancient than the moon.

Ver. 301. Sesostris not only overran the countries which Alexander afterwards invaded; but crossed both the Indus and the Ganges; and thence penetrated into the eastern ocean. He then turned to the north, and attacked the nations of Scythia; till he at last arrived at the Tanais, which divides Europe and Asia. Here he founded a colony; leaving behind him some of his people, as he had just before done at Colchis. He subdued Asia Minor, and all the regions of Europe; where he erected pillars with hieroglyphical inscriptions, denoting, that these parts of the world had been subdued by the great Sesostris or Sesoosis. *Diodorus Sic.* L. i. p. 49. Apollonius Rhodius, who is thought to have been a native of Egypt, speaks of the exploits of this prince, but mentions no name; not knowing, perhaps, by which properly to distinguish him, as he was represented under so many. He represents him as conquering all Asia and Europe; and this in times so remote, that many of the cities which he built, were in ruins before the era of the Argonauts. *Bryant*.

Ver. 311. The Colchians, says the Scholiast, still retain the laws and customs of their forefathers; and they have pillars of stone, upon which are engraved maps of the continent and of the ocean. The poet calls these pillars *κόλεις*; which, we are told, were of a square figure, like obelisks. These delineations had been made of old, and transmitted to the Colchians by their forefathers; which forefathers were from Egypt. The Egyptians were very famous for geometrical knowledge. All the flat part of this country being overflowed, it is reasonable to suppose, that they made use of this science to determine their lands, and to make out their several claims at the retreat of the waters. *Bryant*.

Ver. 451. Thus Dido, in a fit of despondency and rage, threatens Æneas:

Et cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero.

Æn. iv. 385.

Ver. 526. Our poet, whenever he introduces moral sentences, which is but seldom, takes care to do it with the utmost propriety; at a time when the occasion warrants the use of them, and gives additional force and lustre to the truths which they convey. Virgil has adopted this sentiment of Apollonius on a similar occasion:

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!
Æn. iv. 412.

Ver. 412. From the Greek word *Epos*, in the original, Mr. Bryant has taken occasion to give us the following curious account of Cupid and his emblems: Iris, the rainbow, seems to have been expressed Eiras, by the Egyptians. Out of Eiras the Greeks formed Eros, a god of love; whom they annexed to Venus, and made her son. And finding that the bow was his symbol, instead of the Iris, they gave him a material bow, with the addition of a quiver and arrows. Being furnished with these implements of mischief, he was supposed to be the bane of the world.

Ver. 350. The remorse and concern of Medea are very strongly expressed by this simple action, of turning aside and concealing her face from the scene of barbarity. Signs are sometimes more significant than words, however eloquent and pathetic; and silence is often the surest indication of heart-felt sorrow.

Ver. 613. Cadmus settling in Boeotia, married Harmonia, or Hermione, the daughter of Venus by Mars. A conspiracy being formed against him, he was obliged to quit Boeotia, and retire with his wife into Illyricum. They are said by the poets to have been transformed into serpents. Of this transformation, and of the tomb, which the people of Illyricum erected to their memory, Dionysius thus speaks:

Ἰδοὺς περικλυτὰ τέμνον,
Τύμνον, δὲ Ἀρμονίης Κασμοῖδ' τε φῆμιν ἱνίστασι.
Κτεῖν γὰρ εἰς ὄψιν σκολοῖν ἦντος ἡλλάξαντο,
Ὅσπον' ὅπ' Ἰσμενοῦ λιπαρὸν μετὰ γῆρας ἔκοντο.

Ver. 649. By Megara, the daughter of Creon king of Thebes, Hercules had several sons, whom he slew in a fit of madness. Soon after this slaughter he left Thebes, and received expiation for the murder at Athens, according to some; but according to our poet, at Macris.

Ver. 689. In the original,

Ἡδωμένῃ δ' ἄνυσιν τοῖο πλοῦς, ὤρσιν ἄλλας
Ἀντιφύ.

Juno, anxious for the safety of her crew, and knowing they must visit Circe's isle, raised a storm for that purpose; which drove them back, up the Chronian sea, as far as the island Electris. By thus changing their direction, she shortened their voyage, and hastened their approach to the island of Circe.

Ver. 727. There are so many inconsistent fables among the ancients, respecting the country and situation of the Hyperboreans, that modern geographers have not been able to reconcile them. See *Gesner de Navigationibus extra columnas Herculis*, Præl. 2.

Callimachus, in his hymn to Delos, speaks of them as a people of high antiquity, Pindar places them near the Isles of the Blest, which were supposed to have been opposite to Mauritania, and celebrates their rites. See *Olymp. Od.* iii. and *Pyth.* x.

Ver. 728. Jupiter, incensed that Æsculapius had restored Hippolitus to life, destroyed him with his thunder. Apollo, willing to revenge the death of his son, directed his darts against the Cyclops, by whose hands the thunder of Jupiter was formed. The god, for this offence, banished him from heaven. See *Virg. Æn.* vii. v. 764.

Ver. 775. In the original,

ἵνα ψηφίσιν ἀπομόρξαντο καμόντες
Ἰδρῶ ἔλιν' χροῶν δὲ κατ' ἀνιγλαῶν κίχυνται
Εἰκίλοι.

The first line is obscure; for it may either mean, that they made use of the ψῆφιν as *επιγγίσματα*, or *strigiles*, for rubbing; or that, in rubbing, the sweat dropped on the stones, ψηφίσιν, and discoloured them. If this sense be the true one, the following lines may, perhaps, be somewhat less exceptionable than those already given:

To cleanse their sides from copious sweet they
toil,
Which, trickling down, distain'd the chalky soil.

This passage will receive some illustration from Aristotle, περὶ θαυμασίων ἀνωμάτων: who asserts, that among other monuments of the Argonautic expedition this was one, τὸ ἐπὶ τῶν ψῆφιν λεγόμενον, παρὰ τὴν αἰγιαλὸν ψήφους φασὶν εἶναι ποικίλας, σάυτας δὲ οἱ Ἕλληνες, οἱ τὴν νῆσον οἰκόντες, λίχουσι, τὴν χροῖαν λαβὼν ἀπὸ τῶν ἐπιγγισμάτων, ὡς ἱστοῦντες ἀλειφόμενοι.

Ver. 783. We have the fullest description of Circe and her habitation in the 10th *Odys.* of Homer: from which book succeeding poets have been supplied with ample material, to assist them in dressing out this entertaining fiction.

It is entertaining to observe, how different poets have written on the same or similar subjects. And according as they have acquitted themselves in working them up, we may form a judgment of their taste and genius.

Ver. 932. Others ascribe this discovery to Prometheus, for which Jupiter promised to release him from his chains.

Ver. 946. The story here alluded to, is mentioned by several of the ancient mythologists. Medea, when in Elysium, or the Fortunate Islands, gained the affections of Achilles, who then dwelt in those regions and married her. The ancients are by no means consistent in their accounts of these Elysian fields. Some affirm them to be in the moon, others in the milky way. But it is more generally supposed, that they are situated in some fertile and pleasant region on earth. See *Homer's Odys.* B. iv. and the note to v. 765 of *Pope's Transl.* and *Gesner de Insulis Beat.* Præl. 2.

Ver. 1016. Thus Ceres, when she undertook to bring up Triptolemus, in order to render him immortal, fed him all day with celestial food, and covered him all night with burning embers. His father Eleusinus, observing this, expressed his fears for his child. Ceres, displeased with the behaviour, struck him dead, but conferred immortality on his son.

Ver. 1047. The Syrens were Cuthite and Canaanitish priests, who had founded temples, which were rendered more than ordinary famous on account of the women, who officiated. With their music they enticed strangers into the purlieus of their temples, and then put them to death. The female part of their choirs were maintained for a twofold purpose; both on account of their voices and their beauty. They were said to be the children of the muse Terpsichore; by which is meant only, that they were the daughters of harmony.

Bryant.

Orpheus, in the Argonautics ascribed to him, has not only mentioned these syrens, but given us the song, alluded to by Apollonius, which was so efficacious as to prevent the ill effects of the syrens' music. We have the most particular description of their enchantresses in the 12th book of Homer's *Odyssey*.

Ver. 1054. Among others, whom Ceres sent in search of her daughter Proserpine, were the syrens. She is said to have given them wings, to enable them to explore the country with greater ease and expedition.

Ver. 1086. These flaming billows, must have been very alarming to the sailors, who were ignorant of the cause of them. The poet has therefore, in his description of Scylla and Charybdis, with great judgment selected these remarkable appearances, which could not fail to excite terror and astonishment.

Ver. 1091. Virgil, in his 1st *Æneid*, has made use of the assistance of the sea-nymphs on a similar occasion.

*Cymothoe simul et Triton adnixus, acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo.*

And Camoens, who seems to have been particularly pleased with this description, has, in imitation of it, summoned together a vast number of sea-nymphs to rescue the navy from destruction. See B. ii. p. 48.

Ver. 1151. One would not expect to find in so grave a writer as Hesiod any thing like that low kind of wit, which the double sense of words gives rise to. The taste of the ancients, it has been said, was too good for these fooleries. Yet his learned annotator is of opinion, that Hesiod has availed himself of the ambiguity of the word *μῦθος*. He thus discusses this curious subject in a note on ver. 180 in Theop.

Omnino existimo Hesiodum, et qui eum hac in re antecesserunt, aut sequuti sunt, lussisse in ambiguo. Vox *μῦθος* duo significabat, *pudenda* et *consilium*, cumque audissent Saturnum patri *ἀπορρητὸν μῦθος*, datâ operâ iam rem acceperunt, quasi narraretur ei *pudenda* rescuisse, ut *σεβαστολογίας*, quas hac de re habent, locus daretur, quamvis probè scirent consilium seu consiliarios intelligi, quorum suavis Thessalîâ excedere coactus fuerat Saturnus. Hocse consiliarios fugavit, et navibus in Asiam redire coegit.

Ver. 1281. *Thus Pytheus.* (Note, it ought to be *Nycteus*.) Antiope, the daughter of Nycteus, was seduced by Jupiter in the form of a satyr. To

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avoid the anger of her father, she fled to Sicyon, a city in Peloponnesus: where she was protected by Epops. Nycteus at his death requested his brother Lycus to lay siege to Sicyon, but to show no compassion to Antiope. He, willing to comply with the request of Nycteus, besieged the city, killed Epops, and took Antiope prisoner.

Ver. 1283. Danaë was the daughter of Acrisius. Having been informed by the oracle, that his grandson should bereave him of his life and crown, he shut her up in a tower of brass. But Jupiter, according to the fable, made his way through the roof in a shower of gold. The meaning of which fable is; Pretus, who was surnamed Jupiter, bribed the keepers, and having thus gained access to the prisoner, made her the mother of Perseus. Acrisius being apprized of this illicit commerce, and the fruits of it, ordered the mother and her son to be locked up in a chest, and thrown into the sea.

Ver. 1338. Jupiter being in love with Semele, Juno concerted the following scheme for the destruction of her rival. She appeared to Semele in the shape of Beroë, a nurse, and insinuated to her, that if her lover were really Jupiter, he would not disguise himself like a mortal: and that the certainty of his divinity could no otherwise be ascertained, than by his appearing before her with the same majesty, which he assumed when he visited Juno. Semele followed her advice; and Jupiter having sworn by Styx to grant her whatever she might ask, approached her in the full blaze of his glory, and Semele was consumed by his lightning. Jupiter being desirous to preserve the infant Bacchus, of whom Semele had been for some time pregnant, commissioned Mercury to deliver him from the flames, by taking him out of her womb, and conveying him to Eubœa. Here he was committed to the care of Macris. But Juno's resentment being not yet lulled, she forbade her favorite island Eubœa to give protection to the nurse of Bacchus; who now fled for refuge to Phœacia.

Ver. 1505. "The principal image, (says Pope, ll. xiv. in a note on v. 457.) is more strongly impressed on the mind by a multitude of similes, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to express something very fast: but finding no single idea sufficient to answer its conception, it endeavours, by redoubling the comparisons, to supply this defect." Since then the heaping together of similes, when occasion requires, is considered as a proof of true poetical enthusiasm, it must be allowed that our poet, in this instance, as well as in many others, has shown himself capable of rising above that uniform mediocrity, which has, perhaps too hastily, been ascribed to him. For we have here an accumulation of comparisons the most elegant and apposite. The despondent heroes are likened to spectres and statues distilling drops of blood. Medea's fair attendants, lamenting their misfortunes, are compared to swallows bereaved of their nests, and screaming for their mother; and, immediately after, to the plaintive notes of dying swans.

X

This simile of the swallow is copied by Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 473.

Ver. 1649. In Africa, where, according to Virgil, Atlas reigns :

Ultimus Æthiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas—

Ver. 1651. They were the daughters of Hesperus, the brother of Atlas, and shepherdesses. Hercules carried off their sheep (which, for their exquisite beauty, were called golden), and slew the shepherd, whose name was Draco. The Greek word *μῆλα* which signifies apples as well as sheep, is supposed to have given rise to the fiction.

Some are of opinion, that the fable of the serpent who guarded the golden apples, and was said to have been slain by Hercules, derives its origin from the Mosaic account of the fall.

Ver. 1749. Translated by Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 453.

—qualem primo qui surgere mense
Aut videt aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam.

Ver. 1791. It has been already remarked, that Danaë was enclosed in a chest by the command of her father Acrisius, and thrown into the sea. This chest was cast upon the island Seripus, one of the Cyclades in the *Ægean* sea. It was found by a fisherman, who brought it to Polydectes, king of the island. He received the mother and child with great tenderness : but falling in love with Danaë, and fearing the resentment of Perseus, now grown to manhood, he planned the following scheme for his destruction. Having invited the neighbouring prince, to an entertainment, he desired each of them to bring with him some rarities for the feast. Perseus was required to bring on this occasion the head of Medusa, one of the Gorgons : an enterprise which the king imagined would prove fatal to him ; but by the assistance of Minerva, he cut off the Gorgon's head ; which, when he carried it to the island, turned its inhabitants into stone, and among the rest, their king, Polydectes, who had sent him out on the expedition.

See Pindar's *Pyth.* Od. xii.

Ver. 1817. Virgil takes occasion to mention the same custom in the following words :

Ter circum accensos cincti fulgentibus armis
Decurrere rogos : ter maestum funeris ignem
Lustrare in equis, ululatuque ore dederunt.

Æn. xi.

Ver. 1870. It would contribute towards clearing this obscure passage, if, instead of *ἰδὼς*, we read *ὄντων*. This conjecture may the more readily be admitted, as we meet with the same expression, *ἀγκῶνες ὄντες πρὸς χορτὸς*, at v. 1626.

Ver. 1943. The following is Broome's note, prefixed to his translation of the story of Talus.

The following verses from Apollonius will appear very extravagant, unless we have recourse to their allegorical meaning. Plato in his *Minos* writes thus :

Talus and Rhadamanthus were the assistants of Minos in the execution of his laws. It was the office of Talus to visit all parts of Crete thrice every year, to enforce them with the utmost severity. The poet alludes to this custom in these words :

Fierce guard of Crete ! who thrice each year explores

The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores.

Talus is fabled to be formed of brass, because the laws, which he carried with him in his circuit, were engraven upon brazen tables. It is not improbable but the fable of the bursting the vein above the ankle of Talus, by which he died, arose from the manner of punishment practised by him ; which was, by the opening of a vein above the ankles of criminals, by which they bled to death.

Ver. 2093. See on this subject Pindar's *Pyth.* Od. iv. towards the beginning.

Ver. 2096. The Sintians were originally Thracians ; but settled afterwards at Lemnos.

Ver. 2118. It was customary with the Greeks, not only to sing hymns, but to recite heroic poems in honour of the gods and heroes at their festive meetings.

THE WORKS
OF
COLUTHUS LYCOPOLITES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

MR. C——.

THE WORKS
OF
COLLEGE PRESIDENT
COLLEGE OF
BOSTON

1850

C-----'S COLUTHUS LYCOPOLITES.

THE RAPE OF HELEN, &c.

YE nymphs of Troy, for beauty fam'd, who
trace

From Xanthus' fertile streams your ancient race,
Oft on whose sandy banks your tires are laid,
And many a trinket which your hands have made,
What time to Ida's hallow'd mount ye throng,
To join the festive choir in dance and song;
No longer on your favourite banks repose,
But come, the judgment of the swain disclose.
Say from what hills, to trackless deeps unknown,
Rush'd with impetuous zeal the daring clown; to
Say to what end, with future ills replete,
O'er distant oceans sail'd a mighty fleet;
What seas could this adventurous youth embroil,
Sow discord's seeds, o'er what disastrous soil?
Say from what source arose the dire debate,
Which swains could end and goddesses create.
What his decision? Of the Grecian dame
Who to the shepherd's ear convey'd the name?
Speak, for ye saw, on Ida's still retreat,
Judicial Paris fill his shepherd's seat; 20
Venus ye saw, the graces' darling queen,
As on her judge approv'd the smil'd serene.

What time Hæmonia's lofty mountains rung
With hymeneal songs for Peleus sung,
Officious Ganymede, at Jove's request,
Supplied with sparkling wine each welcome guest;
And all the gods to Thetis' nuptials came,
Sister of Amphitrite, honour'd dame.
Earth-shaking Neptune left his azure main,
And Jove supreme forsook his starry plain: 30
From Helicon, with odorous shrubs o'erspread,
The muses' tuneful choir Apollo led.
Him Juno follow'd, wife of sovereign Jove:
With harmony the smiling queen of love
Hasten'd to join the gods' of Chiron's festive
grove.

Cupid's full quiver o'er her shoulder thrown,
Persuasion follow'd with a bridal crown.
Minerva, though to nuptial rites a foe,
Came; but no helmet nodded o'er her brow.
Diana to the Centaur's grove resorts, 40
And for one day forgets her rural sports.
His loose locks shaking as the zephyrs play'd,
Not long behind convivial Bacchus stay'd.
War's god, as when to Vulcan's dome he sped,
No spear his hand sustain'd, no casque his head,

Such now, without his helmet or his lance,
Smiling he look'd, and led the bridal dance.
But from these blissful scenes was discord warn'd;
Peleus rejected her, and Chiron scorn'd.

And by the gadfly stung, the heifer strays 50
Far from its fields, through every devious maze;
Thus, stung with envy, discord roam'd, nor ceas'd
Her baneful arts to interrupt the feast.
Oft from her flinty bed the rush'd amain,
Then stood, then sunk into her seat again:
With desperate hand she tore her snaky head,
And with a serpent-scourge she lash'd her flinty
bed.

To dart the fork lightning, and command
From hell's abyss the Titans' impious band,
Jove from his throne with rebel-arm to wrest, 60
Were projects form'd within the fury's breast.
But, though incens'd she dreaded Vulcan's ire,
Who forms Jove's bolt, and checks the raging
fire,

Her purpose changing, she with rattling arms
Disfention meditates and dire alarms;
If haply clattering shields can strike dismay,
And from the nuptials drive the gods away.
But Mars she dreaded, oft in arms array'd,
And this new project with complacence weigh'd.
The burnish'd apples, rich with golden rind, 70
Growth of Hesperian gardens struck her mind.
Resolv'd contention's baneful seeds to sow,
She tore the blushing apple from its bough,
Grasp'd the dire source whence future battles
sprung,

And midst the gods the golden mischief stung.
The stately wife of Jove with wondering eyes
Beheld and wish'd to grasp the golden prize.
Beauty's fair queen to catch the apple strove;
For 'tis the prize of beauty and of love.
Jove mark'd the contest, and, to crush debate, 80
Thus counsel'd Hermes, who beside him sat:

' Paris, petulance, from Priam sprung, you
' know:
' His herds he grazes on mount Ida's brow,
' And oft conducts them to the dewy meads,
' Through which his streams the Phrygian Xan-
' thus leads:
' Show him yon prize, and urge him to declare
' Which of these goddesses he deems most fair:

' In whom, of all his matchless skill can trace
' The close arch'd eyebrow and the roundest face,
' On such a face, where bends the circling bow,
' The golden apple, beauty's prize, bestow.' 91
Thus spoke the fire: the willing son obey'd,
And to their judge the deities convey'd.
Each anxious fair her charms to heighten tries,
And dart new lustre from her sparkling eyes.
Her veil aside insidious Venus flung;
Loose from the clasp her fragrant ringlets hung;
She then in golden cauls each curl compels'd,
Summon'd her little loves, and thus address'd:

' Behold, my sons, the hour of trial near! 100
' Embrace, my loves, and bid me banish fear.
' This days decision will enhance my fame,
' Crown beauty's queen, or sink in endless shame.
' Doubling I stand, to whom the swain may say,
' Bear thou, most fair, the golden prize away.
' Nurs'd was each grace by Juno's fostering hand;
' And crowns and sceptres shift at her command.

' Minerva dictates in th' embattled field;
' And heroes tremble when she shakes her shield.
' Of all the goddesses that rule above, 110
' Far most defenceless is the queen of love.
' Without or spear or shield must Venus live;
' And crowns and sceptres she has none to give.
' Yet why despair? Though with no faulchion

' I'll grace'd,
' Love's silken chain surrounds my slender waist.
' My bow this cestus, this the dart I sling,
' And with this cestus I infix my sting.
' My sting infix'd renews the lover's pain,
' And virgins languish but revive again.
' Thus to her loves the rosy-finger'd queen 120
' Told all her fears, and vented all her spleen:
' To every word they lent a willing ear,
' Round their fond mother clung, and strove to cheer.

And now they reach mount Ida's grassy steep,
Where youthful Paris feeds his father's sheep:
What time he tends them in the plains below,
Through which the waters of Anaurus flow,
Apart he counts his cattle's numerous flock,
Apart he numbers all his fleecy flock.
A wild goat's skin, around his shoulders cast, 130
Loose fell and flow'd below his girded waist.
A pastoral staff, which swains delight to hold,
His roving herds protected and controull'd.
Accoutred thus, and warbling o'er his song,
He to his pipe melodious pac'd along.
Unnoted oft, while he renews his lay,
His flocks desert him, and his oxen stray.
Swift to his bower retires the tuneful man,
To pipe the praise of Hermes and of Pan.
Sunk is each animal in dead repose;
No dog around him barks, no heifer lows:
Echo alone rebounds through Ida's hills,
And all the air with sounds imperfect fills.
The cattle, sunk upon their verdant bed,
Close by their piping lord repose their head.
Beneath the shades which sheltering thickets blend,
When Paris' eye approaching Hermes ken'd,
Back he retires, with sudden fear impress'd,
And fluns the presence of the heavenly guest;

To the thick shrubs his tuneful reed conveys, 136
And all unfinish'd leaves his warbled lays.

Thus winged Hermes to the shepherd said,
Who mark'd the gods approach with silent dread:

' Dismiss thy fears, nor with thy flocks aside;
' A mighty contest Paris must decide.
' Haste, judge announc'd; for whose decision wait
' Three lovely females, of celestial state.

' Haste, and the triumph of that face declare,
' Which sweetest looks, and fairest midst the fair:
' Let her, whose form thy critic eye prefers, 160
' Claim beauty's prize, and be this apple hers.

Thus Hermes spoke; the ready swain obey'd,
And to decide the mighty cause essay'd.
With keenest look he mark'd the heavenly dames;
Their eyes, quick flashing as the lightning's flames,
Their snowy necks, their garments fring'd with gold,

And rich embroidery wrought in every fold,
Their gait he mark'd, as gracefully they mov'd,
And round their feet his eye sagacious rov'd.

But, ere the smiling swain his thoughts expels'd,
Grasping his hand him Pallas thus address'd; 171

' Regard not Phrygian youth, the wife of Jove,

' Nor Venus heed the queen of wedded love:

' But martial prowess if thy wisdom prize,

' Know, I possess it; praise me to the skies.

' Thee, fame reports, puissant states obey,

' And Troy's proud city owns thy sovereign sway;

' Her suffering sons thy conquering arm shall shield.

' And stern Bellona shall to Paris yield.

' Comply; her succour will Minerva lend, 180

' Teach thee war's science, and in fight defend.'

Thus Pallas strove to influence the swain,

Whose favour Juno thus attempts to gain:

' Should'st thou with beauty's prize my charms reward,

' All Asia's realms shall own thee for their lord.

' Say, what from battles but contention springs?

' Such contests shun; for what are wars to kings?

' But him, whose hands the rod of empire sway,

' Cowards reverse, and conquerors obey.

' Minerva's friends are oft Bellona's slaves, 190

' And the fiend slaughters whom the goddess saves.'

Proffers of boundless sway thus Juno made;

And Venus thus, contemptuous smiling, said:

But first her floating veil aloft she threw,

And all her graces to the shepherd shew;

Loosen'd her little loves' attractive chain,

And tried each art to captivate the swain.

' Accept my boon' (thus spoke the smiling dame),

' Battles forget, and dread Bellona's name.

' Beauty's rich meed at Venus' hand receive,

' And Asia's wide domain to tyrants leave. 201

' The dearthful fight, the din of arms I fear;

' Can Venus' hand direct the martial spear?

' Women with beauty stoutest hearts assail,

' Beauty, their best defence, their strongest mail.

' Prefer domestic ease to martial strife,

' And to exploits of war a pleasing wife,

' To realms extensive Helen's bed prefer,

' And scoff at kingdoms, when oppos'd to her;

Thy prize with envy Sparta shall survey, 210
And Troy to Paris tune the bridal lay.

The shepherd, who astonish'd flood and mute,
Consign'd to Venus the Hesperian fruit,
The claim of beauty, and the source of woes;
For dire debates from this decision rose.
Uplifting in her hand the glowing prize,
She rallied thus the vanquish'd deities:

'To me, ye martial dames, the prize resign;
'Beauty I court; and beauty's prize is mine.
'Mother of mighty Mars and Vulcan too, 220
'Fame says, the choir of graces sprung from
'you:

'Yet distant far, this day, your daughters stray'd,
'And no one grace appear'd to lend you aid.
'Mars too declin'd t' assert his mother's right,
'Though oft his brandish'd sword decides the
'fight.

'His boasted flames why could not Vulcan cast,
'And at one blaze his mother's rivals blast?
'Vain are thy triumphs, Pallas, vain thy scorn;
'Thou, not in wedlock, nor of woman born.
'Jove's teeming head the monstrous birth con-
'tains, 230

'And the barb'd iron ripp'd thee from his brains.
'Brac'd with th' unyielding plaits of ruthless
'mail,

'She curses Cupid and the silken veil.
'Connubial bliss and concord she abhors,
'In discord glories, and delights in wars.
'Yet know, virago, not in seats of arms
'Triumph weak women, but in beauty's charms.
'Nor men nor women are those mungrels base,
'Like you, equivocal in form and face.' 239

In terms like these the laughter-loving queen
Rallied her rivals, and increas'd their spleen,
As, lifting high, the view'd with secret joy
Her beauty's triumphs, and the bane of Troy.
Inspir'd with love for her, the fair unknown,
By beauty's conquering queen pronounc'd his
own,

Ill-fated Paris to the forest's maze
Men vers'd in Pallas' various arts conveys.
At Pericles' command they give the blow,
And lay the glories of the forest low.
He, artist fam'd, his frantic prince obey'd, 250
And burden'd ocean with the ships he made.
From Ida's summits rush'd the daring swain,
And to its bowery shades prefer'd the boisterous
main.

Th' extended beach with choice oblations stor'd,
And his protectress Venus oft implor'd,
The billowy deep his furrowing keel divides,
And in the Hellespont his vessel rides.
But prodigies announce approaching ill,
And with presages sad each bosom fill, 259
Up-heaving waves heaven's starry concave shroud,
And round each Bear is cast a circling cloud.
Clouds and big waves discharge their watery
flores;

Full on the deck the bursting torrent pours.
Their sturdy oars with unabating sweep
Far whitening agitate the angry deep.
Dardanus pass'd, and Ilion's fertile plains,
The mouth of Iliarus' lake th' adventurer gains.

Now, far remote, they view Pangræa's height:
Now Phillis' rising tomb attracts their sight,
And the dull round the nine times trod in vain,
To view the faithless wanderer again. 271

Hæmonia's meads remote, the Trojan spies
Th' Achaian cities unexpected rise:
Phthia, with heroes far renown'd replete;
Mycenæ, fam'd for many a spacious street.
Beside the meads, where Erymanthus glides,
Sparta aspires, that boasts her beauteous brides;
Sparta with joy th' expecting swain survey'd,
Lav'd by Eurotas, by Atrides sway'd.
Nor distant far, o'erhaded by a wood, 280
Beneath a mountain's brow Therapnæ stood.
Short was their voyage now: the bending oar
Was heard to lash the foamy surge no more.
The sailors, safe embosom'd in the bay,
Firm to the beach confine the corded stay.
In purifying waters plung'd the swain,
And, rising thence, pac'd slowly o'er the plain;
For much he fear'd, lest his incautious tread
O'er his wash'd feet the spatter'd mire should
spread:

Or lest his hair, beneath his casque confin'd, 290
Should, if he ran, be ruffled with the wind.
The city's splendour Paris' eye detains,
The citizen's abodes, and glistening fanes.
Here Pallas' form, in mimic gold pourtray'd,
Here Hyacinthus' image he survey'd.
Him with delight the Amiclæans view'd,
Pursuing Phœbus, and by him pursu'd;
But, sore displeas'd at jealous Zephyr's spite,
They urg'd the stripling to unequal fight;
For Phœbus' efforts ineffectual prov'd, 300
To save from Zephyr's rage the youth he lov'd.
Earth with compassion heard Apollo's cries,
And from her bosom bade a flower arise,
His favourite's name, impress'd upon whose
leaf,

Still, as the god contemplates, sooths his grief.
Now Priam's son before Atrides' dome
Exulting stood in beauty's purple bloom.
Not Semele, by Jove's caresses won,
On Jove bestow'd so beautiful a son:

(Forgive me, Bacchus, seed of Jove supreme)
Such peerless graces round his person beam. 311
Touch'd by fair Helen's hand, the bolts recede;
She to the spacious hall repair'd with speed:
Her form distinct th' unfolded portals show;
She look'd, she ponder'd, and again withdrew.
Then on a radiant seat she bade him rest,
And, still insatiate, gaz'd upon her guest.
Awhile she likens him in graceful mien
To love, attendant on the Cyprian queen.
But 'tis not love, she recollects again; 320
Nor bow nor quiver deck this gallant swain.
'Tis Bacchus sure, the god of wine, she said;
For o'er his cheeks a rosy bloom is spread.
Daring at length her faltering voice to raise,
She thus express'd her wonder and her praise:

'Whence art thou, stranger? whence thy
'comely race?

'Thy country tell me, and thy natal place.
'In thee I mark the majesty of kings:
But not from Greece thy lofty lineage springs;

' Not sandy Pyle thine origin can show; 330
 ' I know not thee, though Nestor's son I know.
 ' Phthia, the nurse of heroes, train'd not thee;
 ' For known are all th' Æacidæ to me,
 ' Peleus, and Telamon renown'd in fight,
 ' Patroclus' courtesy, Achilles' might.

Inspir'd by love, thus spoke the gentle dame;
 And he thus answering, fann'd the rising flame:

' If e'er recording fame, illustrious maid, 338
 ' Hath to thine ear great Iliion's name convey'd,
 ' Iliion, whose walls on Phrygian frontiers stand,
 ' Rear'd by Apollo's, and by Neptune's hand;
 ' Him if thou know'st, most opulent of kings,
 ' Who reigns o'er Iliion, and from Saturn springs;

' I to hereditary worth aspire;
 ' The wealthy Priam is my honour'd sire.
 ' My high descent from Dardanus I prove;
 ' And ancient Dardanus descends from Jove.
 ' Th' immortals thus forsake the realms of light,
 ' And mix with mortals in the social rite.

' Neptune and Phœbus thus forsook the sphere,
 ' Firm on its base my native Troy to rear. 351

' But know, on three fair goddesses, of late,
 ' Sentence I pass'd, and clos'd the long debate.
 ' On Venus, who with charms superior shone,
 ' I lavish'd praises, and conferr'd my boon.

' The Cyprian goddess, pleas'd with my decree,
 ' Reserv'd this recompence, O queen, for me;
 ' Some faithful fair, possess'd of heavenly charms,
 ' Should, the protest'd, bless my longing arms;
 ' Helen her name, to beauty's queen ally'd; 360
 ' Helen, for thee I stemm'd the troubled tide.

' Unite we now in Hymen's mystic bands:
 ' Thus love inspires, and Venus thus commands.
 ' Scorn not my suit, nor beauty's queen despise:
 ' More need I add to influence the wife?

' For well thou know'st, how dastardly or base
 ' Is Menelaus's degenerate race.
 ' And well I know, that Græcia's ample coast
 ' No fair like thee, for beauty fam'd, can boast."

He said: on earth her sparkling eyes she cast,
 Embarrass'd paus'd awhile, and spoke at last! 371

' To visit Iliion, and her towers survey,
 ' Rear'd by the god of ocean and of day,
 ' (Stupendous labours by celestials wrought)

' Hath oft, illustrious guest, employ'd my thought,
 ' Oft have I wish'd to saunter o'er the vales,
 ' Whose flowery pasture Phœbus' flocks regales;
 ' Where, beneath Iliion's walls, along the meads,
 ' The shepherd-god his lowing oxen feeds.

' To Iliion I'll attend thee: haste, away; 380
 ' For beauty's queen forbids our long delay.

' No husband's threats, no husband's search I
 ' dread,

' Though he to Troy suspect his Helen fled.
 The Spartan dame, of matchless charms pos-
 sess'd,

Proffer'd these terms to her consenting guest.
 Night, which relieves our toils, when the bright
 sun,

In ocean sunk, his daily course has run,
 Now gives her softest slumbers, ere the ray
 Of rising morn proclaims th' approach of day.
 Two gates of airy dreams she opens wide; 390
 Of polish'd horn is this, where truths abide:

Voices divine through this mysterious gate
 Proclaim th' unalterable will of fate.
 But through the ivory-gate incessant troop
 Of vain, delusive dreams, a faithless group.
 Helen, seduc'd from Menelaus' bed,
 Th' adventurous shepherd to his navy led:
 To Troy with speed he bears the fatal freight;
 For Venus' proffers confidence create.

At morning's dawn Hermione appears, 400
 With tresses discompos'd and bath'd in tears;
 She rous'd her menial train, and thus express'd
 The boding sorrows of her troubled breast:

' Where, fair attendants, is my mother fled,
 ' Who left me sleeping in her lonely bed?
 ' For yesternight she took her trusty key,
 ' Turn'd the strong bolt, and slept secure with me.
 Her hapless fate the pensive train deplore,
 And in thick circles gather round the door;

Here all contend to moderate her grief, 410
 And by their kind condolence give relief:

' Unhappy princess, check the rising tear;
 ' Thy mother, absent now, will soon appear.
 ' Soon as thy sorrow's bitter source she knows,
 ' Her speedy presence will dispel thy woes.
 ' The virgin-check, with sorrow's weight o'er-

' come,
 ' Sinks languid down, and loses half its bloom.
 ' Deep in the head the tearful eye retires,
 ' There sullen sits, nor darts its wonted fires. 419

' Eager, perchance, the band of nymphs to meet,
 ' She saunters devious from her favourite seat,
 ' And, of some flowery mead at length possess'd,
 ' Sinks on the dew-bespangled lawn to rest.
 ' Or to some kindred stream perchance she strays,
 ' Bathes in Eurotas' streams, and round its mar-

' gin plays.
 ' Why talk ye thus?' (the pensive maid replies,
 The tears of anguish trickling from her eyes)
 ' She knows each roseate bower, each vale and
 ' hill,

' She knows the course of every winding rill.
 ' The stars are set; on rugged rocks she lies: 430
 ' The stars are up; nor does my mother rise.

' What hills, what dales thy devious steps detain?
 ' Hath some relentless beast my mother slain?
 ' But beasts, which lawless round the forest rove,
 ' Revere the sacred progeny of Jove. [brow,
 ' Or art thou fall'n from some steep mountain's
 ' Thy corse conceal'd in dreary dells below?

' But through the groves, with thickest foliage
 ' crown'd, [ground,

' Beneath each shrivell'd leaf that strews the
 ' Assiduous have I sought thy corse in vain: 440
 ' Why should we then the guiltless grove arraign?
 ' But have Eurotas' streams, which rapid flow,
 ' O'erwhelm'd thee bathing in its deeps below?
 ' Yet in the deeps below the Naiads live,
 ' And they to womankind protection give.

Thus spoke she sorrowing, and reclin'd her
 head,

And sleeping seem'd to mingle with the dead;
 For sleep his elder brother's aspect wears,
 Lies mute like him, and undisturb'd by cares.
 Hence the swollen eyes of females, deep distress'd,
 Oft, when the tear is trickling, sink to rest. 451

In this delusive dream the sleeping maid
 Her mother saw, or thought she saw, portray'd.
 Aloud she shriek'd, distracted and amaz'd,
 And utter'd thus her anguish as she gaz'd:
 ' Last night far distant from your daughter fled.
 ' You left me slumbering in my father's bed.
 ' What dangerous sleeps have not I strove to
 ' gain?
 ' And stroll'd o'er hills and dales for thee in vain?'
 " Condemn me not (replied the wandering
 " dame):
 " Pity my sufferings, nor augment my shame.
 " Me yesterday, a lawless guest beguill'd,
 " And distant tore me from my darling child.
 " At Cytherea's high command I rove;
 " And once more revel in the walks of love."
 She said: her voice the sleeping maid alarms;
 She springs to clasp her mother in her arms.

In vain: no mother meets her wishful eyes;
 And now her tears redouble and her cries:
 ' Ye feathery race, inhabitants of light, 470
 ' To Crete's fam'd isle direct your rapid flight.
 ' There to my fire th' unwelcome truth proclaim,
 ' How yesterday a desperate vagrant came,
 ' Tore all he dotes on from his bridal bed,
 ' And with his beauteous queen abruptly fled.
 The restless fair, her mother to regain,
 Thus to the winds bewail'd and wept in vain.
 The Thracian town diminish'd from their view,
 And fleet o'er Helle's strait the vessel flew.
 The bridegroom now his natal coast descry'd, 480
 And to the Trojan port conducts his bride.
 Cassandra from her tower beheld them sail,
 And tore her locks, and rent her golden veil.
 But hospitable Troy unbars her gate,
 Receives her citizen and seals her fate.

NOTES ON THE RAPE OF HELEN.

COLUTHUS LYCOPOLITES, a Theban poet, flourished in the reign of the emperor Anastasius, about five hundred years after Christ. He is said to have been the author of several poems; none of which have come down to us except this, which in many passages is corrupt and mutilated. There is an excellent edition of this poem by Lennep. There is also an old translation of it by Sir Edward Sherburne; to whom I acknowledge myself indebted for some of his useful annotations.

Did the insertion of this little poem stand in need of an apology, it might be made by observing, that the subjects of the two poems are not wholly dissimilar. In the one is celebrated the rape of Medea, in the other the rape of Helen; two events of equal celebrity in ancient story.

On the title of this poem Sir Edward Sherburne makes the following not unpleasant remark: "The word *rape* must not be taken in the common acceptation of the expression. For Paris was more courtly than to offer, and Helen more kind-hearted than to suffer such a violence. It must be taken rather for a transporting of her with her consent from her own country to Troy: which Virgil seems to insinuate in the first book of his *Æneid*, where, speaking of Helen, he says,

"Pergama cum peteret."

The word *peteret* implies that the quitting of her country, and going along with Paris, was an act she desired, as well as consented to; and thus much the ensuing poem makes good.

Ver. 2. The most celebrated river in Troas: it derived its source from mount Ida.

Ver. 10. The ancients esteemed the art of husbandry to be of all others the most honourable. The hands of princes sustained at the same time the crook and the sceptre. Paris the son of Priam,

king of Troy, is represented in this poem under the character of a shepherd. In our times the care of flocks and herds is committed to the lowest orders of the people. Shepherd and clown are terms with us nearly synonymous. But we must endeavour to separate from them the ideas of churlishness and ill-breeding, when applied, as the ancients applied them, to heroes and kings.

Ver. 24. It was a fiction of the poets, that Peleus, the son of Æacus, and pupil of Chiron, married Thetis the daughter of Nereus; and that all the gods attended at their nuptials on mount Pelion, except Eris or Discord, in whose presence agreement and harmony could not long subsist. See on this subject, *Catullus de Nupt. Pel. & Thet.* and *Valerius Flaccus*, l. i. v. 129.

Ver. 42. The correspondent lines in the original ought to be placed after v. 33. as Lennep rightly observes: to that place (immediately after the poet's mention of Diana) the translator has restored them.

Ver. 56. The conjectural reading of Vossius is here preferred; as it seems to contain more sense and more poetry than any other. He reads,

Χιὼν δὲ λαίῃ
 "Ὅν δὲ τὴν κόλπον ἔμυξεν καὶ ἢ ἐφύλασσε πύργον.

Ver. 79. Apples were esteemed the symbol of love, and dedicated to Venus. They were also considered as allurements of love, and were distributed among lovers. Hence the expressions *μηλοκόλιν* and *malis petere*, in Theocritus and Virgil.

Ver. 89. The ancients looked upon such eyebrows, which our poet calls *βλεφάρων συνεχὴν* as essential to form a beautiful face. See Anacreon's description of his mistress, and *Theocr. Id. viii. 72*.

Ver. 99. They were supposed to be very numerous.

—volucrumque exercitus omnis amorum.

Val. Flacc. vi. 457.

Ver. 116. The cestus of Venus, of which Homer makes particular mention, II. xiv. 216. derives its name ἀστὴ τῷ χειρὶ. To which stimulating quality our poet alludes in the following line.

And, with this cestus I infix my sting.

Ver. 205.

καλλος,
ἄντ' ἀσπίδων ἀσπίδων
ἔστ' ἐγχείων ἀσπίδων.

Anacr. Ode xi.

Ver. 267, 268. *Ismarus, Pangraa.*] Mountains in Thrace. The former is also the name of a lake.

Ver. 269. Demophoon, son of Theseus, on his return from Troy, passed through Thrace, where he was hospitably received by Phillis, its queen, who fell in love with and married him. He having expressed his desire to visit Athens, his native country, Phillis consented to his departure, upon condition that he would return on a certain day which he should appoint. Demophoon promised to be with her on the appointed day. When the day came, Phillis, tortured with the pangs of an impatient lover, ran nine times to the shore, which from this circumstance was called in Greek *Enneados*; but unable any longer to support his absence, she, in a fit of despair, hanged herself. See Ovid's *Epist.* ii. *Phillis to Demoph.*

Ver. 274. A province and city of Thessaly; the birth-place of Achilles. But, for a more particular account of Coluthus's geography, the reader may consult Lennep's note on ver. 215, where he shows (to make use of his own words), "quam fuerit in geographicis hopes Coluthus."

Ver. 296. Hyacinthus was a young prince of the city Amyclæ in Laconia. He had made so extraordinary a progress in literature, that he was considered as a favourite of Apollo. As he was playing with his fellows, he was unfortunately struck on the head by a quoit, and died of the blow. The poets have enlarged on this simple story in the following manner:

The wind which blew the quoit aside, and gave it the fatal direction, they have called Zephyrus; whom they have represented as the rival of Apollo. Zephyrus having received for his kindnesses to Hyacinthus, the most ungrateful returns, was resolved to punish him for his insolence; and having challenged him one day to a game of quoits, he struck the unfortunate youth a blow on the temples.

The inhabitants of Amyclæ, says the poet,

δὴνδ' ἀήτου
Σαυζόμενος, καὶ τοῦτον ἀνέχμενον.

were displeased with the contest proposed by Zephyrus, and withdrew Hyacinthus from the fight; or, perhaps (still better to connect this with the

following sentence), they brought him out, and spirited him on to the fight, presuming that his favourite god would enable him to come off victorious—ἀνταγ' Ἀπὸλλων, &c.

This is Lennep's conjectural reading; which, whether the true one or not, must be allowed to affix a tolerable meaning to a passage that was before very unintelligible.

Ver. 302. From the blood that was spilt on the ground, Apollo produced a flower, called after the name of his favourite youth. See Ovid. *Metam.* l. x.

Ver. 331. Antilochus, mentioned frequently in Hom. II.

Ver. 333. The descendants of Æacus. He was the son of Jupiter and Ægina: his offspring were Phocus, Peleus, Teucer, and Telamon.

Ver. 390. The fiction to which our author in this place, and Virgil, in *Æneid* vi. allude, is borrowed from B. xix. of Hom. *Odyss.* It is imagined, that this story of the gates of sleep may have had a real foundation, and have been built upon the customs of the Egyptians. See the note on ver. 656. book xix. of Pope's *Odyss.* Our poet has represented these fanciful gates as opened by Night; and with great propriety.

"The ancients," says Sir Edward Sherburne, "painted Sleep like a man heavy with slumber; his under-garment white, his upper black; thereby expressing day and night; holding in his hand a horn; sometimes really such, sometimes of ivory, in the likeness of one; through which, they feigned, that he conveyed dreams; true, when the same was of horn, false when of ivory." Some have assigned, as a reason why true dreams pass through the gate of horn, and false ones through the gate of ivory—that horn is a fit emblem of truth, as being transparent, and ivory of falsehood, as being impenetrable.

Ver. 448. Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 278. calls sleep *con-sanguineus letbi*.

Ver. 450. Hence, i. e. by reason of the likeness there is betwixt these two affections.

Ver. 464. The line in the original is obscure, and usually misplaced. It is given to Hermione, but without the least reason. It is here restored to its proper place; and is an observation which comes naturally enough from the mouth of Helen. See Lennep's note on the passage.

Ver. 482. Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, and priestess of Apollo. Apollo gave her the gift of prophecy; but on her refusing to comply with the conditions on which it was given her, he rendered it ineffectual, by ordaining that her predictions should never be believed. Hence it was, that, when Paris set sail for Greece in pursuit of Helen, her prophecy, that he should bring home a flame, which should consume his country, was not regarded. Her appearance, therefore, on the present occasion is quite in character; and our poet has shown his judgment by the representation he has given of her.

THE WORKS
OF
T. LUCRETIUS CARUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

THOMAS CREECH, M. A.

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CREECH'S *LUCRETII*US.

PREFACE.

THE poems of the ancients, translated into modern languages, are justly compared to flowers, of the growth of warmer regions, transplanted thence into our colder climates: They often die in the raising; but, if with difficulty they are brought to bear, the flowers they produce, wanting the indulgent warmth of their native sun, degenerate from their ancient stock; they impair in liveliness of colour, and lose their fragrant smell, or retain at best but a faint odour. Verse, in like manner, when transplanted from the language of one country into that of another, participates of all the defects of the air and soil; and when ancient wit comes to be taught and confined in modern numbers, the noble spirit, for want of the warmth with which the original was written, evaporates in transmuting, and often becomes little better than a dead and senseless image. Hence we see, that though composing be indeed the nobler part of poetry, yet to translate well is scarce a less difficult task. The materials, I grant, are found to the translator's hands; but then his fancy is bound up and confined; for he must build according to his model; and though his invention toil the less, his judgment must labour the more; otherwise he will never copy his original, nor do justice to his author.

I will not presume to give my opinion, either in praise or dispraise, of the following translation in general; the many testimonies, given in behalf of it, by the translator's learned and ingenious friends, in their commendatory verses, which, as they were to all the former editions of this work, are likewise prefixed to this, render all that can be said in praise of it superfluous, and in blame of it ineffectual; for who will dare to censure a work, that has deservedly found so favourable a reception, and gained such a general approbation and applause? What Mr. Waller writes to Mr. Evelyn on his translation of the first book of Lucretius only, may with greater justice be applied to our translator:

For here Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his music, and his mind:
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.

Waller

Now all translated books, whatever subjects they treat of, are, or ought to be, intended for the be-

nefit and instruction of such as understand not the languages in which the originals are written, and if they fail of that end, they are always, and at best, but useless amusements: But if they assert principles, and advance maxims and propositions, that are repugnant to the doctrine of the Christian faith, or to the precepts of morality and good manners, they may prove of ill consequence to some, particularly to the unwary or less intelligent readers. It were better that books of that nature (and most of the writings of the ancient Heathens are such, in a less or greater degree) were never translated at all, than that, by being rendered into modern languages, they should fall into the hands of all sorts of readers; many of whom, not being capable to judge of the strength or weakness of the arguments they find in them, are often seduced into errors. Such books are a sort of edged tools, that either ought to be kept from the weak, and the illiterate; or, when they are put into their hands, they ought to be instructed how to use them without danger. This being granted in general, is sufficient to justify my undertaking, and to prove the usefulness of it, in writing the following notes and animadversions on this English Lucretius.

I foresee, nevertheless, that some will blame, and perhaps censure me severely, for having bestowed so much time and labour on an impious poet: For this, will they say, is that very Lucretius, who believes, and endeavours all he can to prove, the human soul to be corporeal and mortal; and who, by so doing, denies a future state, either of happiness or misery, and takes away all hopes of our salvation in a blessed and eternal futurity: This is he, who flatly denies the Providence of God, which is the chief basis and support of the Christian religion: And, lastly, this is he who teaches, and asserts to be true, that Atheistical hypothesis of Democritus and Epicurus, concerning the indivisible principles, and the nature of all things. This, I confess, seems at first sight to be a grievous accusation; but yet, if duly considered, it will appear to be of little moment: For not to mention that, for the same reason that we ought not, as some pretend, to read Lucretius, we ought likewise to abstain from reading all, at least most of the authors of antiquity, since in their writings are contained many impious, profane,

false, ridiculous, and fabulous assertions; inasmuch, that all our poets, orators, historians, and philosophers must be rejected and thrown away, as debauchers of youth, and corrupters of good manners, if their writings were once to be tried by the standard of our faith, and by the doctrine of Christianity; not to mention, I say, all this, I dare boldly affirm, that whatever propositions Lucretius advances, contrary to the Christian religion, are so visibly and notoriously false, and consequently so easily answered, that they cannot in the least startle any one, who professes our holy belief: For instance, Lucretius, in his third book, after having, as he thinks, fully demonstrated the corporality of the human soul, brings no less than twenty-six arguments to prove its mortality likewise: But all of them, when they come to be maturely considered, are of so little validity, and so obvious to be confuted, that, far from being able to stagger in the least the faith of a Christian, no man, I think, though but of mean capacity, can, on such slender and unconvincing proofs, believe, even if he would, that the soul dies with the body. Nor are his arguments, by which he labours to overthrow all belief of a divine Providence, and to wrest the power of creation out of the hands, even of Omnipotence itself, more cogent or persuasive, as will, I hope, be made appear in the following notes and animadversions; in which I have made it my chief study to show the weakness, and to expose to my readers the insufficiency of them. How well I have succeeded in my attempt must be left to the judgment of the public; the design, I am sure, was well-meaning and honest; and if the performance be answerable, it may justly challenge a favourable reception: For what Christian will not be pleased to see, that not even the most penetrating wit of Lucretius has been able to advance any thing solid against the power of that infinite God whom he adores; especially considering, that if any such impieties could have been defended, he certainly was capable of defending them:

Si pergama dextrâ

Defendi possent, certè hæc defensâ fuissent. *Virg.*

Moreover, what danger can arise to any man, though but of common understanding, while he reads that ridiculous doctrine of the Epicurean philosophers concerning their atoms, or minute indivisible corpuscles, which they held to be the first principles of all things? An opinion so absurd, that even the bare mentioning of it confutes it. So far, therefore, from being of dangerous consequence to us is the reading those absurdities of the ancients concerning the nature of things, that, on the contrary, we may gain from thence the great advantage of acquiring a more perfect knowledge of nature, and of the wonderful works of God: For nature has imprinted on all men an innate desire of truth, and to know the false opinions of others, will excite and stir them up to be the more diligent in the inquiry and search of it, will render them the more capable to judge and determine concerning it, and to retain in their

minds the more firmly the convictions it imprints upon them. As light is then most beautiful when it first rises out of darkness, so truth is then most delightful when it first emerges out of errors. For as my lord Roscommon finely expresses it,

Truth stamps conviction on your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious quest.

Essay on Translated Verse.

Nor is all that Lucretius has written, impious, false, or ridiculous: on the contrary, many excellent things are contained in his poem; many that well deserve to be read and remembered even by Christians. How excellently does he declaim against ambition, and all manner of injustice and cruelty; against superstition, and the fear of death; against avarice, luxury, and lust; against all the other passions of the mind, and dishonest pleasures of the body. Is he not continually exhorting his Memmius to sobriety, temperance, chastity, magnanimity, and all the rest of the moral virtues? Inasmuch that what Diogenes writes of Epicurus seems to be true; that he was falsely accused by some persons of indulging himself too much in pleasure, and that it was a mere calumny in them to wrest, as they did, to a wrong sense, the meaning of that philosopher, and to interpret what he said of the tranquillity of the mind, as if it had been spoken of the sensual delights of the body. To the same purpose Cassius, that great general of the Romans, after he had embraced the Epicurean philosophy, writing to Cicero, explains this matter in the following words: They, says he, whom we call lovers of pleasure, are indeed lovers of goodness and of justice; and men who practise and cultivate all manner of virtues: for there is no true pleasure without a good and virtuous life: "ii. qui à nobis φιλήδονοι vocantur, sunt φιλόκαλοι καὶ φιλοδικαίοι, οὐκέτιque virtutes et colunt et retinent: ὁ γὰρ ἑσθλὸς ἄνθρωπος καλῶς καὶ δικαίως ζῇ," as the same Cassius there cites the very words of Epicurus, who himself takes notice of this calumny, and complains of the malice and dissimulations of his accusers, who, not understanding it aright, had misrepresented his doctrine concerning pleasure: When we assert, says he, that pleasure is the chief good and greatest felicity of man, we mean not the pleasures of the luxurious and libidinous; not the pleasures of the taste, the touch, or any other sensual enjoyments, as some ignorant persons, or such as dissent from our opinions, or as take them in a wrong sense, maliciously give out: but what we call pleasure is, to be exempt from pain of body, and to have a mind serene and void of all cares and perturbations; for not the company of lascivious boys and women, not luxurious eating and drinking; not to feed on fish, and other delicious meats that load the tables of the wealthy, nor any other sensual delights can procure a happy life; but a right and sound reason, that searches into, and discerns the causes why some things are to be desired, others to be avoided; and that chases and expels those opinions, by means of which the mind is disquieted, and vexed with passions and anxieties. Thus we

see there is nothing so prudent, nothing so true, nothing so virtuous, but what, by being misrepresented, may be made to appear its contrary. Nor indeed is it probable, that so many excellent and wise men, who were such great ornaments and supports of the Roman commonwealth, would so assiduously have frequented the gardens of Epicurus, or have engaged themselves to one another in the ties of friendship, as even their defamers allow they did, had they not been fully convinced of the good morals and innocence of life of that philosopher who first founded their sect: Galen, in *Art. Med.* witnesses of him, that he constantly exclaimed aloud against the use of all venereal actions, that he neglected the advantages of life, that he contemned all daintiness and excess in eating, drinking, and apparel; and that he would often say, that bread and water, when taken by those that wanted them, afforded the greatest pleasure. And in his epistles, which Diogenes Laërtius had the good fortune to see, he testifies of himself, that he was content to live on brown bread and water only; but send me, says he, a little of your Cyprian cheese, that I may feast myself deliciously, if I should have a mind to do so. Diocles reports of his disciples too, that they were satisfied with the meanest and the poorest fare: They scarce, says he, ever tasted of wine, and water was their chief beverage. To confirm this, it is observed, that this abstemiousness of theirs was the reason, that they were the better able to undergo hardships, when Demetrius besieged Athens, during which siege, says Plutarch in the life of that prince, the philosopher Epicurus supported those of his sect, sharing with them daily a certain small number of beans. Cicero himself, though he was a professed enemy to this sect, yet says in many places, that the Epicureans were generally good men, and that none of the philosophers were less addicted to vice: And Seneca too witnesses of Epicurus, that he was a man eminently remarkable for his temperance and continence.

Thus lived Epicurus, whose very name nevertheless has for many ages been used as a proverb, to denote an atheistical voluptuous wretch, addicted to all manner of sensualities. Thus too lived his followers, who nevertheless are generally deemed to have been impious libertines, and represented as a herd of swine, indulging themselves in pleasure, and wallowing in all manner of impurities. How groundless this censure, how unmerited this reproach, the reader is left to judge, from the foregoing testimonies of the ancients, which, among many others that might have been produced, I have given in defence of the morals and innocence of life, both of Epicurus and his followers.

I wish there were as much to be said in behalf of their theology: Let me not, however, be thought to endeavour to patronize and defend their impieties; if, in a few words I give the opinion of Epicurus concerning the Deity; against whom, I own, he grievously offended, in absolutely denying a divine Providence, and in dethroning the Al-

mighty from the government of the world: But this impiety of his proceeded from an excess of superstition: For he apprehended that the eternal happiness, which the divine essence enjoys, must be perplexed and disturbed with the affairs of the lower world; nor could he comprehend how the most perfect and happy Being, that stands not in need of any thing in the power of man, could be pleased at their good, or offended at their wicked deeds. For he imagined and taught, that business and cares, and anger, and joy, and gratitude, were inconsistent with perfect happiness, and proceeded from infirmity and weakness, and from fear and indigence. But what just sentiments he had of the Deity we find in his epistle to Menæceus: God, says he, is an immortal and ever blessed being; and even common reason teaches, that nothing can be ascribed to the Deity, that is repugnant either to immortality or beatitude: That there are gods we know for certain; but yet they are not such as many believe them to be: He therefore is not impious who denies the gods of the multitude; but who ascribes to the gods the opinions of the multitude: For those opinions are not principles known by the light of nature; but merely false notions, that many conceive of the gods. Nor will I omit what Epicurus immediately subjoins: The gods, says he, punish the wicked, and reward the good: For being, as they are, all virtue and goodness, they take delight in whatever is virtuous and like themselves. And in the compendium of his philosophy, which he writ to Herodotus, speaking of the meteors, we find the following passage: You ought not, says he, to believe, that the motion and conversion of the heavens, the rising and setting of the planets, their eclipses, and the like, are the labour and work of any one, or effected by any other cause, but only by his will and command, who enjoys at once all immortality and beatitude.

Thus, whatever impious notions Epicurus might once have entertained of the Deity, it is not unreasonable to believe, that he was at length convinced of his error in that particular, and became, from an impious, a very pious philosopher. He persisted indeed to the last in his erroneous doctrine concerning the human soul; which he held to be corporeal, to consist of minute corpuscles, and alike with the body, to be obnoxious to mortality. In this, I own, he grievously erred: but yet, methinks, his censurers might animadvert with less severity against a poor shipwrecked heathen; since the Sadducees themselves, though they were brought up in the bosom of the law, struck on the same rock; considering besides, that by the consent, even of the best Christians, the immortality of the soul is an ocean that cannot be sounded, nor the danger avoided, without the immeasurable plummet of faith.

Let none be offended that I have ventured thus far in defence of Epicurus, contrary to the commonly received opinion of that philosopher. It matters not much to our present purpose, whether he recanted his impieties or not; since it

cannot be denied but that Lucretius strenuously asserts them, and labours with all his force to inculcate his errors. Assertions of such a nature ought not to pass uncontroled in so corrupt an age as ours; when even the very arguments, by which Lucretius endeavours to make good his impieties, are revived afresh; and alleged to justify new-broached opinions, that visibly tend to the establishment of deism, and consequently to the subversion of all revealed religion: for which reason I have chiefly laboured in the following notes, to demonstrate the weakness and invalidity of those arguments, that are brought in confirmation of propositions, that are repugnant to our holy Christian faith.

Besides, books that treat of subjects that are naturally so crabbed and obscure, as are many of those of which Lucretius argues, cannot be turned into our language in such a manner, as, by a bare translation only, to make them intelligible to a reader merely English, and that has no knowledge of the languages, in which the originals were composed; for the terms, though dark and difficult, must of necessity be retained; and yet they will not be understood by a great number of English readers. For example, the definition of the void, which we find in the first book of Lucretius, v. 334. is translated as follows:

A void is space intangible.—

Now I would fain know if those words do not as much require to be explained to a reader, who understands only the English language, as to one who knows the Latin, the following passage of Lucretius, of which they are the translation?

—Locus est intactus, inane, vacansque.

And yet how many sheets have been filled, and what labour has been bestowed, to explain the meaning of them, by the commentators on the Epicurean philosophy, is notorious to all the learned world. The least of Epicurus, both mathematical and physical, the homœomery of Anaxagoras, the harmony of Aristoxenus, are, till they are explained, no less difficult to understand; and ten thousand other instances of the like nature, that the reader will find in the following translation, are abundantly sufficient to evince the usefulness, and even the necessity of these notes. For, not to understand what we read, is at best but loss of time; and to take things in a wrong sense, or to gain an imperfect notice of them, as they must necessarily do, who understand by halves what they read, is always alike dangerous, and often proves of bad consequence, especially when the weak and unwary amuse themselves in the lectures of such authors as treat of subjects like those of which our poet disputes. Such readers, like men who sail in unknown seas, ought to be shown the rocks and shelvings, otherwise they are in great danger of being lost; for they are ever the most subject to take the strongest impressions; and it is no easy

task to eradicate from the minds of the less intelligent part of mankind, and dispossess them of those opinions which they have swallowed with greedy delight, and been long accustomed to believe. Such an inveterate credulity, like a disease of long standing, and that has gained a head, is not easy to cure; and, what is yet worse, we often find that the stiffest obstinacy attends the most erroneous belief.

To apply what I have been saying to the matter in hand, there is reason to suspect that some have not been wanting, and, I fear, are still to be found, who, not being capable of themselves to form a true judgment of these arguments of Lucretius, and for want of a right discernment, have imbibed some of his false notions, and yielded too easy an assent to them: they have taken the shadow for the substance of reason, and thus have been wretchedly seduced into error. The following notes are chiefly intended, not only to undeceive such persons, but also to prevent others from falling into the like mistakes; and, if they compass that effect, I shall have no reason to think my labour misemployed, nor to fear the censure of the public.

Having given this short account of the reasons that induced me to compose these annotations, it remains only to acquaint the reader with the helps I have had, and with the method I have observed in this undertaking.

As to the first of those points, the alphabetical catalogue of the names of the authors cited in the notes and animadversions, is a sufficient indication that I have spared no pains, nor wanted any assistance that could be required to render this work as perfect in its kind, as any thing of this nature can be expected to be, and that whatever defects shall be found in it, must be imputed to my want of judgment and capacity, since I was abundantly supplied with all the materials that were requisite to accomplish my undertaking. And throughout the whole work, I seldom advance any thing of my own, but have collected only the opinions of others, and left the reader to judge and determine concerning them.

In the text itself I have taken care to supply all the verses which Mr. Creech had not translated; and that were never before in any of the former editions of this English Lucretius. Those that were omitted towards the end of the fourth Book, where the poet treats of the nature of love, are taken from Mr. Dryden's translation of that part of our author. Of all the other verses that are now first inserted, I have given an account in their due places, in the notes upon them: Meanwhile I have included all the verses that are thus supplied between crotchets, as a mark of distinction, to let the reader know that they were not in any of the former editions. Besides, I have prefixed to every book a several Argument, in which may be seen, at one view, not only the several subjects treated of in each of the six books; but likewise the manner in which they are handled, the method of the poet's disputation, and the connection of the following book to that which precedes

it. And each book concludes with an animadversion, briefly recapitulating the contents of it, and condemning or approving the maxims and arguments contained and asserted in it. This method our translator himself has observed in his Latin edition of Lucretius; from whence the animadversion, which the reader will find at the end of each book, is chiefly taken. Moreover, to make this edition more perfect than any of the former, where, in many places, several of the poet's arguments and propositions are joined together, without any distinction where one ends or the other begins, I have been careful to distinguish them from one another, by beginning each argument and proposition with a break; so that the reader will readily discern where it begins and where it ends: and that too the more easily, because each note begins by expressing the number of the verses that each argument or proposition contains.

As for the translator's own excellent and learned notes on Lucretius, which have hitherto been printed at the end of all the former editions, and all together by themselves, I have now disposed them into the several places to which he had directed them, and they properly belong: inasmuch that the reader will now find them, not as before, in a body by themselves, but intermixed with my annotations, without the least alteration, and in their proper place*.

Each note has a number prefixed before it, which directs to the number in the margin of the text; which last number, for the greater ease of the reader, marks every tenth verse of the translation, and shows how many verses are contained in each book.

It will be observed, that in the notes that are merely explanatory, I often differ from the sense of my author, I mean Mr. Creech; for I exactly follow the sense of Lucretius; whose meaning that interpreter has mistaken in many places of this translation. This I the more confidently affirm, because I have his own authority to strengthen my assertion: for, in his Latin edition of Lucretius, he often gives his author an interpretation far different from, nay, sometimes quite contrary to what he makes him say in this translation. One manifest instance of this, among many others, may be seen in the note on the 547th verse of the 5th book, to which I refer the reader: and will here only observe, that our translator's mistakes of this nature have often forced me to the necessity of giving the original text of Lucretius; to the end, that such as understand the Latin may be convinced, that I have not taken upon me to blame and correct him without reason. And to exempt myself from all manner of imputation upon that account, I have scarce through the whole course of these annotations, ever accused this translator of error, except only in passages to which Mr. Creech himself in his Latin edition of our author, has given a different interpretation from what we find in this translation; inasmuch, that, by pointing out those mistakes to the reader, I have not

only done justice to Lucretius, but in some measure even to his translator likewise: of whom I may say, without any derogation to his fame, that he had not so thoroughly digested his author when he translated him, as he had done afterwards when he came to publish his Latin notes upon him. And here, by the way, I cannot but wish that he had not been so severe on Du Fay, the editor of the Lucretius in Usum Delphini, in lashing him at the unmerciful rate he does in many places: in those notes, for errors of which himself had once been guilty, and into which they had both been alike led by Lambine; especially, too, since it is most evident that he is often indebted to that interpreter, I mean Du Fay, for the true understanding of the sense of his author. This will manifestly appear to any one, who will compare the notes of those two interpreters together, and reflect on the difference of time in which they were published.

But I have not taken upon me to correct our translator, only where he has palpably mistaken the sense of his author, but in those places likewise that he has rendered obscurely or imperfectly. One instance of this, among too many others, the reader may observe in the note on the 986th verse of the second book, where Lucretius, enumerating all the conjuncts and events, or properties and accidents of the Epicurean atoms, has included them all in the following verses:

Sic ipsis in rebus item jam materiâ
Intervalla, viz, connexus, pondere, plagâ,
Concurfus, motus, ordo, positura, figurâ,
Cum permutantur, mutari res quoque debent.

Lib. ii. v. l. 1011.

To translate all which, Mr. Creech employs only these two verses and a half;

————— In bodies so }
As their seeds, order, figure, motion do,
The things themselves must change and vary too. }

Now, how lamely and imperfectly the full sense and meaning of the above passage of Lucretius is expressed in this translation of it, appears, at first sight, to all that are acquainted with the Epicurean philosophy, and is fully made appear in the note on these verses, to which I refer the reader: and, in this place will only take notice, that I might justly have been blamed for discharging but ill the province I had undertaken, to explain Lucretius's system of the Epicurean philosophy, had I not supplied what I found wanting in this place, in order to attain the perfect understanding of the sense of the original, which I found thus wretchedly mangled in the translation. I have observed the like method throughout this whole work, having used my utmost diligence in comparing the translation with the original, and showing all along in what it differs, from it; inasmuch that the following annotations, in which is contained a complete system of the Epicurean philosophy, are rather notes on the original poem of Lucretius, than on Mr. Creech's translation of it.

To conclude: Though I have swelled this work to a great length, yet I have made my notes and

* This arrangement is altered in the present edition.

*animadversions as short as I could without omitting any thing that I thought might conduce to the explication of the sense and meaning of the poet, to the right understanding of the historical and fabulous passages contained of him, to the ex-

plaining of the several terms and expressions that are not known to the generality of readers: to the intelligence of any thing that seemed difficult to understand, or, in a word, to the illustration of the whole.

THE LIFE OF LUCRETII.

THE present design does not require an exact search into the rise of philosophy, nor a nice inquiry, whether it began amongst the Brachmans; and from them, as Lucian, in *Fugitives*, ranks the countries, visited Ethiopia, Egypt Scythia, Thrace, and Greece, or whether curiosity or necessity was the parent of it. The Chaldeans were invited to astronomy by the advantageousness of their wide-extended plains; and the overflowing of the Nile forced the Egyptians to be curious in the properties of figures; but I shall take it for granted, that philosophy came from the east. The truth of this, not to mention the weak oppositions of Laërtius, in his preface, the travels of Thales and Pythagoras, of Democritus, Plato, and others, sufficiently evince; and the Egyptians affirm, that the several methods of philosophy of the abovementioned ancients, are only their notions disguised, dressed after a Greek fashion, and in that garb proposed to their admirers. Thus, it is probable, that Democritus received his notions from Moses, the Phœnician, or from the priests of Egypt, whose ambition for antiquity made them embrace some of those their absurd opinions: or, if he travelled farther, he perhaps learned the whole system of his philosophy, the fortuitous beginning of the world, and the origin of man, from the Indians, that being now the opinion of the principal philosophers in China, whither the learning of all India long ago retired.

This hypothesis, though commended to men as the strongest expedient against cares, and as the exactest method to obtain tranquillity, found not, nevertheless, many admirers, till Epicurus by an almost infinite number of volumes which he wrote on that subject, endeavoured to illustrate and recommend it to the world. Yet, notwithstanding he was so voluminous a writer, he, as Plutarch assures, added only one improvement to the hypothesis of Democritus, which is the declination, or inclining motion of an atom.

What Epicurus was in his morals, is not easy to determine; for, sometimes he seems to have been temperate and modest, otherwise Seneca would not have so often used his sentences as ornaments, in his most serious epistles: at other times, he seems to have been a most loose and dissolute voluptuary, for such his books declare him, if we may credit Tully, who, *De Fin.* lib. 2. sect. 7. makes a very confident appeal to mankind for the sincerity of his quotations; so that,

upon the whole matter, we cannot but be amazed at the unsettled humour of the man.

After his death, though in his will he had made great provision for the perpetuity of his sect, his opinions were but coldly received, and the school decayed, till C. Memnius, a man of ancient nobility, restored the garden, and, as Cicero acquaints us, designed to raise a public building for the advancement of Epicurism. His fame and authority drew many after him; and we find registered, at once as famous, Velleius, Patro, and our author Lucretius, of whose life antiquity has transmitted to us but few particulars, perhaps for the same reason that Ælian with reluctance mentions Diagoras, because he was an enemy to the gods; *Θεοὶ γὰρ ἰχθῆες Διαγόρας, καὶ ὁ μὲν ἦδεν ὑπερλάσσει μνησέαι ἑνὲν*, says that author, lib. 2. cap. 23. What we know of him is as follows:

His name was Titus Lucretius Carus, and no other: for what Lambinus pretends, that besides his first name Titus, by the Latins called Prænomen, and which answers to what we call our Christian name, besides the name of his family, Lucretius, and his surname, Carus, he may have been called either T. Lucretius Vespillo Carus, or thus, T. Lucretius Offella Carus, is mere conjecture, and grounded on no authority whatsoever. Carus was a Roman surname, of which Ovid and many others make mention; but we no where find how it came to be given to Lucretius. However, it is not improbable but that it was conferred upon him, either on account of his excellent and sprightly wit, his affability and sweetness of temper and manners, or for some other the like endearing qualities, that rendered him agreeable to those with whom he conversed.

That he was a Roman, and born at Rome, is agreed on all hands, and even his own testimony assures us of it: therefore, what Cornelius Nepos writes of T. Pomponius Atticus, that it was the gift of fortune, that, preferable to all other places, he was born in that city where the seat of the empire of the whole earth was established, that he might have the same country and sovereignty, may well be applied to Lucretius, of whom we may say, that the same city which was his country was mistress of the world.

His very name directs us to the noble and ancient family of the Lucretii, which, being divided into many branches, comprehended under it the Tricipitini, the Cinnæ, the Vespillonæ, the Træ-

nes, the Offellæ, and the Galli, and gave to Rome many consuls, tribunes, and prætors, who were great supports and ornaments of the commonwealth.

From which of the above branches our Lucretius sprang is not known, there being nothing any where recorded of his parentage. There lived, indeed, in those days, one Quintus Lucretius, but whether he was brother of our poet Lucretius, or in what degree of relation they were to one another, is altogether uncertain.

It has been observed by some, and the truth of it is uncontroverted, that the parentage of the best poets of antiquity is almost unknown, as if it had been industriously concealed; and in this they are thought to have affected something of divinity.

The time of his birth is almost as doubtful, some placing it in one year, some in another, in which, as in most things else, the authors who have delivered it down to us, make good that inverted rant of Seneca, who, in his treatise, *De Morte Claudii*, says, "*Citius inter barologos quam auctoribus conveniet.*" Clocks will be found to agree sooner than authors.

Eusebius, the son of Pamphilus, brings him forth in the 171st Olympiad, when Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus, and C. Cassius Longinus were consuls, which was in the 657th year after the building of Rome. But Lydiat leaves it doubtful, whether these were consuls in the first year of the 171st, or the fourth of the 170th Olympiad. Vossius makes him born in the second year of the 171st, whilst others place his birth in the 172d Olympiad, when L. Lucinius Crassus, and Q. Mucius Scaevola were consuls, that is to say, in the 658th year of Rome; so that the difference between them is not great, and the age in which he lived is certain.

About this time, the Romans began to apply themselves to the study of the philosophy of the Greeks. Supposing, therefore, Lucretius to be nobly descended, and a man of sprightly wit, it is an easy inference, that he received a suitable education, and, by his parents or other relations, was sent in his youth to study at Athens. This is the more probable to be true, because it was then the custom of the Romans to send their youths thither to be instructed in the learning of the Greeks. Thus, some years after, Virgil too studied there, as we learn from himself, when, writing to Mæcenas, he says :

*Est mi vario jactatum laudis amore,
Irritaque expertum fallacis præmia vulgi,
Cecropius suaves expirans hortulus auras,
Florentis viridi sopsiæ complectitur umbra.*

And the learned Propertius too earnestly desired

*Illic vel studiis animum emendare Platonis;
— aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis.*

Zeno, together with the courteous good-natured Phædrus, as Tully calls him, was then master of

the gardens; and these were the preceptors of our Lucretius, as they were likewise of Pomponius Atticus, Memmius, Velleius, Pætus, Cassius and many others, who in that age rendered themselves very illustrious in the republic of Rome.

How Lucretius spent his time, how studiously he improved it, let this poem be witness. That he fitted himself for the best company, is evident by what Cornelius Nepos tells us of the great intimacy between him, Pomponius Atticus, and Memmius; and, no doubt but he was intimate likewise with Tully and his brother, who make such honourable mention of him.

If we look into his morals, we may discover him to be a man suitable to the Epicurean principles, dissolved in ease and pleasure, flying public employment, as a derogation to wisdom, and a disturber of peace and quietness, and avoiding those distractive cares which he imagined would make heaven itself uneasy.

As most of the other poets, he too seems to have had his share in sensual pleasures; and if the account which Eusebius gives of his death be true, it will strengthen this opinion; but it is hard to say for certain what sort of death Lucretius died; nor is it much easier to determine in what year of his life his death happened. Some make him die on the very day when Virgil was born, in the forty-third year of his age, when Pompey the Great was the third time consul, and Cæcilius Metellus Pius was his colleague, in the year of the city 761, at which time there were great commotions in the republic; for Clodius was then killed by Milo; Memmius and many others being convicted of bribery, were banished from Rome into Greece; and Cæsar, who was then forty-four years of age, was laying waste the provinces of Gaul. According to Eusebius, he died by his own hands, in the forty-fourth year of his age, being dementated by a philtre, which either his mistress, or his wife Lucilia, for so some call her, though without authority, in a fit of jealousy, had given him; not with design to deprive him of his senses, or to take away his life, but only to make him love her. Donatus, or whoever was the author of the life of Virgil that goes under his name, writes, that he died three years before, when Pompey the Great and M. Licinius Crassus were both of them the second time consuls. Others who allow that, having lost his senses, he laid violent hands on his own life, yet place his death in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and believe that his madness proceeded from the cares and melancholy that oppressed him on account of the banishment of his beloved Memmius: to which others again add likewise another cause, the fatal calamities under which his country then laboured. And indeed it is certain, that a few years before his death, Lucretius was an eye witness of the wild administration of affairs in the days of Clodius and Cataline, who gave such a blow to the republic of Rome, as not long after occasioned its total subversion. Of these commotions he himself complains, in the beginning of his first book, where, addressing himself to Venus, he

implores her to intercede with the god of war, to restore peace and quiet to his native country.

Hunc tu diva, tua recubantem corpore sancto
Circumfusa super, suaves ex ore loquelas
Funde, petens placidam Romanis inclita pacem.
Nam neque nos agere hoc patriai tempore iniquo
Postumus æquo animo; neque Memmi clara
propago
Tallibus in rebus communi dēsse saluti.

Lucr. lib. i. v. 39.

There are yet some other accounts given of the time and manner of his death; but since in so great a variety of opinions we can fix on no certainty, nor determine which of them is true, it would be loss of time to dwell any longer upon them.

The only remains this great wit has left us, are his six books of the Nature of Things, which contain an exact system of the Epicurean philosophy. They were read and admired by the ancients; and if Ovid could preface,

Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

Lucretius' lofty song shall live in deathless fame,
Till fate dissolves at once this universal frame.

But because some are in doubt concerning the number of books written by Lucretius, and believe that he writ more than six, it will not be improper to convince them of their error. They ground their opinion chiefly on a passage in Varro, which, say they, make it evident that Lucretius left one and twenty books, and that this is not the beginning of his poem which is commonly taken to be so, since Varro cites a quite different verse as the beginning of it.

The passage of Varro, which they allege in favour of their opinion, is in his fourth book, *De lingua Latina*, where we find these words: "*Loca secundum antiquam divisionem prima duo, cælum et terra: à qua bipartita divisione Lucretius suorum unius et viginti librorum initium fecit hoc:*

Ætheris et terræ genitabile querere tempus."

These words, indeed, are very plain and positive; nevertheless, I insist, that unless there were another poet Lucretius among the ancients, who was author of the one and twenty books, spoken of in that passage of Varro: and that there was I own, no mention is made in any of the records of antiquity, I insist, I say, that there must be a fault in the above passage of that author, and believe, that instead of Lucretius, it was formerly written Lucilius. Whoever reflects on the following reasons, will, if I mistake not, be of my opinion.

In the first place, it is believed upon good grounds, that Varro writ that treatise of the Latin tongue, about the time that Cæsar was dictator, or rather a little before: if so, it is highly probable that copies of Lucretius could not so soon be got abroad, for he died but in the fourth year before the dictatorship of Cæsar; and after

his death, his poem of the Nature of Things, was first begun to be corrected by his intimate friend Tully, a task which may seem to require some time: and, it may be, even a longer than that which passed from the death of Lucretius to the writing of the treatise by Terentius Varro.

Moreover, faults of the like nature were very frequent in the writings of the ancients, where Lucilius, Lucretius, and Lucullus, in like manner as Cælius and Cecilius, and the like, were often put by mistake one for another. Thus, for example, Priscian, lib. xviii. observes, that in Sallust, Hist. lib. v. there was a mistake of this nature: "At Lucilius audito Marium regem proconsulem per Lycaniam cum tribus legionibus in Ciliciam tendere," &c. which that grammarian thus corrects: "At Lucullus audito Marium regem proconsulem," &c.; for Sallust there treated of the war that Lucullus was carrying on against Mithridates. In like manner, Macrobius, lib. iii. Saturnal. cap. xv. "M. Varro in lib. de agriculturâ refert M. Catonem, qui Uticæ periit, cum hæres testamentum Lucilii esset relictus," &c. I read, says he, "Testamento Luculli," &c. Macrobius, nevertheless is there mistaken in one thing, for, as Plutarch witnesses, Lucullus left not Cato his heir, but only appointed him to be guardian of his son, as being his uncle. And many the like instances might easily be produced.

But to remove all manner of objections concerning the beginning of this poem, and to evince beyond reply the first book now extant to be the first book Lucretius writ, besides the invocation, with which, according to the custom of all poets, he begins his poem, I will, in opposition to the above passage of Varro, produce the authority of old Priscian, who, after having said that words of the first declension form the genitive plural in *arum*, and by contraction in *um*, by way of example, adds *amborum* for *amborumum*, *aneadum* for *aneadumum*. For so, says he, Lucretius has it in his first verse: "Ita enim Lucretius in primo versu:"

Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmq; voluptas.

Besides, is there the least ground of probability that Lucretius ever writ above six books, since not one of the ancient grammarians, or other writers, neither Festus, Nonius, Diomedes, Priscian, Probus, Carisius, Donatus, Servius, Tertullian, Arnobius, nor Lactantius, who so frequently bring quotations from the fifth, sixth, and all the foregoing books of this poet, ever cite so much as one single verse from the seventh, eighth, &c. This, morally speaking, would be impossible, had Lucretius written fifteen books, of the Nature of Things, more than are now extant. This makes me the rather wonder at the positiveness with which some assert, that the seventh book of Lucretius is praised in Priscian, who, nevertheless, does not so much as mention any such book.

Moreover, in my opinion, Lucretius himself sufficiently determines this controversy, for, in his sixth book, reminding his reader of what he had been treating of in the first, he says,

Nunc omnes repetam quàm claro corpore sint res
Commemorare, quod in primo quoque carmine
claret. *Lucret. lib. vi. v. 936.*

This sufficiently proves the first of the books now extant to be the first he writ, since in that he has endeavoured to evince, "omnes—quam claro corpore sint res," that no bodies are so solid as not to contain some void; "quod in primo quoque carmine claret." See Book I. ver. 402. And he seems expressly to call the sixth book his last, in these excellent verses,

Tu mihi supremæ præscripta ad candida calcis
Currenti spatium præmonstra, callida mufa,
Calliope, requies hominum, divûnque voluptas,
Te duce ut insigni capiam cum laude coronam.

Lucret. lib. vi. v. 91.

From whence we may easily infer, that he never so much as proposed to himself to write above six books, since he tells us he is now hastening, "ad præscripta candida supràme calcis," to the end of the race he had determined with himself to run; and therefore he invokes his muse,

To lead him on, and show the path to gain
The race and glory too, and crown his pain.

Grecb.

Lastly, To strengthen all the foregoing arguments, we may observe, that in these six books only is contained the whole doctrine, and all the philosophy of Epicurus, in as much as it relates to the explication of nature, or natural causes and effects; and there is nothing left for any one to say farther upon that subject.

Add to this the manifest and pertinent connection of one book to another, the judicious method he has observed in handling the several subjects of which he treats, and his artfulness in the disposition of them. They seem naturally to follow one another. In the first book, he treats of the principles of things; in the last, of meteors and of the heavens. Has not this method been constantly practised by all who have treated of the knowledge of nature? Even Epicurus himself observed the very same disposition, as appears by the few surviving remains of that philosopher, his three epistles to Herodotus, Mœnetæus, and Pythocles.

But as, for the reasons above alleged, I am verily persuaded that Lucretius never writ more than these six books of the Nature of Things; so,

on the other hand, I am readily inclined to believe, that some of his verses are, perhaps, wanting; for, as with almost all the ancient authors, so more especially with this poet, some have assumed to themselves too great a liberty, and altered, added, or taken away many things, as we have made it appear in several places in our notes. Servius cites this fragment from Lucretius:

—Superi spoliatus luminis aër.

which may perhaps have been his, though it be no where found in any of his books; nor can it easily be discovered where it has been left out. To restore it to its due place, would require an accurateness of judgment as great, if possible, as was their dissingenuity who first left it out.

I now return to Lucretius, who, as Eusebius declares, wrote these six books of Epicurean philosophy, in his lucid intervals, when the strength of nature had thrown off all the disturbing particles, and his mind, as it is observed of madmen, was sprightly and vigorous. Then, in a poetical rapture, he could fly with his Epicurus beyond the flaming limits of this world; frame and dissolve seas and heavens in an instant; and, by some unusual fallies, be the strongest argument of his own opinion; for it seems impossible that some things which he delivers should proceed from reason and judgment, or from any other cause but chance, and unthinking fortune.

After his death, as I hinted before, Cicero, as Eusebius witnesses, revised and corrected his writings. Lambinus contradicts this; but the arguments he brings against the assertion of Eusebius are but weak, and of little validity.

Virgil, who was eager and assiduous in the study of them, has borrowed from him in many places: as both Macrobius and Gellius testify: the last of whom calls him "Poëtam ingenio et facundiâ præcellentem;" and Cornelius Nepos has placed him "inter elegantissimos poëtas." So that if some great divines have given him the ill name of Canis, it was not for any rudeness in his verse, but due rather to his Grecian master; the eternity of matter, and the like absurd assertions, having corrupted most of the philosophies of Athens.

As a corollary to these few remaining memoirs of the life of Lucretius, I will here give the opinions of several learned men, concerning him and his writings.

TESTIMONIES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNED MEN, CONCERNING LUCRETIVS AND HIS WRITINGS.

M. Cicero to his Brother Q. Cicero, book ii. epist. 11.

THE poems of Lucretius, as you observe, are not written with much brightness of wit, but with a great deal of art.

Upon which passage of Cicero, the learned P. Victorius, in his Castigations on Tully's Epistles, makes the following remark :

If any one, says he, thinks it strange that some have been of opinion, that the poems of the most elegant and excellent poet Lucretius, are written with no great brightness of wit, let him blame the judgment of Quintus ; for we may reasonably mistrust, that, since M. Cicero defends and commends him in the manner he does, he was not altogether of his brother's opinion, though he seems indeed, to confirm it ; but that he would not thwart a testy man, who, perhaps, because he writ verses himself, was blinded with envy, and did not perceive the truth : Besides, he might be of that opinion, because Lucretius composed not his poem to boast his shining wit, but to explain, with his utmost art and industry, the whole philosophy of Epicurus.

The same Victorius Var. Lect. lib. xvii. cap. 16.

The copiousness and purity of the Latin tongue, appear chiefly in Lucretius.

M. Vitruvius, in his Treatise of Architecture, book ix. chap. 3.

Those, whose minds are instructed with the delights of learning, cannot, but with veneration, carry in their breasts, as they do the images of the gods, so, too, that of the poet Ennius. Those, who are pleasingly diverted with the poems of Attius, seem to have present with them, not only his virtues, but his figure and resemblance likewise. • In like manner, many will, in after ages, seem to dispute, as it were, face to face with Lucretius, concerning the Nature of Things, as they will with Cicero, of the Art of Rhetoric.

Quintilian, book x.

For Macer and Lucretius are, indeed, worth the reading : but not as if they contained the whole body of eloquence. Each of them is elegant in the subject he treats of ; but the one is low, the other crabbed and obscure.

Upon which passage of Quintilian, Giffanius thus :

This opinion of Quintilian is, the greatest part of it, unanimously condemned by the ancients and moderns.

Barthius.

There are many things in Lucretius, that are not to be found elsewhere.

The same Author.

So great is the beauty of the pure and simple, that is to say, of the ancient, and almost only Latinity, that it easily prevails with intelligent readers, and such as are not superstitious, to contemn, in comparison of it, the borrowed charms of a gaudy and painted diction. This comes into my mind, chiefly when I read the poems of Catullus and Lucretius ; for, of all the Latin poets, who have survived to our days, these two deserve the preference ; and, therefore, no diligence can be misemployed, no pain nor study superfluous, that may tend to the right understanding of them, or to prevent their being corrupted.

Laëtantius.

All the errors that Lucretius advances, were long before asserted by Epicurus.

Petrus Grinutius.

T. Lucretius Carus is believed to be descended of the family of the Lucretii, which, at Rome, was held to be very ancient and noble. He was a little older than Terentius Varro, and Marcus Cicero, as some have written : this is the rather to be taken notice of, because in the annals which we have from the Greeks, there are many things erroneously related, and perversely set down, contrary to the truth of chronology. He is represented to have been a man of a vast and soaring wit, in writing of verses. He was wont to apply himself to the muses at several intervals of time ; not without a certain fury and rupture of mind, as the authors of antiquity deliver. Quintilian witnesses, that Æmilius Macer, and Titus Lucretius, excel in elegance of style ; but that the poem of Lucretius is very difficult and obscure : this was occasioned not only by the subject itself, but by reason of the poorness of the tongue, and the newness of the doctrine he taught, as he himself testifies. He writ six books of the Nature of Things ; in which he has followed the doctrine of Epicurus, and the example of the poet Empedocles, whose wit and poetry he praises with admiration. There are some who write, that the poem of Lucretius was corrected by Tully : it is not, therefore, improbable, that, by reason of his sudden death, he left it incorrect and imperfect. Quintus, the brother of Cicero, held in high esteem the

poetry of Lucretius; and allows his work to have a great deal of artfulness and wit: besides, that it ought not to be wondered at, that some of his verses seem rough, and almost like prose. This was peculiar to the age in which he writ, as Furius Albinus fully witnesses in Macrobius, whose words are as follows: No man ought to have the worse esteem for the ancient poets upon this account, because their verses seem to be scabrous; for that style was then in greatest vogue; and the following age had much ado to bring themselves at length to relish this smother diction. Therefore, even in the days of the emperors the Vespasians, there were not wanting some, who chose to read Lucretius rather than Virgil, and Lucilius than Horace.

Franciscus Floridus Sabinus.

T. Lucretius was an excellent philosopher, and often gives very satisfactory reasons of the things that seem to happen contrary to nature.

Hieronymus Mercurialis.

Lucretius was the first who explained the Nature of Things in the Roman tongue; and he borrowed many things from Democritus, Epicurus, and Hippocrates.

Julius Scaliger.

Lucretius was a divine man, and an incomparable poet.

Casaubon.

Lucretius is the best author of the Latin tongue.

Justus Lipsius.

There are some antiquated, and almost obsolete words to be found in Lucretius, Ennius, and other ancients; but, though they are now out of use, and banished from our present way of speaking, yet, out of the respect due to antiquity, they ought to be carefully retained, and religiously preserved in the writings of the ancients.

Melchior Junius.

The diction of Lucretius is pure, plain, and elegant, though he defends the opinions of Epicurus.

Aldus Pius.

Lucretius, even in the judgment of the ancients, is both a very great poet and philosopher, but full of lies; for, having followed the Epicurean sect, his opinions concerning God, and of the creation of things, are quite different from the doctrine of Plato, and of the other academics; for which reason, some believe that he ought not to be read by Christians, who adore and worship the true God. But since truth, the more it is inquired into, shines the more bright, and appears the more venerable, Lucretius, and all that are like Lucretius, even though they be liars, as they certainly are, ought, in my opinion, to be read.

Adrianus Turnebus.

Lucretius, in his pleasing poem, has seasoned his verses with a certain delightful relish of antiquity.

Dionysius Laminius, in his Epistle Dedicatory to Charles IX. the Most Christian King.

If among the few remains of the writings of the ancients, which have escaped as from a shipwreck, there be any sort of learning, from whence many and great advantages have accrued to us, it is from their poems, &c. But you will say, that Lucretius argues against the immortality of the soul, denies the providence of the gods, overthrows all religion, and places the chief good in pleasure. This is not the fault of Lucretius, but of Epicurus, whose doctrines Lucretius followed. His poem, though he advances in it some opinions that are repugnant to our religion, is, nevertheless, a poem; nay, and a beautiful noble poem too, distinguished, illustrated, and adorned with all the brightness of wit, &c.—What though Epicurus and Lucretius were impious; are we, who read them, therefore impious too? How many assertions are there in this poem, that are consentaneous to the opinions and maxims of the other philosophers! How many probable! How many excellent and almost divine! These let us lay hold on; these let us seize; these let us approve of.—Besides, are we so credulous and easy of faith as to believe, that what assertions soever all manner of writers have left recorded in their works, are as true as if they had been pronounced from the oracle of Apollo? And since we daily read many things that are fabulous, incredible, and false, either to give some respite to our minds, or to make us the more willingly acquiesce in, and the most constantly adhere to such as are uncontroversibly true; what reason is there, that we should condemn or neglect Lucretius, a most elegant and beautiful poet? &c.—I return to our great and excellent poet Lucretius, the most polite, most ancient, and most elegant of all the Latin writers; from whom Virgil and Horace have in many places borrowed not half, but whole verses. He, when he disputes of the indivisible corpuscles, or first principles of things; of their motion, and of their various figuration; of the void; of the images, or tenuous membranes that fly off from the surface of all bodies; of the nature of the mind and soul; of the rising and setting of the planets; of the eclipse of the sun and moon; of the nature of lightning; of the rainbow; of the Averni; of the causes of diseases, and of many other things, is learned, witty, judicious, and elegant. In the introductions to his books; in his comparisons; in his examples; in his disputations against the fear of death; concerning the inconveniences and harms of love; of sleep and of dreams, he is copious, discreet, eloquent, knowing, and sublime.—We not only read Homer, but even get him by heart, because, under the veils of fables, partly obscene, and partly absurd, he is deemed to have included the knowledge of all natural and human things. Shall we not then hear Lucretius, who, without the disguise of fables, and such trifles, not truly indeed, nor piously, but plainly and openly, and as an Epicurean, ingeniously, wittily, and learnedly, and in the most correct and purest of styles, disputes of the prin-

ciples and causes of things; of the universe; of the parts of the world; of a happy life; and of things celestial and terrestrial. And, though in many places he dissent from Plato, though he advance many assertions that are repugnant to our religion, we ought not therefore to despise and set at nought those opinions of his, in which not only the ancient philosophers, but we who profess Christianity agree with him. How admirably does he dispute of the restraining of pleasures, of the bridling the passions, and of the attaining tranquillity of mind! how wittily does he rebuke and confute those who affirm, that nothing can be perceived and nothing known; and who say that the senses are fallacious! How fully he defends the senses! &c.—How beautiful are his descriptions! How graceful, as the Greeks call them, his episodes! How fine are his disputations of colours, of mirrors, of the loadstone, and of the Avern! How serious and awful are his exhortations to live continually, justly, temperately, and innocently! What shall we say of his diction; than which nothing can be said or imagined to be more pure, more correct, more clear, or more elegant? I make not the least scruple to affirm, that in all the Latin tongue, no author speaks Latin better than Lucretius; and that the diction neither of Cicero nor of Cæsar is more pure.

Obertus Gifanius in the Life of Lucretius.

I have retained the common title, of the Nature of Things: for, besides that the ancient copies have it so, and that Sospather in the second book of his Gram. mentions the third book of Lucretius, of Natural Things; our poet himself confirms it in book v. verse 381, where he says,

These truths, this rise of things we lately know:
Great Epicurus liv'd not long ago:
By my assistance young Philosophy
In Latin words now first begins to cry.

Creech.

Lucretius is in the right to say this of himself: for he was the first, who in the Latin tongue, writ of the Nature of Things; though afterwards many others followed his example; as C. Amasinius, Catus, M. Cicero Varro, and Ignatius: of the last of whom Aur. Macrobius cites the third book. But the same subject had, many ages before, been treated of in Greek by Empedocles, whom Lucretius held in great veneration, as appears by the following elegy, which he gives of him in his first book, where, speaking of Sicily, he says, that that island,

Though rich with men and fruit, has rarely shown
A thing more glorious than this single one:
His verse, compos'd of nature's works, declare
His wit was strong, and his invention rare;
His judgment deep and sound; whence some began,

And justly too, to think him more than man.

Creech, B. i. v. 748.

Him, therefore, our poet carefully imitated: For, what Aristotle says of Empedocles, that he writ in

the same style as Homer, and was a great master of his own language, as being full of metaphors, and making use of all other advantages that might conduce to the beauty of his poetry; all these perfections, I say, though they are scarce to be found in any other of the Latin poets, manifestly discover themselves in Lucretius: for he excels all the rest in purity of diction; and, if I may use the expression, in sublimity of eloquence: besides, he has adorned his whole poem with an infinite number of excellent metaphors, as with so many badges of distinction and honour. Tully, who was well able to judge, calls him a very artful poet: and, would I had leisure enough to show, not only what he has borrowed from Homer and others, but chiefly from Ennius, whom of all the Latin poets he most admired, and studied to imitate, but what Virgil likewise has taken from Lucretius: for that would make manifest what I have often said, that Ennius is the grandfather, Lucretius the father, and Virgil the son, they being the most illustrious triumvirate of the epic Latin poets.

The same Gifanius in his Preface to Sambucus.

Some there are, who will chiefly blame me for bestowing so much labour on an impious poet; for this, will they say, is the very Lucretius, who endeavours to evince that the soul is mortal; and thus takes away all hope of our salvation, and of a happy futurity; who denies the providence of God! which is the main basis and support of the Christian religion: and, lastly, who asserts in his poem that most absurd doctrine of Democritus and Epicurus, concerning the indivisible corpuscles or principles of all things. This being a grievous accusation, did indeed at first very much startle me; but having maturely weighed this objection, I was persuaded that it was not of such moment as to make us neglect the labours of this most excellent poet, or suffer them to be totally lost: For, by the same reason, we ought to condemn many of the writings of Cicero; since in them as well as in this poem, the same doctrine of the providence of God, of the nature of the soul; but above all of the atoms, is proposed, and often strenuously defended; nay, we must in that case be obliged to neglect almost all the writers of antiquity.—And, to say all in a word, almost all the authors of the preceding ages, the poets, the historians, the orators, and the philosophers, must all be laid aside, if their writings were once to be tried by the standard of our religion, and by the precepts of Christianity.—The assertions we find in Lucretius that are contrary to the Christian faith, are indeed of the greatest moment: but then they are so evidently false, that they can by no means lead a Christian into error.—What danger can accrue to us from the ridiculous doctrine of his atoms, since it is so easy to be refuted? On the contrary, we may from thence reap this great advantage, that, having discovered the falsity of his assertions concerning the Nature of Things, we shall be the more diligent to find out the truth; and, having found it, to retain

it the more strongly in our memory. It cannot be denied but that Lucretius is a sage and discreet writer; nor is there in all his poem any token or footstep of intemperance: nay, there are many excellent things contained in it, and many that well deserve to be read and remembered: for, in the first place, he teaches that they only are fit to be trusted with the administration of the government, who excel others in prudence, wisdom, and moderation. How discreetly and strongly too does he argue for the restraint of ambition, and for avoiding the miseries of intestine divisions and civil wars; the calamities that in his days afflicted the republic of Rome! He extols philosophy, and the studies of the wife in a style incredibly sublime. How beautiful is his poetry when he treats of serenity of mind, and of the contempt of death! In how many places, and in how excellent and almost divine a diction, does he confute the superstition of the vulgar, and their fabulous belief of the torments of hell! How elegantly does he detect the frauds, and deride the vanity of astrologers! Not to mention with how great severity he dissuades from avarice, and shows the many ills that arise from the greediness of riches; nor how wholesome are his instructions concerning temperance, frugality of living, and modesty of apparel. As to what relates to the restraints of the other cupidities of the mind, and sordid pleasures of the flesh, so excellent indeed are the instructions he gives us, that what Diogenes writes of Epicurus seems to be true, that he was falsely accused by some for indulging himself too much in pleasure and voluptuousness; and that it was a downright calumny in them to wrest his meaning, and interpret what he meant of the tranquillity of the mind, as if it had been spoken of the pleasures of the body; of which likewise our poet most excellently sings in the beginning of the fifth book.—Concerning some of the phenomena of the heavens, he advances indeed several opinions that are false, or rather ridiculous; but yet they are consonant to the Epicurean doctrine: and, on the other hand, how true are many of his assertions concerning thunder, the nature, force, and swiftness of lightning; the magnitude of the sea; the winds, and many other things of the like nature! With how wonderful a sweetness does he sing the first rise of the world, of the earth, of the heavens, and of all the several kinds of animals. As likewise the origin of speech, of government, of laws, and of all the arts. How full and satisfactory are his disputations of the flames of mount *Ætna*, of the *Averni*, and of the causes of diseases. How excellently has he described, as it were in a picture, that memorable and dreadful plague, which desolated Athens, and the whole country of Attica.

Thomas Scaranus.

Carus alone, of all the Ausonian bards, in search of truth employed his pious muse, greedy to view the secret holds of nature, and towering, soar even to the immortal gods: but oft, alas! he swerves, by thee misled, O Epicurus, from the paths of truth.

Quintus Serenus in his Poem of Physic.

If, after many years of kind endeavours, no tender offspring bless the nuptial joys; whether the female or the male be cursed with barrenness, shall be unsung by me: The fourth of great Lucretius solves the doubt.

Michael Du Fay in his Epistle Dedicatory to the Dauphin of France, only Son to the Most Christian King Lewis XIV.

Though in the writings of Lucretius there are some opinions that disagree with the doctrine of the Christian religion; yet, of all the Latin authors, he is esteemed to be the most judicious and elegant. For, laying aside the veil of fables, he disputes, plainly, accurately, and with great strength of wit, concerning the whole Nature of Things: his language is entirely correct and pure, his diction exceeding elegant, his style plain and easy, though at the same time domestic and sublime: his poem abounds with a wonderful plenty of moral sentences; and the admirable connection observed through the whole, is indeed surprising: By the lecture of it, not to mention the other advantages, we may acquire a nobler magnanimity against the blows of fortune, a greater fortitude against the fear of death, a stronger constancy against superstition, and a more constant temperance against the burning rage of lust. Add to this, that, excepting a few foolish assertions and impieties, he delivers many things that are consonant to truth and reason; more, to good manners; and that some of his disputations are almost divine. As bees, therefore, gather from each flower only what is useful and proper to make honey; so too, most judicious prince, do you accurately and diligently collect from this author, only what seems to conduce to the knowledge of things, and to the acquiring an elegance of style.

Mr. Dryden in his Preface to the second Volume of Poetical Miscellanies.

I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius.—If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil, who, as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies: for the method of the *Georgics* is plainly derived from him.

Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality in the beginning and ending of his books; which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which, in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his divine *Æneids*. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation.

If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius, I mean his soul and genius, is a certain kind of noble pride and positive assertion of his own opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our poet and philosopher of Malmbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bona fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe he differs from our Hobbes; who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths which he has opposed: but for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say; and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future. All this too with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists.

From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm: from the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subjects does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy; for there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct in his system of nature than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power; in short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet.

These are the considerations which I had of that author before I attempted to translate some parts of him, and, accordingly, I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet.

As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments: at least, to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a man who resolves beforehand not to live morally; but, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death, is a burden insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable in expectation of a better. Who would not commit

all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him; for fame and reputation are weak ties: Many men have not the least sense of them; powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always when a passion is predominant; and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our common faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem which I have turned into English, not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things, the inconveniences of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures, the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the prophoeia of nature, who is brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them.

It is true there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing the nature of love, from the fourth book of Lucretius; and I can less easily answer why I translated it, than why I thus translated it. The objection arises from the obscenity of the subject, which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verses. In the first place, without the least formality of an excuse, I own it pleased me; and let my enemies make the worst they can of this confession. I am not yet so secure from that passion but that I want my author's antidote against it. He has given the truest and most philosophical account both of the disease and remedy which I ever found in any author, for which reasons I translated him. But it will be asked why I turned him into this lascivious English, for I will not give it a worse word? Instead of an answer, I could ask again of my supercilious adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I translate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage? If to mimic his meaning, which I am satisfied was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wronged him; and that looseness of thought and words being thus caulked in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, physicians must not study nature, anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I could say of particular passages in books, which, to avoid profaneness, I do not name; but the intention qua-

lives the act; and both mine and my author's were to instruct as well as please. It is most certain, that bare-faced bawdery is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable. But neither Lucretius nor I have used the grossest words, but the cleanliest metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther than the philosophical exacted.

Mr. Dryden's opinion of the following Translation of Lucretius, by Mr. Creech, taken from his Preface to the second Volume of Poetical Miscellanies.

I now call to mind what I owe to the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius. I have not here designed to rob him of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by

the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. The ways of our translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole poem. I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he used my method in so long a work, and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

T. LUCRETIIUS CARUS.

OF THE NATURE OF THINGS.

B O O K I.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. THE poet invokes Venus. II. Then, from ver. 64. to ver. 191, he dedicates to Memmius his books of the Nature of Things, praises Epicurus, whose philosophy he follows, endeavours to clear his doctrine from the charge of impiety : and briefly proposes the arguments of this and the following books. III. He enters upon his subject, and, from ver. 192. to ver. 315, teaches, that nothing can be made of nothing, and that nothing can be reduced into nothing. IV. From ver. 315. to ver. 380, that there are some little bodies, which though imperceptible to the eye, may be conceived by the mind, and of which all things are made. V. To these corpuscles from ver. 380. to ver. 479, he subjoins a void or an empty space. And, VI. From ver. 479. to ver. 526, he proves that there is nothing but body and void : and that all the other things which seem to be, as weight, heat, poverty, war, &c. are only conjuncts or events, properties or accidents, of body and void. VII. From ver. 526. to ver. 573, he teaches, that the first little bodies or principles of things, are perfect solids, and consequently, from ver. 573. to ver. 667, that they are indivisible leasts (for body cannot be divided into infinite), and eternal. VIII. In the next place, from ver. 667. to ver. 729, he confutes the opinion of Heraclitus, who held that fire is the principle of all things ; and of others who believed the like of air, water, or earth. IX. Then, from ver. 729. to ver. 840, he proves against Empedocles, that things are not composed of the four elements. X. From ver. 840. to ver. 926, he refutes Anaxagoras. XI. Lastly, From ver. 926. to ver. 1049, he teaches, that the universe is infinite on all sides ; that the corpuscles are infinite in number, and that the void cannot be included in any bounds. XII. And from ver. 1049. to the end of this book, he laughs at those who believe there is a centre in the universe, down to which all heavy things are continually striving, while the light work upwards of their own accord.

KIND Venus, glory of the blest abodes.
Parent of Rome, chief joy of men and gods ;
Delight of all, comfort of sea and earth, [birth :
To whose kind pow'rs all creatures owe their
At thy approach, great goddess, strait remove,
Whatever things are rough, and foes to love.
The clouds disperse, the winds most swiftly waste,
And restlessly in murmurs breathe their last :
The earth, with various art (for thy warm
pow'rs 9
That dull mass feels), puts forth her gaudy flow'rs :
(For thee does subtle luxury prepare
The choicest stores of earth, of sea, and air :
To welcome thee, she comes profusely drest
With all the spices of the wanton east :
To pleasure thee, ev'n lazy luxury toils) :
The roughest sea puts on smooth looks, and smiles ;
The well-pleas'd heav'n assumes a brighter ray
At thy approach, and makes a double day.

When first the gentle spring begins t' inspire
Soft wishes, melting thoughts, and gay desire, }
And warm Favonius fans the amorous fire : 21 }
First through the birds thy active flame does move,
Who, with their mates, sit down, and sing, and
love ;
They greedily their tuneful voice employ
At thy approach, the author of their joy.
Each beast forgets his rage, and entertains
A softer fury, through the flow'ry plains :
Then rapid streams, through woods, and silent
groves,
With wanton play, all run to meet their loves :
Whole nature yields to thy soft charms ; the
ways 30
Thou lead'st, she following eagerly obeys :
Acted by the kind principles thou dost infuse,
Each bird and beast endeavours to produce }
His kind ; and the decaying world renews. }

Thee, nature's pow'rful ruler, without whom
Nothing that's lovely, nothing gay can come
From darksome Chaos, deep and ugly womb.
Thee, now I sing of nature, I must choose
A patron to my verse; be thou my muse;
Polish my lines, while I to Memmius write, 40
Thy choice, thy most deserving favourite:
Inspire my breast with an unusual flame,
Sprightly as is his wit, immortal as his fame:
Let war's tumultuous noise and labours cease,
Let earth and sea enjoy a solid peace:
Peace is thy gift alone: for furious Mars,
The only governor and god of wars,
When tir'd with heat and toil, does oft resort
To taste the pleasures of the Paphian court;
Where on thy bosom he supinely lies,
And greedily drinks love at both his eyes:
Till quite o'ercome, snatching an eager kiss,
He hastily goes on to greater bliss.
Then midst his strict embraces clasp thy arms
About his neck, and call forth all thy charms;
Careless with all thy subtle arts, become
A flatterer, and beg a peace for Rome. [slow]

For midst rough wars how can verse smoothly
Or in such storms the learned laurel grow?
How can my Memmius have time to read, 60
Who by his ancestors fam'd glory led
To noble actions, must espouse the cause
Of his dear country's liberties and laws?

And you, my Memmius, free from other cares,
Receive right reason's voice with well-purg'd
ears;

Left what I write, and send you for your good,
Be scorn'd, and damn'd, before well understood.
Entreat of things abstruse, the Deity,
The vast and steady motions of the sky;
The rise of things: how curious nature joins 70
The various seeds, and in one mass combines
The jarring principles: what new supplies
Bring nourishment and strength: how she un-
ties [dies:]

The Gordian knot, and the poor compound
Of seeds or principles (for either name
We use promiscuously; the thing's the same),
Of which she makes, to which she breaks the
frame.

For whatso'er's divine must live in peace,
In undisturb'd and everlasting ease:
Not care for us; from fears and dangers free, 80
Sufficient to its own felicity:
Nought here below, nought in our pow'r it needs:
Ne'er smiles at good, ne'er frowns at wicked
deeds.

Long time men lay oppress'd with slavish fear;
Religion's tyranny did domineer,
And being plac'd in heav'n look'd proudly down,
And frighted abject spirits with her frown.
At length a mighty man of Greece began
To assert the nat'ral liberty of man,
By senseless terrors, and vain fancies led 90
To slav'ry: straight the conquer'd phantom fled:
Not the fam'd stories of the Deity,
Not all the thunder of the threat'ning sky,
Could stop his rising soul; through all the fast
The strongest bounds that pow'rful nature cast:

His vigorous and active mind was hurl'd
Beyond the flaming limits of this world,
Into the mighty space, and there did see
How things begin, what can, what cannot be:
How all must die, all yield to fatal force; 100
What steady limits bound their nat'ral course.
He saw all this, which others sought in vain.
Thus by his conquest we our right regain;
Religion he subdu'd, and we now reign.
Left you should start at these bold truths, and
fly

These lines, as maxims of impiety:
Consider that religion did, and will
Contrive, promote, and act the greatest ill.
By that Diana's cruel altar flow'd
With innocent and royal virgin's blood: 110
Unhappy maid! with sacred ribbonds bound,
Religion's pride! and holy garlands crown'd;
To meet an undeserv'd, untimely fate,
Led by the Grecian chiefs in pomp and state:
She saw her father by, whose tears did flow
In streams; the only pity he could show.
She saw the crafty priest conceal the knife
From him, bless'd and prepar'd against her life:
She saw her citizens with weeping eyes
Unwillingly attend the sacrifice. 120

Then, dumb with grief, her tears did pity crave;
But 'twas beyond her father's power to save.
In vain did innocence, youth, and beauty plead;
In vain the first pledge of his nuptial bed:
She fell; ev'n now grown ripe for bridal joy,
To bribe the gods, and buy a wind for Troy.
So died this innocent, this royal maid:
Such devilish acts religion could persuade!

But still some frightful tales, some furious
threats,

By poets form'd, those grave and holy cheats. 130
May bias thee. Ev'n I could easily find
A thousand stories to distract thy mind.
Invent new fears, whose horrid looks should
fright,

And damp thy thoughts when eager on delight:
And reason good —

But if it once appear,
That after death there's neither hope nor fear;
Then men might freely triumph, then disdain
The poet's tales, and scorn their fancy'd pain;
But now we must submit, since pain we fear
Eternal after death, we know not where. 140
We know not yet the foul; how 'tis produc'd;
Whether with body born, or else infus'd:
Whether in death breath'd out into the air,
She mix confus'dly with't, and perish there;
Or through vast shades and horrid silence go
To visit brimstone caves, and pools below;
Or into beasts retires.

As our fam'd Ennius sings, upon whose brow }
The first, and freshest crowns of laurel grow,
That ever learned Italy could show: 150 }
Though he in lasting numbers does express
The stately Acherusian palaces,
Which neither soul nor body e'er invades;
But certain pale and melancholy shades,
From whence he saw old Homer's ghost arise,
An august shade! down from whose rev'rend eyes

While his learn'd tongue nature's great secrets told,

Whole streams of tears in mighty numbers roll'd.

Therefore I'll sing to cure these wanton fears,

Why sun and moon mete out the circling years :

How bodies first began : But chiefly this, 161

Whence comes the soul, and what her nature is :

What frights her waking thoughts, what cheats her eyes,

When sleeping, or diseas'd, she thinks she spies

Thin ghosts in various shapes about her bed :

And seems to hear the voices of the dead.

I'm sensible the Latin is too poor.

To equal the vast riches of the Grecian store :

New matter various nature still affords,

And new conceptions still require new words. 170

Yet, in respect to you, with great delight

I meet these dangers; and I wake all night,

Lab'ring fit numbers, and fit words to find,

To make things plain, and to instruct your mind,

And teach her to direct her curious eye

Into coy nature's greatest privacy.

These fears, that darkness, which o'er spreads our souls,

Day can't disperse; but those eternal rules,

Which from firm premises true reason draws,

And a deep insight into nature's laws. 180

And now let this as the first rule be laid :

Nothing was by the gods of nothing made.

From hence proceeds all our distrust and fear;

That many things in heaven and earth appear,

Whose causes far remote and hidden lie,

Beyond the ken of vulgar reason's eye;

And therefore men ascribe them to the Deity. }

But this once prov'd, it gives an open way

To nature's secrets, and we walk in day.

How things are made, and how preserv'd we'll prove, 190

Without the trouble of the powers above.

If nothing can be fertile, what law binds

All beings still to generate their own kinds?

Why do not all things variously proceed

From ev'ry thing? What use of similar seed?

Why do not birds, why fish not rise from earth,

And men and trees from water take their birth?

Why do not herds and flocks drop down from air?

Wild creatures and untam'd spring ev'ry where.

The same tree would not rise from the same root,

The cherry would not blush in the same fruit :

Nought fix'd and constant be; but ev'ry year 202

Whole nature change, and all things all things bear.

For did not proper seeds on all things wait,

How then could this thing still proceed from that?

But now since constant nature all things breeds,

From matter, fitly join'd with proper seeds;

Their various shapes, their different properties,

Is the plain cause why all from all can't rise.

Besides, why is ripe corn in summer found? 210

Why not bald winter with fresh roses crown'd?

Why not his cups o'erflow with new press'd wine?

Why sweaty autumn only treads the vine?

But because seeds to vital union cast,

Spring and appear, but while the seasons last;

While mother earth has warmth and strength to bear,

And can with safety trust her infant buds to the mild air.

Things made of nothing would at once appear

At any time, and quarter of the year;

Since there's no seed, whose nature might remit,

And check their growth until the season's fit. 221

Besides, no need of time for things to grow :

For time would be a measure e'en too slow :

But in one instant, if from nought began,

A shrub might be a tree, a boy a man.

But this is false : Each mean observer sees,

Things grow from certain seeds by just degrees;

And growing keep their kind : And hence we know,

That things from proper matter rise and grow;

By proper matter fed and nourish'd too. 230

Again, the earth puts forth no gaudy show'rs,

Unless impregnated with timely show'rs!

And living creatures too, that scarce receive

Supplies of food; nor can beget, nor live.

Wherefore, 'tis better to conclude there are

Many first common bodies every where,

Which join'd, as letters words, do things compose,

Than that from nothing any thing arose.

Besides, why does weak nature make such small,

Such puny things for men? Why not so tall,

That while they wade through seas and swelling tides, 241

Th' aspiring waves should hardly touch their sides?

Why not so strong, that they with ease might tear

The hardest rocks, and throw them through the air?

Why cannot she preserve them in their prime,

Above the pow'r of all-devouring time?

Why wanton childhood ends in youthful rage,

And youth falls swiftly into dotting age?

But because things on certain seeds depend,

For their first rise, continuance, and end. 250

Therefore unfruitful nothing nothing breeds;

Since all things owe their life to proper seeds.

Lastly, experience tells us that wild roots,

Better'd by art and toil, bear noble fruits.

Whence we conclude, that seeds of bodies lie,

In earth's cold womb, which, set at liberty,

By breaking of the clods, in which they lurk,

Spring briskly up, and do their proper work.

For, were there none, though we no help afford,

Things would be better'd of their own accord.

Besides, as nothing nature's pow'r creates: 261

So death dissolves, but not annihilates.

For could the substances of bodies die,

They presently would vanish from our eye;

And, without force, dissolving, perish all;

And silently into their nothing fall.

But now since things from seeds eternal rise :

Their parts well join'd and fitted, nothing dies, }

Unless some force break off the nat'ral ties. }

If all things, over which long years prevail, 270

Did wholly perish, and their matter fail;

How could the pow'rs of all-kind Venus breed

A constant race of an'mal to succeed?

Or how the earth eternally supply,

With constant food, each his necessity?

How could the springs and rivers flow so far,
And fill a sea? How could th' air feed each star?
For whatsoe'er could into nothing waste,
That infinite space of time already pass'd,
Had quite consum'd. ————— 280

But if those bodies, which compose this all,
Could for so many ages past endure:
They are immortal, and from death secure;
And therefore cannot into nothing fall.

Again, the same force ev'ry thing would break,
Were not the union made more strong or weak
By their immortal seeds: Nay, more than that,
One single touch would be the stroke of fate.
For things, where no eternal seeds are found,
Would strait dissolve, and die with any wound.
But since the seed's eternal, and the frame 291
Of bodies, and their union not the same;
Things may secure, and free from danger stand,
Until some force, driv'n by an envious hand,
Proportion'd to the texture, break the band:
Thus death dissolves alone; death breaks the
chain,

And scatters things to their first seeds again.

Lastly, when father ether kindly pours
On fertile mother earth his seminal show'rs, 299
They seem to perish there: But strait new juice
Ferment, and various herbs and trees produce,
Whose trunks grow strong, and spreading branches
shoot, [fruit.

Look fresh, and green, and bend beneath their
These nourishment to man and beast do prove:
Hence our towns fill with youth; with birds each
grove,

Who sit and sing; and in a num'rous throng,
With new-fledg'd wings clap, and applaud the
song.

These fat our cattle, that distended lie 308
On fertile banks, their spighet young ones by,
Rev'ling on milk, which their swoln udders yield,
Grow gay, and brisk, and wanton o'er the field.
And therefore bodies cannot fall to nought,
Since one thing still is from another bought.
By prov'dent nature, who lets nothing rise,
Nor be, except from something else that dies.

Now since we have by various reasons taught,
That nothing rises from, or falls to nought;
Left you dissent, because these seeds must lie
Beyond the ken, ev'n of the sharpest eye:
Know there are bodies, which no eyes can see, 320
Yet them, from their effects, we grant to be.
For first the winds disturb the seas, and tear
The stoutest ships, and chase the clouds through
air: [course

Sometimes through humble plains their vi'lent
They bend, and beat down trees with mighty
force;

Sometimes they rise so high, their strength so
great,

With furious storms they lofty mountains beat,
And tear the woods. —————

These must be bodies, though unseen they be,
Which thus disturb heav'n, earth, and air, and sea.
Which hardest rocks, and oaks, and all things
tear; 331

And snatch them up in whirlings through the air:

They all rush on as headlong rivers flow,
Swoln big with falling show'rs, or melting snow;
And rocks and trees o'erturn, and weighty beams;
And whirl their conquer'd prey in rapid streams,
No bridge can check, no force the stream controul;
It grows more wild, and fierce, and beats the mole.
Ruin and noise attend where'er it flows,
It rolls great stones, and breaks what dares op-
pose. 340

So rush the blasts of wind, which, like a flood,
Which way soe'er they tend, drive rocks and
wood,

And all before them: Sometimes upward bear
In rapid turns, and whirl them in the air.
'Tis certain then, these winds, that rudely fight,
Are bodies, though too subtle for our sight;
Since they do work as strong, as furious grow,
As rapid streams, which all grant bodies do.

The num'rous odours too, whose smells delight,
And please the nose, are all too thin for sight. 350
We view not heat, nor sharpest colds, which
wound

The tender nerves: Nor can we see a sound.
Yet these are bodies, for they move the sense;
And strait sweet pleasure, or quick pains com-
mence;

They shake the nerves. Now whatsoe'er does
touch,

Or can be touch'd, is body, must be granted such.

Besides, fresh clothes, expanded near the main,
Grow wet; but by the sun are dry'd again:
Yet what eye saw when first the moisture fate?
Or when it rose, and fled before the heat? 360
Therefore we must conclude, the drops t' have
been

Dissolv'd to parts, too subtle to be seen.

Nay more, 'tis certain, ev'ry circling year,
The rings, which grace the hands, diminish there:
Drops hollow stones; and while we plough, the
share

Grows less: The streets, by often treading, wear.
The brazen statues, that our gates adorn,
Show their right hands diminish'd much, and
worn.

By touch of those that visit or pass by. 369
'Tis certain from all these some parts must fly;
But when those bodies part, or what they be,
Malicious nature grants not pow'r to see.

Lastly, not ev'n the sharpest eye e'er sees
What parts, to make things grow by just degrees,
Nature does add; nor what she takes away,
When age steals softly on, and things decay.
Nor what the salt, to set the waters free,
Frets from the rocks, and beats into the sea:
'Tis certain then, that much which nature does,
She works by bodies, undiscern'd by us. 380

Yet bodies do not fill up every place;
For beside those, there is an empty space,
A void. This known, this notion form'd aright,
Will bring to my discourse new strength and
light;

And teach you plainest methods to descry
The greatest secrets of philosophy.

A void is space intangible: Thus prov'd,
For were there none, no body could be mov'd.

Because where'er the pressing motion goes,
It still must meet with stops, still meet with
foes:

'Tis natural to bodies to oppose.

So that to move would be in vain to try;
But all would fix'd, stubborn and moveless lie;
Because no yielding body could be found,
Which first should move, and give the other
ground.

But ev'ry one now sees that things do move
With various turns, in earth, and heav'n above:
Which, were no void, not only we've not seen,
But bodies too themselves had never been,
Ne'er generated; for matter, all sides prest 400
With other matter, would forever rest. [pear,
Though free from pores, though solid things ap-
Yet many reasons prove them to be rare.
For drops distil, and subtle moisture creeps
Through hardest rocks, and ev'ry marble weeps.
Juice, drawn from food, ev'n to the head does
climb,

Falls to the feet, and visits ev'ry limb.
Trees grow, and at due seasons yield their fruit:
Because the juice, drawn by the lab'ring root,
Does rise into the trunk, and through the bran-
ches shoot. 410

Sounds pass through well-clos'd rooms, and hard-
est stones;

And rig'rous winter's frosts affect our bones.
This could not be, were there no empty space,
Through which these moveables might freely pass.

Besides, why have not bodies equal weight
With those whose figure is but just as great?
For, did as many equal bodies frame [same.
Both wool and lead, their weight would be the
For ev'ry part of matter downwards tends,
By nature heavy; but no void descends. 420
Wherefore those lighter things, of equal size,
Do less of matter, more of void comprise.
But by the heavier more of seed's enjoy'd;
And these convincing reasons prove a void.

But some object: The floods to fish give way,
Who cut their passage through the yielding sea;
Because they leave a space where'er they go,
To which the yielding waters circling flow;
And hence by an analogy they prove,
That, though the world were full, yet things may
move. 430

But this is weak.—

For, how could fish e'er ply their nat'ral oars,
How cut the sea, and visit distant shores,
Unless the waves gave way? How these divide,
Except the fish first part the yielding tide?
Therefore fight sense, deny what that will prove,
Discard all motion, and the pow'r to shove,
Or grant a void, whence things begin to move. }

Let two broad bodies meet, and part again,
The air must fill the space that's left between. 440
And ev'n suppose it flies as swift as thought,
Yet common sense denies it can be brought
O'er all at once: the nearest first possess'd,
And thence 'tis hurry'd on, and fills the rest.

But now, should some suppose these marbles
part,
Made firm by nature, and polite by art,

Because the air's condens'd, they err: 'tis plain
That a wide void is made and fill'd again:
Nor can the air condens'd be thus employ'd;
Or, if it could, yet not without a void, 450
Could all the parts contract to shorter space,
And be combin'd with a more close embrace.
Thus though you cavil, yet at last o'ercome,
You must ignobly grant a vacuum.

Nor are these all; ten thousand reasons more,
Clear, firm, convincing, yet ne'er heard before,
Might be produc'd; but these, my curious youth,
Will guide thy searching mind to farther truth.
For as hounds, once in trace, still bear about,
Pursue the scent, and find the quarry out; 460
So you, my Memmius, may from one thing
known

To hidden truths successfully go on.
Pursue coy truth with an unerring sense,
Into her close recess, and force her thence.
Go bravely on; and, in such things as these,
Ne'er doubt; I'll promise thee deserv'd success:
And my full soul is eager to declare
So many secrets, that I justly fear,
Ere I shall prove but one particular,
The reasons flow in such a num'rous throng, 470
That age or hasty death will break the song.

But to go on:—
This all consists of body and of space:
That moves, and this affords the motion place.
That bodies are, we all from sense receive;
Whose notice, if in this we disbelieve,
On what can reason fix, on what rely?
What rule the truth of her deductions try
In greater secrets of philosophy? }

Suppose no void, as former reasons prove, 480
No body could enjoy a place, or move:
Besides these two, there is no third degree
Distinct from both; nought that has pow'r to be.
For if 'tis tangible, and has a place,
'Tis body; if intangible, 'tis space.

Besides, whatever is, a power must own,
Or fit to act, or to be acted on,
Or be a place in which such things are done. }
Now, bodies only suffer and act; and place
Is the peculiar gift of empty space: 490
And thus a diff'rent third in vain is sought;
And ne'er can be found out by sense or thought.

For, whatsoe'er may seem of more degrees,
Are but th' events or properties of these.
Which to explain; we call those properties,
Which never part, except the subject dies:
So weight to stones, so moisture to the sea,
So touch to body is, and to be free
From touching is to void; but peace and wealth,
War, concord, slav'ry, liberty, and health, 500
Whose presence or whose absence nor prevents
Nor brings the subject's ruin, are events.

Time of itself is nothing, but from thought
Receives its rise; by lab'ring fancy wrought
From things consider'd, while we think on some
As present, some as past, and some to come.
No thought can think on time; that still confess;
But thinks on things in motion or at rest.

Yet while the sons of fame their songs employ
On Helen's rape, or mourn the fall of Troy, 510

Take heed, nor fancy from such tales as these
That actions are, that they subsist confess.
Since all, of whom they were events, war's rage
Long since destroy'd, or more devouring age.
For action, or whate'er from action springs,
Is call'd th' event of countries or of things.

Lastly; suppose no frame, no seeds had been,
To act these things, nor space to act them in;
No gentle fire had warm'd kind Paris' breast,
No flames from beauteous Helen's eyes increas'd,
And kindled dreadful war; no teeming horse
Brought forth in one short night so great a force
As ruin'd stately Troy; which plainly show
That actions not subsist as bodies do;
Neither as void, but as events alone. [done.]

Of places where, and things by which they're
But farther; bodies are of diff'rent kinds,
Or principles, or made of those combin'd.
The principles of things no force can break;
They are too solid, and all strokes too weak: 530
Though such can hardly be believ'd: for voice,
Or thunder's found, or ev'ry louder noise,
Breaks through our walls, which yet remain en-
tire:

So iron gloves, and rocks dissolve in fire,
Strong flames divide the stubborn gold and brass,
And to a liquid substance break the mass:
Through silver, heat and cold: and each disdain,
And scorns a prison, though in precious chains.
This sense perceives; for, hold a silver cup,
And pour some water gently in at top, 540
Th' imprison'd heat or cold strait break their
bands, [hands.]
Grow fierce, fly through, and warm or chill the
These instances are strong; these seem t' explain
That beings, in their vast extent, contain
No perfect solids; creatures of the brain!
But yet attend my muse; the sweetly sings,
(Because right reason and the frame of things
Such seeds require) attend, she briefly shows,
And proves that things from perfect solids rose.

Two sorts of beings reason's eye descry'd, 550
And prov'd before; their diff'rence vastly wide:
Body and void, which never could agree
In any one essential property.

For body, as 'tis matter, is from place
Distinct; and void from body, as 'tis space.
Both these distinct subsist: and thus 'tis prov'd,
That seeds are solid, and from space remov'd.

But farther on: since things of seeds compos'd
Hold void, that thing by which that void's en-
clos'd

Is perfect solid; for what else employ'd 560
Can hold a space, or what contain a void?
Now what can sense, what searching reason find
To hold this void, but solid seeds combin'd?

This solid matter must for ever last,
Eternally endure, while compounds waste.
So grant no void, no spaces unpossess'd,
Then all would solid be, and all at rest.
And grant no solids, which fill up the place
That they possess, all would be empty space.
And thus seeds mix'd with void compose the
whole; 570

Nor all is empty space, nor all is full.

TRANS. II.

But solid seeds exist, which fill their place,
And make a diff'rence betwixt full and space.

These, as I prov'd before, no active flame,
No subtle cold can pierce, and break their frame,
Though ev'ry compound yields: no pow'ful
blow,

No subtle wedge divide, or break in two.
For nothing can be struck, no part destroy'd
By pow'ful blows, or cleft without a void,
And things that hold most void, when strokes do
press, 580

Or subtle wedges enter, yield with ease.
If seeds then solid are, they must endure
Eternally, from force, from stroke secure.

Besides, were seeds not eternal —
All things would rise from nought, and all return
To nought: nothing would be both womb and
urn.

But since my former reasons clearly taught
That nothing rises from or sinks to nought;
Those various things eternal seeds compose,
And death again dissolves them into those; 590
And thence new things were fram'd, new crea-
tures rose.

Then seeds are solid, else how could they last?
How things repair, so many ages past?

When nature things divides, did she go on
Dividing still, and never would have done;
The seeds had been so small, so much refin'd,
That nothing could have grown mature, no
mass combin'd; 600

For things are easier far dissolv'd than join'd.
Then nature, who, through all these ages past,
Has broke the seeds, and still goes on to waste,
Could scarce contrive, though num'rous years re-
main, 601

To fit, unite, and join them close again.
But now 'tis plain, by strictest reason try'd,
Nature does not to infinite divide,
Since things are made, and certain years endure,
In which they spring, grow, and become mature.

But more; though seeds are hard through all
their frame,

A compound may be soft, as water, flame,
Whate'er it is, or whence'er it springs, 609
Because we grant a void, commix'd with things;
But were they soft, no reason could be shown
How harden'd iron's fram'd, or harder stone;
For nature then would want fit seeds to work
upon.

Then solid seeds exist, whose num'rous throng,
Closely combin'd, makes compounds firm and
strong. [growth]

Besides; since things have time for life and
Prefix'd, and certain terms are set for both;
Since bounds are plac'd, o'er which they cannot
go, 618

And laws speak what they can and cannot do;
Since things not change; for all the kinds that fly
Are cloth'd with plumes of the same curious dye;
The matter must be firm, the seeds must be
Unchangeable, from alteration free:

For, grant the seeds may change, we could not
know

What things would be produc'd, or when, or how;

Z

How great their pow'r would rise, how far extend,
How long they'd live, or when their actions end:
Nor should we find the same delights pursu'd,
Nor parents natures in their young renew'd. 629

Farther: those parts of things that utmost lie
Are something, though too subtle for our eye.
And these are leasts: they never break the chain,
And by themselves subsist, nor ever can;
For they are parts, whose both extremes the same;
And such like, plac'd in order, bodies frame.
Since these subsist not in a separate state,
Their union must be strong, too firm for fate:
And stroke and wedge may try their strength in vain;

No force can loose the tie, or break the chain.
Then seeds are simple solids, and their parts combin'd 640

By strongest bands, but not of others join'd.
These nature keeps entire: these seeds supply
For future things, repairing those that die.

Besides; suppose no least, then seeds refin'd,
Too small for sense, nay, scarce perceiv'd by mind,
Would still be full, still num'rous parts contain
No end, no bound, but infinite the train;
And thus the greatest and the smallest frame 648
Would both be equal, and their bounds the same;
For though the all be infinite, each single grain
And smallest seeds as num'rous parts contain:
But that's absurd, by reason's laws confels'd,
And therefore nature must admit a least;
Not fram'd of others, which no parts can show,
And which is solid and eternal too.

Besides; quide nature not resolve to least,
Her pow'r quite spent, her works had long since ceas'd:

Her force all gone; no beings rais'd anew, 658
Nor things repair'd: for no composes show
What seeds must have those cath'lic qualities,
Nature's great instruments, weight, motion, size.

Lastly; great nature infinitely divides,
And never ceases: you must grant besides
That still some seeds exist, which, never broke,
Remain secure, free from the pow'r of stroke:
But 'tis absurd frail seeds should bear the rage
Of strokes unhurt, nor yield to pow'rful age.

They grossly err who teach all rise from fire;
As Heraclitus, whom vain Greeks admire

For dark expression: but the sober few, 670
Who seek for, and delight in what is true,
Scorn and condemn; for only fools regard
What seems obscure, and intricate, and hard:
Take that for truth, whose phrases smooth appear,
And dancing periods charm the wanton ear.

For how could bodies, of so different frame,
So various rise from pure and real flame.
Nor can you clear the doubt by fond pretence
That fire is made more rare, or else more dense:
This changes not the fire, 'tis still the same; 680
If dense, a strong; if rare, a weaker flame.
Yet this is all that can be said.

Who can believe that nature's various pride
Can spring from flame, condens'd or rarify'd?
'Tis true, did they admit an empty space,
Then flame, made rare, might fill a larger place,
Or dense, combine with a more strict embrace. }

But since they think that hard, and void oppose,
Fearing the difficult, the right they lose;
Nor yet perceive, that banish void alone, 690
All bodies would be dense, and all be one;
From which no seeds could fly, no parts retire,
As smoke, and heat, and vig'rous light from fire:
This proves a void commix'd.—

But if by any means, however, strange,
The flame could perish, and its parts could change;
If this could once be done, then all its heat,
And its whole nature would to nought retreat,
And therefore bodies would from nothing rise;
For what is chang'd from what it was, that dies.
But after change some seeds must still remain, 701
Lest all should sink to nought, and thence return again.

Now, since our former reasons clearly show
Some seeds, and those of constant nature too,
Whose presence, absence, or whose different range
Of order makes the things themselves to change;
We certainly conclude they are not flame;
For then 'twould nought import, what newly came,

What chang'd its order, or what did retire,
Since all would be of the same nature, fire. 710
But this is my opinion.—

Some seeds exist, from whose site, figure, size,
Concussion, order, motion, flames arise:
And when the order's chang'd, the parts of fire
Their nature lose, and silently expire.
The disunit'd bodies fly from thence,
Not flame, nor any object of the sense.

But now to think, as Heraclitus tells,
That all that is is fire, and nothing else;
'Tis fond; and certainty of sense o'erthrows, 720
By which alone that flame exists he knows.

In this he credit gives: but fears t' afford
The like in things as plain; and that's absurd:
For what can judge, and what our search secure
Like sense, truth's great criterion? What so sure?

Besides; why should we rather all disclaim,
Reject all else, and fancy only flame,
Than fire deny, and all things else receive?

Both which 'tis equal madness to believe. [birth
Therefore all those who teach things took their
From simple fire, or water, air, or earth,
Lie under palpable mistakes.

And those
That teach from doubled elements they rose,
As air and fire, as earth and water join'd,
Or all four, earth, air, water, fire, combin'd.

Thus sung Empedocles—
In fruitful Sicily, whose crooked sides
Th' Ionian washes with impetuous tides, }
And a small frith from Italy divides.
Here Scylla raves, and fierce Charybdis roars, 740
Beating with boist'rous waves the trembling
shores.

Here pres'd Enceladus with mighty loads
Vomits revenge in flames against the gods:
Through Aetna's jaws he impudently threatens,
And thund'ring heav'n with equal thunder beats
This idle; though with such wond'rous sights as
these

She call forth travellers, and the curious please;

Though ch with men and fruit, has rarely shown
A thing more glorious than this single one :
His verse, compos'd of nature's works, declare
His wit was strong, and his invention rare ; 751
His judgment deep and sound, whence some be-

gan,
And justly too, to think him more than man.
Yet he, with all the meaner others nam'd,
Though for some rare inventions justly fam'd,
Which they have left as oracles, more sure
Than from the tripod spoke, and less obscure
Than those, th' ancients from the Pythia heard
In the first seeds of things has greatly err'd.

That things may move, or may be soft, or rare,
Without a void, as water, flame, or air, 761
They all affirm ;

That nature never rests
In breaking bodies, and admits no leasts :
When yet we see the part that topmost lies
Is least, that is presented to our eyes :
From whence we that a least may well conclude,
Which utmost is, too little to be view'd.

Besides, their seeds are soft, and can be born
And die ; then all would rise, and all return
To nought : nothing would be both womb and 770
urn.

Nay, farther : since they're contraries, at jars
Among themselves, engag'd in civil wars,
They perish when they meet ; or, scatter'd, waste,
Like wind and show'rs, cross'd by an adverse
blast.

If all things from four elements arose,
And are again by death dissolv'd to those ;
What reason we should rather fondly deem
Them principles of things, than things of them ?
For they alternately are chang'd, and show
Each others figure, and their nature too : 780
And if you think that earth is join'd with fire,
With water, air, their nature still entire,
Nothing could first be made ; or, made, increas'd ;
Nor tree, nor man, nor tender fruit, nor beast :
For each component in the various mass
Would keep its nature, and be what it was ;
And we should view, confus'dly join'd and fix'd,
Thin air with earth, and fire with water mix'd.
But principles of things must be unknown,
Of nature undiscern'd, lest any one 790
Rising above the other should appear.
And show that things not truly compounds are.

Besides, they all these four from heav'n derive ;
And first, that flame is turn'd to air, believe ;
Thence water, and thence earth ; and so retire
From earth to water, thence to air and fire :
Their change ne'er ceases, but about they're driv'n
From heav'n to earth, from earth again to heav'n.
But seeds can never change their nat'ral state ;
They must endure, free from the pow'r of fate, 800
Left all should sink to nought, and thence arise ;
For what is chang'd from what it was, that dies.
Now, since these four can die, since those can fail,
Of other seeds, o'er which no strokes prevail,
They must be fram'd ; lest all should rise, and all
return

To nought ; and nothing be both womb and urn :
Then rather grant seeds such, that they did frame
A single body ; as, for instance, flame ;

Yet take away, or add some new to those ;
Their site and motion chang'd, would air com-
pose ; 810

And so of other things. —
But you'll object, and say, 'tis manifest
From earth rise trees, are nourish'd and increas'd ;
And if the seasons prove not kind and good,
Moisture and soaking show'rs corrupt the wood ;
And did not Phœbus shed enlivening heat,
No fruit or beasts could grow, look fair and great ;
And we, unless upheld by means, should die,
Swallow'd by treacherous mortality ;
Life loos'd from nerves and bones, long since had
fled, 820

And left the wasted carcase pale and dead.
For we from certain things our strength receive ;
And other things from certain others live ;
For various common principles are fix'd
In every thing, and all confus'd and mix'd.
And therefore nature knows no gen'ral good ;
But diff'rent things must have their diff'rent
food :

And thus it matters to the grand design,
How, or with what, the various seeds combine ;
What site, and what position they maintain ; 830
What motion give, and what receive again.
For the same seeds compose both earth and seas,
The sun, the moon, all th' animals and trees ;
But their contexture, or their motion, disagrees.

So in my verse are letters common found
To many words, unlike in sense and sound :
Such great variety bare change affords
Of order, in few elements of words. [may rise
Now, since the seeds of things are more, from them
More diff'rent shapes, and more varieties. 840

Next let's examine, with a curious eye,
Anaxagoras' philosophy ;
By copious Greece term'd homœomery. }
For which our Latin language, poor in words,
Not one expressive single voice affords :
Yet by an easy short periphrasis,
We plainly can discover what it is ;
For this it means : That bones of minute bones ;
That flesh of flesh, and stones of little stones ;
That nerves take other little nerves for food ; 850
That blood is made of little drops of blood ;
That gold from parts of the same nature rose ;
That earths do earth, fires fire, airs air com-
pose ;

And so in all things else alike to those.
But he admits no void, he grants no least ;
And therefore errs in this with all the rest.

Besides, too weak, too feeble seeds he chose,
If they are like the bodies they compose, }
And liable to death as well as those ;
For which of all these beings could endure 860
The violent jaws of death, from death secure ?
Could fire, could air, could water, blood, or bone ?
Which of all these ? In my opinion, none.

Since all would be as liable to die,
Subject to powerful mortality,
As those, which force destroys before our eye ; }
But I by former arguments have taught,
That things nor perish to, nor rise from nought.

Besides, since by our meat our bodies grow,
Are nourish'd and increas'd, we plainly know 870

That bones, and blood, and veins, and nerves are made

Of parts dissimilar, in order laid.

But if the meat in perfect form contains

Small parts of nerves, of blood, of bones, and veins;

Then meat and drink would in themselves preserve Dissimilar parts, as blood, bone, vein, and nerve.

Yet more: if all those things, that spring from earth,

Before they rose, before they show'd their birth, Lay hid within: the clods must needs comprise, As proper parts, those various things that rise: 880 Now change the subject, keep the terms the same;

In wood, if smoke lies hid, and sparks and flame, It must consist of parts of different frame.

But there's a little shift, a slight excuse,

Which Anaxagoras' scholars use.

Though such lie mix'd in all, that part alone

Appears, which only to the sense is shown;

Which in the composition does comprise

The greatest part, and on the surface lies. 889

But this is false; or through the weighty mill,

From broken corn would bloody drops distil;

Or some such parts as in our bodies grow;

From herbs and flow'rs a milky juice would flow;

In broken clods each searching eye might see

Some lurking, scatter'd herb, or leaf, or tree;

And in cleft wood, and broken sticks, admire

Smoke, ashes, flame, and little sparks of fire.

But since, on strictest search, no parts appear,

We must not fondly fancy they are there;

That bodies are compos'd of such combin'd; 900

But common seeds in various order join'd.

But you will answer thus: 'Tis often known,

That stately trees, on lofty mountains grown,

When beaten by a furious southern blast,

Grow warm and hot, and so take fire at last.

All this we grant:—

Yet there's no actual fire, but seeds of heat,

Which, dash'd together, all this flame beget.

For if in wood such actual flame were held,

How could it for one moment be conceal'd? 910

It straight would show its mighty force, and burn;

And shrubs, and trees, and all to ashes turn.

And hence, as we discours'd before, we find

It matters much with what first seeds are join'd;

Or how, or what position they maintain,

What motion give, and what receive again;

And that the seeds remaining still the same,

Their order chang'd, of wood are turn'd to flame.

Just as the letters little change affords,

Ignis and Ligna, two quite different words. 920

Besides, if you suppose no frame could spring,

Unless the principles were like the thing,

The same in nature seeds are lost; for then

Some seeds would laugh, and weep, and laugh

again;

With violent grin distort their little face,

And presently drop briny tears apace.

Now what remains observe; distinctly mark;

I know 'tis hard; 'tis intricate, and dark:

But powerful hope of praise still spurs me on;

I'm eager; and 'tis time that I were gone. 930

I feel, I rising feel poetic heats,

And, now inspir'd, trace o'er the muses' seats,

Untrodden yet: 'tis sweet to visit first

Untouch'd and virgin streams, and quench my thirst;

'Tis sweet to crop fresh flow'rs, and get a crown

For new and rare inventions of my own;

So noble, great, and gen'rous the design,

That none of all the mighty tuneful nine

Shall grace a head with laurels like to mine. }

For, first, I teach great things in lofty strains, 940

And loose men from religion's grievous chains;

Next, though my subject's dark, my verse is clear

And sweet, with fancy flowing ev'ry where;

And this design'd: for as physicians use,

In giving children draughts of bitter juice,

To make them take it, tinge the cup with sweet,

To cheat the lip: this first they eager meet,

And then drink on, and take the bitter draught;

And so are harmlessly deceiv'd, not caught:

For, by this means, they get their health, their ease. 950

Their vigour, strength, and baffle the disease.

So, since our methods of philosophy

Seem harsh to some; since most our maxims fly,

I thought it was the fittest way to dress,

In pleasing verse, these rigid principles,

With fancy sweet'ning them; to bribe thy mind

To read my books, and lead it on to find

The nature of the world, the rise of things,

And what vast profit too, that knowledge brings.

Now, since my former various reasons show,

That seeds are solid, and eternal too; 961

Let's next inquire, if infinite or no?

Likewise, if void and space do somewhere end?

Or, without bound, t'immensify extend?

The all is ev'ry way immensely wide,

Or else it would have bounds on ev'ry side.

Now, what can be a bound, but that which lies

Beyond the body, whose extreme it is?

That nought's beyond the all, ev'n common sense

Declares; therefore the all must be immense. 970

Thus stand on any quarter of the space,

That's nothing: 'tis immense from ev'ry place.

But grant it finite.—

Suppose a man on the extremest part;

Suppose him stand and strive to throw a dart;

The dart would forward fly, or, hinder'd, stay:

Choose which you will, the reason's good each

way.

And firm. For if some farther space admit,

Or some resistance stop its hasty flight,

That's not the end: so place the utmost part 980

Where'er you will, I'll follow with the dart;

And by this single argument deface

(For still the void will give a farther place), }

Those feign'd extremes and bounds you set to

space.

But to proceed.—

Suppose the all had bounds, suppose an end;

Then bodies, which by nature must descend,

And from eternity pursu'd the race,

Had long ere this time reach'd the lowest place,

Whence nothing could in decent order rise; 990

There could not be a glittering sun or skies;

For all the seeds must lie confus'dly mix'd
In a vast chaos, immovable and fix'd.
But now the seeds still move, because the space
Is boundless, and admits no lowest place;
No end, which heavy feeds, by nature prest,
Might seek below, and settle there and rest.
Now all, from parts of matter mov'd, arise,
Which the vast mass eternally supplies.

But lastly; things to things still bounds appear;
So air to lofty hills, and hills to air; 1001
So earth the seas, and seas the earth controul;
But there is nothing that can bound the whole.
Wherefore 'tis such, that did swift lightning fly
Through the vast space to all eternity,
No utmost part, no end would e'er be found,
So vastly wide it is, and without bound.

Again; nature's eternal laws provide,
That the vast all should be immensely wide,
Boundless and infinite, because they place 1010
Body as bound to void, to body space;
By mutual bounding making both immense:
For did they not each other bound, but one
Were infinite; for instance, space alone;
Nor man, nor earth, nor heav'n, nor could the
sea,

Nor bodies of the gods one moment be;
For seeds of things, their union all destroy'd,
Would fly dissolv'd and scatter'd through the
void;

Or rather into things had ne'er combin'd,
Because, once parted, they had never join'd. 1020

For sure unthinking feeds did ne'er dispose
Themselves by counsel, nor their order choose;
Nor any compacts made how each should move,
But from eternal through the vacuum strove,
Variously mov'd and turn'd, until, at last,
Most sorts of motion and of union past,
By chance to that convenient order hurl'd,
Which frame the beings that compose the world.
And these same feeds, now orderly maintain'd,
In the convenient motions they have gain'd, 1030
Is a sufficient cause why fertile earth,
By sun-beams quicken'd, gives new fruits their
birth;

Why rivers still the greedy deep supply;
Why beasts increase, why sun and moon ne'er die.
Which could not be, unless supplies still came
From the vast mass, and propp'd the sinking frame.

As beasts, depriv'd of food, so things must die,
As soon as matter fails of just supply.

Nor can external strokes preserve the whole;
Sometimes they may the hasty flight controul 1040
Of some small part, till others come and join,
And, taking hold, into one mass combine;
But very oft they must rebound, and then
The principles of things may break the chain,
And get their former liberty again. }

Nay, that these strokes might be, this lasting fight,
The mass of matter must be infinite.

'Tis certain then, that there must come supply
From the vast mass, repairing things that die.

But scorn their dreams, who fondly can be-
lieve, 1050

And teach, that all things to the middle strive;

And by that nat'ral pressure this whole frame
Might be maintain'd, its order still the same,
Without external impulse; high and low
Would always be as firmly join'd as now;
And their own fire their diff'rent place possess,
Since all unto one common centre press.
They farther teach, that pond'rous weights below
Unto their resting places upwards go:
And as our shadows in smooth streams appear,
So feet to feet some animals walk there; 1061
Yet can no sooner fall into those skies
That lie beneath, than we to heav'n can rise.
When Phœbus climbs their east, the feeble light
Of stars peeps forth, and beautifies our night.

But this ridic'ous dream, this fancy springs
From ign'rance, blind in principles of things.
For since the void is infinite, the space
Immense; how can there be a middle place?

Or grant there were— 1070
Why may not bodies end their tedious race,
And stop as well in any other place,
As there? For ev'ry part of empty space,
Or midst or not, must equally allow
To pond'rous movents easy passage through:
For there's no place, to which by nature prest,
Seeds lose their force of weight and freely rest;
Nor empty space can prop the feeds, nor stay
Their motion: 'tis its nature to give way:
In bodies then there lies no fond desire 1080
To seek the midst which keeps this frame entire.

Besides, they grant not all, but only those
Which heavy water and dull earth compose,
Strive to the centre: but that two retire,
Endeavouring from it as light air and fire;
Whence stars, those feeble ornaments of night,
Are nourish'd, and gay Phœbus' fiercer light:
Because the flame which from the midst retires,
When got on high combines its scatter'd fires.
But how could an' mals live, how leaves on branch-
es bud, 1090

If earthly parts rose not, and gave them food?
Then they contend, the highest heav'n, around
All things enclosing, is of all the bound;
Else the world's walls, like swiftest flames would
fly

Through the vast space; the fabric of the sky
Confus'dly falling, lower buildings meet;
Else faithless earth forsake our trembling feet;
And all things both in heav'n and earth destroy'd,
Confus'dly scatter through the boundless void;
And in one moment ev'ry thing deface, 1100
But unseen atoms, and vast empty space:
For wherefore'er the fabric does begin
To fail, there greedy death will enter in,
And through the ruinous breach, the violent course,
Of rapid matter rush with mighty force.

This learnt, 'tis no uneasy talk to know
The rest: I'll lead thee on, and clearly show
The pride of nature, and philosophy
Her greatest works, and please thy curious eye.
The walk is pleasant, 'tis an easy way, 1110
All bright and clear, for things will things betray
By mutual light: and we, from one thing knowa,
To hidden truths successfully go on.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

LUCRETIIUS begins his poem with an invocation of Venus, a gay and beautiful goddess, a friend of Mars, and, as the fables say, sometimes too immodestly familiar with him: but by whose power all animals are generated; by whose charms all nature is governed; and who alone can give all beauty and gracefulness. He therefore, makes choice of her as the fittest patron for a man, who is going to treat of the Nature of Things: he asks of her to bestow smoothness on his verse, and to procure a peace for Rome, which she may easily obtain from her dreadful servant the god of war. For, while the republic was engaged in arms, neither himself nor his Memmius, to whom he inscribes this poem, could find leisure to attend to the studies of philosophy. Now, whatever may be the opinion of others, he, by this invocation, excellently well performs the part of a poet, who intends to treat of nature and of an Epicurean philosopher likewise: for he derides while he invokes; and, as we seldom find a more beautiful, so we never can a more reproachful image of Venus and of Mars. But they seem too wittily pious, who believed that the poet, a professed enemy to Providence, was compelled by the Deity, as it were in sport and derision, to implore the aid of a most notorious goddess: nor are others less trifling, who observe, that Venus took care of gardens; and, therefore, was the most proper patroness for the Epicureans, who chiefly dwelt, or at least spent most of their time in gardens. Nor they neither, who discover, I know not what mysteries, that lie concealed under the names of Venus, Mars, Cælus, &c. Such trifles are beneath the disdainful and soaring wit of Lucretius; for, as Cicero tells us in the first book of the Nature of the Gods, sect. 59. the Epicureans despised the mysteries of the ancients no less than they did their religion. Hence, too, the grammarians, with their Venus Genetrix, unless they will allow Lucretius to have been inspired with so divine and prophetic a fury, as to have foreseen that Venus would one day be honoured with that title by Julius Cæsar. We need not then look any farther for a reason for the invocation. Lucretius was a poet, and therefore neglected not the rules of his art; an Epicurean, and therefore craftily conformed with the superstition of his country: besides, the practice of the poets is not more obvious, than the wantonness of the Epicureans is notorious: and, therefore, both like a poet, and according to the principles of his philosophy too, he might very well apply himself to Venus, that is, to the common natural appetite to procreation, which nevertheless he treats as a goddess, and gives her all her titles, as if he really expected some assistance from her; yet, even here he shows

his spite to religion, and scatters bitter reflections on the then fashionable devotion.

Ver. 1. We learn from Cicero, in book iii. of the Nature of the Gods, that there were four of this name. The two chief of them were she who was born of the froth of the sea, and another who was daughter of Jupiter and Dione. They are often confounded one for the other, both in regard to their actions and their name: for the Greeks called either of them Aphrodite, from *ἀφρός*, froth: but the Latins, Venus, because, as the same Cicero says, "ad omnes veniat," she comes to all; for she was the goddess of pleasure; "& trahit sua quemque voluptas."

Ver. 2. Because the Romans deduced their origin from Æneas, who was the son of Venus by Anchises.

Ver. 9. Because the earth produces flowers and fruits of all kinds and colours.

Ver. 10. This and the four following verses are an improvement of our translator upon his author, who only says,

—tibi suavis dædala Tellus
Submittit Flores—

Which thought is fully expressed in the two immediately preceding verses.

Ver. 14. He means Arabia Felix, a country that produces so great an abundance of aromatic spices, that when they are in bloom, their fragrance may be perceived at a great distance off at sea. Thus Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*,

—As when to them, who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now have past
Mozambique, off at sea, north-east winds bear
Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest, with such delay
Well-pleas'd they slack their course, and many a
league
Pleas'd with the grateful smell old ocean smiles.

And Waller in like manner:

So we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow:
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

Pliny says, that the inhabitants of this country use no wood but what is sweet-scented; and that they even dress their meat with that of the trees from which they distil the frankincense and myrrh. "Nec alia ligni genera in usu sunt, quam odorata; cibosq. coquunt Turis ligno, & myrrha;" lib. 12. cap. 17.

Ver. 19. From this passage of our poet, Virgil has borrowed part of his excellent description of the spring, which we find in *Georg.* 2. ver. 328.

Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus.
Parturit almus ager: Zephyriq. tepentibus auris
Laxant arva sinus: superat tener omnibus humor:
Inque novos soles audent se gramina tuto
Credere; nec metuit surgentes pampinus Austros,
Aut æcum cælo magnis Aquilonibus imbrem;
Sed trudit gemmas, & frondes explicat omnes.

Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love;
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
And while the balmy western spirit blows,
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose,
With kindly moisture then the plants abound,
The grass securely springs above the ground.
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies.
The swerving vines on the tall elm prevail,
Unhurt by southern show'rs, or northern hail
They spread their gems the genial warmth to share,
And boldly trust their buds in open air. *Dryden.*

Ver. 21. The west wind, so called "à favore, quia favet genicuræ," because it favours and helps forward the generation and production of things.

Ver. 37. The confused and unordered heap of matter, of which the poets supposed all things were made in the beginning. Hence Milton calls it,

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.

And Ovid, *Metamorph.* i. ver. 7.

—dixere chaos; rudis indigestaque moles,
Nec quicquam nisi pondus iners; congestaque
eodem

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.

—Rude undigested mass:

A lifeless lump, unfashion'd and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd. *Dryden.*

Chaos was likewise the first of the gods, according to Hesiod, in *Theogon.* ver. 116, where he sets up Chaos, Tellus, and Amor, for the progenitors of the gods.

Ver. 48. C. Memmius Gemellus, with whom Lucretius had travelled to Athens, where they studied philosophy together; and they were ever afterwards very intimate. He was descended of the noble family of the Memmii, who derived their extraction from the Trojans, as Virgil witnesses, *Æn.* 5. ver. 116.

Mox Italus Mnestheus, genus à quo nomine Memmi.

Then Mnestheus, from whom the Memmian race.

This C. Memmius, to whom Lucretius inscribes his poem, arrived to the dignity of Prætor, and obtained Bithynia for his province; but was soon recalled, being accused by Cæsar of mal-gesture in his office. However, not many years after his return to Rome, he came to be tribune of the people; and, in a little time, stood candidate for the consulship: of which he not only failed, but being accused of bribery, was, even though Cicero pleaded in his defence, convicted of it, and banished in-

to Greece, where he died in exile. Whoever desires to know more of him, may consult Gifanias, in his *Dissertation de Genti Memmia.*

Ver. 46. The son of Jupiter and Juno, or of Juno only without a father; as Minerva was of Jupiter only without a mother. She is said to have conceived him by touching a certain flower, which Flora showed her for that purpose.

Ver. 49. The court of Venus, who herself was called Paphia, from Paphos a city of Cyprus, where she had a stately temple. It is now called Baffo.

Ver. 58. Lucretius, a few years before his death, was an eye-witness of the mad administration of affairs in the time of Clodius and Catiline, who gave such a blow to the republic of Rome, as occasioned its total subversion, which happened not long after. And this is what he speaks of in these six verses.

Ver. 59. Because that tree was sacred to Apollo, the god of learning: See the note on ver. 153 of the sixth book.

Ver. 60. For as Cicero says, "Nemo bene potest inter Belli strepitus, ac plebis seditiones, æquo animo philosophari," *Tuscul.* 1. No man can well apply his mind to philosophy, amidst the noise of war and the seditions of the people.

Ver. 64. In these fourteen verses, he unfolds to his Memmius, whose attention he bespeaks, and wishes him free from all cares and anxieties, the argument of his future disputation: and tells him, he is going to treat of the nature of the heavens, and of the gods; as likewise concerning the first principles, of which all things are made, and into which they are again resolved. For, as to the gods, says he, they enjoy a blissful ease and idleness, and are exempt from all cares and business; nor did they, as most philosophers believe, either make the world, or do they take care of it: "De Deorum immortalitate nemo dubitavit: quod autem æternum beatumque sit, id non habere ipsum negotii quicquam, nec exhibere alteri: itaque neque ira neque gratia teneri, quod, quæ talia essent, imbecilia essent omnia." No man doubts of the immortality of the gods: but whatever is happy and eternal, must have nothing to do itself, nor find out employment for others: thus it will exempt itself from anger and gratitude, to either of which, whatever is subject, must be frail and imperfect, says Epicurus in Cicero, *lib. 1. de Nat. Deor.*

Ver. 76. He means the atoms. And let it suffice to give notice once for all, that he calls them by several other names likewise: as corpuscles, elements, first matter, first causes, first bodies, little bodies, &c.

Ver. 78. Here Lucretius begins his impiety. Had he contented himself with deriding only the superstitious devotion of the age he lived in; had he stopped there, and not proposed principles of irreligion drawn from the happiness of the Deity, which, therefore, must be universal, and against all religion under whatsoever denomination: he might have been read with much profit and satisfaction as an excellent satirist against the heathen worship; for

he severely scourges the mad zeal of men-sacrificers; and though perchance he has not proposed a true instance in Iphigenia, yet histories, both sacred and profane, of former and present ages, give us too many sad relations of such cruelties. But, since he openly declares, that the design of his writing is to free men from the fears of that heavenly tyrant, Providence, and to induce perfect serenity, that boasted *Ἀσφαλίη* of Epicurus; and in pursuit of this, endeavours to maintain the great dictate of his master. "Nihil beatum, nisi quod quietum;" Nothing is happy but what is supinely idle and at ease. I shall examine his vain pretensions; and, in order to it, present you with a summary of the Epicurean religion.

If any man considers the inconsistencies that are in the Epicurean notion of a Deity, how the attributes disagree, and how the very being thwarts all their other philosophy, he will easily agree with Tully, and admit his censure to be true. "Verbis ponunt, Re tollunt Deos." In words they assert, but in effect deny a God: which is seconded by Dionysius in Eusebius, ἀλλὰ οὗτο μιν περιηλθοῖ ἐνὶ κατὰ τὸν Σωκράτους θάνατον καίμασθαι. *Inachus Atheniensis* ὡς μὴ δοκεῖν τοῖς ἄλλοις ὅτι "Ἄθεος εἶναι, καὶ οὐκ αὐτοῖς ἀνυποστάτων θεῶν τιμωρὸν ἀνέμοιο ἐξουσίαν σκιάς. *Eusebius. lib. 15.* It is evident, that after Socrates was put to death, being afraid of the Athenians, that he might not seem what really he was, an Atheist, he fashioned some empty shadows of fantastical deities: but since antiquity hath but three Atheists on record, why should we increase the catalogue? he therefore asserts a divine nature, and proves it from the common consent of mankind; which does not arise from any innate ideas as Gassendus phrases it, these being altogether strangers to his hypothesis: for every idea is a mode of thinking, and no thought can arise, according to the Epicurean principles, but from a previous image; and therefore Lucretius makes the cause of this general consent to be the constant influx of divine images, which strike the mind. Plutarch de Placit. Phil. lib. 1. cap. 7. And Atticus, the Platonist asserts it to be the common doctrine of the garden, τὰς βελτίους ἀπορροίας τῶν θεῶν ταῖς μὲν ἡμέραις μετὰ γυναικῶν Παραίτας γίνεσθαι, *Eusebius. Præp. lib. 25.* That the good emanations from the gods bring great advantages to those that receive them: to this the prayer of Democritus, ἀγαθῶν εἰδώλων μετέχον, that he might receive good images; and Cicero, de Natura, Deor. lib. 1. sect. 107. agrees, and I hope Gassendus's bare denial cannot stand in competition with all these. This divine nature is branched out into many, his gods are numerous, and even exceed the catalogue of Apollodorus; and this he gathers from that *ἰσότης*, or equality which must be in the universe, "Si enim mortalium tanta multitudo, immortalium non minor, et si quæ interimant item quæ conferunt, infinita." For since there is so great a multitude of mortal things, there is no less of immortal; and if the things that die are infinite, so likewise are those that remain to all eternity. Their substance is not immaterial, and Velleius

reprehends Plato for his *ἀσώματον*, or incorporeality, as inconsistent with sense, prudence, and pleasure, and yet he cannot allow it to be a coalition of atoms, for that would destroy their necessity of being, and infer discerpibility: but they have *quasi corpus*, and *quasi sanguinem*, as it were a body, and as it were blood: a fancy perchance received from Homer.

Οὐ γὰρ οἶνον ἴδουσ', ἢ πίνουσ' ἀἷοπα αἶνον,
Τ' ὕμιν ἀναίμονες εἰσὶ καὶ Ἀθάνατοι καλλίοντα.

They drink no wine, they eat no common food,
And therefore nam'd immortal, void of blood.

They are of the figure of a man, that seeming the most beautiful, and the only receptacle of reason, without which the gods cannot be virtuous, nor happy: their knowledge infinite, and boundless; for Velleius in Tully, to confute Pythagoras, boldly inquires, "Cur quidquam ignoraret animus hominis, si esset Deus?" why the mind of man should be ignorant of any thing, if it were a god? easy and quiet is their life; and therefore unconcerned with the affairs of the world; for being full of themselves, why should they look on others, or trouble their minds with the consideration of less perfection, when they can expect no advantage nor addition to their happiness: yet these glorious beings are to be revered for the excellence of their nature. Our piety and religion must be heroical, not forced by fear, or raised by hope: interest must not bribe, nor terror affright us to our duty; but our devotion must be free, and unbiaised by the solicitations of the one, or the impulse of the other. These, in short, are the deities of Epicurus; and this is the sum of his religion: a sufficient instance, that men may dream when they are awake, and that absurd fancies are not only the consequences of sleep. Let us look on the favourers of these opinions, and what are they but exact images of Timon's philosophers?

Ἀνθρώποι κενεῆς οἰήσεως ἔμπλεοι φρονέες.

Men, casks of vain opinion full.

For, as Tully long ago observed, it is their usual custom to avoid difficulties by proposing absurdities; that the less may not be discerned, whilst all mens eyes are on the greater. For, first, not to require an explication of their unintelligible *quasi corpus*, and *quasi sanguis*, it is very easy to be proved, and a direct consequence from their established principles, that the matter of the deities is perfectly like that of our bodies, and so discerpible; nor can they find any secure retreat for their gods beyond the reach and power of troublesome atoms, which scattering every where must disturb their ease, destroy their quiet, and threaten a dissolution. For since the images that flow from them, move the mind, which they assert material, those must be body:

Tangere enim et tangi sine corpore nulla potest res. *Lucret.*

For nought but body can be touch'd, or touch.

And since it is the nature of body to resist, the greater and heavier the atoms are, the stronger and the more forcible will be the stroke on the divine substance; and consequently in this dissolution of worlds, in these mad whirls of matter, their deities, unless they remove them beyond the infinite space, must be endangered: for they are not perfect solids, and above the power and force of impulse, such combinations being unfit for sense, or animal motion. And thus the Epicureans must necessarily fall into that absurdity, for which Velleius lashes Anaximander, "Nativos esse Deos, et longis intervallis orientes et occidentes." That the gods are born, and that there is a long interval of time between their birth and their death. But since they offer as a reason, that immateriality is inconsistent with sense and prudence, I shall consider that in its proper place, and now examine how omniscience can agree to their gods. Lucretius, in his fifth book, asks the question, how the gods could have those ideas of man, sun, moon, and stars, before they were formed? from whence it is easily concluded, that they imagine the divine perception arises from the same causes that man's does, viz. from some subtle images that flow from the surfaces of things, and enter at the senses. Now it had been an attempt worthy the soaring wit of our poet, to have described the passages of these images; how they reach the happy seats entire, how these light airy things are undisturbed by the rapid whirls of matter, and how at last they should all conveniently turn round, and enter at the eyes of the deity. For if ours can ascend thither, why not the forms of these things that lie scattered through the infinite worlds reach us? no, their gods must be as senseless as they are careless; no intruding images must disturb their thoughts, or turn them from the contemplation of their happy selves; no doubt their ease will scarce agree with such troublesome agitations, and like the soft Sybarite, should the image of a man digging encroach upon them, they must necessarily undergo a *πῆγμα*.

As for the figure they please to allow them, we must needs acknowledge it a wonderful chance, that man (for that is the most proper opinion) should so much resemble the divine nature; but I had rather believe all the adulteries in the poets, than that man was made after the image of the Deity without his direction. Besides, what need of all these members? why must they have eyes, unless they have a looking-glass in their hands? why mouth and teeth which will never be employed? and why does not that fancied *ισονομία*, or equality in the universe, require immortal men, and immortal beasts! for that would make it more perfect. These are absurdities fit for the credulity of an Epicurean, beyond imagination, had not these men abetted them, and made good to the utmost, that severe reflection of Tully, "Nihil est tam absurdum quod non aliquis è philosophis asserat." There is nothing so absurd, but one or other of the philosophers has asserted it.

Now I come to consider, whether Providence is inconsistent with the happiness of the Deity. And

here the Epicureans are press'd with the consent of mankind, there being no nation but has some shadow of piety, which must be founded on the belief of Providence, that being the basis of all natural religion. The Stoics took the notion of their *Πνύματος νοῦν καὶ πυρρῶν*, their intelligent and fiery spirit, from the excellent order and disposition of the universe. The *Nῦν*, mind, of Anaxagoras is sufficiently known. Nor was Aristotle an enemy to Providence, though, as it was generally thought, and as Atticus the Platonist words it, *μηδὲ Σηλήνης ἤστας τὸ θῆον τὰ λαμπὰ τὰ κόσμου μέγα περιγράφει τῆς αὐτῆς θῆς διουκρίσεως*, confining Providence within the moon's orb, he leaves nothing below to his direction, and compares him to Epicurus, *οὐ καὶ διαφέρει πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἢ τὸ κόσμον τὸ θῆον ἐξοικίσταται, καὶ μηδὲμίαν πρὸς αὐτὸ κοινωνίαν ἀπολαμβάνειν*. For it is the same thing to us to have no Deity at all, as to have such a one with whom we can have no communication. And Athenagoras delivers it as the doctrine of the Peripatium, *ἀπερὶντα πάντα ἵνα κατοπύρῃ τὸ θεοῦ*, that Providence takes care of nothing below the sky; and Origen, *ὁ ἔλαττον Ἐπικούρου εἰς τὴν πρόνοιαν δεσδεῖν Ἀριστοτέλους*. Aristotle's opinions concerning Providence were somewhat less impious than those of Epicurus; but authority will prevail little with a proud Epicurean, whose talent it is to scoff at all beside his own sect, and undervalue every man that is not delighted with the weeds of his garden.

And here it must be observed, that as Epicurus circumscribed the Deity with the finite figure of a man, so he measured all his actions by the same model, and thought an intermeddling with the affairs of the world would bring cares, trouble, and distraction; because he sometimes observed a necessary connection betwixt these two, in those little intervals of business that disturbed his ease and quiet. A fond opinion, directly contrary to the consent of the world, and to his own principles and practice. For what trouble can it be for that Being, whom a bare intuition (for he grants him Omniscient) acquaints with all the springs and wheels of nature; who perfectly knows the frame, and with a nod can direct and rule the automaton; for self-existence necessarily infers Omnipotence. For what can determine the mode of existence in that Being? what confine its power? what circumscribe it? since it depends on nothing but itself. And since the Deity is the most excellent of beings, how can it want that amiable attribute, benevolence? will not an Epicurean commend it in the master of the garden? will he not be prodigal in his praises, and call the Athenian a god for his philosophy, and make his numerous books (Laetius calls him *σελευστωγράφον*, the most voluminous writer) an argument for his *ἀρετήων*, deification? And are all these commendations bestowed on him, because he made himself unhappy? Or must the Deity be deprived of that perfection, which is so lovely in man, and which all desire he should enjoy; because when dangers press, they seek for relief to heaven, and passionately expect descending succour; which sufficiently declares

that the belief of the Providence is as universal as that of the happiness of the Deity, and founded on the same reason? for, as Tully argues, "fac" "imagines esse quibus pulsantur animi, species" "quædam duntaxat obijcitur, num etiam cur" "beata sit? cur æterna?" Grant they are images that strike the mind, a certain species only offers itself: why then must it be happy? why eternal? And, consequently, the same reason dictating that Providence is an attribute, requires as strong an assent as when it declares happiness to be one, since neither can be inferred from the bare impulse of the images. For suppose the stroke constant, yet what is this (as Lucretius would have it) to eternity. And why may not any thing we think upon be esteemed immortal on the same account? Suppose the impulse continual, yet what connection between that and happiness; so that the Epicurean's argument recoils against himself, and he is foiled at his own weapons.

And now who can imagine such absurd principles proper to lead any rational inquirer to serenity. Will it be a comfort to a good man, to tell him, as Aristophanes speaks in his *Clouds*, ἀντὶ Ζήνους ὁ Δίος βασιλεύς, instead of Jupiter a whirlwind ruler, when it is his greatest interest, that there should be a merciful disposer, who takes notice of, and will reward his piety. It will be an admirable security no doubt for his honesty, to assure his malicious enemies, that nothing is to be feared but their own discovery. And unless their dreams prove treacherous or their minds rave, they are secure in their villainies, and may be wicked as often as they can fortunately be so, as often as occasion invites, or interest persuades. When commonwealths may be preserved by breaking the very band of society, τὸ συνδίσμα τῆς πολιτείας, as Polybius in his history, book vi. ch. 54. calls religion; when treasons may be stifled by taking off from subjects all obligations to duty, but their own weakness; and when a Democles can sit quietly under his hanging sword; then the denial of Providence, then the belief of a world made and upheld by chance, will be a remedy against all cares, and a necessary cause of that desired Ἀσφαλεία, serenity of mind.

Ver. 84. In these four verses he describes the tyranny, as he calls it, of religion; whom he places in heaven, looking sternly down on mankind, and frightening them into a vain and empty fear of the gods. And here let all, who, with Cicero, find a want of wit in Lucretius, contemplate this image, and show me one more beautiful if they can: In what a deplorable state lie those abject wretches, oppressed under the tyranny of religion, and how dreadful are the gruff and haughty looks with which that heavenly tyrant threatens them from above;—the devil himself seems to be lashing his whips over them.

Ver. 88. Here the poet attempts the praise of Epicurus of Athens, the son of Neocles; and who first, says he, opposed himself to all these terrors, with an undaunted soul, and being by the strength of his mind carried beyond the limits of this world, into the infinite ALL, got a thorough in-

sight into the power of all nature; desisted her in her inmost and most hidden recesses: and by teaching mankind that things are made without the care and workmanship of the gods, totally overthrew all religion, as Cicero observes, lib. i. de Natur. Deor. "Quid est enim cur ab hominibus colendos dicas, cum Dii, non modo homines non colant, sed omnino nihil curent, nihil agant?" For what reason is there why men should worship the gods, since not only they take no care of them, but are entirely void of all care for any thing, and do nothing? But Gassendus, Faber, and some others, waste their time to no purpose, while they endeavour to persuade that the book which Epicurus writ, περὶ φύσεως of sanctity or holiness, and the piety of the Epicureans towards the gods, are a sufficient evidence, that the word religion is used in this place by the poet, to signify only superstition, and an idle and vain fear of the gods. As if Lucretius did not absolutely renounce all belief of Providence; or had been that superstitious man to believe that God did any thing, or concerned himself with the care of mankind.

Ver. 93. No natural effects whatever give such impression of divine fear as thunder. This is evident by the example of some wicked emperors; who, though they were Atheists, and made themselves gods, yet by their trembling and hiding themselves when they heard it, confessed a greater divine power than their own. "Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem," Horat. And, therefore, Lucretius in this place says of Epicurus, as if it were a thing extraordinary and peculiar to him, that even the sound of thunder made not him superstitious.

Ver. 98. τὸ πᾶν. The ALL, whatever is in the nature of things, Epicurus and Lucretius after him, distinguish between the ALL, and what they call *mundus*, the world. The ALL is the whole, or the universe; the world only a part of it. The Epicureans held the ALL to be infinite and eternal, never to have had a beginning, and that it will never have an end, and to be incapable of increase or decrease; but the world to be finite, to have had a beginning, and to be liable to have an end. Epicurus called the ALL, τὸν ὅλον φύσιν, the nature of the whole; and in Plutarch τὸν ὅλον φύσιν, the nature of beings. This is what Lucretius calls in this place, *omne immensum*, the immense All; and our translator, the mighty space.

Ver. 103. This is that conquest which Virgil celebrates, Georg. ii. ver. 490. where he sings of præan to the victor Epicurus.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas;
Atq. omnes metus, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumq. Acherontis avari.

Happy the man, alone, thrice happy he,
Who could through gross effects their causes see;
Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge
springs,
Nor vainly fear'd inevitable things:

But did his walk of virtue calmly go,
Through all th' alarms of death and hell be-
low.

Com.

Ver. 105. In those twenty-four verses, he seems to suspect that Memmius will be startled at this impious doctrine that tends to the subversion of religion and denies the Divine Providence; he therefore endeavours to buoy up his mind, by telling him that the religion which acknowledges Providence, did often formerly persuade men to commit the most horrid crimes. To prove this, he brings the example of Iphigenia, who, upon the account of religion, and even by command of the oracle, was sacrificed to Diana upon her altar at Aulis, a port of Boeotia on the river Euripus, even her own father assisting at the sacrifice; and this was done, says he,

To bribe the gods, and buy a wind for Troy.

For the story goes, that Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ and Argos, whom the Greeks made choice of to command in their expedition against Troy, had killed a favourite stag, belonging to Diana, who, enraged at it, sent a tempest among their ships, which forced them into the port of Aulis; where being detained for some time by contrary winds, they at length sent to consult the oracle, who told them Diana would not be appeased till Iphigenia the daughter of Agamemnon, was sacrificed to that incensed goddess; and this was accordingly done, says the fable, which, as well as what is related of Idomeneus, who, under pretence of a vow, would have sacrificed his eldest son, took rise, no doubt, from the story of Jephtha, which happened not a great many years before the siege of Troy.

Ver. 109. She was daughter of Jupiter and Leto, and born at the same birth with Apollo. A virgin goddess, whose chief delight was hunting of wild beasts; for which reason she was called the goddess of the woods. She was Luna in heaven, Diana upon earth, and Proserpina in hell. Hence Dryden, or rather Chaucer, in the Knight's Tale:

O goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heav'n, and earth, and seas are
seen;

Queen of the nether skies, where half the year,
Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy
sphere;

Thou, goddess, by thy triple shape art seen,
In heav'n, earth, hell, and ev'ry where a queen.

Ver. 111. It was the custom to deck and trim up the victims with ribbands of several colours, and other gauderies, as if they were to be led to their nuptials, not their death.

Ver. 114. For she was led to the altar by her own father Agamemnon, and his brother Menelaus, who commanded the Greeks in the war against the Trojans.

Ver. 124. Because she was the eldest of all A-

gamemnon's children. Thus she says to her father in Euripides:

Πρώτη ε' ἐκείνων παυρίων, καὶ οὐ καὶ δ' ἴαί.

Iphig. in Aul. ver. 1120.

I was the first that called you father, and first that
you called child.

Ver. 129. Lucretius once more distrusts, lest Memmius giving credit to the fables of the poets of Acheron, Cerberus, the punishments after death, &c. to which he had been long accustomed, should still be averse to his opinions; he therefore obviates these scruples by suggesting to him, that all those and the like fables are only the mere inventions of poets; and that he himself could invent others altogether as dreadful.

Ver. 135. In these twenty-four verses he insinuates, that since the dread of punishments after death proceeds from the belief of the immortality of the soul, if it be once proved that the soul is mortal, all that vain fear will vanish; but since the philosophers have differed in opinion concerning the soul, some believing it to be born with the body, and to die with it; others, that it exists before, and is infused into bodies at the moment of their birth, and that being separated from the body by death, it goes down into hell; or transmigrates into the bodies of beasts, certainly men would be much in the wrong to condemn Providence, seeing eternal torments are reserved for all that despise it.

Ver. 141. The opinions concerning the soul were very different in the age of Lucretius. Some of the ancients believed it to exist from all eternity, and that it is incorporeal and immortal; others, that it is born with the body, and corporeal and mortal. Plato held it to be created from all eternity, and that it was placed among the stars; till grown weary of celestial, and falling in love with earthly things, it infused itself into bodies, at the moment of their birth. Aristotle, that it was not created from all eternity, but at the same time with the body; that is to say, that it begins to exist in heaven, at the time when the body is born, and is the same moment infused into the body, and continues in it, till it is separated from it by death, and then returns back to heaven; but he held it to be incorporeal and immortal. Hence others fabled, that after death souls return into heaven from whence they came; others, that they descend into hell, but not all into the same place; for they imagined that the souls of men who had lived wicked lives, were thrown down into Tartarus, which they held to be the lowest deep of the infernal abodes; but that the souls of those who had lived well, were received into Elysium. Others, as Ennius, held that the body returned into earth, and that the soul flew away into heaven; but that the shadows or ghosts, which they held to be certain images of souls, go into hell. Pythagoras believed the soul to exist from all eternity, and to be immortal and incorporeal, but that after death it goes from body into body, as well of man as of beast; and this is what

they call *metempsychosis*, transmigration of souls. But Heraclitus, Democritus, Epicurus, Hipparchus, Hippo, Thales, Hippocrates, Zenophanes, Parmenides, Empedocles, Lucretius, and others of the like gang, held the soul to be born with the body, and corporeal and mortal; but with this difference, that Hippo and Thales believed it to consist of water; Heraclitus, Democritus, and Hipparchus, of fire; some of the disciples of Thales, of air; Hippocrates, of fire and water; Xenophanes, of water and earth; Parmenides, of earth and fire; Empedocles, of all the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water; Critias, of blood, &c.

Ver. 148. He was a Latin poet, who lived about a hundred years before Lucretius; who calls him the first of the Latin poets, not that he lived before any of the others; for Livius Andronicus writ poems before Ennius; but because he was the first of the Latin poets, that writ an epic and heroic poem after the example of Homer. He was a Pythagorean, as indeed were most of the writers of that age.

Ver. 150. A country of Europe, very well known, it lies extended in the shape of a boot, between the Adriatic or Gulph of Venice, from the north and east; and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan Sea from the south; to the north and west the Alps divide it from Germany and France.

Ver. 152. So called from Acheron, one of the rivers of hell, that was feigned to receive the souls of the dead. What our translator calls *Acherusian palaces*, his author calls *Acherusia Templa*, the vast and spacious places of hell; for so the word *Templa* signifies; *Templa Celi* in Terence is used to signify the immense tract of the air; and thus too in Lucretius we find "*Ætheris Templa, troni-tralia Templa*," in the same sense.

Ver. 153. Ennius, as we observed before, held the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls; and he affirmed that the soul of Homer was in his body. But that he might not injure Pluto, he bequeathed to the infernal mansions, not the souls nor the bodies, but the ghosts, spectres, images, or shadows of the dead, which appearing to us, or seeming to do so, when we are asleep, awake, or in our sickness, strike a terror into our minds. This was the opinion of Ennius; which Lucretius hints at in this place, and by the way takes occasion to deride.

Ver. 154. He means ghosts or spectres, which the ancients held to be a third nature, of which, together with soul and body, the whole man consists.

Ver. 155. Homer, the Greek poet, is too well known to need any thing that we can say in his commendation. But Cicero in Lucullus mentions this dream of Ennius, "*Visus Homerus adesse Poetæ*," Homer seemed to appear to the poet; and in the dream of Scipio, he says, "*Fit enim serè ut cogitationes sermonesque nostri pariant aliquid in Somno, tale, quale de Homero scribit Ennius, de quo videlicet sapissimè vigilans solebat cogitare et loqui.*" For it often happens that our thoughts and words produce in our sleep, something like that which Ennius writes of Homer, of

whom he waking was wont frequently to think and speak.

Ver. 158. For Ennius used to say, that the ghost of Homer came to him from hell, and bitterly weeping discovered to him the nature of things: a folly for which Cicero sufficiently laughs at him in his second book of Academic Questions.

Ver. 159. Therefore to deliver his Memmius from all his fears, he tells him in ver. 8. that he will dispute, not only of the heavens, of the gods, and of the generation of things; all which he had before promised to do; but that he will explain besides the nature of the soul, and what those things are which affect us to that degree, sometimes when we are awake, sometimes when asleep, that we think we see persons long since dead, and hear them talking to us; from whence we believe that the soul exists after her separation from the body.

Ver. 167. Having proposed the argument of the following work, the poet, in these ten verses, weighs the difficulty of it; and declares how hard a task it is to write in Latin verse the philosophy of the Greeks, that is to say, of Epicurus and his followers; as well because of the poorness of the Latin tongue, as of the newness of the subject; he professes, however, that he is willing to undergo any labour for the sake of his beloved Memmius, whom he has undertaken to instruct.

Ver. 177. In these four verses the poet declares, that those causeless and empty fears, and that inward darkness which religion and ignorance have produced in the minds of men, cannot be dispelled and chased away by any beams of outward sunshine; but by that philosophy, that instructs us aright in the nature of things, and teaches the true causes of them.

Ver. 181. At length in these eleven verses he enters upon his subject, and totally to overthrow all belief of Providence, he endeavours to prove, that things were originally made without the help of the gods; and therefore are not governed and administered by them: And that he may go on the more successfully in his argumentation, he first of all lays down this principle: That nothing is made of nothing, which he is going to prove at large; for he had taken notice, that the belief of Providence sprung from hence: That men had observed many things upon earth, and in the heavens, and not being able to discover the causes of them, immediately concluded that the gods had made them out of nothing; the falsity of which he undertakes to demonstrate.

Thus we see, that Lucretius begins his philosophy with the denial of the creation; and we shall find him very copious in his arguments to justify this absurd opinion, but not one of them reaches his design: For though all things now rise from proper seeds, and grow by just degrees; though they spring only at convenient seasons of the year, yet how does this evince that these seeds were not the production of the Almighty word? But to confute his impious opinion, and demonstrate that it is impossible matter should be self-existent; that it cannot be *αὐτὰρ ἑῷ*, *οὐδὲρ* to the Deity, as

Hierocles, "de Fato et Providentia," p. 10. says, the Platonists imagine, it is sufficient to look abroad into the world, and see that stones and mud are not beings of infinite perfection; for whatsoever is *αὐτάρις*, self-existent, as Scaliger calls the Deity, can have no bounds set to its excellency: For what can hinder the utmost perfection in that being which depends only on itself? Now if he could have proved, that nothing is made of nothing, Providence had at once been overthrown; but the reader will easily discern, that after all his great labour, and the mighty bustle he makes, he in effect proves no more than what no man denies; that is to say, that nothing within the compass and circumference of nature is produced from nothing. And, therefore, Laëtantius, 2. Inst. 10. speaking of this argument of the Epicureans, had reason to say, "Sin autem intra naturæ vires contineri voluerit Epicurus, non esset cur à nobis non laudaretur. Constat enim ex nihilo nihil fieri posse naturæ viribus." If Epicurus would be content, that this proposition should be interpreted to extend no farther than to things within the strength of nature, we should have no reason not to approve it: For it is most certain, that nothing is made of nothing by the strength and power of nature. There is not, therefore, any reason to fear whatever arguments can be brought against the power of God, since those which the most penetrating wit of Lucretius has been able to advance, are so weak; for if his impious doctrine could have been defended, he certainly was capable of defending it:

—Si pergama dextra
Defendi possent, certe hac defensa fuissent.

Ver. 192. Epicurus, in the epistle to Herodotus, has comprehended in a few words this first argument, which Lucretius brings to prove, that nothing is made of nothing, *οὐδὲν γένεσθαι ἐκ τοῦ μὴ ὄντος, καὶ γὰρ ἐκ πάντων ἡνίκά τις ἀνθρώπων δι' ὅδιν ἐπαρτίσκειν* which is exactly what Lucretius says more at large in these eighteen verses. If things were produced from nothing, then every thing would proceed from every thing: there would be no need of seed, but men would start up out of the earth, beasts and fish would drop out of the sky, &c. Now since all things do not proceed from all things: but certain proper seeds are necessary, he rightly concludes, that nothing is produced from nothing. Nor indeed can any thing be objected against this argument, inasmuch as it extends only to things within the power of nature; for so far it holds good, but no farther.

Ver. 210. The preceding argument, to prove that nothing is made of nothing, was brought from the first rise and beginning of things. He now in twelve verses proves the same proposition by another argument, drawn from the constant and never changing effects of the seasons in which the things are brought forth. For why should roses be produced only in the spring, why fruits in summer, and grapes in autumn, and not any or all of them in winter, if matter contributed nothing to their production, since there is not

a greater disposition in one season of the year than in another, to produce any thing out of nothing? This argument likewise holds good, taking it to extend no farther than to things within the strength of nature.

Ver. 216. He means in the spring; the season
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blasts of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe
the year. *Dryden.*

Ver. 222. His third argument, contained in these nine verses, is brought from the natural growth of things. For if things were made of nothing, what hinders them from growing bigger out of nothing likewise? And thus there would be no need of time for them to attain to the height of their perfection, and fullness of growth; at least, in a moment of time, a new-born babe might start up into a sturdy youth, &c. For things grow slowly and by degrees, because they are increased by a certain matter, and by certain principles, which in one instant of time can neither be assembled, disposed in due order, nor joined together. Since, therefore, all things are nourished, and grow by the help of proper seed, they must of necessity be produced from proper seeds likewise. This argument too is valid, provided still it be not extended to things above the power of nature.

Ver. 231. These eight verses contain his fourth argument, which he has taken from the necessity of food and nourishment, and is no less cogent than the others. For since the earth can bring forth nothing without rain; and since animals, when deprived of food and nourishment, can neither propagate their kinds, nor even support their own lives; who can be so weak as to believe, that either animals, or the fruits of the earth, are produced out of nothing, it being most evident, that matter is essentially necessary for the production and nourishment of all things? Nay, we ought rather to conclude, that there are certain seeds, of which things are composed, as words are of letters.

Ver. 239. His fifth argument, in these fourteen verses, is taken from the fixed and determinate size and duration of things: For if men, for example, were produced of nothing, whence comes it to pass, that they are constantly so weak and little? Whence proceeds this shortness of life, and the other inconveniences and imperfections of mankind? But admit, that men proceed from certain seeds, and of a certain matter, and all those things will be easily accounted for, and even appear necessary and unavoidable.

This argument holds good with the same restriction as the former; but not without some distinction: For nature seems to have prescribed no bounds to the size of some inanimate things. Fire, for example, if you continue to supply it with still more and more fuel, it still grows bigger and bigger: But to all things that have life, to plants as well as animals, nature has fixed certain bounds of growth and magnitude: For things

grow by the strength of natural heat only; which lessens by degrees, when either through failure of strength, or the opposition of contraries, it can diffuse and spread itself no farther; besides it decays and grows weak with age.

Ver. 240. Lucretius seems to allude to the fable of Polyphemus, of whom Virgil, *Æn.* 3. ver. 364.

—— graditurque per æquor
Jam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit.

—— Through seas he strides,
And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.
Dryden.

Ver. 243. As the giants were feigned to be; of whom, Virgil, *Georg.* i. ver. 288.

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam
Scilicet et Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum.

Ossa on Pelion they thrice strove to call,
And on them would have heap'd Olympus too at last.

But this fable of the giants fight with the gods was not invented by the Greeks, but came from the eastern nations, and arose from the true story of the building of the Tower of Babel.

Ver. 253. The poet had observed, that corn, trees, flowers, &c. are improved and bettered by human industry; from whence he brings his sixth and last argument, to prove that nothing is made of nothing, and reasons thus in these eight verses. All this is occasioned by certain hidden seeds. For what would industry and labour avail, if those things were produced from nothing? It would indeed be vain and useless: And whosoever should undertake to cultivate nothing, would do nothing. Nay, what can hinder plants, that are produced from nothing, from improving and growing every year more fair and fruitful of their own accord?

Ver. 261. Hitherto Lucretius has been proving, that nothing is made of nothing. But now, in these two verses, he proposes another principle which is a consequent of the former, viz. that nothing is annihilated, or reduced into nothing.

Ver. 263. In these seven verses, he brings his first argument against the annihilation of things, and reasons to this purpose, from the common resolution of compound bodies. For, says he, if things resolved into nothing, or were mortal in all their parts, there would be no need of force or violence to dissolve any of them: But as every thing would be produced, and appear on a sudden, without the endeavour or force of any other thing; so without the force or violence of any other thing likewise, every thing would perish, not by a dissolution of its parts; but withdrawn from our eyes, would vanish away in a moment of time, and thus resolve into nothing. For the reason why force is requisite to dissolve each thing is, because it consists of seeds that remain after its dissolution.

Ver. 270. His second argument, to prove that nothing is reduced into nothing, is contained in these fifteen verses. Animals, says he, which, as

I have already proved, are not made out of nothing, are born daily, and die daily. The fountains perpetually supply waters, of which rivers and the sea consist, &c. Now whence could all these things proceed, if there were not some immortal seeds, that remain after the dissolution of the bodies? For who is so void of sense, as not to grant that the first matter of things, if it were sometimes subject to perish, must have been totally consumed in the infinite succession of years, that has passed away since the beginning of things; inasmuch, that nothing of it would be now left to repair and renew the things that are daily dying?

Ver. 277. For the Epicureans held, that the sun and stars were fires, that required nourishment to feed and keep alive their flames; and that they were nourished by the vapours and exhalations that rise from the earth and sea. Nor was this the opinion of Epicurus only, but of the Stoics likewise. Nay, we may trace this belief even to before the age of Zeno.

But to answer this question of Lucretius, and give a probable reason of the perpetual supply of waters to fountains and rivers, we may have recourse to the invention that Cowley found out to justify his

—— Eternal fountain of all waves,
Where there vast court the mother waters keep,
And undisturb'd by moons in silence sleep;

And stablish an abyss, or deep gulf of waters, into which the sea discharges itself, as rivers do into the sea; and thus there is a perpetual circulation of water, like that of the blood in human bodies; and this Lucretius himself owns in some measure, *Book vi.* ver. 627. For to refer the original of fountains to condensation, and afterwards to a dissolution of vapours under the earth, is one of the most unphilosophical opinions in all Aristotle. Besides, such an abyss of waters is very agreeable to the scriptures; for Jacob blesses Joseph with the blessings of the heavens above, and with the blessings of the depth beneath; that is, with the dew and rain of heaven, and with the fountains and rivers that arise from the deep; and conformably to this, Esdras asks, What habitations are in the heart of the sea, and what veins in the root of the abyss? Thus too at the end of the deluge, Moses says, "That God stopped the windows of heaven, and the fountains of the abyss."

Ver. 285. In these thirteen verses, he urges his third argument, and says, that it is evident, that nothing is annihilated, because the same force is not sufficient to dissolve all things; for it is in vain for any man to object, that the same force cannot dissolve all things, because the principles of bodies are joined together by different textures. For what would that disparity of texture avail, what even the principles themselves, if they can be reduced into nothing, are not able to resist, or hold good even against the slightest touch? But admitting there are certain principles, which are eternal, then indeed a reason may be given from the dissimilitude of their contexture with one another.

ther, why the same force is not alike sufficient to dissolve all things.

Ver. 291. For the eternity of the seeds alone would signify nothing, unless there were a diffimilitude of them likewise, without which there can be no union or connection of things; and, therefore, though the first bodies were eternal, yet the compounds would not, for that reason only, remain entire one moment of time.

Ver. 298. But because there are many things which, as they dissolve, vanish both from our sight and touch, to that degree, that they seem totally to perish, he, in these eighteen verses, obviates that objection, and shows, that even the rain, which, when it falls upon the earth, dries away, and chiefly may seem to vanish, does not, nevertheless, perish, but supplies matter for the growth of all manner of plants and trees, and to enable them to bring forth their several fruits in great abundance, for the nourishment and support of men, birds, and beasts. We cannot, therefore, believe, that the least particle of the showers entirely perishes, since so many excellent things are renewed and repaired by them. Lastly, He concludes, that nothing returns to nothing, since nature produces one thing out of another, and never any thing new; but makes use of the matter of another thing that had been dissolved before. See the note on v. 957. B. ii.

Ver. 314. This agrees with the maxim of Aristotle, lib. i. "de generat et corrupt." *ἢ τὸ αὐτὸ φθορὰ, ἀλλὰ γένεσις, ἢ τὸ αὐτὸ γένεσις ἀλλὰ φθορὰ*. The corruption of one thing is the generation of another, and the generation of one thing is the corruption of another.

Ver. 316. But that he may not dispute to no purpose, while his Memmius will perhaps distrust the validity of all the arguments he has hitherto brought to establish his atoms, because those eternal principles and seeds of things, in themselves, and apart from the bodies which they compose, are imperceptible to the sense, and, by reason of their exility, too small and subtle not to escape the sight, even of the sharpest and most piercing eye, he brings several instances of corporeal substances, to which no man denies an existence, though they are invisible to the eye. First, of the wind, in thirty-three verses, whose force and violence, says he, whoever thoroughly considers how it tosses and disturbs the sea, with what fury it drives the ships, &c. will acknowledge it to be corporeal, though no eye could ever discover its particles; and this too the more readily, if he reflects, that winds rush on in the same manner as rapid rivers do, when their waters are swollen with rain, and bear before them whatever opposes their course; and that rivers are bodies, the senses themselves most plainly demonstrate. Virgil seems to have imitated this description of a stormy wind, in the first *Æneid*, v. 86. and *Lucan*, lib. v.

Ver. 322. Virgil, *Georg.* i. ver. 318. describes the force of the wind in the like manner:

*Omnia ventorum concurrere prælia vidi;
Quæ gravidam læto segetem a radicibus imis*

*Sublime expulsam eruerent: ita turbine nigro
Ferret hyems culmumque levem, stipulasque volantes.*

Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies;
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft, the lighter stubble borne:
With such a force the flying rack is driv'n;
And such a winter wears the face of heav'n.

Dryd.

And Georg. III. ver. 196.

*Qualis, Hyperboreas aquilo cum densus ab oris
Incubuit; scythizque hyemes atque arida differt
Nubila: tum segetes altæ campiq. nutantes
Lenibus horrescunt flabris, summæque sonorem
Dant sylvæ, longiq. urgent ad litora fluctus:
Ille volat, simul arva fuga, simul æquora verrens.*

Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north;
The waving harvest bends beneath his blait,
The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast:
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar,
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.

Dryd.

Ver. 333. Thus too Virgil describes the rapidity of the Po, *Georg.* i. v. 481.

*Proluit infans contorquens vortice sylvas
Fluviorum rex eridanus, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta trahit—*

Then rising in his might the king of floods
Rush'd through the forests, tore the lofty woods,
And rolling onward with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and lab'ring hinds away.

Dryd.

*And the violence of a Torrent, Æn. II. ver. 305.**

—Ceu rapidus montano flumine torrens
Sternit argos, sternit sata læta, bonæque labores,
Præcipitesque trahit sylvas: stupet infans alto
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.

Thus, deluges descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow ear, destroy the pains
Of lab'ring oxen and the peasant's gains;
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey.
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and fecs from far
The wasteful ravage of the watery war.

Dryd.

Ver. 349. In these eight verses, he farther teaches, that it is but reasonable to allow that there may be in nature certain corporeal principles imperceptible to the sight, since all men confess that there are such things as odours, sounds, heat, and cold, though no man ever saw any of them; and yet who doubts but that all of them are bodies, since they affect and move the senses, and consequently touch them? for the Epicureans held, that whatever could touch, or be touched, that, and that only, was truly a body.

Thus Aristotle, lib. iv. *Phys.* *ausc. κύμα δάκρυ*
ὅμοιαι πῦρ ἀπλόν. They believe whatever can be
touched to be a body. Hence Epicurus in Lae-
tius, lib. x. calls the void which is opposed to
body, a nature free from touch, which opinion,
Lucretius follows in this verse :

Tangere enim et tangi nisi corpus nulla potest res.

Nought but a body can be touch'd, or touch.

Ver. 357. He brings another example of an in-
visible body, in these six verses: Water, says he, is
a body, and yet experience teaches, that it is some-
times divided into particles too small to be seen.
Linen or woollen clothes, spread abroad near the
sea, will grow damp, and the heat of the sun
will dry them again; yet no man ever saw those
particles of water, either rising from the sea, and
fixing themselves in the clothes, or retiring from
them.

Ver. 363. In these ten verses, he gives several
other instances to the same effect: Rings grow
thin with long wearing; drops of rain, by often
falling on stones, will make them hollow; the
pavement of the streets wear with treading on
them; nay, we see that even brass statues will
wear with frequent touching. Now, from all
these things thus worn and diminished, certain
corporeal particles must fly away, though, who-
ever sees them must be sharper sighted than "aut
aquila, aut serpens epidaurius:" either an eagle
or a serpent.

Ver. 364. Ovid says this admirably well in lib.
iv. de Pon. Epist. x.

Gutta cavat lapidem, consumitur annulus usu,
Et tricitur pressa vomer aduncus humo.

Which he most certainly took from our author.

Ver. 367. He speaks of the images of the tu-
mular or guardian gods, whose right hand whoever
came into the city or went out of it, was wont to
kiss, "*boni ominis causa*," for good luck's sake.
Yet I know not one single passage in any of the
ancient authors that mentions or confirms this
custom; but it is so plainly described here that
we have no room left to doubt of it. Why the
ancients used to kiss the right hand rather than
the left, Varro teaches, in *Excerpt. ex Servio* in
l. *Æneid*.

Ver. 373. In the last place, he teaches, in the
eighth verse, that certain corporeal particles are
added to things that grow and increase, and taken
from those that decrease and diminish; but that
those particles too are invisible even to the sharp-
est eye. Epicurus has expressed all this very
briefly in the epistle to Herodotus: *ἄνυσιν οὐ
μείζονας μὴ ὅμοιαι ἀτομοῖς*; the atoms have no
magnitude; and, *ἀδίστατοι γὰρ ἄτομος ὁπθῆναι αἰσθῆται*
for an atom is not visible to the sense. But De-
mocritus believed that some atoms may be very
big.

Ver. 381. Having thus proved that there are
certain corporeal principles of things, he is now
going to enter upon another subject, and in the
sixth verse he teaches, that, in the universe, there

is another thing besides body, that is, a void;
which void he thus defines; a place untouched
and empty, that is to say, a space that neither
touches, nor is touched, that can neither act nor
suffer. Thus in Book iii. ver. 781, he says:

Or else because, like empty space, 'tis such
As is secure from stroke, or free from touch.

Laetius, lib. x. says, that Epicurus called the void
an intangible nature, and a region. Empiricus,
lib. ii. adv. *Phys.* says, that it is called an intan-
gible nature, because of its being exempt from all
impulse by touch; or, to use the words of Ar-
nobius, lib. vii. adv. *Gent.* "*quod omni tactu sit
incontigua*," that is to say, because it makes no
resistance to touch. Thus Epicurus and Lucre-
tius call that only a void which is incorporeal in
its nature, that is, which can act nothing, nor
suffer nothing, but only yields a free passage
through itself to all bodies. Now, Empiricus
says, that they called this intangible nature a void,
because it is destitute of body; a space, because it
contains bodies; and a region, because bodies are
moved in it. Thus Aristotle, 3 *Phys.* vii. defines
the void, a place in which nothing is; that is to
say, as he himself explains it, a place in which
nothing corporeal, no body is. He goes yet far-
ther, and says, that it is a property of the void to
be full and empty; full when it is; filled with
body, empty when it is void of all body, almost
in the same sense as we commonly say a vessel is
full when it is filled with any liquor, but empty
when there is no liquor in it, unless in the empty
vessel, the air, which is a body, supplies the place
of the liquor, by which means the vessel is not
entirely empty, but would be empty if neither the
air nor any other body came into it. This being
premised, will help us to understand the follow-
ing arguments of Lucretius, by which he strives
to prove, that there is a void in the universe.

Ver. 387. The first argument to prove a void,
is contained in these fifteen verses, and, the better
to comprehend the force of it, imagine the uni-
verse, if there be no void or empty space inter-
sprersed in it, to be a vast heap of matter, throng-
ed, crowded, compacted, and wedged in on all
parts to such a degree, as not to be capable of re-
ceiving into its bulk the least corpusele whatever;
for, if there be nothing that is not full, then no
place remains to be filled; therefore, either a new
body will not be admitted, or it will be placed
in the very place that is already taken up by some
other body: and thus the same place will con-
tain two different bodies, that must be penetrat-
ing into each other on all sides, which no man
will pretend is possible to be done by the force of
nature. By this we see too, whether it be pos-
sible for any one of the bodies that are seated in
that immense mass of matter to be moved out of
its place, and to take the place of another. Cer-
tainly, if it find a place already full, it must of
necessity drive away the body that possesses and
fills that place. And if all things are full, whi-
ther shall that body be driven? Shall that again
thrust away another? The same difficulty will re-

turn upon us, and be continued for ever; therefore, unless there were a void interperfed in all things, all things would be crowded to fuch a degree, that not only nothing in the whole univerfe could be moved from its place, but it would be even impoffible to give a reafon, and explain how any thing can be generated becaufe a local motion is abfolutely neceffary for the generation of all things: and without a void there can be no motion whatever: nothing could move any more than do thofe flints and fhells, that are fometimes found in the very heart of huge ftones, and in the entrails of the hardefl rocks. Aristotle, in 4 *Phys.* 6. offers almoft the fame argument, which he had collected from Democritus and Leucippus, whose opinions Epicurus followed. *Δοκῶ αὐτῶν*, fays Laetius in Democritus, fpeaking of that philofopher, *οὐδὲ ἀρχὰς εἶναι τοῦ ἀέρος ἀτομῶν καὶ κενῶν*. He believed atoms and void to be the principles of all things; but Epicurus more truly held, that the void affords nothing befides place and difcrimination; and, indeed, though it be mixed with all bodies, yet it is in no wife to be admitted as any conftituent part of them; and, therefore, Plutarch wittily expreffes body by *τὸ ἴδιον*, and void by *τὸ μὴ ἴδιον*, as if he had faid, body is fomething, void nothing, which fenfe we muft be fure to bear in mind, and carry about with us, in order to comprehend a right and true meaning of our poet.

Ver. 412. In thefe thirteen verfes is contained his fecond argument, by which he proves, that there is a void, becaufe fome bodies penetrate into, and diftil through the things that feem to be moft folid. Thus water foaks through ftones; nourifhment conveys itfelf into all the members of animals; the fap riles into the trunks and branches of trees; founds pierce through walls; and cold penetrates the flefh and nerves, nay, even into the very bones; none of which could ever be, were there not between the particles of thofe folid things, fome fmall void fpaces, through which thofe bodies work their way.

Ver. 415. The third argument to prove a void takes up thefe ten verfes, and is brought from the different weight of things that are of the fame bulk and figure. And, indeed, why of two bodies of a like fize and fhape fhould one weigh more than the other, except becaufe in one of them there is more of body to which weight is natural, and the other more of void, which has no weight at all.

Ver. 425. But becaufe fome, and among them Aristotle, lib. 4. *Phys.* 7. Cic. lib. 4. *Academ.* et Seneca, lib. 2. *Nat. Quæft.* 7. endeavour to elude the force of thefe arguments, by objecting, that there is no need of a void for the motion of bodies, fince in a full, bodies may officioufly give way to one another; becaufe whatever body is moved, leaves a fpace to be poffeffed by that body, which it thrufts out of its place: as water gives way to the fifh that fwim forward, and ftrait flows into the place they left. But Lucretius answers, that unlefs the water gave way, the fifh could not move forward, nor open themfelves a

paflage, or leave a fpace behind them; but the water could not give way, unlefs there were an empty place for it to retire to. And therefore we muft allow a void mixed with bodies, or deny the poffibility of all motion whatever.

Ver. 439. Thefe fix verfes contain his fourth argument; which indeed is ftrong and valid. For if two fmooth broad bodies meet, and are parted on a fudden, a void will be caufed by their diffolution. For all manner of matter muft have been compressed and driven away by the meeting of thofe two bodies, and therefore the fpace that opens between them, as they part, will be void of all body: for what can fill it up? Shall the air, or any fubtle matter? Impoffible: for how fubtle foever you imagine the matter to be, you nevertheless leave a void, becaufe that air or fubtle matter; whatever it be, cannot be imagined to poffefs and fill up in one inftant of time all the fpace that two fuch broad and flat bodies will difclofe, and lay open at parting.

Ver. 445. Our tranflator has rendered this paflage of his author a little obfcurely: but the meaning of Lucretius is this. It may, fays he, be objected againft my laft argument, that when thefe two flat bodies meet, the air that is intercepted between the fufaces of them is condensed, or at leaft lies hid in the cavities of the fufaces of thofe bodies; for no bodies are perfectly fmooth. Now when thofe bodies feparate, the intercepted air is rarified, and poffeffes and fills up all the fpace that is difclofed and laid open by the feparation of thofe parting bodies. But Lucretius answers this objection thus, urging ftill his former affertion: When thefe two bodies are feparated, a void muft of neceffity be made, (for this cannot be denied, fince they did, at leaft in fome places, touch one another), and that void muft be filled up again with air; and thus the foregoing argument holds good, and proves what it advances. However, he infifts yet farther; at leaft fays he, that intercepted air is not totally condensed, or even grant that it be fo, yet it follows from that condensation that there is a void: becaufe it is abfurd to pretend, that one fame heap of matter can take up more room at one time than it does at another, unlefs there were a void. Befides, from fuch a contraction and condensation of the air, this abfurdity will follow, that what was before granted to be full, muft now be empty; and, *vice verfa*, what was empty, full: And even let it be granted; that fuch a compreffion of the difjoined and loofened parts of the air could be effected; yet even that would even be extremely diftreffed without an interperfon of void; for otherwife all things would be full, folid, and mere bodies, whose properties no ways admitting of penetration, could not poffibly fuffer the leaft condensation. This is the fenfe of the text of Lucretius, which the Englifh does not fully exprefs.

Ver. 455. The poet here tells Memmius, that he could allege many other arguments to prove a void: but he leaves it to him to gather the reft out of thofe he has mentioned: For, fays he, it is with philofophers as with hounds; and when they

have once fallen upon the sure trial of truth, they easily find her out in her most secret recesses.

These are the arguments Lucretius has brought to prove the two principles of Epicurus, body and void: that the former is sense sufficiently declares; and the latter is here evidently proved by two arguments (for the other are easily eluded): the first is drawn from motion; the second, from the parting of two flat smooth bodies.

Plutarch, in his second book, de Placitis Philosophorum, rotundly tells us, *οἱ ἀπὸ Θάλασσαν φύσει κοινὰν ἔχει μὲν Πλάτωνος τὸ κενὸν ὑπάρχον*. All the natural philosophers from Thales to Plato denied a vacuum. But Laetius, in the life of Diogenes Apolloniates, who lived in the time of Xerxes, declares that he pronounced *τὸ κενὸν ἄπειρον*. Void space is infinite. For the antiquity of that opinion I shall not be solicitous, though the reasons are strong, and obvious enough to make it ancient; for what is more obvious than motion? And how necessarily this infers a vacuum, is very easily discovered. Motion is change of place, which change is impossible in a plenum; for whatever endeavours to change its place must thrust out other bodies; and so if the full be infinite, the protrusion must be so; if finite, the endeavour is in vain, and therefore all must be fixed in eternal rest, and Archimedes himself with his engine would not be able to move the least particle of matter. Cartes, in the second part of his Principles, proposes a solution, much applauded by his admirers; but a little attention will find it vain, and weak, and contradictory to his own settled principles. For when a body moves in a straight line, it must give the body that lies before it the same determination with itself; and how this determination should alter, and the motion prove circular, neither Cartes nor his followers have condescended to explain. But grant (though the former reason has proved it impossible), that there may be such an attending circle of ambient air, yet unless it be perfectly mathematical (a thing very hardly supposed), each particle will acquire another attending circle, and so not the least fly stir her wing, unless the whole universe is troubled. To this may be added, that it is inconceivable how the most solid matter (for such is his first element) can so soon alter its figure, or be so easily dissolved, and fitted to the different spaces that lie between the little globules. We see gold and adamant resist the roughest stroke; it is pains and constant labour that must dissolve them; how then can we imagine this element will yield? But indeed Cartes proposes his ambient attending circle, as the only way to solve the phenomenon of motion in a full, which he thought he had sufficiently before evinced: but his arguments are weak and sophistical. For, in the first of his Meditations, he never takes notice of impenetrability, in which the very essence of matter consists: and in the second part of his Principles, he mistakes the notion of a void, and confounds substance and body. Take his own words: "Vacuum acem philosophico more sumptum, h. e. in quo nulla plane sit substantia, dari non posse manifestum est ex eo quod extensio spatii non differt ab extensione

corporis: nam cum ex eo solo quod corpus sit extensum in longum, latum, et profundum, recte concludamus illud esse substantiam, quia omnino repugnat ut nihil sit aliqua extensio: Idem etiam de spatio, quod vacuum supponitur, concludendum est; quod nempe cum in eo sit extensio, necessario etiam in ipso sit substantia." It is manifest, that a void, taken after the manner of philosophers, that is to say, in which there is evidently no substance, cannot be granted: because an extension of space, does not differ from an extension of body; for since we rightly conclude body to be a substance, for this reason only, because it is extended into length, breadth, and depth, it being absolutely contradictory to sense and reason that there should be an extension of nothing. We must likewise conclude the same of space, which is supposed a void; that is to say, that since there is an extension in it, there must be a substance in it likewise. For void doth not exclude all substance, but only body; and substance and body, are not convertible in the full latitude of an universal proposition.

Secondly, It is evident, that when two smooth flat bodies are separated by a perpendicular force, the ambient air cannot fill all the space at once; and therefore there must necessarily be a void, and this Mr. Hobbes, a great plenist, in the second of his Ten Dialogues, freely confesses would follow, if the bodies were infinitely hard; but since nature knows no such, any bodies, though perfectly smooth, may be separated by a force that overcomes their solidity, and yet no vacuum ensue. A pretty invention, but extremely disagreeable to the phenomenon: for in the exhausted receiver, where there is no prop of under air left to sustain it, the lower marble falls by its own weight. Mr. Hobbes adds another argument, which is of no force against the vacuist, but overthrows his own notion of a material deity: these are the words. He that created natural bodies, is not a fancy, yet the most real substance that is; who being infinite there can be no empty place where he is, nor full where he is not.

Now the other reason of Lucretius are insufficient; for that drawn from the different weight of bodies, would infer immense vacuities in the air, which is two thousand times lighter than gold, (see Glisson. de Substantia, c. 26.) and that from rarefaction and condensation is not cogent, though it is the most rational opinion, and more agreeable to the mind of Aristotle, than that which is commonly proposed as his, in Categoria Qualitatum, *Πικρὸν μὲν καὶ τὸ τὰ μέρια συνεγγὺς εἶναι ἀλλήλοις, μακρὸν δὲ τὸ διαστάει ἀπ' ἀλλήλων*. That is dense, between whose parts there is a closer; that rare between whose particles there is a looser connection.

Ver. 472. In these seven verses he briefly recapitulates what he has been proving in the former arguments: and, to confirm them, adds, that sense itself evinces the truth of them; and that nothing exists of itself besides body and void. Thus, too, Epicurus, in the epistle to Herodotus, *τὸ πᾶν ἔστι πῶ μὲν σῶμα, πῶς δὲ κενόν* the ALL is partly body partly void. And Cicero, in 2. de Nat. Deor.

"Omnia quæ secundum Naturam Corpus & Inane docet Epicurus." Epicurus teaches that all things in nature are body and void. And this doctrine of his, though particularly designed against those who take accidents into the number of real beings, yet has a farther reach, and endeavours to overthrow the belief of immaterial substances; for an Epicurean perception being nothing else but imagination, as arising from the stroke of a piece of matter, he had no way left to get a notice of any such being, but by some deduction from those appearances, of which his senses had assured him: thus, from motion he infers that there is space; and that being once settled, he proceeds to the solidity of atoms. Now, though the very same method, with less attention, had forced him to acknowledge substances immaterial, and to have made the universe more complete by another kind of beings; yet it was hard to thwart the genius of his master, to start new fears that might disturb his soft hours, and amaze himself with melancholy thoughts of a future state. And therefore, to silence the clamours of his reason (for he could not but see such plain consequences), he secures motion as a property of matter necessarily resulting from weight; and this I take to be the basis of the Epicurean atheism, which once removed that tower of Babel, which now rises so proudly as to brave Heaven, must be ruined and overthrown. For, if matter as such, is destitute of that power, the inference is easy, that there must be some other being to bestow it. This cannot be space: and, therefore, another kind of substance is required; and hence follows all that train of consequences, of which the Epicureans are so afraid. For he that first moves the matter, has no reason to cease from his operation; and so must still govern and direct it. And Providence is nothing else but an orderly preservation of that frame which it first raised: and, if there is such a director, how easily it follows, that he would discover his pleasure to man, and prescribe rules how he may be happy? And this makes a fair way for revealed religion; and that necessarily infers a future state. This, methinks, is a considerable advantage of natural philosophy, that it can proceed from such sensible things, and plainly shows us the *τὰ ἀόρατα εἶναι θεῶν*, the invisible things of God, in these his visible operations. Now, that weight is not a property of atoms, will be afterwards demonstrated; and so another sort of beings proved against the Epicureans.

Ver. 480. In these six verses, he proves, that nothing exists of itself besides body and void: because, whatever is, is endowed with some quantity, great or small. Now, if it can be touched, and hinders motion, it must be body; if it cannot be touched, and does not obstruct motion, it must be void. Therefore, there is no third nature; and whatever is, is body or void.

Ver. 486. In these seven verses, he again proves, that nothing exists of itself but body and void: for, whatever is, either has a power of acting on another; or may suffer from another, that is to say, it must be subject either to action or to pas-

sion. And that must be a body (for whatever acts or is acted on, touches, or is touched), or else it must be that in which things are contained, and in which they are made and moved; and that is the void. Therefore, there is no third kind of things that can be perceived by the sense, which teaches that body is, or comprehended by reason, which demonstrates that void is.

Ver. 493. But, forasmuch as many things are said to be, besides body and void; as war is, peace is, heat is, &c. Left errors should spring and get footing from this common way of speaking, he observes, in these ten verses, that all such things are either conjuncts, or events of body and void. Conjunct (*συνεπισημιον*, or proper accident), is what cannot be absent without the destruction of the subject: such is heat in fire, moisture in water, &c. But event (*συμβαλεμενος*, or common accident) is what may be absent or present, without the ruin or destruction of the subject; as war, poverty, concord, &c.

Ver. 503. Some, who were not offended that poverty, war, peace, &c. should be ranked among the number of events, had a nobler idea of time. Pythagoras, Heraclitus, and others, taught that it is a body; but the Stoics believed it to be incorporeal. To all these Lucretius opposes the opinion of Epicurus, in these six verses, which Gassendus thus explains: Time is an event attributed to things by the mind or thought only, according as they are conceived to persevere in the state in which they are, or to cease from it, and to preserve a longer or shorter existence, and to have it, to have had it, or to be to have it. Now, Epicurus, because he saw that time is something besides body and void, asserted, that it does not exist of itself; nor as a conjunct or event, but as the chief event of events; as Laetius positively says, lib. 10. He taught, therefore, that time exists not in reality, but only in the mind; and, therefore is, as I may call it, a being of the understanding. Hence Aristotle, 7. Metaphys. 1. defines time, "Numerus, qui absque ratione numerante, nullus est," which is as much as to say, that it has no existence but in the understanding. Now, the reason why Epicurus held time to be an event of events, or an accident of accidents, was, because it depends upon days, nights, hours, passions, exemption from passions, motions and rest: for, as Empiricus says, adv. Phys. lib. 22. a day, a night, an hour, passions, exemption from passions, motions and rest, are accidents to which time is adventitious only: for, day and night are accidents of the ambient air; and day happens from the illumination of the sun; but night from the privation or absence of the solar light. An hour, since it is a part either of the day or of the night, is likewise an accident of the air, as day and night are. But time is coextended with each day, each night, and each hour. Passions too, and impatiability or exemption from passions, that is to say, pains or pleasures, happen to us; and, therefore, are not substances, but accidents of those persons who are affected with a sense of them, that is to say, either with pleasure or pain. Now, even

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these accidents happen not without time. Moreover, motion and rest are accidents of bodies, and not without time neither: for we measure by time the swiftness and slowness of motion, and the length and shortness of rest. Therefore, since in common acceptation, time is divided into three parts, the past, the present, and the future; the sense, that is to say, the reason or understanding of the mind, comprehends all those parts of time from the things themselves: that is, we know the past time by things that are past, the present by the present, and the future by things to come. And without the motion or rest of things, we can have no notice of time, since it is something that is perpetually flowing. For the past time has already flowed away, the present is flowing, and the future is not yet flowed to us. Therefore, time exists not of itself. Thus Empiricus, whose text, for brevity's sake, I have omitted. And hence we see why, as Cicero 1. de Invent. says, "Difficile est tempus definire," it is difficult to give a definition of time: and St. Austin, 2. Confess. 24. "Si nemo ex me querat, quid sit tempus, scio; si quaerenti explicare velim, nescio." I know what time is if no man ask me; but when I would explain it to any man that asks me, I know not what it is. In a word, time does but measure other things, and neither works in them any real effects, nor is itself ever capable of any. And, therefore, what is commonly said, that time is the wisest thing in the world, because it produces all knowledge; and that nothing is more foolish than time, which never retains any thing long, whatever is learnt to-day is often forgot to-morrow. And again, that some men see prosperous and happy days, while the day of others are miserable. In all these and the like expressions, what is said of time is not verified of time itself, but agrees properly to the things that happen in time; and which, by reason of so near a conjunction, either lay their burden on the back, or place their crown on the head of time: nay, the very opportunities which we ascribe to time, do in reality adhere to the things themselves with which time is joined. And, as for time itself, it neither causes things, nor opportunities of things, though it comprise and contain them both.

Ver. 504. By fancy he means memory; for by memory we comprehend things past, and reason of things to come. Take away memory, the time past is nothing, and the future is not yet. And the present too, unless we remember and think of it, neither is, nor has any more a being, than either of the other two.

Ver. 509. I know not whether I shall be able to express my meaning, so as to make myself, or this passage of Lucretius be plainly understood; but I will do the best I can. The poorness of the Latin tongue, obliges to use the verb, "Sum, es, est," &c. I am, thou art, he is, &c. in relating of things that happened in time past; when we would tell any thing that was done. Thus if any one should say, "Victum est Ilium," Troy is conquered: some quibbler might presently answer, Is conquered? therefore it is. In my opinion,

this passage of our author, must, of necessity, be understood in this manner. Lucretius, therefore, in these eight verses, solves this captious sophism, occasioned by the common way of speaking, when we say that things past are done. For example, says he, The rape of Helen, and the destruction of Troy, are not at this time, nor do exist in themselves as body and void do, but are, as it were, the events of things, of persons, or of places, for the time past has swept away those men, of whom these actions are events; whence it follows, that the time past is not any thing in itself, absolutely and independent from things or countries, nor properly an event, but an event of events, as Epicurus himself expressly says, in the tenth book of Laertius. But whoever is of opinion, that these are dialectic trifles, is certainly much in the right: nor would Lucretius have condescended to amuse himself with them, had not the Stoics, a most impertinent race of men, between whom and the Epicureans there was a mortal enmity, compelled him to it.

Ver. 510. Helena was daughter of Tyndarus, the husband of Leda, who brought forth two eggs at a time: out of one of them, which she had conceived by Jupiter, in the shape of a swan, were taken Pollux and Helena; out of the other, which she had conceived by Tyndarus, Castor and Clytemnestra. But Horace, though contrary to the common opinion, says, that Castor and Pollux came out of the same egg.

Castor gaudet Equis: ovo prognatus eodem

Pugnis

Sat. 1. l. 2. v. 26.

Helena was very beautiful, and married to Menelaus king of Sparta. See the note on v. 519.

Ver. 517. He once more falls foul upon the sophism; and in these ten verses makes it appear, that things done in times past do not exist of themselves, but are only events of body and void. For, if there had formerly been neither body nor void, those things had never been done.

Ver. 519 *Paus.* He was the son of Priamus king of the Trojans, and Hecuba; who, while she was with child of him, dreamed that she was delivered of a flaming torch: and the interpreters of dreams, being consulted upon this occasion, answered, that the burden she carried in her womb, would be the cause of the destruction of Troy: upon which Priam gave orders, that the child as soon as born, should be exposed in the woods: but his mother took care to have him brought up privately in Mount Ida. At length, it being discovered who he was, by his brother Hector and his relations, he was sent into Greece, where he was received at the court of Menelaus king of the Spartans, whose wife Helena he took away by the favour of Venus, and brought her to Troy. This was the cause of the Trojan war, and consequently of the fall of that city. He was likewise called Alexander, by which name Lucretius here mentions him. He killed Achilles in the temple of Apollo the Thymbraean; and was himself slain not long after by Philoctetes.

Ver. 520. *Helén.* Of whom see the note on v. 519.

Ver. 521. This story is too well known to need any explication: but it was in the night-time that the Greeks went out of the belly of that wooden horse, and set fire to Troy, when the city was buried in sleep and wine, as Virgil expresses it, *Æn.* 2. v. 265.

Invadunt Urbem Somno Venoque sepultam.

Ver. 527. Having demonstrated the two principles of nature, body and void; and having explained likewise the nature of the void, he comes now to dispute more at large concerning bodies, which he divides into simple and compound: and in these twenty-three verses, farther teaches, that the simple bodies, or the principles of the compounds are most solid, perfectly full, and contain no void whatever: for which reason they can never be broken, nor divided by any force or violence how great soever it be. At the same time he owns there is need of very strong and convincing arguments to persuade men to believe that any bodies whatever are perfectly solid and full; since we know for certain, that gold, brass, stones, and all the other things that are thought to be most of all solid, are porous, and pervious to other bodies.

Ver. 529. Sextus Empiricus declares, that Epicurus hated the mathematics, and we may believe Lucretius follows his master, since, in his disputes concerning the indivisibility of atoms, he proposes the popular argument against the known and demonstrated property of quantity, infinite divisibility: for as long as mathematics can boast any certainty, that must be acknowledged to be such.

I shall not engage in this unnecessary controversy, though I believe those common arguments against infinite divisibility are empty sophisms, and a little attention (as whoever considers the method in which they are proposed, must observe) will find them full of contradictions, and founded on absurdities; for the indivisibility of an atom proceeds not from the littleness, but the solidity: for since the atoms are of different figures, some triangular, some square, &c. it is absurd to imagine, that the mind, by which only atoms are perceived, cannot fancy a diagonal in the square, or a perpendicular erected to the basis of the triangle: yet from this mental to the physical divisibility of an atom (as Cartes proceeds) is extremely weak and deficient. That there are some solid particles Lucretius has evidently proved: These Democritus called *πρωτα μίσην*, first magnitudes, Epicurus, *ἄτομος διὰ τὴν ἀλύτην ἐξήρησεν*. Atoms from their insoluble solidity: but as Dionysius in Euf. bius. *Præn. lib. 14. cap. 7. observat, τούτων διαφύναται ὅτι οὐκ ἔστιν ἰσχυρίσας πάσας, καὶ διὰ τούτο ἀνταποδίδου ὁ δὲ Δημοκρίτης, καὶ μάλιστα ὁμοτίνας ἄτομος ἐπέλαθεν*, they too widely disagreed, that Epicurus made all his atoms to be least, and therefore insensible, but Democritus supposed some of his to be very great: Heraclides, *ῥοχμς*, tumid or mussy. But none of all his reasons prove them unchangeable. For, if solidity, i. e. immediate contact were a necessary cause of indivisibility, it would follow, that no piece of matter could be divided, because the parts that are to be sepa-

rated enjoy an immediate contact, and that contact must be between surfaces as large as atoms, or, at least, some of their fancied parts. Besides, let two hard bodies perfectly smooth be joined together in a common superficies, parallel to the horizontal plain, and certain experience will assure us, that any force that is able to overcome the resistance of the supporting air, will easily divide them. His other arguments are all unconvincing: for suppose the seeds not eternal, i. e. divisible, it is a strange inference, therefore beings rise from nothing, since any body, and therefore one of these solid particles is not reduced into nothing by division, but only into smaller parts: and the weakness of the rest is so obvious, that I shall not spend time in declaring it.

Ver. 530. He has proved before that there are two principles of things, body and void, and that they are of very different natures. Now, who can deny, says he, but that these entirely different things subsist of themselves, wholly distinct and apart from one another. For it is absurd to say, that where void is, there body is likewise, and so on the contrary: from whence he infers, in these eight verses, that the first bodies are perfectly solid and full; because they subsist where there is no void.

Ver. 538. In these six verses he asserts, that in all compound bodies, which he here calls *genita*, begot or engendered, there are little void spaces intermixed: and then he adds, that the first, or simple bodies, must be perfect solids, because the mass of those simple bodies contains those voids: and what can contain a void but a solid, unless any one will imagine that a void can contain a void?

Ver. 564. In these two verses he teaches, that these solids cannot be broken by any force or violence, and therefore are indissoluble and eternal.

Ver. 566. Here he confirms the solidity of his atoms by another argument, contained in these eight verses. For as the whole universe would be a full, if there was no void, which he has already proved to be absurd: so, on the other hand, if nothing were full, and consequently perfectly solid, the same universe, immense as it is, would be all an empty space; which would be no less incongruous and absurd. Epicurus speaks to the same effect in Plutarch de Plac. Philosoph. lib. 1. cap. 3 *ἢ ἢ δι' ἴσων ἀτομῶν. ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἔστι γὰρ ἰσὶ στοιχείᾳ αἰὲρ ὅλην, καὶ αὐτὸ τὸ αἶθρ' ἀνεκδιαιρέτου*.

Ver. 574. Having demonstrated the solidity of atoms, he, in these ten verses, asserts their eternity: for solids are perfectly full, contain no void, and, therefore, are not subject to dissolution; because every divisible and dissoluble body is such, by reason of the void that is intermixed in the mass of it, and that intercepts and breaks off the communication between its parts, and thus gives an entrance to some external power and force to separate and disjoin them: but whatever is indissoluble and indivisible is such, because it is perfectly full and solid, and because it has no void, which might subject it to a separation and divisibility.

its parts. Epicurus to Herodotus, defines an atom, *Πλάση τίνα φύσιν, τὴν ἂν ἴχνηται ἀπὸ, ἢ ὅπως διαλυθήσεται.*

Ver. 564. To prove the eternity of his seeds yet more fully, he brings another argument from that common principle of the Epicureans, that nothing is made of nothing, and that nothing is reduced into nothing. This argument, contained in ten verses, is to this effect: If the first seeds of things were dissolved and perished, they would fall into nothing; for there are no principles prior to the first, into which they can be resolved: and thus the things that are daily born would arise from nothing. It must, therefore, of necessity be granted, either that the seeds are eternal, or that things proceed from nothing: and this the philosophers held to be the greatest absurdity that any man could advance.

Ver. 592. In these two verses, he concludes to this purpose: The first seeds of things are eternal, because they are solid, and are solid, because they are simple; for, unless they were simple, they would not be solid, because all compound bodies have a mixture of void: unless they were solid, they would not be eternal, because they might be dissolved; and unless they were eternal, all things must have been produced from nothing, and would return into nothing. The impossibility whereof he has already demonstrated.

Ver. 594. He proceeds, in these thirteen verses, to show that there is a certain and definite time appointed for the growth of all things; and, therefore, that the seeds, by which things are increased, are of a certain fixed magnitude, and indissoluble, nor can be broken to pieces: for, otherwise, having been broken and wasted for so vast a tract of time as is already past, they would have been reduced into parts so extremely minute, that they could never in any length of years, and therefore not in a few, be reunited and made again into one mass. And this any man will acknowledge, who reflects, that it is a much easier task to divide and dissolve things, than to renew and rejoin them together.

Ver. 607. He confirms the solidity of his atoms in these nine verses. Now, because it is manifest, that there are in nature hard and soft bodies, he declares, that if the principles are allowed to be solid, not only hard things may be made of them, as it is most evident they may, but soft things likewise; because whatever is compounded of such seeds, may become soft by the intermixture of void: but if the principles themselves are allowed to be soft, then, indeed, soft things may be made of them; but no reason can be given, how any thing should be hard, because there would be no solidity in their composition: and solidity alone is the foundation of all hardness.

Ver. 616. In these fourteen verses, Lucretius confirms the solidity of his atoms by another reason, taken from the manifold and never-failing constancy of nature; as well in always carrying on of animals to certain bounds of strength, as in imprinting likewise always upon them the same distinguishing characters and marks of their respective kinds: which, indeed, she could not do;

but that she makes use of principles, that are firm and constant, and therefore not obnoxious to dissolution or change; for whence can proceed this so obstinate constancy in seeds that are daily changed? And were they so indeed, neither men, nor any other animals, would retain the same usual shapes; and some would enjoy a vast strength and length of days, while others of the same kind, would be puny and short-lived; we should frequently see white crows, and sometimes black swans.

Ver. 630. In these fourteen verses, he employs another argument; which is, indeed, something refined, and not understood by many. Seeds or atoms, according to Epicurus, are endowed with quantity; but all quantity has an extreme: now that extreme is the least thing that can be conceived; nor does it ever subsist separated, and disjoined from the other parts; and of these leasts the whole mass of each atom is composed: but since the constituent parts cannot subsist when they are separated from one another, they cannot be divided from one another; for whatever body can be disjoined from another, must be able to preserve its being without the help and assistance of the body, from which it is parted: every seed, therefore, is of necessity simple and indissoluble; because it consists of parts, even the least that can be conceived; and which no art or strength can disjoin, because no art or strength can reduce into nothing. For nothing goes into nothing.

To make this yet more easy to be understood, we must know, that the Peripatetics and Epicureans differed in many things, but chiefly in their opinions concerning these leasts. For the Peripatetics held, that every compound body may be divided into infinite parts; and that no part can be made so small, but that it may still be made smaller. But the Epicureans believed, that no compound body can be divided into such minute parts as may always be made less; but may, indeed, be divided into parts so small, as cannot be divided any more; and consequently no less parts can be made of them; so that they fix an end, and prescribe bounds to the divisibility. Thus we see, that the Epicureans held that every body may be lessened to a point that can neither be seen, nor divided any more; but that is invisible and void of parts: and this is what they call a least, which is the first and the last part in all things; that is to say, is the first principle that nature reserves for the creating and renewing of things, and likewise a something last, into which they are resolved: Now, because the first principles are these leasts, Lucretius argues, that the first principles are eternal, solid, and most simple.

Ver. 640. This must not be understood, that the atoms are composed of leasts, as of parts, as if they were bodies compounded of an aggregation and connection of things, in like manner as all the other things of nature consist of a coalition of atoms; but only in such a wise, that they cannot by any means whatever be broken or dissolved. We must, therefore, take care not to mistake out

poet's least for such a mathematical point, as is represented without magnitude: which his principles enjoy, and figure likewise; and that, too, as infinitely variable, as the Peripatetics is divisible. And these apices, or leasts of things, may, perhaps, upon serious and speculative disquisition, prove a notion to be hardly denied, whether physically or mathematically taken, as Gassendus demonstrates at large; where he speaks, "*de non esse Epicuro magnitudinem infinitè dividuam*," to which I refer the reader.

Ver. 644. He said, in the last place, that seeds are composed of parts so small, that they can scarce be conceived. But that such leasts are, he confirms in these twelve verses, by that most known argument which all the philosophers make use of. And here we may observe by the way, that Gassendus, in his explication of these verses, performs the part of a matter, rather than of an interpreter, and takes upon him to blame and correct the opinion of Lucretius, rather than to explain it: for if there be any force in this argument, if the words themselves have any meaning, Lucretius evidently meant that these leasts, of which he composes his principles, are mathematical. For that the atoms of Epicurus are endowed with magnitude, and, therefore, have parts, none can oppose, but they who are strangers to his philosophy, and do not know that Epicurus ever writ *οὐκ ἔστιν ἐν τοῖς ἀτομοῖς γένεσις*. This, then, is the meaning of Lucretius. The first seeds are indissoluble and eternal, not because they are void of parts, but because they are endowed with solidity; and, therefore, cannot be broken to pieces nor torn asunder, or divided by any force whatever. If any one desires to know what these parts are, the answer is, that these parts have no parts, and that they are mathematical. For unless such leasts be granted, there would be no inequality between the greatest and the smallest thing; because either of them would contain infinite parts alike, and thus both of them would be infinite: than which what can be more absurd? For this reason Arcefilas laughed at the Stoics in their schools, about the leg of a man that was cut off, putrified, and thrown into the sea, which, they asserted, might be so resolved, and mixed with the waters of the sea, that not only the fleet of Antigonus might sail through that leg, but that even the twelve hundred ships of Xerxes, and the three hundred galleys of the Greeks might maintain an engagement in it. This, too, makes Plutarch deride Chrysippus, for believing that one drop of wine may be mingled with all the water of the sea; and that a wing of the least fly may be coextended throughout the whole space of the sky.

Ver. 656. The poet having explained the meaning of a mathematical least, returns to his physical least, which he imagines to be indissoluble and eternal; not because of its exility, but by reason of its solidity. For if nature did not attain, says he, to the extremest resolution; if she did not divide and lessen even to the minutest mites; the matter, of which things are composed, would be improper, and unfit to undergo all those mutations, and

to receive all those figures, to which it must be subject and exposed: for those minute bodies, if they were connected of several parts, and contained any void within themselves, could not, in the opinion of Epicurus, have an equal weight, nor an uniform motion: they would awkwardly, and, as it were with an ill will, obey any foreign and exterior strokes; and, therefore, could in no wise be connected together.

Ver. 662. In these six verses, he concludes for the solidity of his atoms, from what he has proved already. For he has demonstrated, either that there must be some seeds from all eternity undissolved and unbroken, or that no thing whatever could have been produced, or at least must have been produced of nothing. That things are produced, the senses themselves evince; and all men allow, that nothing comes from nothing: therefore, if there be no solids, which cannot be broken nor dissolved, where can we find those bodies, that have from all eternity remained undissolved and unbroken? For frail atoms, which are obnoxious to such an infinity of strokes and blows, in so long a space of time, must of necessity have been dissolved.

Ver. 668. Having hitherto laid down and established the principles of Epicurus, he now attacks the opinions of other philosophers; and, distributing all his arguments into two heads, he first falls upon those, who believe and teach that but one of the elements only is the principle of all things: and, in the next place, argues against those who assert more. Among the first he has singled out Heraclitus, who held fire to be the principle of all things, and bestows sixty-two verses to confute his opinion: for he takes it for granted, that whatever arguments he brings against him, will hold good against the others likewise; since nothing can be opposed against his doctrine of fire, but with what equal reason will be conclusive, as to the air, or any other of the elements. And, indeed, says Gassendus, whoever weighs this matter fully, will believe this variety of opinions to be a mere game; for though the authors of them assert different positions, yet they only beat about the bush, use a great circumstance of words, and, at length, fall all of them into the same thing: for let any man make choice of which of the elements he thinks fit; he will get neither more nor less, nor be able to make good his opinion any otherwise than any other who has pitched upon any other of the elements; because, whoever has but one of them, has nothing to do, but to condense and rarefy that; and he will presently have all the rest; so that it signifies nothing, whether this or that be first made use of.

Ver. 669. *Heraclitus*.] He was son of Blython or Heracion, and born at Ephesus in Ionia, 504 years before the birth of Jesus Christ. He flourished about the 69th Olympiad, in the reign of the last Darius. "*Ἐδοξεν αὐτῷ πάντα ἐν πυρὶ εὐσεσθῆναι, καὶ εἰς τὸ πᾶν ἀναλίσθαι*" Laert. He taught that all things are made of fire, and resolved again into fire. This was that philosopher, who is reported to have wept so often at the vanities of other men; which, never

theless, some say he did but dissemble, out of an excess of pride and disdain, being self-conceited, and believing himself the only person in the world for profoundness of learning and wisdom.

Ver. 669. *Vain Greeks.*] For Heraclitus had many interpreters, and a world of followers, who were called *Ἡρακλειτεύς*, Heraclitians. *Laert. in Vit. Heracl.*

Ver. 670. He writ many things in Greek verse, and is often cited by Aristotle: but in all his writings he affected obscurity. "De industria et consulto occultè dixit Heraclitus," says Cicero, *De Fin. lib. 2*. Heraclitus studied and affected to speak obscurely. And, in the third book of the *Nature of the Gods*, he says, that he would not be understood: "intelligi noluist." Hence he was surnamed *Σκωρεὺς*, obscure. And in this says Menagius and Laert. *Vit. Heracliti*, he imitated nature: *Φύσιν γὰρ μιμήσας* *Ἡρακλείδην ἀντιφράσας φίλον*. For nature, according to Heraclitus, takes delight in being hid. *Theophr. Orat. 12.*

Ver. 675. D'Avenant, speaking of the schoolmen, says, that

With terms they charm the weak, and pose the wise.

Ver. 676. In these seven verses, he proposes his first argument against Heraclitus: it cannot, says he, be conceived; how so great a variety of things, nay, how one thing only, that is endowed with different parts, should be made and consist of one simple and uniform principle: suppose it fire; yet, unless you mix some other things with it, you can make nothing of it but fire: for in what manner soever its parts are transposed and blended together, it will be always the very same thing, by reason of the sameness of the nature of all its parts. And that none may escape by the subterfuge of condensation and rarefaction, he confesses that it may be understood, how a thing may become more warm by the condensation of the hot parts of fire, and less warm by their rarefaction; and that the reason of this is obvious: but that any thing should become cold nay, and most cold too, as we find many things in nature to be, from fire only, how can that be understood?

Ver. 679. Heraclitus, as we find in Laertius, to make good his hypothesis, pretended that fire, by being condensed, grows moist, and thus becomes air: that the air, by compression, becomes water; that the water, by condensation, is turned into earth, &c. But all this, says Lucretius, signifies nothing: for the more the fire is condensed, the more it is fire. And the rarefaction will avail nothing; for rarefy fire as much as you will, it will still be fire.

Ver. 683. In these twelve verses he insists, that they who favour the opinion of Heraclitus, cannot fly to condensation and rarefaction, to justify their belief, because they admit not a void, without which nothing can be made rare or dense; as he has proved above, in ver. 450.

Ver. 695. But lest there should still remain some means to escape and elude this argument, by pretending that the fire is extinguished, and changed into another body, he urges, in these

eight verses, that that cannot be, unless it be granted that the fire retreats into nothing; because a simple and uncompounded thing, as that element ought to be, if it is indeed the first and only matter of which all things are made, cannot be changed, except it totally perishes. For a compound body may be changed in such a manner, that, ceasing to be what it was, it may leave its remaining part; which having lost its former state, may take up and put on a new one; but a simple, or uncompounded body, cannot utterly lose its nature; but it entirely dies: nor is it capable of any alteration, without a total perdition.

Ver. 703. He concludes in these fifteen verses, that if any thing were to be generated out of the extinguished fire, there must of necessity remain something of it, which, having lost and laid aside the form of fire, may take up, and put on the form of that generated thing. But it is most evident, that it is the common matter, which Lucretius supposes to be incorruptible corpuscles, that by the various addition, deduction, and transposition of themselves, can take up, and appear now in the form of fire, and now of any thing else. But to prove, that these corpuscles are not fiery in their own nature, he gives this convincing reason: because if they were, neither the addition, deductions or transposition would produce any effect: For if that nature of fire remain safe and untouched, nothing but fire can be made of it. Then he explains the opinion of Epicurus, that certain corpuscles, which have no form perceptible to the senses, are the principles of things; and that, from them meeting and conjoining in various manners, fire and all other things proceed.

Ver. 718. In these eight verses, he appeals to the certainty of sense, to confirm that all things do not consist of fire. Heraclitus confesses, that he knows fire by the help of his senses; and Lucretius urges that the senses do as plainly perceive many other things of a quite different nature from fire, as they do fire itself, and that we ought to give always the same, or never any credit at all to the senses. Then he briefly explains the opinion of Epicurus concerning a criterion. Of Heraclitus, see ver. 669.

Ver. 711. Heraclitus never denied, but that some things besides fire appear, but he never granted them to be. This opinion Lucretius opposes, and therefore urges, that other things besides fire truly are, and that even the senses discover, and certainly know them to be.

Ver. 720. For Heraclitus allowed the certainty of the senses, and yet destroyed that certainty in teaching that all things are fire: For if that were true, our senses would perceive fire in all things; and yet they perceive no such thing in an apple, in wood, in marble, &c.

Ver. 726. He adds in these four verses, that if we look upon water, and many other things, and handle them, we shall evidently discover in them another, and that too a quite different nature from fire; from whence he infers, that there is no more reason to assert all things to be fire, than there is to reject fire, and say they are any thing else.

Ver. 730. In these three verses, he concludes concerning fire, or any other single element, against any of which the same objections will proportionably hold good; that they are horribly mistaken, who hold that fire, as Heraclitus, that air, as Anaximenes Milesius, that water, as Thales Milesius, or that earth, as Pherecydes, is the principle of all things.

Ver. 732. Among the philosophers, who held more than one of the elements to be the principles of all things, he has singled out Empedocles, and employs 108 verses to confute his opinion. Now whatever he objects against his doctrine, in asserting the four elements to be the principles of things, will be conclusive likewise against those other philosophers, who taught that all things are produced from two or three of them only. For if four cannot be thought sufficient, much less will a fewer number suffice. But that four, nay nor a much greater number of bodies, are not sufficient to produce so vast a variety of things, as are contained in the universe, will more evidently appear by what shall be said hereafter. In the mean while, it may be considered, that as from one letter you can have but one figure, as A; from two but two, as Am, Ma; from three, but six, as Amo, Aom, Mao, Moa, Oam, Oma; from four, but 24, as Amor, Amro, Mora, &c. from five 120, from six 720, from seven 5040, from eight 40320, from nine 362880, from ten, 3,628,800, and so on, till you have completed the number of the twenty-four letters, as shall be said more at large in the note on book ii. ver. 643. So of one simple body, turn it ever so much, you can make but one body; of two bended together, but two; that is, to say, one compound; which, the more rare or dense it is, or the more it has of the one, or of the other, the nearer it will approach the nature of one, than of the other: And for the like reason, of three, but six; of four, but twenty-four, &c.; and change their positions, turn them and turn them again, and shift their places as often as you please, they will still be the same figures: and lastly, he concludes, that to produce such an innumerable variety of things, as are contained in the universe, an innumerable variety of elements or principles is likewise necessary.

Ver. 734 *Water.*] Thales, the Milesian, held water to be the first principle of all natural bodies; of which they consist, and into which they resolve. He endeavoured to establish this opinion by arguments drawn from the origin and continuation of most things. First, Because the seminal and generating principles of all animals is humid. Secondly, Because all kinds of plants are nourished by mere water; and when they want moisture, wither and decay. Thirdly, Because fire itself cannot live without air, which is only water rarefied; and the sun and stars draw up vapours for their own nourishment and support. These were the considerations upon which he grounded his opinion; and hence it is easy to guess, that he kept up the credit of his school, rather by the riches he gained by his lucky conjecture of the scarcity of olives, than by the strength of reason and argu-

ment. Some, however, have not been wanting to father this philosophy on Moses; and Hippo and Theophrastus were of the same faith. Nay, Hippocrates himself lays great stress upon it: and of later days the great Scdivogius, and generally the most learned of the Spagirists; who own that water is really a very *παναρχία*, or universal principle.

Ver. 734. *Air and Fire.*] As Oenopides of Chios. Earth and water, as Xenophanes; but Armenides joined fire and earth; and Hippo of Rhegium, fire and water; and Onomacritus held that fire, water, and earth, all three together, are the principles of all things.

Ver. 736. *Empedocles.*] He was son of Meton, or, as others will, of Archinomus, and some say, of Exinetus; but all agree, that he was born, and lived at Agrigentum in Sicily. He was contemporary with Euripides and Armenides. He flourished in the 84th Olympiad, about 404 years before J. C. He taught, that all things are made of the four elements, fire, water, air, and earth, and are resolved into the same again. To which he added two powers, amity and discord; the one unitive, the other discreative. *Ἐμπειδοκλῆς Μίλωνος Ἀκραγανθίος τίσσιν μιν λόγῳ στοιχεῖα, πῦρ, αἶσα, ὕδωρ γῆ, δὴν δὲ ἀρχαίως συνάμμις, φίλιαν τε καὶ νῆκος, ὧν ἡ μὲν ἔστι ἰσότης, τὸ δὲ διαμετρίαν.* Plutarch de Placit. Phil. l. 1. c. 3. See likewise Laertius, in Vita Emped. Achilles Tatius, in Arat. Phenomen. et Laërtius, lib. 2. Which last says, he derived this opinion from Hermes Trimegistus. These elements he called after this manner, fire he termed Jupiter, the air Juno, or as Laertius says, but not with so good reason, Pluto. The water Nestis, from *νῆστις*, to sow. The earth Pluto, or according to Laertius, Juno, i. e. Vesta. Consonant to this opinion of Empedocles, Ovid sings:

Quatuor æternus genitalia corpora mundus

Continet. ——— *Metam. xv. ver. 259.*

For this eternal world is said of old,
But four prolific principles to hold.

Dryd.

And again, ver. 244.

——— Omnia fiunt

Ex ipsis, et in ipsa cadunt ———

All things are mix'd of these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolved again.

Ver. 737. In these seventeen verses, he describes Sicily, the country of Empedocles, and praises that philosopher. Sicily is the largest of all the islands of the Mediterranean sea; it has been called by several names, and has had several different inhabitants. First, The Cyclops, who, as Cluverius says, de Sicil. lib. i. cap. 2. were the first who inhabited this island, which was then called Trinacria; and they dwelt chiefly about Mount Ætna, and in the Leontinian territory. Secondly, The Sicanians, a people of Spain, who dwelt on the banks of the river Sicanus, which, according to some, is the Segro, according to others, the Cinca; from them it was called Sicania. Thirdly, The Italians, who, under the command of Siculus,

drove the Sicanians into the west part of the island, and gave it the name of Sicilia; though some are of another opinion. Fourthly, Greeks and barbarians of several countries, who brought colonies into the island, and settled themselves in it. Lastly, it was subject to the Carthaginians, Romans, &c.

For the island of Sicily has three promontories or forelands. Pelorus towards the north, now called Capo di Faro, from Pharus, a watch-tower, or light-house, that is built upon it, to direct ships in their course: Pachynus, Capo di Passaro towards the east, and Lilybæum, Capo di Marfalia, towards the south and west, which made it triangular, almost in the form of a Δ Delta.

Ver. 738. That part of the Mediterranean, which lies above the Streights of the Adriatic, and extends itself between Crete and Sicily. Whence the Greeks divide the Ionian Sea into the Cretan and Sicilian, Plin. c. 11. l. 4. It surrounds a great part of Sicily, and received its name from Ionius, the son of Dyrribachius, whom Hercules killed unawares, and threw him into that sea to perpetuate his memory: But Solinus will have it named from Jonia, a little country on the farthest side of Calabria: Lycophron, from Io the daughter of Inachus; and others from the Ionians, who often suffered shipwreck in that sea.

Ver. 739. The sea that divides Sicily from Italy is not above half a league over. Those two countries were formerly contiguous, till about the days of Joshua, as Faber has shown in his epistles, the force of the sea divided Sicily from the rest of Italy.

Ver. 740. Lucretius mentions only Charybdis, not Scylla; which is a rock in the sea, between Italy and Sicily, on the Italian coast, off the promontory of Cærns. It continually makes a roaring noise, by reason of the rough and tempestuous waves of that sea, which are always beating into its hollows and dashing against it. It is now called Sciglia, and took its name from σύλλα, I vex or disturb. Charybdis, now called Calafaro, is a gulf or whirlpool, almost opposite to Scylla, on the coast of Sicily: from χαρῶ, I gape, and σὺβίω, I swallow: it sucks in the waters, and belches them out again with violence. Scylla is said to be the daughter of Phorcus, and changed by Circe into a monster, whose upper parts retained the form of a woman, and whose lower parts were transformed into dogs, by whose barking the poets expressed the roaring of the waves, and fabled that the monster lay hid in the rock, and allured ships thither, which by that means were cast away. Charybdis, they say, was a notorious harlot and thief together, who having stolen some oxen from Hercules, Jupiter struck her with a bolt of his thunder, and threw her into the sea, where she was changed into a whirlpool. Virgil, *Æn.* iii. v. 420. describes them thus:

Dextrum Scylla latus lævum implicata Charybdis
Obfidet; atque inno barathri ter gurgite vastos
Sordet in abruptum fluctus, rursusq. sub auras
Erigit æternos, et sydera verberat nuda,

At Scyllam cæcis cohibet spelunca latebris,
Ora exsertantem, et naves in saxa trahentem;
Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo
Pube tenus: postrema immani corpore pristis,
Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.

—In the streights

Where proud Pelorus opens a wider way,
Far on the right her dogs foul Scylla hides;
Charybdis, roaring on the left presides;
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides:
Then spouts them from below; with fury driv'n
The waves mount up, and wash the face of heav'n.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws
The sinking vessels in her eddy draws,
Then dashes on the rocks: a human face,
And virgin's bosom hide her tail's disgrace:
Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
With dogs enclos'd, and in a dolphin end.

Dryden.

Thus the fables; but Cluverius, who went on purpose to Messina to be satisfied, and learn the nature of this whirlpool, says and proves, lib. 1. c. 5. "de Sicilia antiqua," that though it be shown near Messina, and called Calafaro and la Rema, yet the whole sea is tempestuous and full of whirlpools: and he commends Thucydides, for giving the name of Charybdis to all that sea, lib. 4. where he says, that the streight between Rhegium, now called Rezzo, and Messina, where Sicily is least distant from the continent, is the sea that is called Charybdis, through which Ulysses is said to have failed, καὶ ἴσιν ἡ χαρύβδις ἀνέβη, τὴν, &c. And this is the reason why some place Charybdis near the Cape of Pelorus, and others near Messina. Homer describes it under a rock shaded with wild fig-trees, and as a gaping gulf of whirling waters; but, in truth, it is only the impetuous current of the sea, that flows in with greater violence from the north than from the south; and whose billows, when adverse winds struggle with one another, especially when the south sea rages, are driven into the streights; and being there compressed in a narrow space, and dashing with violence against one another, and against the rocks and shores, are by that conflict twisted into whirls, and cause that noise and roaring.

Ver. 742. *Enceladus.*] He is said to be the hugest of the giants that fought against the gods. He was the son of Titan and Terra; Jupiter killed him with thunder, and threw Mount *Ætna* upon him: Thus Virg. *Æn.* iii. ver. 578.

Fama est, Enceladi semulsum fulmine corpus
Urgeri mole hac, ingentemq. insuper *Ætnam*
Impositam, ruptis flammam exspirare caminis:
Et fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Marmure trinarium, et cælum subtexere fumo.

Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,
With blasted wings came tumbling from above:
And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
As often as he turns his weary sides,
He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens
hides.

Which may serve to explain this passage of our translator; for Lucretius makes no mention of Enceladus.

Ver. 744. *Ætna*.] A mountain in Sicily, of which Lucretius disputes at large in book vi. ver. 675. See that place and the notes upon it.

Ver. 750. The ancients were in doubt whether they ought to rank Empedocles among the philosophers, or among the poets; so elegant was the poem which he writ of the Nature of Things. Ὀμηρικὸς Ἐμπεδοκλῆς, καὶ διὸς περὶ φύσιν γίγναι, μίσητος αἰ δὲ, καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις τοῖς περὶ ποιητικῶν ἰσχυρίμασι χρώμενος. Aristot. in τῷ περὶ ποιητικῶν. Laert. Aristotle likewise ascribes to him the invention of rhetoric.

Ver. 754. In these six verses, he owns Empedocles to have been an excellent philosopher, even greater than Heraclitus, and the others, whom he has already refuted, and whom we may more safely believe than the oracles of the gods; yet he is going to show, by several arguments, that even Empedocles himself is mistaken in the principles of things; and thus Lucretius includes him in the number of those philosophers of whom the Stoicite somewhere pronounces, ζῆλοντες γὰρ οἱ καὶ φιλοσοφίαν πρῶτον τὴν ἀληθείαν καὶ τὴν φύσιν τῶν ὄντων ἐπερὶσπῆσαν, which our poet interprets,

Principiis tamen in rerum fecere ruinam,
Et graviter magni magno cecidere ibi casu.

Ver. 757. *Tripod*.] A table, or stool that was supported by three feet, and upon which the priestesses of Apollo were wont to stand or sit, when they pronounced the oracles. Plin. l. 34. c. 3. This tripod, and the priestesses themselves were decked and crowned with laurel, a tree sacred to Apollo, and therefore they were said to speak from the tripod and laurel, "ex tripode et lauro."

Ver. 758. *Pythia*.] Was the priestess of Apollo at Delphos, who answered from the tripod those that came to consult the oracle. She was called Pythia, from the Greek word πυθιάσθαι, to consult or ask.

Ver. 760. His first objection against them is contained in these three verses: That as well Empedocles, as the other asserters of several elements, deny a void, no less than the philosophers mentioned above, and yet they admit motion, rareness, and softness, none of which can be without a void.

Ver. 762. His second objection, contained in these six verses, is to this purpose: That they held all bodies to be infinitely divisible, contrary to what Lucretius has shown before, ver. 630. and what he now proves by the same argument he then made use of.

Ver. 678. Thirdly, He objects against them in these three verses, that their elements are soft, and consequently subject to change, and therefore must fall into nothing; for, if the first bodies could change, they would be annihilated. But he has proved already, that nothing proceeds from or returns into nothing.

Ver. 771. Fourthly, He objects in these four verses, that the elements which they set up are

contrary to one another, and therefore will mutually destroy each other; at least they can never combine, and grow into one body; for the sticklers for these elements, like masters of families, give to each its proper qualities: heat and dryness to one, humidity and cold to another, humidity and heat to the third, and dryness and cold to the fourth: thus they arm these elements to destroy one another, and yet expect nothing from them but peace, concord, and alliances.

Ver. 775. In these eighteen verses, he objects, in the fifth place, that they ought to say, either that the elements, having first lost their nature, are changed into things, which things are again changed into them: in which case the elements are not more properly the principles of things, than things are the principles of the elements; or that, retaining their nature, certain heaps only are made of them; and in this case, nothing of one species and of one name could be produced, but only a certain rude and undigested mass of fire, air, water, and earth: in like manner, as of the filings and dust of gold, silver, tin, and brass, you can never make any thing but a heap of gold, silver, tin, and brass. Lastly, He concludes, that principles endowed with any sensible quality are altogether unfit and improper for the generation of things.

Ver. 784. The meaning of this is, that in case the elements preserve their nature entire, they are capable of making only some confused or rude heaps of matter, without producing any thing perfectly distinct;

Non animans; non exanimis cum corpore, ut arbos,

says Lucretius; and though our translator takes no notice of "exanimis cum corpore," yet those words allude to a particular doctrine of Epicurus, who did not admit of any soul to reside in plants, but held that they are produced and grow by virtue of a certain nature not vegetable, but proper to them alone; yet he affirmed that they live, that is, enjoy a peculiar motion; as the water of spring, the fire which we excite to a flame, is called living water, and living fire; something analogical to that which I think is more difficult to express than comprehend; for such is fire without light, &c. But concerning this, see the treatise written on this subject by the learned T. Campanella, in his book, De Sensu Rerum et Magia.

Ver. 793. Sixthly, He objects farther in these nineteen verses, that they who admit a mutual transmutation of the elements, ought to admit likewise a common or general and prior matter, that may successively put on their various forms: for Empedocles and his followers taught, that the elements are continually preying upon one another; that now fire takes away some parts of the air, and now the air robs the fire of some of its particles; and that the other elements are continually doing the like. But Lucretius insists: Let the principles be changed, and they will fall into nothing; and, therefore, since they all allow that the elements are changed, they are not the prin-

ciples of things; for nothing comes from nothing. There is, therefore, an immutable matter, which, being variously moved and disposed, produces now air, now water, now fire, now earth.

Ver. 794. Hefychius says, ἀρίνητα στοιχεῖα παρὰ Ἐμπεδοκλῆα. If then the grammarian be not mistaken, Lucretius disputes to no purpose; and Plutarch will not suffer him to be mistaken, who so often affirms that Empedocles acknowledged στοιχεῖα των στοιχείων, the principles of the elements, and Hefychius must be understood of these first principles. Empedocles, therefore, and Epicurus agree very well except that the opinion of the first of them is more abstruse and intricate and that of the latter more plain and simple; for Empedocles composes his elements of the first principles, and of those elements constitutes all things: but Epicurus will have all things proved immediately from the first principles.

Ver. 797. Laertius says of Heraclitus, and the like may be affirmed of Empedocles, that he held that fire, when it is condensed, humedates and becomes air; that air, when compressed, becomes water; that water, contracting and growing concrete, becomes earth: and that this is the way down: On the contrary, that earth, being dissolved, is changed into water, and of water the rest in like manner that this is the way up. Πυκνόμενον τὸ αὔριον ὑγραινέσθαι καὶ αἶρα γίνεσθαι; συνεσόμενον αἶρα γίνεσθαι ὕδαρ; πυκνόμενον τὸ ὕδωρ εἰς γῆν σφίπτεσθαι, καὶ ταύτην ἔδον ἐστὶ τὸ χυτὸν εἶναι. Πάλιν δὲ αὐτὴν τὴν γῆν κείσθαι, ἥ ἥς τὸ ὕδωρ γίνεσθαι, καὶ διὰ ταῦτα τὰ λοιπὰ ὁμοίως αὐτὴν δὲ εἶναι τὴν αἶρα ἔδον. Which Ovid fully explains in these verses: Metam. xv. 245.

—Resolutaq; tellus
In liquidas rorescit aquas: tenuatus in auras
Aeraque humor abit: demto quoque pondere
rursus
In superos aer tenuissimus emicat ignes:
Inde retro redeunt; idemq; retexitur ordo:
Ignis enim densum spissatus in aera transit:
Hic in aquas; tellus glomerata cogitur unda.

Which Dryden renders thus:

Earth rarefies to dew; expanded more
The subtle dew in air begins to soar:
Spreads as she flies, and, weary of her name,
Extenuates still, and changes into flame.
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless, they soon untwist the web they spun;
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew;
And dew condensing does her form forego,
And sinks a heavy lump of earth below.

Ver. 812. In these twenty-three verses, he starts an objection, and solves it. Plants and all animals owe their nourishment and growth to the four elements; for no man denies that all things grow out of the earth: but yet, without the assistance of the kindly warmth of the air, of the heat of the sun, and of seasonable showers, the earth will produce nothing of herself; therefore it must be allowed, that water, fire, &c. are the

principles of all things. To which Lucretius answers, that they are no more the principles than wine, wheat, and the other things with which we support our life; for the things that nourish are not therefore principles, but those from which they receive such a contexture as makes them fit nourishment for things.

Ver. 816. Phœbus.] As it were φῶς τῇ βίῃ, "the light of life;" the same with Apollo and Sol, the sun. He was son of Jupiter and Latona, born at the same birth with Diana. He invented physic, and was the god of divination, music, and poetry. Ovid. Metam. i. v. 517.

Jupiter est genitor: per me, quod eritque, fuitque, Estque, patet: per me concordant carmina nervis: Certa quidem nostra est; nostra tamen una sagitta Certior, in vacuo quæ vulnera pectore fecit. Inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem Dicor; et herbarum subiecta potentia nobis.

Which Dryden thus translates:

The king of gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was in fate, I see.
Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes and heav'nly numbers I inspire:
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But, ah! more deadly his who pierc'd my heart.
Med'cine is mine, what herbs and simples grow
In fields or forests; all their pow'rs I know;
And am the great physician call'd below.

Ver. 831. In these six verses, he illustrates his opinion with the similitude he so often uses. The same letters, by the various changes of their order, only compose innumerable words that are very different both in sense and sound. Why then do we doubt but that the same seeds, which far exceed the letters in number, and which have different figures, are able to produce fire, water, and, in short, all the immense variety of things? For so it fares with them as with the different disposition and various location of these Miranda Naturæ, as Vossius, lib. 1 de Arte Grammat. calls the few letters the distinction of words; as with the position of six or seven notes in music the change of tunes; and, as with the wonderful variety of sums by figures, the amazing diversity of numbers. And, if it be really so in these familiar instances, what stupenduous variety cannot then the changes and sundry scites, orders, and positions of atoms, the ἀρχαὶ and principles of our poet produce? And, indeed, the comparisons are exceedingly just and apposite; since in all confused and tumultuous commixion of any of them, neither articulate words nor harmonious concerts; nor proportionable numbers, can possibly result from them. So, neither in these natural things, all atoms are not in general to be thought fit and capable to produce and constitute all sorts of concrete bodies; but only such as are endued with a particular and prone disposition so to do.

Ver. 838. Letters; so called by way of similitude; for, as the elements are called the first principles of things; so the letters are commonly called elements, because of them are first formed syllables and words.

Ver. 841. Having refuted the opinions of Heraclitus, Empedocles, and other philosophers, concerning the principles of things, he now, in 86 verses, attacks Anaxagoras, who held the matter of which all things are produced, to be infinite, and that it consists of very minute particles, exactly like one another; and at first confused, but afterwards brought into order by the Divine Mind Cicero, Acad. Quæst. lib. 4. he asserted, that all things are made of similar parts, as bones of little bones, blood of small drops of blood, &c.

Ver. 842. *Anaxagoras.*] He was the son of Hegesibulus, or of Eubulus, and born at Clazomenæ in Ionia, twenty years before the traject of Xerxes, as Laertius witnesses. He applied himself to the study of the Nature of Things, and left his country for the sake of philosophy. He lived sixty-two years, and died 286 years after the building of Rome; 368 before the birth of Jesus Christ. He was disciple of Anaximenes of Miletum, and of Pherecydes the Syrian. This opinion of his, which Lucretius here mentions, is thought to have been taken out of a book which he composed, of physiology, and which is much commended by Socrates in Plato.

Ver. 843. Likeness of parts, from the Greek words *ἰσῆος*, like, and *μέρος*, part. We call homœomeries those things whose minutest parts have the name of the whole; as stones, gold, blood, &c. It may be called in Latin *similitudo*, says Faber; but Lucretius complains in the next verse, that his language had no word to express it by.

Ver. 855. The opinion of Anaxagoras not pleasing Epicurus, Lucretius gives him no quarter, and begins to fall upon him in these two verses, in which he makes use of two arguments which he had alleged before against Heraclitus, Empedocles, and others. The first, that there is a void; the second, that no continuous body is infinitely divisible.

Ver. 877. Thirdly, He argues, in these twelve verses, that seeing Anaxagoras was of opinion, that like things consisted of like; and that the principles are exactly of the same nature with the compounds, it follows, that they are both of them equally liable to perish. And certainly no reason can be given, why a small portion of flesh should not be obnoxious to corruption as well as a greater; nor does it appear, even though it do consist but of a least; yet, since it is flesh, why it should not suffer from exterior violence, and be at length destroyed. But, if the principles are corruptible, they will fall into nothing, which he has sufficiently proved already to be absurd and impossible.

Ver. 869 His fourth argument, contained in these eight verses, is very cogent. Our bodies are nourished with several sorts of wood, which most evidently consists of dissimilar parts; whence it follows, that the parts of our body consist of dissimilar likewise: for the several parts of it, the bones, the veins, the nerves, &c. are nourished with different and dissimilar aliments. But, if it be pretended that those aliments contain some particles of bones, nerves, &c. it must of necessity be granted, that there is not in these bodies that homœomery, which Anaxagoras imagined. Lu-

cretius calls the different and dissimilar parts, alienigenas of another kind; but retaining the Greek word, we commonly call them heterogeneous, as we do the similar homogeneous.

Ver. 877. In these seven verses he proposes his fifth argument against Anaxagoras. If every thing that the earth produces, lay hid in the earth, then even the earth must of necessity consist of dissimilar things. He argues yet farther: if flame, smoke, and ashes, that are things very unlike one another, be in the wood, then wood is composed of dissimilar things, and therefore there is no homœomery.

Ver. 844. In these eighteen verses, he proposes and answers an opinion of Anaxagoras, which Aristotle expresses in this manner: "Res et apparere, et denominare, invicem diferentes aiunt, ab eo, quod in infinitorum mistura maximè abundat: Non enim esse totum pure aut album, aut nigrum, aut dulce, aut carnem, aut os: Cujus autem amplius unumquodque habet, eam talis rei naturam videri." Which Gassendus thus interprets: Under the name of flesh, for example, is not to be understood a nature that is simple and of one sort; but an united heap of many, nay, innumerable and different particles, which then make this species of the body which we call flesh, when there is a certain greater plenty of those particles which are fit and proper to exhibit that species, and to appear in it, than of all the rest whatsoever, which lurking among them might give them a form and name. But if those particles be resolved, and translated into any other mass or body, then the fleshy particles that are lurking with the others, will yield, and give likewise a name and form to those of which there happens to be a greater plenty, and whose species is the most visible. To this Lucretius answers, that, if this opinion were true, then in the detrition, bruising and crumbling to pieces of corn, herbs, or any the like things, there must of necessity appear at some time or other, the species or likeness of blood, milk, or other things of the like nature; &c.

Ver. 885. *Anaxagoras.*] Of him, see ver. 842. 1

Ver. 902. The poet, in eleven verses, proposes and solves what Anaxagoras urged to prove, that all things are in all things; and consequently that all things are made of all things. For instance, fire must lie hid in the trees that take fire by a vehement collision, which Thucydides, lib. 2. witnesses has sometimes happened. See Book v. ver. 168. Lucretius answers, that there is not indeed any fire in the tree itself, but that the seeds of fire, or the molecule of the atoms being disposed in a certain and new order, and dashing with violence against one another, exhibit and produce the species of fire: for otherwise, and if there were actually and indeed any fire in woods and forests of trees it would, without doubt, show its strength, and make a wide destruction.

Ver. 911. Virg. *Æn.* x. ver. 405. has an excellent description of a wood set afire:

Ac velut optatò, ventis æstate coortis,
Dispersa immittit sylvis incendia pastor:
Correptis subito mediis, extenditur una

Horrida per lates acies Vulcania campos :
Ille sedens victor flammas despectat ovantes.

As when in summer welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last,
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste :
The pastor pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky.

Dryden.

Ver. 913. He asserted above, that many seeds of fire lie concealed in wood; but that they do not consume that wood, because, being hindered by other seeds of a different figure, they cannot put on the species and form of fire: and from hence, in these eight verses, he takes occasion to confirm the above-mentioned opinion of Epicurus, viz. That the common seeds or principles of many things are in many things; and that the same principles made the heavens, the earth, the sea, in a word, all things: but that the things themselves are different, because seeds of a different figure are joined to others of a different figure, and in a different order, even as in the words, *ligna*, wood, and *ignis*, fire; the letters are common, and almost the same, but the words very different in sense and sound. In like manner, wood is compounded of a vast variety of corpuscles, which being disposed in a certain order, constitute the forms as well of wood as of divers other things that are less concrete; inasmuch that some more subtle and moveable bodies that are contained in the wood, may specify and produce fire, flame, smoke, &c. according to its composition, density, coherence, laxity, resolution, &c. So that in truth only, this simple connection, disposition, and fabric of the parts, is at any time destroyed when the matter is fired, and to all appearance consumed, viz. its external form, species, and accidents which denominate it wood; the rest being resolved into flame, fire, smoke, ashes, phlegm, spirits, salts, &c. all of which are only those minute particles that lurk in it, though ever so imperceptible to our senses.

Ver. 921. His last argument against Anaxagoras is contained in these six verses, and drawn from the absurdity of the opinion. For, to evince that all things proceed from similar things, it would be absolutely necessary, that laughing weeping, &c. Homœomerics should sometimes be seen in the world: if because men laugh, weep, &c. they had those faculties from laughing, weeping, &c. principles: to imagine which is altogether ridiculous and absurd. To assert that the principles of things are joyful or lugubrious, is, indeed, very ridiculous philosophy: and yet some of the later philosophers seem at least to favour this opinion of Anaxagoras, when they assert that these affections do indeed "præesse in Elementis," though not altogether after the same manner as in man. St. Augustin himself may be a little suspected, since he affirms, "Omnium rerum semina occulta extare ab initio."

Ver. 925. Cowley in the third book of his *Davideis*:

Sometimes a violent laughter screw'd his face,
And sometimes briny tears dropp'd down apace.

Whether he took this from Lucretius, or whether our translator has copied him rather than his author, may be seen by comparing the originals.

Ver. 927. In these thirty-three verses, he first bespeaks the attention of his Memmius, whom he supposes wearied with this long disputation concerning the principles of things; and tells him, he is now going to enter upon a more noble and sublime subject. He speaks haughtily of his own poem; he confesses that the doctrine of Epicurus is dark, intricate, and not adapted to the vulgar taste: however, he promises to adorn and sprinkle it with his smooth and flowing verses. And this at least he will do like physicians, who, when they are to give an ill-tasted potion to sick children, tinge the brims of the cup with sweets, by whose flavour and taste deceived, they swallow down the nauseous draught. The task is indeed great; but the hopes of future praise spurs him on, and to explain to his Memmius the nature of things, he undertakes a difficult and painful work, unattempted hitherto by any man in Latin verse.

Ver. 932. *Muses*.] They were daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, born in Pieria, a country of Macedonia, and dwelt upon Helicon in Bœotia, and Parnassus in Phocis, two hills that were near one another: the goddesses of poetry, learning, and music, and nine in number: I. Calliope, so called from καλός, good, and ὥψ, voice; she was the mother of Orpheus, and presided over heroic verse. II. Clio, from κλέω, I celebrate; she was believed to have invented history. III. Erato, from ἔραω, I love; she ruled over lovers. IV. Thalia, from θάλλω, I live, or flourish; because the fame of poets never dies. V. Melpomene, from μέλω, I sing or celebrate in verse; she was the first that writ tragedies. VI. Terpsichore, from τέρεω, I delight, and χορεύω, dancing, in which she took delight; the invention of the harp is ascribed to her. VII. Euterpe, from εὖ, well, or pleasantly, and τέρεω, I delight: she invented the flute and mathematics. VIII. Polyhymnia, from πολλός, many, and ὕμνος, a hymn; she presided over pænyrics. IX. Urania, from τὰ ἀνω ἰδύσα, contemplating the things above; she is said to have invented astrology.

Ver. 933. This is a kind of boast which may not be charged with immodesty, since almost all the poets, as well the ancient as the modern, make use of the same allegory. Virgil exactly imitates this passage of Lucretius, Georg. iii. ver. 289.

Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnam
Quam sit, et augustis hunc addere rebus honorem:

Se me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor: juvat ire jagis qua nulla priorum
Castaliæ molli divertitur orbita clio:

Because none of the Latins had written on the subject of agriculture before him; so Horace, *Epist.* i. lib. i.

*Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,
Non alieno meo pressi pede.*—

Thus too Manilius, lib. i. ver. 4.

*Aggredior primusque novis Heliconæ more
Cantibus.*—

Hospita sacra ferens nulli memorata priorum.

And in his second book, v. 59. he uses the same allusion. And Nemæianus:

—Ducitque per avia, quâ sola nunquam
Trita Rotis.

Though in this he does wrong to Grotius, who treated of the same argument before him. And we may observe the like in our own poets too: particularly in Milton and Cowley. The first of whom says his subject was

Unattempted yet in verse or prose.

And the other:

Guide my bold steps——
In these untrodden paths to sacred fame.

The very expression Creech uses; and indeed he has taken occasion, in this translation, to rifle that poet.

Ver. 939. Lucretius makes no mention of laurel; and indeed garlands or wreaths of ivy seem to have been the first ornaments of poets and other learned men, and laurels of conquerors: Thus Horace:

*Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis*—

And Virgil:

—Atque hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.

However, that poets did wear wreaths of laurel is most certain; though ivy seems to have been more proper for them, because it requires the support of some stronger tree, as learning does of princes and great men.

Ver. 944. This passage of Lucretius the incomparable Tasso has rather translated than barely imitated; and if we may give credit to his countryman Nardius, has surpassed his author: *Dum æmulatur*, says he, *palmam auctori eripuit*; the verses are in his Goffredo, and well deserve to be transcribed:

*Sai che là corre il mondo, ove più versi
Di sue dolcezze il lusinghier Parnaso,
E che l' verò condito in molli versi
I più schivi allettando hà persuaso:
Così al 'egro fanciul' porgiamo aspersi
Di soavi licor gli orli del vaso
Suechi amari, ingarinato, in tanto ci beve,
E dal inganno suo vita riceve.*

Cant. i. St. 3.

Of which I will give likewise Fairfax's interpretation, which perhaps equals, if not excels this of our translator:

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclin'd,
Where luring Parnass most his beams imparts;
And truth, convey'd in verse of gentlest kind,
To read sometimes will move the dullest hearts:
So we, if children young diseases'd we find,
Anoint with sweets the vessel's foremost parts,
To make them taste the potions sharp we give,
They drink deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd they live.

Ver. 960. Lucretius has proved by many arguments, that bodies are, and that they are perfectly solid and indissoluble; and likewise that there is a void. He has farther taught, that the universe consists of these two, body and void, and that there is no third kind of things. Now, in these four verses he starts a noble question, whether the universe be infinite, or included and circumscribed in bounds? And he will now endeavour to evince by several arguments, that the universe is terminated on no side, but is altogether infinite, as well in the multitude of bodies, as in the extent and magnitude of the void.

Ver. 965. The first argument, by which, in these eight verses he endeavours to prove the infiniteness of the universe, is explained by Cicero, lib. ii. de Divinit. sect. 154. Whatever is finite has an extreme; but whatever has an extreme, may be seen by what is without or beyond it. Now the universe, or the ALL, is not seen by any thing that is beyond it; therefore the universe has no extreme. Empiricus adv. Phys. Stobæus, Eclog. Phys. and Plutarch, i. de Placit. 3. confirm this to be the doctrine of Epicurus, who himself writes thus to Herodotus: *Ἀλλὰ μὲν τὸ πᾶν ἄπειρον ἐστὶ, τὸ γὰρ πεπερασμένον ἀκροῖσται, τὸ δὲ ἄπειρον πᾶν ἔτιγον τὸ διακρίσται, ὥς τὸ ἐκ ἑχέου ἄπειρον πῶς ἐκ ἑχέου, πῶς δὲ ἐκ ἑχέου ἄπειρον ἂν εἴη, καὶ ἡ πεπερασμένη.*

Ver. 973. In these twelve verses, Lucretius struggles bravely with his dart for the immensity of the universe. Grant the universe to be finite, and let any man be placed on the extremest verge of it, and strive to throw a dart, either that dart will fly forward, or something will stop it; if it flies forward, there is a space beyond the extremest brink; if it be stopp'd by any thing, there must be something without the utmost part. Thus wherever you fix the extremest bound of the universe, there Lucretius will press on, and brandish his dart against you.

This convincing instance is likewise used by the learned and judicious Bruno, who has written an excellent treatise on purpose to prove not only the infinity of space, but even that of worlds also: and in his first dialogue we find these words, which exactly agree with, and may serve to explain this argument of our poet: "Mi pare cosa "ridicola," &c. In my opinion, says he, it is extremely ridiculous to affirm, that there is nothing without, or exterior to the heavens, and that the heaven itself is a thing placed, as it were, *per accidens*, or by its own parts; for be their meaning by these notions what they please themselves, it is impossible, nor can they any ways elude it, but they must make two of one, since there will eter-

nally remain one and another; that is to say, the thing that contains, and the thing that is contained; and in like manner so another and another; so that the container must be incorporeal, the contained corporeal; the one immoveable, the other moveable; the one mathematical, the other physical. But whatever this surface be, I demand eternally what there is beyond it? If it be answered that there is nothing, then it is void; and such an inanity as has no extreme; bounded, indeed, on this part towards us, which is yet more difficult to imagine, than that the universe should be immense and infinite, because we can then no way avoid a vacuum, if we will admit the whole to be finite. Thus far Bruno: and, indeed, our metaphysical eyes discern, as they conceive, the bounds of two worlds, of which some imagine the supreme heaven to be the term of this, and the convexity of that to the boundary of the other; but how that should then be habitable, as they likewise assert, where there is neither place, full, nor void, time nor motion, nor any thing else: *ἢ τὴν οὐρανὴν, ἢ τὸν αἰθέρα, ἢ τὴν γῆν, ἢ τὸν ὕδατος, ἢ τὸν ἀέρος, ἢ τὸν πυρὸς, ἢ τὸν κενόν, ἢ τὸν ὅλον.* Arist. lib. i. de Cælo, cap. 9. for so they also affirm, is infinitely strange, and deserves second thoughts. But our author concludes, that as there is a space, in which this material world of ours actually is; so neither can it be denied, but that another and another, even to infinite, perpetually equivalent to what this machine employs, may likewise subsist in that vast and unlimited space.

Ver. 985. The poet insists yet farther; and in fifteen verses mentions the mischief that would unavoidably ensue, if the universe were finite, and circumscribed within bounds. For in that finite space there would be some lowest place to which matter, that by its natural heaviness has been subsiding from all eternity, would have sunk down and rested. And thus it would long ago have happened, that the universal matter, having reached the lowest place, would from that time have generated nothing: for nothing can proceed from seeds that lie quiet and at rest: But there being no lowest place, the seeds are in perpetual motion, and thus things are produced on all sides, and the infinite universe continually supplies the respective worlds with new principles of things.

Ver. 993. *Chaos.*] See the note on ver. 37. To which we add, that in this place it signifies a vast receptacle, capable to receive all things: in which sense Plutarch likewise takes it, in his Treatise of Isis and Osiris, where he calls it, *χάος τῆς καὶ εὐρύς τῆς αἰθέρας*, the place and region of universal matter, to which its name answers; chaos signifying only "Hiatus, seu vastitas quædam." But of the several acceptations of this word, according to the different notions of the poets, philosophers, and divines, see *Ricciolus* on that subject, in *Almagest*, nov. Tom. 2. lib. 9.

Ver. 1000. In these eight verses, he brings another argument, and says, That whatever is bounded by any thing that is exterior to it, has an end: thus the air bounds the mountains, and the mountains the air; the sea the earth, and the

earth the sea: but who can pretend that there is any thing without, or exterior to the universe, that can be its bound, since the very thing that is exterior to it is a part of it: for the universe contains all that is. He therefore concludes, that the universe is immense, and describes that immensity by so excellent a periphrasis, that I cannot forbear giving it in Lucretius's own words:

Usque adeo passim patet ingens copia rebus,
Finibus exemptis in cunctas undique partes.

This argument, which is taken from the evidence of our own senses, the above-cited Bruno thus illustrates: Our very eyes, says he, acknowledge as much, because we still see, that one thing ever comprehends another; "et mai sentiamo ne con esterno, ne con interno senso, cosa non compresa da altra o simile." And there is nothing which terminates itself: In short, after no less than eight arguments, he concludes, "Che non si può negare il spazio infinito, se non con la voce, come fanno gli pertinaci," &c. That space is infinite, cannot be denied, except by the noisy tongues of some obstinate impertinents; to confute whom, he brings twenty very close and convincing arguments, but to repeat them would be too prolix in this place. In a word, thus: there is nothing which contains, or can indeed be said to embrace and bound the universe, but what is immensely profound, and in a manner infinite, so that the most rapid rivers, and most exuberant streams in the world can never arrive to the limits of it, were they to glide incessantly, and to all eternity: nor would they ever have a less way to go. Out of this vast space new and never-failing supplies are brought to every thing by a perpetual succession of a like number of atoms to a like number: "Et medesimo parti di materia con le medesimo sempre si convertono," as the same Bruno expresses it, which is exactly the opinion of Epicurus, and proves the universe to be infinite not only from its number of atoms, or the indefiniteness of the void; but by both together (and so too the following verses declare): Yet not as if this universe were continuous, but that there are some empty interstices distant from the body of it.

Ver. 1004. The words in Lucretius are:

Est igitur natura loci, spatiumque profundi,
Quod neque clara suo percurrere flumina cursu,
Perpetuo possint ævi labentia tractu:
Nec prorsum facere, ut reflet minus ire meando.

The translator has changed the word *flumina* into *fulmina*, contrary to the authority of all the editions of our author, and to the opinion of, I think, all the annotators, except Faber, who, in his note upon this place, says that *fulmina* would be better; though he retains *flumina* in the text: And indeed the reasons he gives for *fulmina* appear weak and little persuasive; because, says he, lightning is frequently brought as an instance of swiftness, "Et fulminis ocior alis;" and because the word *clara* suits better to the nature of that than of a river. The first is certainly true; but, on the

other hand, a river is frequently used as an instance of perpetual motion :

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. *Horat.*

And the words *labentia, ire, meando*, seem to agree better with the gliding of a river, than with the impetuous swiftness of lightning. And our translator himself, in his Latin edition of this author, reads *flumina*, and gives this passage the same interpretation that I have given it in the immediately preceding note.

Ver. 1008. In these thirteen verses, he proves the universe to be infinite, by an argument which seems to be levelled against the Stoics: who, as Plutarch witnesses, held indeed the void to be infinite, but bodies finite: but Lucretius, following the doctrine of Epicurus, teaches that body and void mutually bound each other; and that an immensity must of necessity proceed from that mutual termination, because neither of them, that is, neither body nor void, can be the last; but whatever has no part, that can be the last or extremest, that indeed is infinite: For, if one of the two (body for example), did not bound the other, (void) yet the void would be infinite, as he has proved it to be: but all finite bodies would be dissolved; for the finite seeds, their contexture being all at once broken, would be scattered through the immense void, nay, would never have joined: for the finite seeds being once dispersed in the infinite void, would have continually wandered up and down in it. Epicurus writes all this to Herodotus: Εἴτε γὰρ ἢ τὸ κενὸν ἄπειρον τὰ δὲ σώματα ὁρισμένα, ἢ θανά, ἢν ἔσονται τὰ σώματα ἀλλ' ἐφ' ἑστὶ καὶ τὸ ἄπειρον κενὸν δισπαταμένα, ἢν ἔχοντα τὰ ἰσπεδῶντα, τὴν σπλάχνη κατὰ τὰς ἀντικαπῆς.

Ver. 1013. The obscurity of these four verses have made some of the commentators on Lucretius give them over as inexplicable; and even our translator is a little dark in the interpretation he has given them: but the sense of them evidently is this: If there were either an infinite space, without an infinite number of atoms or bodies, to give bounds and limits to it; or an infinity of bodies, and not an infinite space for them to act in) for "corpus terminatur inani, et inane corpore)" it would follow, that nothing could enjoy the least permanency: For it does not appear that Lucretius any where positively asserts, that the corruption of one thing is the product of another, according to the vulgar sense of the schools, and perhaps too he had considered those creatures that are nourished so long by sleep and other solitary ways; as bears, tortoises, dormice, some sorts of summer birds, flies, and other insects: and this made Nardius upon this place thus wittily exclaim: "Edaciores proinde atque infirmiores sunt Lucretiani divi gliribus abstinentibus." The gods of Lucretius are more hungry, voracious, and weak than even dormice, and such abstemious and inconsiderable animals. His opinion was, that the portion of matter, which is necessary for the daily supply of decaying compounds, would else have been lost and utterly dispersed

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in so vast, bottomless, and indeterminate an abyss, and that nothing could ever meet again and produce, or create, if the supplies were not equally as infinite. And to speak the truth, it is not so extremely difficult to comprehend a space in a manner indeterminate, if not infinite: since the infinite God is able to affect things infinitely exceeding our slender and bounded speculations. Hieroclitus says, τῶν Θεῶν τὰ πολλὰ διὰ ἀπιστίας μὴ γινώσκονται, that many of the great and wonderful works of God are not known to some men, because of their incredulity. And Chrysippus adds, "Si quid est quod efficiat ea, quæ homo, licet ratione sit præditus facere non possit: id profecto est majus, et fortius, et sapientius homine," Lactant. de Ira Dei. If there be any created thing, which exceeds the utmost skill and comprehension of the wisest man upon earth, that was certainly made by one who is infinitely greater, more powerful, and more wise than man.

Ver. 1016. In this verse Lucretius seems to overthrow his own opinion concerning the nature of the Deity, and makes it subject to the same dissolution with compounded bodies.

Ver. 1021. To understand the true meaning of Lucretius in this passage, we must call to mind that the Stoics held the world to be a rational creature, and to consist of heaven and earth, as of soul and body: The heavens, according to them, being the same to the whole as reason is to man. Hence Arnobius, lib. 3. "Advers. gentes: in philosophiæ memorabiles studio, atque aditibus nominis column, vobis laudatoribus elevati, universam illam molem mundi, cujus omnibus amplexibus ambiuntur, teguntur, ac sustinentur, animans esse unum, sapiens, rationale, consultum, probabili asseveratione definiunt:" with whom agrees Hilarius in Genes.

Hæc tamen athereo que machina volvitur axe,
Non tantum pictura poli est, sed celsa voluntas,
Mens ratioque subest. —

Upon which verses Rarthius, lib. 31. Adversar. cap. 12. observes, that, "mens et ratio cæli est astrorum. ut vocant, influentia, quæ genus gubernat humanum." The mind and understanding of the heaven is the influence, as they call it, of the stars, which governs mankind. The Stoics likewise, as Plutarch, "de facie in Orbe Lunæ," tells us, held the stars to be the eyes of the world, their corporeal deity. Pythagoras, Plato, Crisostomus, and many other of the ancient philosophers, believed the world to be endued with a rational soul, being persuaded to that belief by the admirable order and connection of its parts, which they conceived could not be sustained, but by a soul intrinsically informing, ordering, disposing and connecting them. Hence Virgil, *Æn.* 6 v. 724.

Principio cælum, ac terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titanæque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totamque insula per arces
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

B b

Which Dryden thus interprets.

Know first, that heav'n and earth's compacted frame,

And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights one common soul
Inspires, and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind, infus'd through all the space,
Unites, and mingles with the mighty mass.

And this soul of the world Thales imagined to be God himself. But the Platonists and Stoics, though they held the world to be a god, allowed it to be but a secondary one; for that power which they primarily called God, is by them termed Ratio and Mens, by whom they affirmed the world to be created. Thus Cicero in Timæus: "Deus ille æternus (scilicet mens) hunc perfectè beatum deum (scilicet mundum), procreavit:" the world being, in their opinion, the universal fusion of the first Divine Mind. For so Chrysippus in Cicero, lib. i. de Natura Deor. describes it: "Vim divinam in ratione esse positam, et universæ naturæ animo atque mente: ipsumque mundum deum dici et ejus animæ fusionem universam;" the Divine power is seated in reason, and in the mind of universal nature, and this world is said to be a god, and the universal fusion or extension of that mind. But Lucretius, in these sixteen verses, pleasantly rallies these philosophers, and pursues his argument. For finite seeds, says he, dispersed in the infinite space, had never combined together, unless, as the Stoics held, the world were a huge animal, and evidently a god, and its seeds disposed and ordered with the greatest art and prudence, by a spirit that is infused through all the members and parts of it. He derides these prudent and thinking principles of the Stoics, and teaches, from the maxims of Epicurus, that after a length of time all things were produced by a fortuitous concourse of the infinite bodies, that had been flustering up and down in the infinite void, and that they are daily renewed and repaired by the seeds which the infinite abundance of the first bodies continually supplies.

Ver. 1027 This infinite magazine or chaos of atoms, being of so many different figures, shapes, and dimensions, and indefatigably and restlessly moving to and fro, and up and down, in the boundless space and infinite inanity, "in quo," says Cicero, lib. 1. de finibus, "nec summum, nec infimum, nec medium, nec ultimum nec extremum sit." These indivisible bodies, I say, jostling, striking, urging, and crowding one another by so incessant an inquietude and estuation upon all encounters imaginable, and perhaps for many myriads of ages, having thus essayed, as it were, all possible configurations, changes, postures, successions, and mutual agitations, chanced at last to meet, consent, and fall into this goodly fabric, this wonderful architecture of the universe, which we daily contemplate with so much ecstasy and amazement: and in this instant it was that the gross precipitated downwards, compelling and driving upwards the more light and easy, which convening in the circumference of the immense

poles, wedged each other into the form of that canopy which we call the heaven or firmament; while, from the more closely compacted, resulted the mass of earth, and those of a more middle nature, upon the concurrence of the condensed particles, ran into the humid substance, part whereof being afterwards fitly prepared, was exalted into those glorious luminaries which adorn the celestial concave, the residue being reserved for the composition of other bodies. Thus we have, in a few words, the belief of Epicurus concerning the first beginning of all things, upon which we may justly exclaim with Lactantius, de ira Dei and say, "implevit numerum perfectæ infantiæ, ut nihil ulterius adjici posset," while he denies God to have had any hand in the creation of the world. For, indeed, what greater madness can there be than to imagine that a sword or a book was made "propter finem," for some end, and that the whole universe, the great code of nature, our eyes, and other members, plants, and a thousand natural and wonderful curiosities, which infinitely surpass all things of art, should result from chance only? But yet how new soever and very ridiculous this system may seem, the hypothesis is methodical, and not of so vast difficulty for a rational, pious, and practical philosopher to believe and rely on, as perhaps appears at the first discovery. It is the opinion of the learned Des Cartes, that though God had given no other form to the world than that of the chaos, and only establishing laws to nature, had so far afforded his concurrence, that she should have been obliged to act in the manner she usually does, we might safely believe, without violating the miracle of the creation, that by her alone all things which are purely material, might in time have rendered themselves such as we now behold them to be. Besides, the difficulty of resolving how this mass of matter on which we inhabit, and of which we are indeed a part, should be composed of such principles as are before described, will appear to be no such vast incongruity, if we give ourselves leave but gradually to consider, and imagine the earth as but one solitary part of the universe, composed of many such congestions; and then by consequence, we must be forced to grant, that the ball may be co-augmented of many smaller portions or masses heaped one upon another. In like manner as mountains sometimes from an aggregation of rocks; those rocks from an accumulation of stones; those stones, again, from a multitude of grains of sand; that sand from an assembly of dust; and lastly, the dust from a more minute, but innumerable collection of imperceptible atoms or principles. But, indeed, few of the ancient favoured the opinion of the fortuitous production of the universe from "frustis quibundam temere concurrentibus," and, therefore, Lactantius, in his treatise de Ira Dei, is in the right to break out: "Quanto melius fuerat tacere, quam in usus tam miserabiles, tam inanes habere linguam!" Yet what some of those very ancients have written and confessed of the first Mover is indeed very extraordinary, con-

sidering, that they had only natural reason for their guide. Thales, Mileſius, Pythagoras, Plato, and others, whom the learned Grotius, in his assertion of the verity of the Christian religion, has mentioned altogether, ascribed the creation of the universe to God alone; nay, they held that the Almighty was even himself in all things.

—Deum namque ire per omnes (dum :
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profun-
dum : Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum
Quemque ſibi tenues naſcentum arceſſere vitas.

Virg. Georg. iv. ver. 221.

To the ſame purpoſe too the great apoſtle himſelf truly and divinely philoſophiſes to the ſuperſtitious Athenians, Acts xvii. 28. Nay, even Aristotle, as much an Atheiſt as many take him to have been, held the ſame belief in his more mature and ſerious thoughts, as may be deduced from divers expreſſions in his book de Mundo. And, as for any other fortuitous production, ſuch as our Epicurus, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Parmenides, Leucippus, and Aristotle too ſeemed at firſt to favour, by which all things were conſtrained to act by certain fatal neceſſities; this ſingle objection, how thoſe curious animals, perfect, and admirable plants, &c. could, by a beginning ſo extraordinary, be built, compoſed, and excogitated in ſo exquisite a manner, that the mere conſideration, even of a gnat, or the eye of a paltry fly, the leaſt particle of the microcoſm, man's body, has been able to open the eyes of one of the world's moſt learned Atheiſts without the Divine Providence and ſome omnipotent cauſe, is undoubtedly not to be imagined, much leſs demonſtrated. Well, therefore, might he thus exclaim : "Compono hic proſecto canticum in creatoris noſtri laudem," Galen. de uſu partium, lib. iii. and who that ſeriouſly conſiders this can abſtain from joining in the canticle with him? For then we might with as much reaſon believe, that a great volume of excellent ſentences, the hiſtorical relation of ſome intricate and true affair, or an epic poem in juſt and true numbers, ſhould reſult from the fortuitous and accidental miſchance of a printer's alphabet, the letters falling out of their boxes conſuſedly, and without the diſpoſition either of author or artiſt.

Ver. 1035 The Stoics were of opinion, that the worlds had been frequently deſtroyed, or rather that they decayed, and were diſſolved by time, but that ſtill, phoenix-like, they were continually reſtored, as it were, from the aſhes of the expiring world. Now, Epicurus makes this reſtoration to proceed from the changes and fortunate encounters of his atoms, which not having, ſince the moment of their accidental coition, which begot the univerſe, deviated from their originally deſigned, ſtated, and equal motions, nor ſunk any lower to hinder and diſcompoſe the reſt, are the cauſe of the preſervation of the whole frame; for without this infinite ſupply of matter, rivers themſelves would have become channels of duſt; the ſun and ſtars have waxed cold, dim, and without influence: and the very

bodies of animals have ſunk to an utter deſtruction both of the ſpecies and individuals.

Ver. 1037. In theſe two verſes, he illuſtrates the argument he laſt propoſed, and teaches, that all things would ſoon be diſſolved, unleſs matter were continually ſupplied from the infinite plenty of atoms, to make good the damage that bodies daily ſuffer, in like manner, as all animals would ſoon die, if they were not daily ſupported with food.

Ver. 1039. In theſe eleven verſes, he goes on and ſays : But, left any ſhould perhaps object, that the atoms, officiouſly moving up and down, which even Lucretius owns they do, meet, and rudely ſhock one another, and that from that conſiſt it proceeds, that being thus ſtopped and hindered in their courſe, they join together, and are compacted into bodies; and, therefore, though they be finite, yet, ſince they mutually ſtrike one another, the things that are already conjoined, are ſo far from loſing any of their parts, that, on the contrary, they are more and more increaſed by the new atoms, that are always coming to them. He aſſerts, that finite atoms cannot always, and at every moment of time, mutually ſtrike one another; nay, that when they do, they muſt ſometimes rebound, and thus give time and room to the principles of the compounds, which aſſect to be in continual motion, to break the chain of their contexture, and to fly away from one another; nay more, that there could be no ſtrokes whatever, except the atoms were infinite, as he obſerved before, ver. 1019.

Ver. 1050. Laſtly, Left his Memmius ſhould have embraced a different opinion, and believe that the univerſe has a centre, to which all things tend by their natural heavineſs, and therefore that there is no need of an infinite multitude of atoms, that, continually meeting together, may, by external blows, keep this compacted frame of the world in good repair; he conſutes, and, at the ſame time, derides all belief of a centre; for he ſuppoſes, with the Stoics, who were very zealous aſſerters of a centre, that there was heretofore a conſuſed multitude of particles ſcattered up and down through the whole infinite ſpace, and that all thoſe particles made their way to one point, that is to ſay, to the middle of the univerſe. That this is the reaſon that the earth is round, and ſuſpended in the miſt of the world, and that all, even the oppoſite parts of this globe, are inhabited by animals, which fall not down into thoſe parts of the heavens that are beneath them, becauſe their heavineſs makes them tend to the middle; that, for the ſame reaſon too, the ſky is vaulted and rolled round; and the ſun, who with never-ceaſing motion runs through the arch of the heavens, alternately gives day to the oppoſite parts of the earth; and that it is not to be feared that the higheſt and loweſt parts of the frame will ever be diſjoined from one another, ſince they all ſtrive to one and the ſame centre. He has comprized this in ſixteen verſes, and will now endeavour to prove this opinion to be weak and fooliſh, and that there is no middle place whatever in the

universe. Besides, he supposes it an absurdity to believe that any ponderous thing can stop and support itself, or make its way upwards into the adverse parts of the earth; for the Epicureans adhered to that vulgar notion; and, indeed, many of the ancients, and even of the first Christians, did not believe the Antipodes, particularly Lactantius and St. Augustin were very difficult of belief upon that matter. Virgilius, a German bishop, as it is related by Aventinus, in Hist. Boiorum, was like to have suffered a very severe punishment for favouring a little of this mistaken heresy. Plutarch, de Placitis Philosoph. lib. i. tells us, that Oecetes affirmed there were two earths, between which, Philolaus, a disciple of his, interferred another continent of fire, which opinion Sandivogius, and other hermetic philosophers, have also illustrated; but a sounder philosophy, and certain experience and knowledge, have long since evinced the error of all those opinions.

Ver. 1060. For if we look on the shadows of animals in the water, their feet seem directly upwards towards our sky.

Ver. 1062. For one of the trifling objections which some of the ancients made against the Antipodes was, that if there were any such place, all weights and heavy bodies must there tend upwards towards the centre, to which they tend downwards with us; nor could they comprehend how the creatures there did no more fall downwards to their skies, than our bodies here mount upwards, and knock their heads against the opposite hemisphere. And this foolish conceit, perhaps, was what made Lucius, as Plutarch, de Mac. in Orbe Lun. reports, deride those in his time who fancied that men crawl there with their backs downwards, as cats, mice, and spiders do upon the walls and ceilings of our houses. We read likewise of the scoff which Demonactes put upon a man who was discoursing with him concerning the inhabitants of the regions *avrigdion*, when leading him to the mouth of a well, "Numquid," says he, "tales esse Antipodas asseris?"

Ver. 1064. *Phobus*] Of whom, see ver. 816.

Ver. 1066. Having laid down and explained the opinion of those who held a centre in the universe, he attacks it in these sixteen verses, and teaches, in the first place, that there can be no middle, because the void is infinite. Plutarch too, in like manner: The universe is infinite; but what is infinite has neither beginning nor end, and therefore it cannot have a middle, for the middle itself is a sort of extreme, and infiniteness is a privation of extremes; and he argues Chrysippus to be guilty of a manifest contradiction, in giving a middle place to infinity. De Stoic. Repugn. And Plato himself, in his Timæus, seems to question any sursum or deorsum at all in nature; for, says he, the whole heaven is round, and therefore it would be absurd to call any place higher or lower, as in relation to the middle. Besides, says Lucretius, grant there be a centre, yet no reason can be given why heavy things should stop and rest in that middle part of

the void, rather than in any other part of it; because it is the nature of the whole void to give way to ponderous things; nor can any part of the void support any thing that has but the least weight, because the void is of all things the least firm and solid.

Ver. 1080. In most of the former editions of this translation, these two, and most of the following verses of this book are transposed, and the sense of Lucretius wretchedly embroiled and confused, if not totally mistaken. No doubt our translator followed some of the old editions of Lucretius, and finding them incorrect in this passage, endeavoured to mend them in his interpretation, but has succeeded so ill, that we may well apply to his version, what Lambinus said of the original text, before he had corrected and brought it into some tolerable order: "Totus hic locus, qui deinceps sequitur, miserabilem in modum perturbatus et confusus erat: ex qua ordinis perturbatione ita obscurus erat, ut nulla ex ea probabilis sententia ellici posset." I have attempted to set it to rights in this edition; and in the few alterations and additions I have made, where the true meaning of Lucretius was evidently mistaken, or imperfectly rendered, as well as in the disposition and placing of the verses, I have followed the interpretation and order which Creech himself has given and observed in his Latin edition of Lucretius, and hope I have done justice both to our translator and his author.

Ver. 1082. His second argument against those that hold a centre, is contained in these twenty-two verses, which are chiefly taken up in reciting their opinion: and he that recites an absurdity, confutes it. Now they teach, says he, that the particles of earth and water only tend to the centre, but that those of fire and of air strive upwards. That of the fires which arise from the centre the planets and stars are made, and their flames preserved and kept alive. But Lucretius answers, If some earthy particles did not rise upwards likewise, how could animals be nourished? how could trees, and all manner of plants grow, become green, and flourish, but by help of the needful food with which the earth supplies them? In the next place, says he, they pretend, that certain solid heavens, which stop and enclose these light particles that arise from the centre, are rolled around all things: for if these particles were not stopped and restrained in their motion, they would immediately fly away through the immense void; the heavens would fall to pieces, the earth slip away from our feet, and the contexture of the whole frame would be dissolved; for whenever any part of the world begins to fail, the dissolution of the whole will follow.

Ver. 1086. Of this opinion, see the note on ver. 277.

Ver. 1094. The whole circuit or circumference of the heaven, with which the world is enclosed and surrounded, as with walls, Lucretius calls it *Mœnia Mundi*; and Ennius, Virgil, Manilius, and others, use the same expression.

Ver. 1106. Through this whole book he has

been making grievous complaints of the obscurity and intricateness of his subject, and of the difficulty of his undertaking; and, lest this should have deterred his Memmius from giving ear to his argumentations, he now, in these eight verses, encourages him to take heart, promising that his future disputation will be plain and easy.

ANIMADVERSION

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIIUS.

THUS I have finished my notes on the first book: may the reader enjoy the benefit of my labours, and pardon my mistakes. But how can I bespeak the candour and favour of my judges, who am going to pass a sharp, and perhaps too severe a censure on Lucretius himself. For, I will examine what he has advanced amiss, and what with good reason. And as I will not reject all he has said, so neither will I approve all his assertions. He who denied the praise of wit to Lucretius, granted him art; and who will refuse him that honour which the most spiteful envy allowed him. I affirm, therefore, that his work is disposed in an excellent method. Order shines throughout the whole; and the arguments support and strengthen one another in such a manner, that if, in the opinion of Epicurus, there had not been a certain deformity, which no beautifying art could varnish over and conceal, a certain weakness and deficiency which no strength of wit, nor force of reasoning could sustain and make good, the poet would have represented to us a most beautiful, and at the same time, a most strong and sound philosopher.

Epicurus was of opinion, that not the least part of happiness consists in living exempt from fear; and that this happiness can be attained only by the knowledge of nature:

—Terrores Animi, tenebrasque necesse 'st,
Non Radii Solis, non lucida tela diei
Discutiant; sed Natura Species, Ratioque.

Lucret. lib. i. v. 147.

These bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But nature and right reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the darksome soul
to day.

Dryden.

Epicurus writes thus to Pythocles: Μη δὲ λλο τὴ τίλος ἐν τῇ σὺν μετὰ τὴν γνώσεως εἶναι κατὰ συναφὴν λογισμῶν. εἴτι αὐτοβελῶς νομίζειν δεῖ εἶναι, ἥτις ἀσφαλείαν, καὶ πῶς ἐν βίῳ, κατὰ τὴν τὴν ἐν τῶν λογισμῶν. And Cicero says, that by the knowledge of the nature of all things, we are eased of superstition, we are delivered from the fear of death, we are not disturbed by the ignorance of things, which alone is often the cause of our most horrid and amazing terrors. "Omnium natura cognita levamur superstitione. liberamur mortis metu, non conturbamur ignorantia rerum, è qua ipsa existunt horribiles sæpe formidines," lib. i. de Fin.

Epicurus asserts, that all the fears that disturb the minds of men, proceed from the belief of Providence, and of punishments after death, which last is a necessary consequence of the former. For who is the man, that believing that God takes care of him, does not day and night dread the Divine Majesty? See Cicero in Lucullus. This was the opinion of that mistaken man, who was wise and knowing in a mad and foolish philosophy: against whom, whoever undertakes to dispute, will engage himself in a most ridiculous attempt: for whosoever favours so absurd an opinion, plainly wants common sense, and is fit company only for lunatics. The care and protection of a gracious prince, or of a kind parent, deliver us from fear and sorrow, nor do we dread the good will of courteous and charitable men. Whence then this horror, to think that we are taken care of by a most beneficent and Almighty Deity?

Lucretius proposes this absurd opinion in this first book; and after having prepared his reader by an artful introduction, he illustrates and adorns the subject, of which he had unhappily made choice. Ver. 181. He endeavours to prove by ten arguments, that nothing is made of nothing, and that nothing returns into nothing. I confess he is ingenious in the invention, and copious in the explication of them, but he does by no means come up to the matter: For, let us grant, I. That every thing cannot proceed from every thing. II. That things are produced at fixed and certain seasons. III. That they require time to grow: And, IV. Matter to make them grow. V. That bounds are set to strength and life. VI. That the earth becomes more fertile by culture and by the industry of men. VII. That nothing dies unless it be dissolved by some force. VIII. That animals cannot be born daily, unless they be renewed by certain seeds. IX. That one and the same strength is not able to dissolve all things: And, X. lastly, That nature does not produce any thing, unless she be assisted by the death of another. Let us, I say, grant all this, and what will it avail Lucretius? Will he conclude that the seeds themselves were not made of nothing? Or, that nothing is ordered by the will and providence of the Deity? He can rationally conclude neither; and thus his ten arguments come to nothing: not indeed for any want of wit or artfulness on his part, but through the weakness of the cause itself, which he undertook to support.

Ver. 316. He admirably well defends his subtle and minute seeds against such as believe their senses only and ver. 381, he evinces that there is a void, by four arguments, than which no man yet ever brought more convincing. I have never seen any thing that could be replied to the first and fourth of them; but indeed, the second and third are not of the same validity.

Ver. 472. He confirms by two arguments, that nothing is beside body and void: and whatever else others allow to be things, he confines to the class of accidents which subsist, and are distinguished from body and void by the imagination

only. But here he cunningly supposes what he ought to prove: that body only can act and suffer, touch, and be touched: for the souls of men, and all immaterial substances, contradict this definition.

Ver. 527. He, in many arguments, ascribes perfect solidity to his atoms; nor do I deny it. But there is no reason to believe that therefore they cannot be dissolved: for the solidity of the seeds proceeds from the immediate contact of their parts. But in all concrete bodies the contact of the parts is allowed to be at least equal to that which is between the parts of the seeds. And therefore concrete bodies should be equally, and no more liable to dissolution than the seeds themselves. The other argument by which he asserts the eternity of his atoms, are built on a false supposition: he assumes what he ought to prove; and when he at length flies to what they call a

mathematical least, ver. 630. he indeed presses hard on his adversaries, and reduces them to great difficulties, but is reduced to no less straits himself.

Ver. 668. He triumphs over Heraclitus, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and others. At length, ver. 960. he employs a long disputation, to prove the universe, which consists of body and void, to be infinite: and here he is very copious in his arguments against the Stoics, who held a centre in the infinite universe, and describes the opinions of Epicurus with a great deal of eloquence: but they being all built on false suppositions, fall together to the ground. Then he banishes the Antipodes, which a truer philosophy and experience have long since recalled, and settled in their ancient abodes. However, he soothes with his arguments the imagination of man, which delights to be led away into an infinite, and never yet fixed any bounds to space, nor ever will dare to do so.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. FROM VER. I. to 63, Lucretius exhorts his Memmius to the study of philosophy, which alone can alleviate our cares and anxieties, and deliver the mind from fears. II. He disputes concerning the properties or qualities of the seeds or atoms; the first of which is motion. That seeds move is demonstrated from the generation of things; but their motion is downwards; for all seeds are heavy. But when solid seeds meet, they must of necessity rebound every way from one another. Thus some seeds happen to unite and join together, and those whose union is most close, compose the things that are hard and dense; but the seeds whose connection is more loose, make those that are soft and rare. But some seeds never combine into one, but like the motes which we see in the beams of the sun, are in perpetual motion, flying to and fro in the void, and incessantly strike and drive up and down other atoms and themselves. These arguments end at ver. 133. III. He explains the swiftness of the seeds that tend downwards, to ver. 160. IV. Then to ver. 177, he severely, according to his usual method, falls upon those who acknowledge a Divine and ruling Providence. V. He resumes his argument, and to ver. 209, asserts that all bodies tend downwards. VI. To ver. 280, he shows, that the seeds, as they tend downwards, decline a little from the straight line; for unless they did so, nothing at all, at least no free agent could ever be produced. VII. Then to ver. 318, he teaches that the seeds still move in the same motion in which they have moved from all eternity: and that no man ought to distrust this opinion because he does not see the motion, since even the seeds themselves cannot be perceived. Figure is the second property or quality of the seeds: and he proves, VIII. to ver. 454, That all seeds are not of the same figure; but that some are round, some square, some smooth, some rough, some hooked, &c. And he shows at large what figures compose bitter bodies, what sweeter, what hard, what soft. IX. To ver. 546, that this variety of figures is not infinite, but that the seeds of the same figure are infinite; that is to say, that the round are infinite, the square infinite, &c. X. In the next place, to ver. 678, he proceeds to show, that things are not composed of atoms of the same figure; and proves by several arguments, that compound bodies contain seeds of different figures. XI. Then he teaches that seeds have none of those qualities which we call sensible; as colour, taste, cold, heat, &c. XII. And that they are not endowed with sense, though coloured, savoury, hot, cold and sensible things are composed of them, to ver. 988. XIII. Lastly, That these infinite seeds, flying up and down through the infinite void, compose infinite worlds, and that these worlds are sometimes increased in bulk by the seeds that drop down out of the infinite space: and sometimes diminished and dissolved, because the seeds get loose, and fly away from them into the infinite space likewise; in like manner as plants and animals are born, increase in growth, wax old, and at length die.

'Tis pleasant when the seas are rough, to stand
And view another's danger, safe at land:
Not 'cause he's troubled, but 'tis sweet to see
Those cares and fears from which ourselves are
free.

'Tis also pleasant to behold from far
How troops engage, secure ourselves from war.
But above all, 'tis pleasantest to get
The top of high philosophy, and sit
On the calm, peaceful flourishing head of it.

Whence we may view deep, wond'rous deep below,
How poor mistaken mortals wand'ring go, 11
Seeking the path to happiness: some aim
At learning, wit, nobility, or fame:
Others with cares and dangers vex each hour
To reach the top of wealth and sov'reign pow'r:
Blind wretched man! in what dark paths of strife
We walk this little journey of our life!
While frugal nature seeks for only ease;
A body free from pains, free from disease;
A mind from cares and jealousies at peace. 20

And little too is needful to maintain
The body sound in health, and free from pain.
Not delicates but such as may supply
Contented nature's thrifty luxury.
She asks no more. What though no boys of gold
Adorn the walls, and sprightly tapers hold,
Whose beauteous rays, scatt'ring the gaudy light,
Might grace the feasts and revels of the night:
What though no gold adorns; no music's sound
With doubled sweetness from the roofs rebound;
Yet underneath a loving myrtle's shade, 31
Hard by a purling stream supinely laid, [spread,
When spring with fragrant flow'rs the earth has
And sweetest roses grow around our head;
Envy'd by wealth and pow'r, with small expence
We may enjoy the sweet delights of sense.
Who ever heard a sever tamer grown
In clothes embroider'd o'er, and beds of down,
Than in coarse rags?

Since then such toys as these
Contribute nothing to the bodies ease,
As honour, wealth, and nobleness of blood,
'Tis plain they likewise do the mind no good.
If when thy fierce embattled troops at land
Mock-fights maintain; or when the navies stand
In graceful ranks, or sweep the yielding seas,
If then before such martial fights as these,
Disperse not all black jealousies and cares,
Vain dread of death, and superstitious fears
Not leave thy mind; but if all this be vain,
If the same cares and dread and fears remain, 50
If traitor-like they seize thee on the throne,
And dance within the circle of a crown;
If noise of arms, nor darts can make them fly,
Nor the gay sparklings of the purple dye.
If they on emperors will rudely seize,
What makes us value all such things as these,
But folly and dark ignorance of happiness? }
For we, as boys at night, by day do fear
Shadows as vain and senseless as those are. [souls,
Wherefore that darkness which o'er spreads our
Day can't disperse; but those eternal rules, 61
Which from firm premises true reason draws,
And a deep insight into nature's laws

But now I'll sing, do you attend, how feed
Proceeds to make, and to dissolve things made:
What drives them forward to their tedious race,
What makes them run through all the mighty
space.

'Tis certain now no seed to seed adheres
Unmov'd and fix'd; for every thing appears
Worn out, and wasted by devouring years;
Still wasting, still it vanishes away, 71
And yet the mass of things feels no decay:

For when those bodies part, the things grow less,
And old: but they do flourish and increase,
To which they join; thence too they fly away;
So things by turns increase, by turns decay:
Like racers bear the lamp of life and live,
And their race done; their lamp to others give.
And so the mass renews: few years deface
One kind, and straight another takes the place. 80

But if you think the seeds can rest, and make
A change by rest, how great is the mistake!
For since they through the boundless vacuum rove,
By their own weight, or other's stroke they move,
For when they meet and strike, that furious play
Makes each of them reflect a diff'rent way:
For both are perfect solids, and nought lies

Behind, to stop their motion as they rise. [move,
But that you may conceive how thus they
Consider that my former reasons prove, 90

That seeds seek not the midst, and that the space
Is infinite, and knows no lowest place;

And, therefore, seeds can never end their race, }
But always move, and in a various round. [bound

Some when they meet, and rudely strike, re-
To a great distance; others when they jar
Will part too, and rebound, but not so far.

Now these small seeds that are more closely join'd,
And tremble, in a little space confin'd, 99

Stopp'd by their mutual twinings, stones compose
Iron or steel, or bodies like to those;

But those that swim in a wide void alone,
And make their quick and large rebounds, or run }
Through a large space, compose the air and sun.

Besides these two, there is another kind; }
Bodies from union free, and unconfin'd;

With others ne'er in friendly motion join'd. }
Of these there's a familiar instance

For look where'er the glitt'ring sun-beams come
Through narrow chinks into a darken'd room;

A thousand little bodies straight appear 111
In the small streams of light, and wander there:

For ever fight, reject all shows of peace;
Now meet, now part again, and never cease.

Hence we may judge how th' atoms always strove
Through the vast empty space, and how they
move.

Such knowledge from mean instances we get,
And easily from small things rise to great.

But mark this instance well, and learn from
thence

What motions vex the seeds, though hid from
sense: 120

For here you may behold, by secret blows
How bodies turn'd, their line of motion lose:

How beaten backward, and with wanton play,
Now this, now that, and ev'ry other way.

All have their motions from their seeds; for those
Move of themselves, and then with secret blows

Strike on the small molecular; they receive
The swift impression, and to greater give:

Thus they begin from the first seeds; and thence
Go on by just degrees, and move our sense. 130

For look, within the little beam of light
You see them strike; but what blow makes }
them fight

Is undiscern'd, and hidden from our sight. }
B b liij

And yet how swift the atoms motions are,
 This foll'wing instance will in short declare:
 For when the morning climbs the eastern skies,
 And tuneful birds salute her early rise;
 In ev'ry grove and wood with joy appear,
 And fill with rav'ning sounds the yielding air.
 How swift the beams of the bright rising sun 140
 Shoot forth! Their race is finish'd when begun:
 From heav'n to earth they take their hasty flight,
 And gild the distant globe with gaudy light.
 But this thin vapour, and this glitt'ring ray,
 Through a mere void, make not their easy way;
 But with much trouble force a passage through
 Resist'ing air; and therefore move more slow:
 Nor are they seeds, but little bodies join'd;
 And adverse motions in small space confin'd:
 And therefore from without resist'ing force, 150
 And inbred jars must stop their eager course;
 But solid seeds, that move through empty space,
 And all whose parts do seek one common place;
 Whom nothing from without resists; than light
 And beams more swift, must make their hasty
 flight;

And in that time a larger distance fly,
 While the sun's lazy beams creep through our sky:
 For they by counsel cannot move more slow;
 Or stop to make inquiry, or to know 259
 How they must work, on what design they go.

But some, dull souls! think matter cannot move
 Into fit shapes, without the pow'rs above:
 Nor make the various seasons of the year
 So fit for men; nor fruit, nor bushes bear,
 Nor other things, which pleasure prompts, could
 do:

Pleasure, that guide of life, and mistress too!
 That we should seek love's generous embrace,
 And thence renew frail man's decaying race:
 And therefore fancy that the gods did make
 And rule this all. How great is that mistake!
 For were I ignorant whence things arise, 171
 Yet many reasons from the earth and skies,
 From ev'ry thing deduc'd, will plainly prove,
 That this imperfect world——
 Was never made by the wise pow'rs above.
 This I'll explain hereafter; now go on
 To finish what already I've begun.

And this I think a proper place to prove,
 That nothing of itself can upward move:
 Left when you see th' ambitious flame aspire, 180
 You think 'tis nat'ral force bears up the fire.
 For ev'ry tree does rear its lofty head,
 Each tender ear and shrub does upward spread,
 And all draw up their nourishment from below,
 But yet all weights by nature downward go.
 So when the subtle flame, and shining streams
 Of fire arise, and waste the upper beams;
 'Tis some force drives them up. So from a wound
 Our blood shoots forth, and sprinkles all around.
 Again, who sees not that a quiet flood 190
 Throws back with mighty force th' immersed
 wood?

For when we strive, in deeper streams, to drown,
 And scarce with all our force can press it down,
 The waves, with double vigour, throw it up,
 And make it strongly leap above the top:

And yet who doubts all these would downward
 tend,

When plac'd in void, and nat'rally descend?
 So rising flames by th' air are upwards borne,
 Although their nat'ral weights press a return:
 Besides, we all behold, how ev'ry night 200
 The falling meteors draw long trains of light.

Wherever nature yields a passage through,
 We see stars fall, and seek them here below:
 The sun too from above his vigour yields
 To us below, and cherishes our fields.

Therefore its fire descends; swift light'ning flies;
 Now here, now there, betwixt the parted skies:
 And fighting through the clouds, its place of birth,
 The broken sulph'rous flame descends to earth.

Now seeds in downward motion must decline,
 Though very little from th' exactest line: 211
 For did they still move straight, they needs must
 fall,

Like drops of rain, dissolv'd and scatter'd all;
 Forever tumbling through the mighty space,
 And never join to make one single mass.

If any one believes, the heavier seed,
 In downright motions, and from hind'rance freed,
 May strike the lighter; and fit motions make,
 Whence things may rise, how great is the mis-
 take!

'Tis true, when weights descend through yield-
 ing air, 220

Or streams; the swiftness of the fall must bear
 Proportion to the weights; and reason good;
 Because the fleeting air, and yielding flood
 With equal strength resist not ev'ry course,
 But sooner yield unto the greater force:

But now no void can stop, no space can stay
 The seeds; for 'tis its nature to give way;
 Therefore through void unequal weights must be
 Like swift in motion, all of like degree.

Nor can the heavier bodies overtake 230
 The lighter falling seeds; and, striking, make
 The motions various, fit for nature's use,
 By which all pow'rful the may things produce.

'Tis certain then and plain, that seeds decline,
 Though very little from th' exactest line,
 But not obliquely move: that fond pretence
 Would fight all reason, nay, ev'n common sense:
 For ev'ry body sees, a falling weight
 Makes its descent by lines direct and straight.

Besides, did all things move in a straight
 line, 240

Did still one motion to another join
 In certain order, and no seeds decline,
 And make a motion fit to dissipate [fate:
 The well wrought chain of causes, and strong
 Whence comes this perfect freedom of the mind?
 Whence comes the will so free, and unconfin'd,

Above the pow'r of fate, by which we go
 Whene'er we please, and what we will we do?
 In animals the will moves first; and thence
 The motions spread to the circumference, 250
 And vig'rous action through the limbs disperse;
 For look, and see, when first the barrier's down,
 The horse, though eager, cannot start so soon
 As his own mind requires; because the force,
 And subtle matter that maintains the course,

Must be firr'd through the limbs, then sely join'd,
Obey the eager motions of his mind :
Which proves these motions rise within the heart,
Beginning by the will, then run through ev'ry
part.

But now 'tis otherwise, when 'tis begun 260
From force ; for then our limbs are hurry'd on
By violent strokes, no pow'r of our own,
Until the will, by her own nat'ral sway,
Shall check, or turn the force another way. [on,
Wherefore 'tis plain ; though force may drive us
And make us move our limbs, and make us run ;
Yet something lies within, that can oppose
The violent stroke, and still resist the blows ;
At whose command a subtle matter flies,
And bends through all our limbs, our arms, our
thighs ; 270 }

And check'd again, and all the vigour dies.
Therefore, we must confess, as these things
prove,

There is another cause, by which seeds move,
Besides dull weight and stroke, from whence is
wrought

This pow'r : for nothing can arise from nought,
For weight forbids that things be only join'd
By stroke, and outward force ; and lest the
mind }

Should be by strong necessity confin'd,
And, overcome, endure fate's rigid laws,
This little declination is the cause. 280

Nor was this mass of matter, the whole frame,
Ever more loose or close, but still the same :
For it can never fail, or greater grow ;
Wherefore the seeds still mov'd, ev'n just as now :
And the like motions ever will maintain ;
What things were made, will be produc'd again
In the same way ; look fair, grow strong, and
great,

And live as long as nature's laws permit.
Nor is there any force can change this all :
For there's no place from which strange seeds
may fall 290

And make disturbance : no space does here lie
Beyond the whole, to which the seeds may fly,
And leave the mighty all to waste and die. }

Besides, 'tis nothing strange that ev'ry mass
Seems quiet, and at rest, and keeps its place ;
Though ev'ry little part moves here and there :
For since the principles too subtle are
For sight, their motion too must disappear :
Nay, objects fit for sense, which distant lie,
Conceal their motions too, and cheat our eye.
For often on a hill the wanton sheep, 301
At distance plac'd, o'er flow'ry pastures creep,
Where'er herbs, crown'd with pearly dew, in-
vite,

And kindly call their eager appetite.
The lambs, their bellies full, with various turns,
Play o'er the field, and try their tender horns :
Yet all these seem confus'd at distance seen,
And like a steady white, spread o'er the green.
And thus, when two embattled armies rage,
And in a spacious plain at last engage, 310
When all run here and there ; the furious horse
Beat o'er the trembling fields with nimble force :

Straight dreadful sparklings from their arms ap-
pear,

And fill with a strange light the wond'ring air :
Earth groans beneath their feet ; the hills around,
Flatt'ring the noise, restore the dreadful sound :
Yet this would seem, if from a mountain shown,
A steady light, and a continu'd one. [are,

Now learn what manner of things first bodies
What diff'rent figures, shapes, and forms they
bear. 320

For though the shape to many is the same,
Yet all agree not in one common frame :
Nor is this strange, or to be wonder'd at :
For since the numbers are so vastly great,
And know no bound, nor end, it cannot be,
That all in the same figures should agree.

Besides, consider men, or beasts, or trees,
Or silent fish, that cut the yielding seas ;
Or birds, that either wanton o'er the floods,
Or fill with tuneful sounds the list'ning woods ;
Consider each particular, you'll find 331
How diff'rent shapes appear in ev'ry kind.

Else how could dams their tender young, or
how [know ; }

The new-born young their distant mothers
Which all perform as well as men can do.

For often when an innocent heifer dies,
To angry gods a spotless sacrifice ;
When all around the sheds atoning blood,
And stains the altars with a purple flood :
Her dam beats o'er the fields in wild despair, 340
And wounds with loud complaints the tender air ;
Now here, now there will run, and still complain ;
Now leaves her stall, and then returns again :
Mad for her young, the ev'ry field does trace ;
With passionate eyes she visits ev'ry place :

No streams, no flow'rs, her former great delight,
Can raise or quicken her dead appetite,
Allay her grief, divert her pining care,
And though a thousand heifers should appear,
More fat, more fair than hers, she passes by, 350
And looks on none, or with a slighting eye :
So plain it is, she looks for something known,
And view'd before ; she only seeks her own.

Besides, the tender kids, and wanton lambs
All know the voice, and bleatings of their dams :
And all, as nat'ral instinct prompts them on,
When hunger calls, to their own mothers run.

Besides, what various shapes in corn appear ?
A diff'rent size to ev'ry grain, and ear.
And so in shells, where waters, washing o'er, 360
With wanton kisses bathe th' amorous shore.

And therefore seeds, since they from nature
came, }

Not made by art, after one common frame,
Must not be all alike, their shapes the same.

And hence a reason's seen why light'ning flies
With keener force, through stones, through
parted skies. [arise : }

Than those blunt flames, which from our fires
Because its little parts, more loosely join'd,
More subtle far, an easy passage find

Through such small pores, as stop the blunter
flame, 370

Which parts of heavy oil, or timber frame.

Through horn the sun-beams pass, and strike
our eye :

But water on the surface stays : and why ?

Because the parts of light are less than those

That make up water, and dull streams compose.

So through the strainer wines with ease will
flow :

But heavy oil, or stops, or runs more slow :

The reason's this ; 'cause 'tis of parts combin'd,
Far greater, and more hook'd, and closely twin'd,
Which therefore cannot be disjoin'd as soon, 380
And through each little passage singly run.

From tast'd honey pleasing thoughts arise,

And in delightful airs look through our eyes :

When rue, or wormwood's touch'd, flies ev'ry
grace,

And violent distortions screw the face. [smooth,

Whence you may eas'y guess those round, and

That with delightful touch affect the mouth :

But those which we more rough or bitter find,

Are made of parts more hook'd, and closely
twin'd ;

Which wound the organ, as they enter in, 390
And force a passage through the injur'd skin.

In short, what things are good for sense, what
bad,

Of seeds of diff'rent shape, and size are made :

Nor must you fancy bodies that compose

The harsher sounds of saws, as smooth as those

That form the sweetest airs that viols make,

When gentle strokes the sleeping strings awake.

Those seeds have diff'rent figures, form, and

That from all rotting carcasses arise, [size,

From those that new-pres'd saffron yields, or rear

From incens'd altars, sweet'ning all the air. 401

And so in colours too, that gaudy dye,

That pleases, and delights the curious eye,

A diff'rent form, and shape and figure bears

From that which wounds the sense, and forces
tears ;

Or mean and ugly to the sight appears.

For seeds of all that please the sense are smooth ;

Of all that hurt are rough, or hook'd, or both.

But besides these, there other bodies are,

Not perfect smooth, nor hook'd, but angular :

With little corners butting ev'ry where, 411

Which tickle more than hurt the sense ; such join

To make the acid taste of palling wine.

Lastly, that heat and cold, form'd diff'rent ways,

Affect the organs, ev'n our touch betrays.

For rough, that best, that chiefest sense is made,

When strokes, from things without, the nerves
invade.

Or something from within does outward flow,

And hurts, or tickles as it passes through :

As 'tis in venery, or when the seed 420

Remain within, and strange confusions breed,

Stirr'd up by violent stroke : for strike a blow

On any limb, and you will find 'tis so.

Wherefore these seeds must be of diff'rent size,

Of diff'rent shapes and figures, when arise

In sense, so great, so strange varieties.

Farther, what things seem hard and thick, are
join'd

Of parts more hook'd and firm, and closely

As iron, flints, brags, steel, and diamonds,
Gems free from pow'r of stroke, secure from
wounds. 430

But fluids are composed of smooth and round ;

For their small parts, by no strong union bound,

Are very easily disjoin'd, and move

Or here, or there, at every little shove.

Lastly, Whatever's soon dissolv'd, or broke,
As morning mists, or yielding flames, or smoke ;
If all its little bodies be not smooth

And round in figure, form, or shape, or both,

Yet they are not all twin'd, all have not hooks,

And so may pass through stones and hardest rocks,

Nor must you think it strange the same should

Fluid and bitter too, as is the sea ; [be,

For fluids are of smooth and round combin'd ;

To these are little pungent bodies join'd ;

Yet there's no need they should be hook'd or

twin'd ;

For they may globous be, though rough, and

thence

Are fitted both to move, and hurt the sense.

But to convince you with a clearer proof,

That acid fluids have smooth join'd with rough,

They may be sep'rated with ease enough, 450

For when salt streams through winding caverns
pass,

They rise up sweet, and bubble o'er the grass :

Because those pungent parts they roll'd before,

Now stay behind, and lodge in every pore.

This being prov'd, I'll now go on to show

These various shapes are finite, and but few ;

For grant them infinite, it follows thence

That some among the seeds must be immense :

And how can numerous sorts of shapes appear

In such small bodies as the atoms are ? 460

For think that some minutest parts compose

The seed add two, or three, or more to those ;

Now, when the topmost parts are plac'd below,

And the right turn'd to left, you'll plainly know,

By changing ev'ry way their former place,

What figure each position gives the mass.

But if you'd make it capable of more,

You must subjoin new parts to those before,

And so go on, if you would vary those ; 469

Thus with the shapes the body greater grows :

Wherefore 'tis downright folly to admit

That this variety is infinite,

Unless you grant some seeds immensely great.

Besides ; embroider'd stuff, and purple dye,

Or gaudy peacocks plumes, that court our eye,

Excell'd by finer colours, would seem less bright,

And lose their wonted power to delight.

So things more sweet than honey would appear,

And sounds more soft than swans salute the ear ;

Nay, music's sweetest airs would cease to please,

Because there might be better than all these : 481

So on the contrary, we still might fall

From bad to worse, but ne'er to worst of all ;

For still in nature something worse may rise,

Still more offensive to our ears, our eyes,

Our smell, our taste But now, since 'tis confess'd

That some things are in nature worst, some best,

And we can fear no high'r, 'tis likewise true,

These various shapes are finite, and but few.

Lastly, In fire and snow the heat and cold's
intense, 490

The utmost qualities that strike our sense;
These two, as bounds, the middle warmth con-
troul,

Which rise by just degrees, and make a whole :

'Tis certain then that these varieties

Are finite, and that two extremes comprise,

On this side melting flames, on that side ice.

This prov'd, it follows, that those seeds whose
frame

Is perfectly alike, their shapes the same,

Are infinite; for, since these reasons teach,

That those varieties of shape ne'er reach 500

To infinite, there must be infinite of each;

Or else, what I before successfully oppos'd,

The all is finite, and in bounds enclos'd.

This taught, my lab'ring muse next sweetly
sings,

That proper seeds for ev'ry kind of things

Are infinite; that these preserve the mass,

And kinds of things, by constant strokes in ev'ry
place :

For though some kinds of beasts we rarely view,

As if unfruitful nature bore but few;

Yet other countries may supply our wants :

Thus India breeds such troops of elephants,

As fight their wars, and usually o'ercome;

So num'rous are they there, so few at Rome.

But grant in nature such a single one,

The like to which nor is, nor e'er was known :

Yet were its proper seeds but finite, how

Could that be made, or when 'twas made, how
grow?

For think the seeds of any single mass

Being finite, scatter'd through the mighty space,

Where, how, or when, what force, or what de-
sign, 520

Amid such diff'rent seeds, could make them
join?

For 'tis not reason prompts them to combine.

But as in wrecks, the seas; the masts, the oars,

Confus'dly scatter'd, fill the neighb'ring shores:

That men might learn by such sad fights as these

The force, and cruel treach'ries of the seas;

And still distrust, though with perfidious smile

Becalm'd, it tempts them on to farther toil.

So finite seeds would in the space be lost,

And in the whirls of diff'rent matter lost; 530

So that they ne'er could join, or be at peace,

Nor yet preserve their union, nor increase :

But now 'tis plain, and ev'n our senses show

That things are made; and, made, increase and
grow.

'Tis certain then that seeds of ev'ry kind

Are infinite. —

Nor can destructive motions still prevail,

And bring a universal death on all;

Nor motions, which compose or else increase,

Always preserve things made, but sometimes
cease : 540

So these two contraries do always jar

With equal force, and still maintain the war.

Now these, now those prevail; and infant's moans

Are ever mix'd with others' dying groans :

And ev'ry day and night the tender cry

Of new-born babes joins with their sighs that die.

Now you must farther mark that nought's com-
bin'd,

Compos'd, or made of seeds all of one kind;

But things of diff'rent pow'rs and faculties

Do equal diff'rent sorts of seeds comorise. 550

The earth does in itself such parts contain,

As make up springs which feed the greedy main;

And such seed too as fiercest fire can frame;

For many parts, like *Ætna*, vomit flame :

And such whence trees and tender shrubs do
shoot; [fruit,

And grafs for beasts, for man sweet corn and

Hence term'd the mother of the gods: contests'd

The common parent too of man and beast.

The poets sing, that through the heav'ns above,

She chariots, drawn by fierce yok'd lions, drove;

And riding to and fro, she wanders there :

They teach by this, that in the spacious air

Hangs the vast mass of earth, and needs no prop

Of any lower earth to keep it up.

They yoke such beasts, to show that ev'ry child,

Though form'd by nature fierce, untam'd, and
wild, [mild,

Soft'n'd by care and love, grows tame, and

Her lofty head a mural garland wears,

Because she towns and stately castles bears :

And thus adorn'd with gaudy pomp and show,

Goes through our towns, and as she passes
through, 571

The vulgar fear, and all with rev'rence bow.

Concerning her fond superstition frames

A thousand odd conceits, a thousand names;

And gives her a large train of Phrygian dantes :

Because in Phrygia corn at first took birth,

And thence was scatter'd o'er the other earth.

They eunuch all her priests, from whence 'tis
shown,

That they deserve no children of their own,

Who or abuse their fires, or disrespect, 580

Or treat their mothers with a cold neglect;

Their mothers, whom they should adore. —

Amidst her pomp fierce drums and cymbals beat,

And the hoarse horns with rattling notes do threat.

The pipe with Phrygian airs disturbs their souls,

Till, reason overthrown, mad passion rules.

They carry arms, those dreadful signs of war,

To raise in impious routs religious fear. [goes,

When carry'd thus in pomp, through towns she

And health on all most silently bestows; 590

With offer'd money they bestrew the plain,

And roses cover her, and all her train.

Here some in arms dance round among the
crowd,

Look dreadful gay in their own sparkling blood,

Their crests still shaking with a dreadful nod.

These represent those armed priests, who strove

To drown the tender cries of infant Jove;

By dancing quick they made a greater sound,

And beat their armour as they danc'd around;

Left Saturn should have found and eat the boy,

And Ops for ever mourn'd her prattling joy. 601

For this her train is arm'd; or else to show

They'll serve their country, and enlarge it too,

Whenever danger, or when honour calls.

All which, though well contriv'd, is fond, and false;

For ev'ry deity must live in peace,
In undisturb'd, and everlasting ease:
Not care for us, from fears and dangers free;
Sufficient to his own felicity. 609

Nought here below, nought in our pow'r he needs;
Ne'er smiles at good, ne'er frowns at wicked deeds.

The earth wants sense, and yet contains the seeds;

And therefore trees and living creatures breeds.
Now those that would their wanton fancies please,
And use the name of Neptune for the seas;
Ceres for corn, or Bacchus for the vine,
Rather than speak the plainer terms of wine,
Such men may call, and strength of fancy show,
The earth the mother of the gods below,
And those above, although she is not so. 620

The sheep, the warlike horse, and bull, in food
Agree; and all drink of the same cold flood:

And yet they diff'rent are; and each delights
In proper motions, manners, appetites:

Such diff'rent seeds in ev'ry herb do grow;

Such diff'rent seeds in ev'ry water flow.

Now though blood, humour, nerves, and vein,
and bone,

Are parts of animal, and make up one;

Yet what varieties their forms divide? 629

How all unlike? Their diff'rence vastly wide!

So all combustible, though not the same

In other things, have parts of such a frame

As make gay sparkles, ashes, light, and flame. }

And so consider ev'ry thing, you'll find

Each made of diff'rent seeds in shape and kind.

Lastly, We all confess some object please

The smell and taste at once. }

Now seeds of diff'rent shapes must make up these,

For taste and smell do diff'rent organs strike,

Therefore their figures cannot be alike: 640

So that each mass does diff'rent shapes enclose,

And ev'ry body diff'rent seeds compose.

A pregnant proof of this my song affords,

For there are letters common to all words;

Yet some of diff'rent shapes and figures join,

To make each diff'rent word, each diff'rent line.

Not but that many are in shape the same,

But all agree not in one common frame.

And so of other things; though things are made

Of many common seeds in order laid, 650

Yet may the compounds widely disagree,

And we may justly guess that stone, and tree,

Or an'mal kind, as bird, and beast, and man,

From seeds of diff'rent shapes and kinds began.

Yet all join not with all, for thence would rise

Vast monsters, nature's great absurdities;

Some things half-beast, half-man, and some would

grow

Tall trees above, and animals below;

Some join'd of fish and beasts, and ev'ry where,

Frightful chimeras, breathing flames, appear. 660

But since we see no such, and things arise

From certain seeds, of certain shape and size,

And keep their kind, as they increase and grow;

There's some fix'd reason why it should be so.

For see, our limbs receive from all their food
Agreeable parts, which, turn'd to flesh and blood,
Accept the vital motions: but for those

That disagree with her, some nature throws

Through open passages away; but more

By secret impulse fly through ev'ry pore; 670

For they could never join, but still at strife,

Obstruct all motions that are fit for life.

Now these are cath'lic laws; these rules do bind

Not animals alone, but ev'ry kind;

For since they all of diff'rent natures are,

The figures of their seeds can never square;

Not but that many are in shape the same,

But all agree not in one common frame.

Now since the seeds are diff'rent, thence will grow

A diff'rence in their weight and motion too, 680

Their stroke, connection, concurs. Now by

these,

Not animals alone, but heav'n, earth, seas,

Are plac'd in their own proper species.

Now farther learn, what I wish toil and pain,

With many a careful thought, and lab'ring brain,

Have sought to teach thee; lest thou shouldst mis-

take,

And think the seeds of black composures, black;

Of white things, white; or other bodies wear

Those diff'rent colours that their seeds did bear.

For seeds are colourless; without a dye, 690

Or like, or unlike those that seem to lie

On bodies surfaces, and strike our eye. }

Now if you think such seeds are things unfit

To be conceiv'd, how fond is the conceit!

For since that men born blind, whose nat'ral night

Was never scatter'd by one beam of light,

Know things by touch, he's foolish that denies, }

That any notices of things can rise,

Unless from colours enter'ing at our eyes.

For in the dark we feel, and form from thence 700

Some images; yet then no colours strike our sense.

But this position stronger reasons show;

For seeds of things ne'er change, though col-

ours do:

For somewhat must survive each change, and be

Essentially immutable, and free;

Left all should sink to nought, and thence arise,

For what is chang'd from what it was, that dies.

Therefore seeds colourless, unfit for view,

Or grant: or grant annihilation true.

Though seeds are colourless, and free from

dyes, 710

They're form'd of diff'rent figures; whence arise

The num'rous colours, gay varieties. }

And since, as we discours'd before, we find

It matters much with what first seeds are join'd,

What figure, what position they maintain,

What motions give, and what receive again;

'Tis strait resolv'd why things as black as night

Can change so soon, and put on virgin white; }

And scatter all around their vig'rous light.

As in the sea, when the mad ocean raves, 720

And white curls rise upon the foaming waves;

For thus it is: That which seem'd black before,

By losing little parts, or taking more,

Their number, motion, order, station, site,

Position chang'd, from black are turn'd to white.

But if the sea were ting'd with nat'ral sky,
What force, what art could make it change the
dye?

For change its frame, and change, and change
Yet still the native tincture would remain, [again,
And never put on white; but if the seed, 730
Painted with diff'rent colours, all agreed
To make one white; as little parts, that bear
Quite diff'rent figures can compose one square;
Then it would follow, as in squares there lie
Such diff'rent figures, naked to our eye,
Just so, in one pure whiteness, we should view
A thousand colours mix'd, and diff'rent too.

Besides; look o'er those diff'rent shapes; for
there
No hindrance in their natures does appear,
Why all may not agree to make one square. 740
But neither sense, nor nature's laws permit,
That diff'rent colours should compose one white.
Nay more; the only cause that all propose
For colour'd seeds, this fancy overthrows;
For here from white, white bodies do not rise,
Nor black from black, but seeds of various dyes,
Now colourless seeds will sooner make a white,
Than black, or any other opposite.

Besides; since colours are alone by day,
And owe their beings to the glitt'ring ray, 750
But seeds of things do not exist alone
By day: 'tis plain that they are ting'd with none;
For how can colours be in darkest night,
Since they all change, and vary with the light,
According as the ray's oblique or right.
So plumes, that go around the pigeon's head,
Sometimes look brisker, with a deeper red;
And then in different position seen
Show a gay sky, all intermix'd with green:
And so in peacock's tails, all fill'd with light, 760
The colour varies with the change of site.
Now since these colours rise from beams o'th' sun
Reflex, they cannot be when those are gone.

And since the eyes a diff'rent stroke receive
From white, from that which black, or others
give:

And since it matters not what colour's worn
By things we touch, but what fit shapes are born,
We easily infer seeds want no dyes;
Those the variety of shapes supplies,
And thence those diff'rent sorts of touch may
rise. 770

Besides; since certain colours not agree
To certain shapes; and any dye may be
In any shape, then tell me why we find
Such colours still belong to such a kind?
Why cannot crows their usual dye forsake,
And put on white? Why swans not mourn in
black?

Again: break any thing, we find at last
The less the parts, the more the colours waste:
For instance; shave but gold, the gaudy red,
Which through the whole compofure once was
spread, 780
Is lost and gone, the parts unheeded lie,
Nor with their tempting purple court our eye.
Which shows that bodies are from colours freed,
Before they come to be as small as seed.

Farther; since some ne'er touch the ear or
nose,
With sound, or smell; we nat'rally suppose
That neither sound, nor smell belong to those
So likewise, since 'tis nonsense to deny
Some seeds too small, and subtle for our eye,
These free from colour we must all conceive, 790
As well as those from sound and taste believe,
Whose sound, nor taste, our ears, nor tongue
perceive.

And yet the mind can comprehend as well
These void of dye, as those of sound and smell.
Besides: not only colour is not found
In seeds; but neither smell, nor taste, nor sound:
They no brisk odours in effluvioms send,
Or to delight the nose, or to offend;
But void of odours all. So artists choose
An odorous liquor to compose 800
Their rich perfumes; lest they infect and spoil
Their odours, with the native smell of oil.
And thus as all their former reasons show,
The seeds on compound bodies ne'er bestow
Their sound, their taste or smell; for they have
none.

No proper sound, or odour of their own;
Nor hear, nor cold, nor any quality;
For those are subject all to change, and die:
Ev'n such as viscous, brittle, bowlow are;
All which arise from putrid, soft, and rare. 810
For either these can not to seeds agree,
Or seeds are not immortal all, and free
From change; and therefore things may fall to
nought:

All which how fond my former reasons taught.
Now farther; those compofures that per-
ceive,
Ennobled all with various sense, derive
Their beings from insensibles, and live.
This every common generation shows,
And rather proves this truth, than overthrows.
For look what num'rous swarms of worms and
flies 820

From putrid and fermenting cloes arise,
When fem'nal rain descends in soft'ning dew,
And makes the weary'd earth bring forth anew.
Besides, leaves, water, grafs, do make up beast,
And man too feeds on blasts, and is increas'd:
Their flesh is turn'd to ours; and so again
The birds and blasts increase by eating men.
All these things prove, that any sort of food
Nature can easily turn to flesh and blood:
Whence animals, those things of sense, fine frames,
As out of wood she raises fire and flames. 830
And hence, as we discours'd before, we find
It matters much with what first seeds are join'd;
What fire, and what position they maintain,
What motions give, and what receive again.

But what confirms, what prompts thee to be-
lieve, [rive
That things, endow'd with sense, can ne'er de-
Their beings from insensibles, and live?
Perchance, as common observation shows,
Because earth, stone, wood, various things com-
pose; 840
And yet there's neither life, nor sense in those.

But here you must consider, neither I,
Nor any master of philosophy
Affirm, that ev'ry being may commence
A sensible, and show the acts of sense :
But that those seeds, whence sensibles arise,
Must all have a convenient shape and size,
Position, motion, order : now not one
Of these appears in earth, or wood, or stone :
Yet these fermented by a timely rain, 850
Grow fruitful, and produce a num'rous train
Of worms; because the little bodies leave
Their former site and union; and receive
New motion, into new position fall,
And order, fit to make an animal.

Besides, they who contend that things com-
mence

Sensibles, from seeds endow'd with sense,
Must grant those seeds are soft; for sense does
To tender gut alone, or nerve, or vein: [join
All which are soft and easily dissolv'd. 860

But grant they could eternally endure,
Suppose them all from fatal change secure :
Yet other doubts occur. For farther see,
If all those seeds have sense, that sense must be
Or of one single member, or of all;
And so be like a perfect animal.
But now the parts in a divided state
Enjoy no sense: The hand, if separate
Can feel no more, nor any member live
Divided from the body, nor perceive : 870
Therefore each must be like an animal,
Each single seed contain the sense of all.
But if like animals; then tell me why,
As well as animals, they cannot die ?
And why immortal all ?

But grant them so;
Yet what could all their combinations do,
But make some animals? And what could be in-
creas'd

But sensibles?
As man gets only man, and beast gets beast.
But if the seeds in mixture lose their own, 880
And take another sense, when theirs is gone,
What need of any? Why should we suppose,
They ever had that sense, which they must lose?
And since, as I have urg'd before, 'tis true,
That birds are made of eggs; since soft'ning dew
Ferments the clouds to worms, we know from
thence

That sensibles arise from seeds devoid of sense.

If any grants the thing, that sense can rise
From senseless seeds, if he consent to this,
But says, that it is form'd and fashion'd all 890
By change, that's made in th' atoms, e'er the
animal,

Or any other things are born, and grow;
For his conviction I shall only show,
That nature's fix'd, and steady laws decreed,
'That nothing should be chang'd, that nought
should breed

Without a combination of the seed.
And thus without the limbs no sense can rise.
It cannot be, before the body is :
Because the seeds lie scatter'd ev'ry where,
In heav'n, and earth, in water, flame and air; 900

Not yet combin'd to make an animal,
Nor sense, that guide, and governor of all.

Besides, when strokes too strong for nature
fall,
And mighty pressure crush an animal,
Its seeds and vital pow'rs are scatter'd all.
For then the little seeds do separate,
And all the vital pow'rs are stop'd by fate.
At length the motion, scatter'd through the whole,
Breaking the vital ties of limbs and soul,
Expels, and drives it out at every pore; 910

For what can force, for what can stroke do
more

Than disunite those seeds that join'd before?

But when the force is weak, more light the
blows,

The small remains of life with ease compose
The violent motions of approaching fate,
And call back all things to their former state;
Expel usurping death, that seem'd to obtain
An empire there; and settle sense again.
Else why should living creatures, that arrive
So near the gates of death, return and live, 920
Rather than enter in, when come so nigh,
And end their almost finish'd race and die?

Besides, since we feel pain, when outward force
Diverts th' atoms from their natural course,
And shakes them o'er the limbs, but when th'
obtain

Their nat'ral motion, and their place again,
A quiet pleasure straight succeeds the pain,
It follows, that the seeds are things unfit,
Or to be touch'd with pain, or with delight;
Because they are not made of other seed, 930
Whose change of motion, or of site may breed
Or pain, or pleasure, or delight; and hence
It follows too, that they are void of sense.

But farther still; if we must needs believe,
That seeds have sense, because the things perceive;
What sort of seeds must form the human race?
Can violent laughter screw their little face?
Or can they drop their briny tears apace?
Can they or laugh, or weep? Can they descry
The greatest secrets of philosophy? 940

Discourse how things are mix'd? Or comprehend
On what firm principles themselves depend?
For all things, which enjoy the faculties,
And pow'rs of perfect animals must rise
From other seeds, and these must be begun
From others: thus we endlessly go on:

For thus I'll urge: whatever can perceive,
Discourse, laugh, reason, flatter, weep, and grieve,
Must be compounded, and must owe its frame
To proper seeds, which can perform the same, 950

But if this seems absurd, and dull, morose,
And heavy seeds can laughing things compose;
If wise and if discursive things can rise
From seeds, that neither reason, nor are wise:
What hinders then but that a sensible
May spring from seeds all void of sense as well?

Lastly, We all from seeds celestial rise,
Which Heav'n our common parent still sup-
plies.

From him the earth receives enliv'ning rain,
And straight she bears bird, tree, and beast, and man,

And proper food for all by which they thrive,
Grow strong, and propagate their race, and
live:

Thence justly all the name of mother give.
And so each part returns, when bodies die,
What came from earth to earth, what from the
sky

Dropt down, ascends again, and mounts on high.
For death does not destroy, but disunite
The seeds, and change their order and their site:
Then makes new combinations, whence arise
In bodies all those great varieties: 970
Their change in colour, shape, and frame; and
thence

Some for a while enjoy, then lose their sense.
From whence, as we observ'd before, we find
It matters much with what first seeds are join'd:
What site, and what position they maintain,
What motion give, and what receive again;
And that the seeds of bodies ne'er contain
Such frail and transient things as seem to lie
On bodies' surfaces, and change and die.

It matters much, ev'n in these ruder lines, 980
How, or with what each single letter joins:
For the same letters, or almost the same,
Make words to signify earth, sun, and flame,
The moon, the heav'n, corn, animals, and trees,
And sea: but their position disagrees;
Their order's not alike; in bodies so;
As their seeds order, figure, motion do, [too.]

The things themselves must change and vary }
But now attend, I'll teach thee something new;
'Tis strange, but yet 'tis reason, and 'tis true: 990
Ev'n what we now with greatest ease receive,
Seem'd strange at first, and we could scarce believe;
And what we wonder at, as years increase,
Will seem more plain, and all our wonder cease,
For look, the heav'n, the stars, the sun, the moon,
If on a sudden to us mortals shown,
Discover'd now, and never seen before, [more?]
What could have rais'd the people's wonder
What could be more admir'd at here below?
Ev'n you had been surpris'd at such a show. 1000
But now, all cloy'd with these, scarce cast an eye,
Or think it worth the pains to view the sky.
Wherefore fly no opinion, 'cause 'tis new;
But strictly search, and after careful view,
Reject, if false; embrace it, if 'tis true. }

Now I have prov'd before, this mighty space
Is infinite, and knows no lowest place,
Nor uppermost: no bounds this all controul;
For that's against the nature of the whole.

Through this vast space since seeds then always
move 1010

With various turns, and from eternal strove;
Who can imagine there should only life
Our single earth, our air, and but our skies, }
While all the other matter scatter'd lies?
Especially, since these from change arise,
When the unthinking seeds, by various blows,
Now this, now that way mov'd, at last were
Into the decaying state of this world, [hurl'd]
And made fit combinations: whence began
The earth, the heav'n, the sea, and beast, and
man, 1020

Thus then 'tis prov'd, and certain, that elsewhere,
The busy atoms join, as well as here:
Such earths, such seas, such men, such beasts
arise,

All like to those surrounded by our skies.

Again: when there can be no hindering cause,
But place and seed enough; by nature's laws
Things must be made: Now if the seed surmount
The utmost stretch of number's vast account;
And the same nature can compose a mass,
As once in this, in any other place; 1030
It plainly follows, that there must arise
Distinct and num'rous worlds, earths, men,
and skies, }

In places distant, and remote from this.

Now farther add: No species has but one,
Which is begun, increas'd, and grows alone:
But ev'ry kind does certainly contain,
Of individuals, a num'rous train; }
As bird, and silent fish, as beast and man: }
Therefore the species of the sun and moon,
Of heav'n and earth, must needs have more than
one. 1040

For ev'ry one of these is made, and grows
By the same nature's catholic laws, with those
Whose spacious kinds do num'rous trains en-
close. }

If this you understand, you'll plainly see
How the vast mass of matter, nature, free
From the proud care of any meddling deity,
Does work by her own private strength, and move
Without the trouble of the pow'rs above.
For how, good gods! can these that live in peace,
In undisturb'd and everlasting ease, 1050
Rule this vast all? Their lab'ring thoughts divide
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and all their motions
guide?

Send heat to us, the various orbs controul,
Or be immense, and spread o'er all the whole?
Or hide the heav'n in clouds, whence thunder
thrown,

Beats ev'n their own aspiring temples down?
Or through vast deserts break th' innocent wood,
Nor hurts the bad, but strikes the just and good?

Learn next, th' infinite mass sends new supplies
Into the world already form'd, whence skies, 1060
And this vast ball of earth, and boist'rous seas,
And spacious air grow bigger, and increase;
For all to their own proper kinds retire,
To earth the earthy, fiery parts to fire,
To water, wat'ry; till they grow as great
As nature's fix'd and steady laws permit.
For as in animals, when ev'ry vein
Receives no more than what flies off again,
They can increase no more: such means secure
Those things from farther growth, when once
nature. 1070

For that which looks so fair, so gay, and young,
Climbs to maturity, grows great and strong,
That many parts receives, and still retains,
And spends but few; because through all the veins
The little nour'ning parts, with ease diffus'd,
Are there in little space confin'd, and us'd
For growth; but few fly off, and break the chain,
And get their former liberty again.

For though things lose their parts, when they are gone,

Some new supplies of other seeds come on, 1080
And more than they have lost: Thus things endure,

Look gay and young, until they grow mature.
Thence by degrees our strength melts all away,
And treach'rous age creeps on, and things decay:
For bodies, now grown big and large, which

From their continu'd growth, nor more increase,
Still waste the more, their parts disperse with

The nour'ning parts come slowly on, and few,
Too small decaying nature to renew;
The stock is largely spent; no new supply, 1090
Sufficient to make good those parts that die:

Therefore they needs must fall, their nature broke
By inward wasting, or external stroke;
Because the stock of nourishment decays,
As age creeps on; and still a thousand ways
The little enemies without oppose,
And strive to kill them by continual blows.

And thus the world must fall, though new supply

The mass affords to raise those things that die:
Yet all in vain; for nature cannot give 1100
Supplies sufficient, nor the world receive.

Even now the world's grown old: th' earth
that bore

Such mighty bulky animals before,
Now bears a puny insect, and no more.
For who can think these creatures, fram'd above,
The little bus'ness of some meddling Jove?
And thence, to people this inferior ball,
By Hemer's golden chain let gently fall?
Nor did they rise from the rough seas, but earth,
To what she now supports, at first gave birth. 1110
At first the corn, and wine, and oil, did bear,
And tender fruit, without the tiller's care;
She brought forth herbs, which now the feeble

Can scarce afford to all our pain and toil:
We labour, sweat, and yet by all this strife
Can scarce get corn and wine enough for life:
Our men, our oxen groan, and never cease,
So fast our labours grow, our fruits decrease?
Nay, oft the farmers with a sigh complain,
That they have labour'd all the year in vain,
And, looking back on former ages, bless, 1120
With anxious thoughts, their parents' happiness;
Talk, loudly talk, how pious they were fill'd,
Content with what the willing soil did yield,
Though each man then enjoy'd a narrow field.
But never think, fond fools! that age will waste
This mighty world, and break the frame at last.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

VER. I. LUCRETIVS had made choice of a subject naturally crabbed, and therefore he adorned it with poetical descriptions and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books: And thus intending in this book to treat of the motions and figures of his atoms, and of their other properties, which we call qualities, he introduces his subject by the praise of that philosophy which Epicurus taught, as well to give some respite and relaxation to the wearied mind of his Memmius, as by laying before his eyes, and forewarning him of the dangers and calamities of others, to allure him to the study of that philosophy which he calls the doctrine of the wise. Thus, the first twenty verses contain two comparisons and a metaphor, in which he asserts, that the life of a wise man consists in a perfect tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body; and, at the same time, he derides and bemoans the anxieties and restless desires of other men. But there are some who accuse Lucretius of ill nature and cruelty of temper, on account of the first verses of this book, where he says,

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from shore
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unselt produce the pleasing sight.)
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war;

But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide
To virtues heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd,
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.

Dryd.

But their censure seems too severe and unjust. The poet asserts only the sentiment of all mankind: for who beholds another in any great affliction, or groaning under the violence of torments, and does not presently think within himself, how happy am I not to be in that condition! Isidorus Pelus. lib. ii. Epist. 240. says, that nothing is more pleasant than *is λιμὴν καθύδαί, καὶ τὰ τῶν ἄλλων σκαπὴν ναυάγια*, to sit in the harbour, and behold the shipwreck of others. Cicero too is of the same mind, in the second epistle to Atticus. And our excellent Dryden, describing the life of a happy man, says to the same purpose with Lucretius:

No happiness can be where is no rest;
Th' unknown, untalk'd of man, is only blest'd:
He, as in some safe cliff, his cell does keep;
From thence he views the labours of the deep:
The gold-fraught vessel which mad tempests beat,
He sees now vainly make to his retreat;
And, when from far the tenth wave does appear,
Shrinks up in silent joy that he's not there.

Tyrann. Long.

Ver. 7. In this excellent metaphor, the poet teaches, that the life of a wife man is placed in tranquillity of mind and indolence of body. And this was the doctrine of Epicurus, who, in Cicero, Tuscul. 3. says: 'Ergo is, quisquis est, qui moderatione et constantia quietus est animo, sibi quæ ipse placatus, ut neque tabescat molestiis, neque fragrantur timore, neque sitientur quid appetens ardeat desiderio, nec alacritate futilli gestiens deliquescat, is est sapiens quem quærimus.' He, therefore, whoever he be, who by moderation and constancy is sedate in his mind, who is at peace within himself, so as not to pine and languish with sorrow, so as not to be disquieted with fear, nor to burn with a thirsty desire for any thing, nor to be foolishly transported with unseemly mirth, he, I say, is the wife man whom we are seeking. And what Lucretius here proposes to his Memmius, Epicurus had written long before to Menæceus: *Μήτε νῆος τις ὧν πολλοὶ φιλοσοφῶν μήτε γῆρας ὑπάρχον κατὰ τῶν φιλοσοφῶν· ὅτι γὰρ ἥμερος ὁδὸς ἐστίν, ὅτε πᾶν χρόνος πρὸς τὸ κατὰ φύσιν ὑγιαίνειν ὁ δὲ λίγαν, ἢ μήπω τῷ φιλοσοφῶν ὑπάρχον ὦσαν, ὁμοίως ἴσται τῷ λίγαν, πρὸς ὑδαμινίαν ὃ μὴ παύεται τὴν ὥραν, ἢ μακρὴν εἶναι.*

Ver. 15. To be the chief is a government; than which state of life nothing can be more unhappy to an Epicurean, and to a man who delights to live by the rules of nature: For to what end dost thou burden thyself with the care of an untractable multitude? Live for thyself: Do good to thyself: *τὰ πολλὰ δὲ πρὸς τὸ εὖ.* No man is the happier for being at the helm: If thou governest well, thy body will suffer for it; because a thousand cares and businesses will be always disturbing thy brain and quiet: if ill, thou wilt live in continual dread; in a word, thou wilt be a wretched slave; If thou convert any thing to thy private use, thou wilt one day perhaps be forced to restore it with interest; therefore fly from greatness, *καὶ λάτρε βιώσω.* Thus says Faber, who himself led a retired life. To which we may add what Epicurus says in Laertius, lib. x. 'Εὐδοκίαι καὶ περιουσίαι τις ἐβλήθησαν γινέσθαι, τὴν δὲ ἀνθρώπων ἀσφαλῆαν ὥς νομίζουσιν ποιησέσθαι ὥς εἰ μὴ ἀσφαλῆς ὁ τῶν τοιούτων βίος, ἀπίστων τὸ τῆς φύσεως ἄγαθον ἐν δὲ μὴ ἀσφαλῆς, ὅς ἔχουσιν ὃ εἶναι ἐξ ἀρχῆς παρὰ τὸ τῆς φύσεως εἶναι ἀρίστησαν.

Ver. 18. For the Epicureans did not chiefly follow those pleasures that affect the senses with delight; but held the greatest of all pleasures to consist in an exemption from grief and pain. They did not, says Cicero, lib. i. de Fin. think the chief happiness to consist in that pleasure, "quæ suaviatate aliqua naturam ipsam movet, et cum jucunditate quadam percipitur sensibus, sed quæ percipitur omni dolore detracta." And when Epicurus writes to Menæceus, that *πάν ἀγαθὸν καὶ κακὸν ἐν αἰσθήσει*, the word *αἰσθήσει* must be taken in a larger sense, and as opposed to death, which is *εἰρησὶς τῆς αἰσθήσεως*. For that philosopher differed in opinion from the Cyrenæics, who held pleasure to be the "summum bonum;" *οἱ μὲν γὰρ τὴν κατασκευαστικὴν ἔκ ἡλικίας, μόνον δὲ τὴν ἐν αἰσθήσει, ὁ δὲ ἀμφοτέρων, ψυχῆς καὶ σώματος*, says Laertius.

TRANS. II.

tius in the life of Epicurus: who says himself in the book *περὶ αἰσθήσεως* 'Ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἀταραξία ἐν ἀπορίᾳ κατασκευαστικῇ ἐστὶν ὁδοῦ, ἢ δὲ χαρὰ ἐν ὑποφροσύνῃ κατὰ κίνησιν ἡμετέρας βλέπονται.

Ver. 21. In these nineteen verses he asserts, that but few things are requisite for the ease and delight of the body, and that neither great riches, nor delicious eating and drinking, nor costly apparel, or furniture, are of any considerable advantage, since without any of them, our natural wants may be supplied, and that too with pleasure enough: and even though we enjoyed all those delights, our bodies would nevertheless be liable to diseases and pain. How vain is it then to contend ambitiously for wit, for wealth, and for power; to bend our lost endeavours to outshine each other; and to waste our time and our health in search of honour and in pursuit of riches! Lucretius was aware of this, and therefore had reason to exclaim:

O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Enclos'd with dangers, and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span; and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires with more than nature needs:
For nature wisely shunts our appetites,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delights;
Which minds unmix'd with cares and fears obtain:
A soul serene, a body void of pain;
So little this corporeal frame requires,
So bounded are our natural desires,
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.

Dryd.

Ver. 25. He means the golden statues, which were formerly used in the houses of the rich, instead of sconces and candlesticks, in their entertainments by night; and he seems to blame the expensiveness and prodigality of the suppers of the Romans in his age. This passage, which Virgil has imitated in Culice, ver. 60. and in Georg. ii. ver. 461. Lucretius himself took from Homer, Odyf. vii. ver. 100.

Ver. 37. Thus Horace, in Epist. ii. B. 1.

Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus et aurī
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas.

Which Dryden's translation of this passage of Lucretius shall serve to interpret:

Nor will the raging fevers fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state:
But the poor patient will as soon be found
On the hard mattress, or the mother-ground.

Ver. 39. In these twenty-five verses, the poet declares, that since even kings and princes, the most potent and wealthy of men, are disquieted with fears and cares, and lead not happier lives than others, the greedy thirst of honour, power, riches, &c. must proceed from the ignorance of true happiness; and no wonder that this ignorance is so gross, since we walk as it were in the dark, and lead a life not yet enlightened with the rays of Epicurean philosophy. And he insists from the vain and groundless fears and terrors of

men, that we all live in darkness. For as children in the dark dread every thing, and imagine ridiculous dangers, so all men are terrified with the belief of Providence, and punishments after death, which, according to Epicurus, are but the day-dreams of a crazy mind. Now Lucretius, to dispel this darkness, and deliver his Memmius from all fears and disquiet of mind, pursues his subject, and fully and elegantly explains the nature of things.

Ver. 46. Faber, in his note upon this passage of Lucretius, says, that Horace had it in his mind when he writ,

Non enim gaze, neque consularis
Summovet licet micros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbo
Ocyor euro.

Which Otway thus interprets :

Neither can wealth, nor power, nor state,
Of courtiers, nor of guards the rout,
Nor gilded roof, nor brazen gate,
The troubles of the mind keep out.
For baneful care will still prevail,
And overtake us under sail.
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Outrun the doe, outfly the wind.

To which I will add these excellent verses of Varro the Epicurean :

Non sit thesauris, non auro pectus solutum :
Non demunt animis curas, nec religiones
Persarum montes, non divitis æria creta.

Ver. 57. Seneca, in Epist. cx. says : Such is the nature of the mind, as it seemed to be to Lucretius, when he said :

Nam veluti pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt ; sic nos in luce timemus,
Interdum nihil quæ sunt metuenda magis, quam
Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant, finguntque futura.

—As children are surpris'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so ripen years
Even in broad day-light are surpris'd with fears ;
And shake at shadows, fanciful and vain,
As those that in the breasts of children reign.

Dryd.

And are we then, who tremble in the light, more foolish than children ? 'Tis false, Lucretius ! We are not afraid in the light, but have made all things darkness to ourselves : We see nothing neither what is hurtful, nor what expedient : We blunder on all our life long, and stumble at every step ; yet we still continue to stagger forwards in the same method, and take no care to place our steps with greater circumspection : we see how dangerous it is to make haste in the dark, and nevertheless we persevere in driving full speed to our journey's end : but if we would, we might have light upon the road ; though there be but

one way to get it, which is, by acquiring a thorough, not a superficial knowledge of human and divine things ; if we would continually contemplate and study the same things over and over again, even though we know them ; and if we would apply them often to ourselves ; if we would inquire diligently into what is good, and what evil ; if we would examine with care and submission into the wonderful works of Providence ; and lastly, if we would learn truly to distinguish between what is honourable, and what base.

Ver. 64. The argument of this second book is briefly contained in these four verses. He promises first to explain the motions of the seeds, by which motions things are generated and dissolved. Secondly, the cause of those motions ; and, thirdly, the swiftness of them. When he has performed this, every thing will be prepared and ready for him to enter upon the explication of the generation and dissolution of things.

Ver. 68. Being about to dispute of the different motions of the atoms, and of the causes of those motions, he fortifies his way beforehand, and in opposition to some weak and foolish philosophers, demonstrates in these thirteen verses, from the growth and decrease of things, that there is motion : for the reason why things grow is, because some particles of matter fly and adhere to them ; and the reason why they diminish, is, because some minute particles having lost their hold, retire and fly away from them. And it would be absurd to say, that those particles either come or go without motion.

Ver. 77. He alludes to the λαμπάδωμος, the race of torches, which were certain games celebrated at Athens in honour of Vulcan, and in which the racers carried torches in their hands, and strove who should get first to the goal with his torch not extinguished : Thus the Scholiast on Aristophanes in *Ranis*. These Athenian games were called λαμπάδιστος, and the victor, λαμπάδωμος, a bearer of torches ; because all the torches of those that run were delivered to him as the prize of his victory : from whence the word λαμπάδισθαι is used to signify, to deliver successfully and in order. Casaubon, in *Perf. Sat.* 6. Thus Plato, in 6. de *Legibus* : Γινώσκεις καὶ ἐκτρέφοντι παῖδας, καθάσιν λαμπάδου τὴν βίαν παραδίδοντες ἄλλοις ἢ ἄλλων, begetting and breeding children, as it were delivering the lamp of life. But Pausanias makes this more plain. In the academy of Prometheus, says he, there was an area, where men were wont to run in a circle, carrying lighted torches in their hands, and the main of the strife consisted in keeping their torches alight during the swiftness of their running : For he whose torch was extinguished, yielded the victory to him who came next after him, and he in like manner to the third. Thus Pausanias. Now this custom Lucretius thus applies : As the runner whose torch went out yielded the victory to the follower ; so a living thing when its light of life is extinguished, yields and gives up to another living thing, as it were, the lamp of life. Thus the remains of the vegetable life in grass, yields itself

up to the sensible life of an ox: thus the remains of the animal life in an ox, yields itself up into the life of man: thus the life of man yields itself up to worms. And thus the vicissitude is continued, and a new structure ever arises from the ruins of the other; the forms only perish, the matter is eternal, and suffers no decay.

Ver. 79. Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 252.

—Rerumque novatrix

Ex aliis alias reparat natura figuras:
Nec perit in tanto quicquam, mihi credite, mundo:
Sed variat, faciemque novat.—

—For nature knows

No steadfast station, but or ebbs or flows:
Ever in motion, she destroys her old,
And casts new figures in another mold.

Dryd.

Ver. 81. He esteems all who believe the new motions of things, that is to say, that their increase or decrease can proceed from atoms lying still and at rest, to be so void of sense, as not to deserve to be confuted. Then he teaches, in these eight verses, that the seeds, which he has proved are always wandering up and down in the void, owe their motion either to their own weight, or to the blows of others. For whatever is solid (and solidity is the chief property of the seeds) is heavy: but heavy things tend downwards, therefore, the seeds must have a downward motion. But when these solid seeds, in their descending motion, light upon bodies that are lying still, and without motion, or that move more slowly than themselves, they must of necessity rebound; for a solid body that strikes against another solid body, does not impart all its motion to that other, and therefore will be borne another way by the degrees of motion which it still retains; and this proves the upward or ascending motion. One of these motions is natural, the other violent; and both of them are necessary to the generation and dissolution of things. Epicurus taught, *κινεῖσθαι τὰ ἅτομα πάσι, τότε μὲν κατὰ στέλμην, τὰ δὲ ἄνω κινέμενα κατὰ πληγὴν καὶ παλμὴν*. Laert.

Ver. 89. That Memmius may the more fully comprehend this agitation and motion of the seeds, he reminds him, in these six verses, of what he taught him, in the first book, viz. that in the infinite space there is no middle or centre, nor any lowest place to which the seeds are tending, and where, when they have once reached it, they may rest from motion. Since, therefore, they are borne downwards by their own weight, and sometimes dashing against one another rebound, who can deny that they are toft and agitated to and fro in a perpetual motion.

Ver. 95. Since, therefore, the seeds are continually in motion, and since they strike and rebound, he teaches, in these ten verses, that the resiliion of those rebounding seeds is made to unequal distances, and that the difference of the blows produces the difference of the resiliions. Now, of those seeds that rebound to the less distances, and that are tossed to and fro in a narrower space than

others, iron, stone, and the other hard and solid bodies are composed: but those that rebound to a greater distance, and wander in a wider space, produce the air, fire, and the other soft and rare bodies of the like nature.

Ver. 105. Besides the seeds whose motion is confined to a narrow space, and that are compacted into hard and solid bodies, and besides those that result to a greater distance, and wandering in a wider space, compose the bodies that are soft and rare, there are other seeds that are always in motion, and being exempt from all contexture and coalition, are continually dashing against the others, and disturbing them. Now to represent, as it were by a similitude, that careless and random agitation, with which the atoms that never unite with others, are, as I may say, exercised in the void, he, in these fourteen verses, borrows a comparison from Democritus and Alcippus; who, as Aristotle says, compared the atoms to those minute corpuscles that are called motes, which fly in the air, and *ἀφαίνεσθαι ἐν ταῖς διὰ τῶν θυρίδων ἀκτί-νιν*, are very visible in the beams of the sun, when they strike through the chinks of windows or doors into a darkened room.

Ver. 119. In these fifteen verses, he turns into an argument the similitude with which he has illustrated the motions of his atoms. We see that those motes that are dancing up and down in the beams of the sun, are driven about in various and different manners. Now they seem to be striving to get into a line; now they are moved to the right, now to the left, in short, every way. But since all bodies ever keep the same line, unless they are turned out of their course by some exterior violence, or by the pressure of their own interior weight; it must be granted, that some motions of the seeds, though invisible to the eye, agitate those motes or little bodies, and drive them to and fro in that manner; for the primary cause of all motion and agitation whatsoever, that is observed in things, is in the seeds themselves. Thus we see that the Epicureans held, that the atoms were not only the first principles of things, but also the first cause of all motion. An impious belief, and condemned by the Christian faith; which teaches us that God alone is the Creator and first mover of all things.

Ver. 125. When Democritus, as Plutarch tells us, lib. i. de Placit. Philosoph. had given only two properties to atoms, bulk and figure; Epicurus bestowed a third, weight: *ἀνάγκη γὰρ (φασί) τὰ σώματα κινεῖσθαι τῇ τῷ βάρους πληγῇ ἧς αὐτοὶ ἐκινεῖσθαι*. It is necessary that bodies should be moved by their weight, otherwise they would not be moved at all, and besides this, he endowed his atoms with other motions, *κατὰ παράγκλισιν, καὶ κατὰ πληγῶν* of inclination and of stroke, which two last, though press'd with a thousand peculiar difficulties, yet because they depend on the other motion *κατὰ στέλμην*, downwards, which proceeds from the weight, are likewise liable to all those exceptions that may be made against that. First, then, that weight is not a property of atoms is evidently proved from the difference of weight in bodies: for take a cube of gold, and hallow it half through, and weigh it

against a solid cube of wood of the same dimension; that gold, though it has lost half its matter, and consequently half its weight by the hollow, is twenty times heavier than the wood; from whence the consequence is natural and easy. For if weight were a property of matter, it would be impossible that a hollow piece of gold should outweigh the wood, because the wood cannot contain a ten times greater vacuity than that hollow. And this argument, if applied to the air, more strongly concludes, because that is lighter, especially if we consider that the air is a continuum, and not a congeries of particles, whirled about without any union and connection; for innumerable experiments almost in all fluids evince the contrary. I shall pass by those Dr. Glisson hath proposed, and content myself with one concerning the air, which may be deduced from the faithful trials of the honourable Boyle. The 38th of his continuation of his Physico-Mechanical Experiments sufficiently evinces, that the exhausted receiver is quite void of all particles of air, which evidently proves (as little attention to the experiment will discover) that there is motus nexus, as Bacon calls it, in the air, which cannot be but in a continuum. The same may be proved in water from refraction; for why are not the rays disturbed, if the parts are in motion? When experience tells us, that a little stirring with the finger troubles them. Not to mention, that this notion of fluidity, though embraced by the Platonists, is inconsistent with their hypothesis, an ambient attending circle being not to be found in nature for each moving particle; and to pass by the difficulties that press their opinion, who fancy rest to be the cause of continuity, since two smooth bodies, whose surface touch, and eternally rest, will never make one continuum; my next argument against the Epicureans is drawn from their own principles. For suppose weight a property of atoms, it is impossible the world should be framed according to their hypothesis; for how could the higher atom descend, and touch the lower, when the motions of both were equal? Nor can that little declination, that *κλίσις μὲν παρήχλυσιν* (which the Epicureans are so bold to assume, contrary to all sense and reason, and which Plutarch, "de Animæ Procreatione, ex Timeo," declares as the great charge against Epicurus *ὡς ἀναίτων ἐστὶν ὡζόντων κίνησιν ἐκ τοῦ μὴ ὄντος*, as asserting a new motion without a cause) lessen the difficulty; for, as Tully argues, if all atoms decline, then none of them will ever stick together; if only some, "hoc esset quasi provincias atomis dare, quæ rectè, quæ obliquè ferantur," that would be to prescribe to atoms their particular offices, which of them should not decline, and which move obliquely. But grant there could be a combination, and grant that combination (which is impossible) should stop in some parts of the space, yet from the very nature of weight, and motion, it follows that the world, according to their hypothesis, could not be made in that order we now perceive it. For suppose this quiet frame; the atoms that fall on it, as the laws of motion in

solid bodies require, must leap backward; but meeting with other descending atoms, their resiliation is soon stopt, and so they must descend again, and then striking, return, but not to so great a distance as before, because the velocity of the descent was less; and so the distance still decreasing, the atoms in a little time must rest, and only a vast heap of matter, close, and moveless, must lie on that supposed quiet frame as its basis.

Ver. 127. *Molecule*.] This Latin word is a diminutive of *mole*, and signifies small heaps or lumps of any matter whatever. Our translator uses it to express no less than two verses of his author; who says that the atoms first move of themselves; and

Inde ea, quæ parvo sunt corpora conciliata,
Et quasi proxima sunt ad vireis principiorum,

then the concrete bodies, that are of the least bulk or size, and that approach nearest as it were to the exility of the principles (all which our interpreter has expressed no otherwise than by the word *Molecule*).

Quibus illorum cæcis impulsu cientur.

are moved by the invisible blows they receive from them.

Ver. 128. The smallest bodies are moved first, and they move the greater; for the nearer any compound bodies approach to the unmixed simplicity of their principles, the more easy they are to be put in motion.

Ver. 134. To express the celerity of his atoms, he brings an instance of the swiftness of the beams of the sun, and employs it in these twenty-seven verses, as an argument *à minore*. The Epicureans believed that light consists of small particles that flow out of the sun, who is the fountain of all light. Moreover, that these minute particles consist of seeds agitated by various motions, whence the motion of those minute particles must be retarded, and become more slow: and, lastly, that they do not find an open passage through the air, but make one, and are hindered in their flight by meeting with particles of the air. But that atoms are simple bodies, not obstructed by the motions of their own parts; and are moved through the free and unmolested void. And hence they conclude, that the rays of the sun being composed of a most subtle contexture of atoms, which do not at all agree in the same motion, nor pass through a space entirely free and empty, ought to yield in swiftness to the atoms; which are wholly disentangled from one another, and move through a space altogether empty and unobstructed by any matter whatever: *καὶ μὲν καὶ ἡ διὰ τοῦ αἵματος καὶ μὲν μὲν ἀπὸ τῶν ἀντικειμένων γινώσκων, πῶν μῆκος περιλήψον ἐν ἀπικρήντῳ χρόνῳ, συντελῶ, &c.* Epicurus to Herodotus.

Ver. 141. The very words of Cowley, in his hymn to the Light, Stanza 6.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd, when begun.

Nor was he obliged to Lucretius for the thought, which our translator has taken wholly from him; not from his author,

Ver. 145. That is to say, they pass not through a void that is altogether free and empty of all bodies: for the heat of the sun passes through the air, which is full of atoms and other bodies; as winds, exhalations, &c. which resist and retard the course of his rays; and this is what he means by the resisting force from without, ver. 150.

Ver. 151. He means that the corpuscles of the light and heat of the sun pass not through the whole air in an instant of time, nor singly one by one, but conglobed and entangled in one another, which must, of necessity, hinder the swiftness of their course.

Ver. 158. No man will be so foolish as to pretend, that the atoms stop in the air to consult and deliberate among themselves which shall go first, which second, &c. This and the two following verses, some of the editors of Lucretius have rejected: others retain them, and interpret them as above. Whoever think fit to reject them, may give them what explication they please.

Ver. 161. In these seventeen verses, Lucretius, who is always arguing, though but very weakly against Providence, takes occasion to deride the Stoics, who held matter of itself to be unactive, and incapable to produce any thing: but that it is moved and disposed to act, not by its own strength and power, but by the Divine Mind. Then he audaciously and impiously affirms, that matter, rude as it was, did make this world without any art or counsel, or design, and accomplish all those works which the ignorant and superstitious vulgar ascribe to wisdom and providence. That pleasure is the guide of the life of man; that all things are ruled and governed by her direction, and that God neither made this world, nor any thing else for the sake of man. And, lastly, he promises to show in another place, that the frame of the world is so artless, confused, and ill put together, as to evince itself to be a work altogether unworthy of the Divine Wisdom. In the fifth book we shall see how he will keep his word with us:

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus.

Meanwhile, how much wiser he, who said, "Cœli enarrant gloriâ Dei, et opera manuum ejus enunciat firmamentum," Psal. xix. 1. When we see any thing move, says Cicero, in fixed and regular motions, as the spheres, the seasons, and many other things, do we doubt those works are made without counsel and reason? When we consider with how wonderful a celerity the heavens are whirled around in so constant and never-failing a manner, making and maintaining the universal vicissitudes, to the preservation and utmost benefit of all things, can we doubt that they are made and done without reason, nay, and without an excellent and Divine reason and wisdom too? "De Natura Deor." lib. 2.

Ver. 172. He has already affirmed, that all the seeds tend downwards, and that all upward motion is violent. He, now, in thirty-two verses, urges the same again, and teaches, that no body,

not even fire excepted, naturally aspires, but is driven upwards by the force of other bodies, in like manner as the sap rises in trees, as blood gushes out of a wound, and as a piece of timber mounts when it is plunged into water. For, who doubts but that the same sap, the same blood, and the same piece of timber would tend downwards in the void, though the sap rises up in the trees, the blood spouts out of the veins, and the timber emerges and leaps, at least half of its thickness, out of the water. Lastly, he observes, that the rays of the sun tend downwards, that stars, fiery meteors, and lightning, fall to the ground; and concludes, that fire is carried upwards, not by its own force, but by the impulse of protruding bodies. And, upon this he lays the foundation of the double, that is to say, natural and violent motion of his atoms. Plutarch, 1. Plac. Phil. cap. 12. καὶ τὰ πρῶτα μὲν ἄλλα τὰ τὰ ἱερὰ ἐκείνων συγκρομετα βίβλος ἔχει. And Simplicius teaches that Epicurus was of opinion, ἅπαν τὰ βίβλος ἔχει τὴν δὲ τὰ βελτίονα ὑπερβαίνει, τὰ βέλτερά δὲ ἐκείνων ἐκτελείσθαι καὶ τὰ ἄλλα.

Ver. 180. Here we may observe a silent antithesis: for the poet answers beforehand the objections that his adversaries might urge against him. But it will be said that fire moves upward: to which he answers: And plants and trees rise upward likewise, by reason of the driving force from beneath, which breaking out of the earth, compels them to grow by ascent: and yet all ponderous things naturally, and as much as in them lies, sink downwards.

Ver. 199. Though the weight of the flame naturally strives to depress and bring down the flame; yet the force and strength of the ambient air compels and drives it upwards. Thus it yields to an element heavier and more dense than itself, but is not borne upwards of its own accord.

Ver. 203. Here some may be apt to think, that Epicurus, and Lucretius, who follow his opinion, are mistaken; for the stars never fall. But by the word stars in this place, we are to understand a fatty, oleaginous and sulphureous exhalation, which kindles in the air, and falls to the ground in a purple-coloured jelly. Virgil has imitated this passage of Lucretius, and describes the fall of these exhalations, Georg. i. v. 365.

*Sæpe etiam Stellæ, vestito impendente videbis
Præcipites cœlo labi; noctisque per umbram
Flammarum longos a tergo albescere tractus.*

The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies:
And shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light.

Aristotle says, they are exhalations of the earth, that are apt to take fire; and that being carried up into the middle regions of the air, they kindle, by means of their being compressed by the cold of the circumfused air: and he calls this kind of exhalation 'Εριδοποιον, and 'Αστροποιον, "discursus et fluxus Stellæ." Anaxagoras held these meteors to be sparkles that fall from the fiery region. Eusebius in *Ædes*, calls them, ἀστροποιον τινος ἀστρον, "Ef-

fluentia quædam Stellarum." And the Arabs Sbi-bab, which the Commentator upon Ulugh Beigh's Fables, explains, "Stella quæ nocte incedit sicut ignis;" and Stella "Dæmones pellens;" for the ancient Arabs and eastern people fancied falling stars to be fiery darts lanced from heaven, against the devils, or evil spirits of the air; as the learned Golias has likewise observed in his notes upon Allergan, p. 65. But Fromondus Meteor. lib. 2. cap. 3. describes them, according to the doctrine of Aristotle, to be a fiery exhalation forced out of a cloud, and having the resemblance of a true falling star. They are thought to come from the same cause and origin as lightning, though they are not attended by thunder, at least not perceivable by us: but they bear the same proportion to lightning, as the fire of a musquet does to that of a cannon; for, as at a great distance we may see the fire of a musquet, but scarce here its noise, though the fire of a cannon at the same distance is seen, and its noise plainly heard; so by the reason of the exility of the exhalation, we hear not the noise when these fallen stars break from a cloud, as we do that of thunder that follows lightning. Fromondus compares these meteors to our kind of fireworks called rockets (though their motions be different, that of the one being forced upwards, the other downwards); which run in a train and fall in the manner of the stars. And, therefore, Pliny calls them "Scintillas & Discursus Stellarem," and Ptolemy, "Trajectiones:" both which are expressed by Manilius in these verses:

Præcípites stellæ passimque volare videntur,
Quum vaga per nitidum scintillant lumina mun-
dum;

Et tenuis longis jaculantur crinibus ignes,
Exurguntque procul volucres imitata sagittas,
Arida quum gracili tenuatur semita filo.

Lib. i. v. 845.

Which Creech renders thus:

And still, when wand'ring stars adorn the night,
The falling meteors draw long trains of light;
Like arrows shot from the celestial bow,
They cut the air, and strike our eyes below.

Ver. 210. To do justice in this place to Lucretius, I must give the original text of this passage, which our interpreter has not faithfully rendered:

Illud in his quoque te rebus cognoscere avemus:
Corpora cum deorsum rectum per inane feruntur
Ponderibus propriis, incerto tempore serme,
Incertisque locis spacio decedere paulum,
Tantum quod Momen mutatum dicere possis.

To explain these five verses, Creech bestows but two:

Now seeds in downward motion must decline,
Though very little from th' exactest line.

He has totally omitted, "incerto tempore serme, Incertisque locis;" which words, nevertheless, have a signification, and that too of great importance in this place: for what Lucretius says is this, that the atoms, when by their own weight, they are

borne downwards through the void in a direct line, do at some time or other, but "incerto tempore," at no one fixed and determinate time, and in some parts of the void likewise, but "incertis locis," not in any one certain and determinate place of it, decline a little from the direct line by their own strength and power; but so, nevertheless, that the direct motion can be said to be changed the least that can be imagined. Inasmuch that he insinuates, that his atoms are moved as animals; which appears more evidently, ver. 259. where speaking of the voluntary motion of men, he uses almost the very same words.

Declinamus item motus, nec tempore certo,
Nec regione loci certa, sed ubi ipsa tulit Mens.

Thus this inveterate enemy of Providence, bestows only not a mind, only not a will on his stupid and senseless atoms. But, to proceed to the explication of this declining motion.

The poet has disputed at large of the seeds natural motion downwards, and violent upwards. Now, from whence can that violent motion proceed but from stroke? but the seeds being heavy, and therefore descending through the void in a direct line, and with equal swiftness, could never meet, never overtake one another, so that nothing could be generated whatever; and nothing would exist but empty space, and invisible principles.

Desertum præter Spatium, et Primordia cæca.

Lucretius.

The opinion of Democritus laboured under this defect: for, as Plutarch says, "de Placit. Philosoph." lib. i. c. 23. he acknowledged only one sort of motion: κατὰ πλῆθος, for so it ought to be read, not κατὰ πλῆθος, as is manifest from Cicero, who, in his Book of Fate, says, "Quandam vim motus habebant, impulsionis, quam Plagam ille appellat, à te Epicure, gravitatus et ponderis." Formerly, they [the atoms] had a motion of impulse, which he (Democritus) calls stroke: but you, Epicurus, gave them a motion of heaviness and weight. Epicurus, therefore, held two sorts of natural motion: one perpendicular, the other declining: δύο εἶδη τῆς κινήσεως, τὸ κατὰ σταθμὸν, καὶ τὸ κατὰ παράκλισην. "Plutarch. de Placit. Philos. lib. i. cap. 23. Now, this motion of declination was thought necessary, because, otherwise the atoms could never have met together; and, consequently, there could have been no generation of any thing whatever. Cicero, in 1. lib. de Fin. Censet [Epicurus] "illa solida ac individua Corpora Materie ferri suo deorsum pondere ad lineam: hunc naturalem esse omnium Corporum Motum. Deinde ibidem homo acutus cum illud occurreret, si omnium deorsum è regione ferrentur, et ut dixi, ad lineam, nunquam fore ut Atomus altera alteram posset attingere: itaque attulit rem commentitiam: declinare dixit Atomum per paulum, quo nihil posset fieri minus. Ita effici Copulationis, et Complexiones et Adhæssiones Atomorum inter se, ex quo efficeretur mundus, omnesque partes mundi, quæque in eo sunt." Epicurus was of opinion, that those indivisible and solid bodies are carried

downwards in a direct line by their own weight; that this is the natural motion of all bodies: but at the same time, he sagaciously reflected, that if all the atoms descended by their own weight in a straight line, they would never reach or touch one another. He, therefore, being put to his shifts for another invention, asserted that they decline some small matter in their descent; but so very little, that nothing can be less: and that from this declination proceed the conjunctions, unions and adhesions of the atoms to one another, and among themselves: by which means was made the world and all its several parts, and whatever things are contained in it. This opinion Lucretius explains in 30 verses; and first, in these six verses, teaches, that this declining motion must be granted, otherwise the feeds would be moved like drops of rain, always apart and disjoined from one another. There would be no blows, and the atoms would never combine and join together: the consequence of which would be, that there could be no compound bodies.

Ver. 216. Lucretius adheres so obstinately to this *κίνησις κατὰ πρὸς γλίισιν*, motion by declination, that he will by no means suffer it to be extorted from him; and, therefore, he sharply inveighs against those who believe that the heavier feeds, as they descend through the void, can overtake and strike the lighter; inasmuch that there is no need of his pretended declination in their descent; he asserts, that all feeds are alike swift, and that they are hurried through the void with an equal velocity: and, therefore, those that follow, can never overtake those that are before them. But he grants that the medium through which they pass, may contribute to the hastening or retarding of their motion; and that bodies of the same matter, but different in weight, when they fall from above downwards through water, or through the air, are not alike swift, which is false; but he will have the motion to be the swifter, the more free and empty the place is, through which the bodies move; so that where the space is most void and empty, there the motion must consequently be most swift; and be there ever so many motions, or things moving in that space, they are all of a like swiftness.

Ver. 234. Having confuted the opinion he last proposed, he concludes in these six verses, that the atoms decline in their motion; but so little, that nothing can be less: nay, not so much as that they can be said to be moved obliquely: for the senses themselves teach us, that heavy things when they tend downwards, make not their descent in an oblique motion; but the same senses cannot persuade, that heavy things do not decline in the least; since the declination is so small that it cannot be perceived. And, therefore, since the senses are not repugnant to it, and that the generating of things, which could never be done at all without that motion, indispensably requires it, we must, of necessity, admit a declination of the feeds in their descent. Here, too, our translator has omitted these two verses of his author,

Sed nihil omnino recta regione viai
Declinare, quis est, qui possit cernere, sese?

And yet they contain a part of the argument, as the reader may observe by the explication I have given of them.

Ver. 236. It is modest in the poet to ask of us to believe only this; and yet he might with equal reason have insisted on the most oblique motion that can be imagined. If he apprehends the judgment of the senses, away with these importunate judges, and for once let them suffer themselves to be imposed upon. This request would be no less reasonable than the other. Besides, even this declination is invented at pleasure: for as Cicero tells us in the first book de Finib. "Ait declinare Atomos sine causa, quo nihil turpius est Physico: Et illum motum naturalem omnium ponderum ē regione inferiorem locum petentium sine causa eripuit Atomis. Nec tamen id cuius causa hæc fecerat affectus est: Nam, si omnes Atomis declinabunt, siæ aliæ declinabunt, aliæ suo motu recte ferentur; primum erit hoc quasi provincias Atomis dare, quæ recte, quæ oblique ferantur: deinde eadem illa Atomorum, in qua etiam Democritus hæret, turbulenta Concurfus hunc Mundi ornatum efficere non poterit." Epicurus says, the atoms decline without cause, than which nothing is more unbecoming, more unworthy of a natural philosopher; and has, without any reason likewise, taken from them that motion which is natural to all heavy bodies, that descend in a straight line from a higher to a lower place: but neither has he gained the point for the sake of which he invented all this. For either all the atoms will decline, and none will ever cleave and stick together, or some only will decline, while the others descend perpendicularly, as they naturally ought to do. And this is, in the first place, to prescribe to atoms their several duties and offices; which of them shall descend in a straight line, which obliquely: and in the next place, such a turbulent and confused concurrence of atoms, the shelf on which Democritus likewise run aground, could never make this beautiful and regular frame of the world.

Ver. 240. In the following 41 verses, Lucretius contends yet farther for the declining motion of his atoms. All men feel within themselves, that some of their motions are voluntary. Every one perceives a liberty in himself, and does not, without good reason, conjecture the like freedom to be in other animals; for he sees that they do not perform their motions at a certain time, nor in a certain order; but vary them as they list, and live as they please themselves. Nay, when the barriers of the lists are thrown open on a sudden, we only not see the will of the courser starting to the race, and running even before his limbs are in motion. Upon hearing the first shout he pricks up his ears, and the inward motion of his mind is hurried forward, while the spirits that are to be conveyed through the nerves into the several joints and members of his body assemble more slowly; and with greater difficulty obey the eager mo-

tions of his mind. Besides, when we are compelled to act by any exterior or foreign force, something, I know not what, lies hid within us, that resists and opposes that compulsion. And we plainly perceive a difference within ourselves, and seem to do another thing when we act of our own accord, than when we are compelled and moved to action by any exterior and foreign force. But from whence proceeds this liberty? Search the seeds themselves; nothing like it is concealed in them. The chain of necessity and fate is fast linked together by the straight and direct motion of the principles, from their striking one another, if they can strike, unless they decline, the same necessity follows. The declination therefore of the atoms only remains to which our liberty can be due.

Plutarch, in the Treatise de At. Solert. teaches us, that this doctrine of the declining motion of atoms was first broached by Epicurus, *ὅπως ἐστὶν τὸν ζῶντι τὴν ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ ἀπορίαν, καὶ τὸ ἐπ' αὐτῇ μὴ ἀπορῆσαι*. And that the reason why he set up this opinion, was, because he feared that if no other motion were allowed to atoms but that which they naturally, and of necessity have, by their own weight, we should not be free agents in any thing, since our mind would be moved in such a manner as it would be compelled to move in by the motion of the atoms. But Cicero in his Treatise of Fate, blames Epicurus for this foolish opinion, in these words: "Epicurus ab Atomis petit præsidium, easque de via deducit, et uno tempore suscipit duas res inenodabiles: unum, ut sine causa fiat aliquid, ex quo existet ut de nihilo quippiam fiat; quod nec ipsi, nec cuiquam Physico placet: alterum, ut cum duo individua per inanitatem feruntur, alterum, è regione moveatur, alterum declinet." Epicurus fled for refuge to the atoms, and leads them out of their way: and by so doing, subjects himself to two difficulties that can never be solved. One, that any thing can be done without a cause: from whence it follows, that every thing may proceed from nothing: which neither himself, nor any natural philosopher will allow: the other, that when two indivisible bodies are moved through the void, one of them should move in a direct line; the other by declination. And the same author farther evinces the vainness of his opinion, by showing it to be wholly needless; and that the freedom of will in animals proceeds from another cause. "Ad Animorum motus voluntarios non est requirenda causa externa; Motus enim voluntarius eam naturam in se continet, ut sit in nostra potestate, nobisque pareat: nec id sine causa: ejus enim causa ipsa est Natura." We need not seek an external cause for the voluntary motions of the mind; for voluntary motion contains within itself such a nature, that it is in our power, and is obedient to us; and this too not without a cause, for nature herself is the cause of it. Lib. de Fato. Thus, even in Cicero's opinion, any antecedent external cause takes away liberty. But freedom of will does not require an antecedent external cause to make it move; since it has the cause of its motion within itself. There-

fore, Lucretius has no reason to ascribe the voluntary motions of men, or of irrational animals, to the exterior motion of atoms, since they proceed from the very nature of the free mind. It is well, however, that Lucretius owns that all our actions are not the effects of necessity or fate; but he was in the wrong to impute this freedom to the declining motion of his atoms.

But since the Epicureans acknowledge the liberty of the will, we may take it as a supposition already granted, and without any farther proof, make use of it in our disputes against them: but, because it is of great consequence, and is the foundation of Seneca's and Plutarch's discourses, "Cur Bonis male, et Malis bene," why good men are afflicted and why villains prosper, it deserves some confirmation. The liberty of the will is a power to choose, or refuse any thing after that the understanding hath considered it, and proposed it as good or bad. This is that *τὸ ἐπ' αὐτῇ* of Epicetetus; and, as he calls it, *ἐλευθερίαν, ἐκλύτην, ἀναγκαστῶς ἐν ἑαυτῇ*, not subject to hindrance or impediment. And Adrian delivers it as his doctrine, *τὴν προαίρεσιν ὅθ' ὁ Ζεὺς οὐκ ἔχει δύναμιν*. Our will not Jupiter himself can fetter. Epicurus calls it *τὸ παρ' ἑμῶς*: and that such a power belongs to every man, is evident from the general consent of mankind; for every man finds such a power in himself, and thence proceeds this agreement; it is the foundation of all laws, of all rewards and punishments. For it would be very ridiculous for a prince to command a stone not to fall, or break it for doing so. Origin declares, *ἀπὸ τῆς τῶν μὴ ἀνθρώπων τῶν ἀνθρώπων, ἀνθρώπων αὐτῶν καὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων* and Lucian ingeniously makes Socrates baffle Minos, after he had granted that all men act according to the determination of fate, *ἡ ἐκαστος τῶν ἐκαστῶν γυνήσιν τὰ περὶ αὐτὰς*, which ordains every man's actions as soon as he is born; and the compassionate philosopher, who would have all offences forgiven, produceth this argument: *ὁ γὰρ ἑκάστος ἀμαρτάνειν ἀλλὰ τοὺς πάντας κατὰ φύσιν ἔχοντες*, for none sin willingly, but are forced. But more, this may receive a particular confirmation from every man's experience; for let him descend into himself, he will find as great evidence for the liberty of his will, as for his being, as Cartes delivers; though he is extremely mistaken, when he tells us in a metaphysical ecstasy, "A quocunque simus, et quantumvis ille sit potens, quantumvis fallax, hanc nihilominus in nobis libertatem esse experimur, ut semper ab iis credendis quæ non planè certa sunt et explorata, possumus abstinere, atque ita cavere, ne unquam erremus." From whomsoever we have our being, and how potent or deceitful soever he be, yet we find within ourselves this liberty, that we can abstain from believing those things that are not evidently certain, and experimentally tried and proved to be so: and be so aware of ourselves as never to be mistaken: for what does he in this but determine the extent of that power, of whose bounds he is altogether ignorant? and place this cogitation beyond his reach, whose power to deceive is infinite, and his will equal to his ability. But let us all consider our usual actions, and we shall find every one

a demonstration. For let a thousand men think on any thing, and propose it to my choice, I will embrace or reject it according to their desire, which necessarily proves my liberty; unless these thousand, or perhaps the whole world, were determined to think on the same thing I was to act. For my part, if any one would take the bit and bridle of fate, I shall not envy him the honour, nor be very willing to blind myself, to have the convenience of a guide. Let Velleius think it a commendation for Cato to be good, "quia aliter esse non potuit," because he could not be otherwise; and Lucan agree with him in his sentence: I should rather be freely so.

This is opposed by those who imagine the soul material, and therefore all her actions necessary; because matter once moved will still keep the same motion, and the same determination which it received, which must needs destroy all liberty, and evidently proves the Epicurean hypothesis to be inconsistent with it. Others urge prescience, and think themselves secure of victory, whilst the Deity is on their side. The weakness of the former opinion will, hereafter, be discovered; and Cartesius has said enough to silence the latter objection. "His difficultatibus nos expediemus, si recordemur mentem nostram esse finitam, Dei autem potentiam, per quam non tantum omnia, quæ sunt, aut esse possunt, ab æterno præcivit, sed etiam, voluit, ac præordinavit, esse infinitam, ideoque hanc quidem à nobis satis attingi, ut clarè et distinctè percipiamus ipsam in Deo esse, non autem satis comprehendendi, ut videamus quo pacto liberarum hominum actiones indeterminatas relinquat. Libertatis autem, & indifferentiæ quæ in nobis est, nos ita conficiat esse ut nihil sit quod evidentius & perfectius comprehendamus." Absurdum enim esset, propterea quod non comprehendimus unam rem, quam scimus ex natura sua nobis debere esse incomprehensibilem, de alia dubitare quam intimè comprehendimus, atque apud nosmet ipsos experimur." We may extricate ourselves from these difficulties, if we reflect that our mind is finite; but that the power of God, by which he not only foreknew from all eternity all things that are, or that can be, but likewise willed and preordained them, is infinite; and therefore, that it is enough for us plainly and distinctly to perceive and know that such a power is in God: and though we cannot so fully comprehend the extent of it, as to see how and by what means he leaves the free actions of men undetermined, yet we are so conscious of the liberty and indifference that is within us, that we comprehend nothing more perfectly, nor with greater evidence. For it would be absurd, because we do not comprehend one thing, which we know ought in its nature to be incomprehensible to us, to doubt concerning another, which we entirely comprehend, and experience within ourselves.

Ver. 244. For as Cicero, de Fato, says, fate is only *ἀνάγκη*, or *συνπλοκή αἰτίων τιταγαμίνη*, and they who introduce a fixed and eternal succession of causes, deprive the mind of man of all its freedom and liberty, and subject it to the inevitable necessity of fate.

Ver. 249. Here the poet takes occasion to explain the voluntary motion of animals. First, the mind is willing, then it collects the spirits which are always obedient to its will, and conveys them through the nerves into the members, cherishes the languid and weak spirits, and supplies new and vigorous. Thus the animal is moved, and its motion continued.

Ver. 260. In these twelve verses the poet illustrates the voluntary motion of animals, which he has explained, and makes a comparison between that and a violent or constrained motion. For when we are moved by a violent motion, we feel an exterior force: but when we move of our own accord, we perceive no such thing. Besides, our will resists and opposes an outward force, and sometimes even overcomes it: whence it appears, that there is some inward principle of motion entirely free, and not bound or compelled by any necessity.

Ver. 262. So far are we from giving consent to this violent exterior force, that on the contrary, the mind resists it, and yields with reluctance. Aristotle in the third of his Ethics gives this definition of a violent and compulsive motion: "Est Motus violentus, cujus Principium extrinsecus est, nihil ad juvante eo, quod agit." That is a violent motion, whose principle and cause proceed from without, the movent, or thing moved contributing nothing to it.

Ver. 267. *Something.*] He means the will that is seated in the heart.

Ver. 270. At the command of the will a subtle matter, that is to say, the spirits fly, &c.

Ver. 272. In these nine verses he at length concludes for the motion by declination from the freedom of will, which cannot proceed from stroke; for motion by stroke is an outward force, which is wholly contrary to all liberty, and even destructive of it. Weight, though it be an inward principle of motion, yet since it always tends downward, and in the same manner, is no less an enemy to liberty, than stroke itself. Therefore declination only remains, which being made neither at any certain time, nor any certain place, avoids that necessity of which both weight and stroke are the cause, and unlinks the chain of destiny.

Ver. 274. Whence proceeds the freedom of will; i. e. the declining motion of the atoms is the cause of it. Cicero, in the first book of the Nature of the Gods: "Epicurus cum videret, si atomi in inferiorem locum ferrentur suo sponte, ponere, nihil fore in nostro potestate, quod illarum motus esset certus et necessarius, invenit declinationem, ut hanc necessitatem effugerit." When Epicurus saw, that if the atoms were moved downward by their own weight only, and had no other motion whatever, nothing would be in our power; because their motion would then be certain and necessary, he invented declination to avoid this necessity.

Ver. 277. I take this passage, of which by the way, the interpreters say nothing to be very difficult, and this to be the meaning; nothing is made of nothing; therefore freedom of will proceeds

from something; but what that something is, we must now inquire. There is a twofold motion of the seeds; one natural, which is downwards, and proceeds from weight; the other violent, which is upwards, and occasioned by stroke. Now it is manifest that all things are not made by stroke, because some motion proceeds from weight. But since the motion that proceeds from weight is natural, and keeps due on always in the same tenor, it is no more favourable or conducive to liberty, than the motion caused by stroke. Nothing, therefore, can prevent the mind, which consists of seeds, from being determined by a certain inward necessity, that is to say, by the motion that proceeds from weight, but the declination of the seeds, which motion of theirs being made in no certain nor determinate place, nor at any certain or determinate time, can alone be the cause of liberty, or freedom of will.

Ver. 280. Lucretius says,

*Id facit exiguum clinamen principiorum
Nec regione loci certa, nec tempore certo.*

In this disputation for the declination of his atoms, this is the third time that our poet has repeated these words, "*nec regione loci certa, nec tempore certo*," and as often too has our translator omitted them; even though they are an essential part of the argument, and the main support of it. For if the declination were made at a certain time, and in a certain place, the necessity would be equally inevitable. And of this he himself was afterwards aware, as may be seen in his explication of these passages in his Latin edition of this author; where he has given them the same interpretation that I have done in these annotations.

Ver. 281. Lucretius has already taught that seeds are not liable to change; and now in these thirteen verses he asserts, that the universal mass of matter can never increase or diminish; for not one seed dies, whereby a gap might be made in it, and no new seed is introduced, whereby it may become more close; but it remains always the same. Then he affirms that the motions of the seeds are immutable; that they have always moved in the same manner they now do, and will always continue in the same motion to all futurity. And therefore, that whatever things have been produced heretofore, the like things may also be produced now. For where the same seeds, and the same weight, always remain, and where no external force can be introduced, there too the same motion that proceeds from that weight, must of necessity be also.

Ver. 294. Left any one should object against Lucretius, that the senses themselves overthrow this opinion of the perpetual motion of the atoms; for if the universal matter be agitated, how comes it to pass that the all, the *τὸ πᾶν*, seems buried in so profound a tranquillity. The poet answers in these twenty-five verses, that this objection is very weak; for the motion of the seeds must of necessity be imperceptible, since the seeds themselves are invisible to the sharpest sight. Then he adds, that the motions even of sensible things

often cannot be perceived by the eyes of such as behold them from afar; which he illustrates by the example of sheep frikking up and down on the side of a hill, and of an army moving to and fro in a plain. He means the whole mass of all things; the universe.

Ver. 296. The atoms of which all things are composed.

Ver. 313. We have an excellent description of this in Sir R. Blackmore's *K. Arthur*:

The various glories of their arms combine,
And in one fearful dazzling medley join.
The air above, and all the fields beneath
Shine with a bright variety of death.
The sun starts back to see the plains display
Their rival lustre, and terrestrial day.

Ver. 319. He has disputed at large of the solidity of the atoms, and of their properties, weight and motion, that proceed from it. He is now going to treat of another of their properties, which is figure, and this relates to their size or magnitude; for figure is the bound and manner of magnitude. And first, he asserts in eight verses, that atoms are of different figures; not that their shape is discernible to the eye any more than their magnitude, which is imperceptible, as has been said already: but because their different figuration may be made evident by several arguments. Epicurus in Plutarch teaches that atoms, *ἴδια ἔχον σχήματα λόγῳ διαφέρα*, have proper figures that are discernible to the eye of reason. And in the epistle to Herodotus: *τὰ ἄτομα τῶν σωματίων καὶ μετὰ, ἔξ ὧν τὰ αἰ συγκρίσεις γίνονται τὸ ἐς ὧ διαλύονται, ἀπερίληπτα ἐστὶ τὴν διαφέρειαι τῶν σχημάτων ἢ γὰρ δύνατον γίνεσθαι τὰς ποσότητας διαφέρειαι ἐκ τῶν αὐτῶν* (perhaps *ἀτόμων*) *σχημάτων περιελημμένων*.

Ver. 323. In the first place, he teaches that seeds are of different figures; because it is not likely that those corpuscles, being infinite as they are, should be all of the same figure. Consider any things whatever, the greater their number is, the greater too, for the most part, is the variety of their figures; and therefore, what we ought to believe likewise of the atoms.

Ver. 327. Secondly, in these six verses he argues for the different figures of his atoms, from the various shapes and figures of all natural things that are composed of them; as men, beasts, birds, fish, &c.

Ver. 328. This is certainly a very proper epithet for fish; though Aristotle, and some others, will not allow all fish to be mute.

Ver. 333. Thirdly, he shows in twenty-five verses, that this different figuration is very manifest and visible, not only in all kinds of things taken collectively, but even in the individuals of the same kind; for among brute beasts the dams know their young, and the young their dams, only by their different figuration. Then he illustrates this argument with an elegant and lively description of a cow passionately bemoaning the loss of her sacrificed calf; to which he lastly adds a hint of the agnition that lambs have of their mothers.

Ver. 340. Of the maternal affection of beasts to their young, see Oppian *Alamv.* ii. ver. 724. and Ovid, *Fast.* 4.

Ver. 358. In the four first of these seven verses he teaches, that the same special, or, as they call it, individual difference may be discerned by any who attentively consider them, not only in the stalks and ears, but in the very grains of corn, in shells and the like; and in the three last verses he concludes, that the seeds themselves, since they are not made by any artist, after one and the same shape and form, ought no less than the rest of things to be adorned with various and different figures.

Ver. 365. He proves that this contention for the variety of figures is not vain and useless, but ever necessary for the explication of several phenomena of nature; and from those very phenomena he fully proves the variety of the figures of his atoms. And first, in seven verses he teaches why the fire of lightning penetrates things more easily, and with greater force than the fire that proceeds from oil, pitch, wood, &c. which is because the fire of lightning consists of small and subtle seeds; but those of the fire that comes from oil, &c. are thicker and more blunt. Thus some seeds are less than others, according to the doctrine of Lucretius.

Ver. 366. He means that penetrates more easily, for lightning lets out the wine, and leaves the vessel unhurt; spares the scabbard, and melts the sword within it; and does several other wonderful things of like nature, which our fires will not do.

Ver. 372. In these four verses he teaches that this diversity of figures is the cause that light pierces through horn, and that water stops on its surface.

Ver. 374. Here Lucretius acknowledges, that some seeds are less than others, though he asserted before that all seeds are least: yet he contradicts not himself, for by leasts, the Epicureans mean only bodies that are simple and solid, and therefore indivisible.

Ver. 376. In these six verses he demonstrates, that some seeds are not only bigger than others, but that some are hooked and branchy, while others are smooth and round. For the reason why wine passes through a strainer sooner than oil, is, because the seeds of oil are full of hooks, and therefore the texture of the principles being more intricate and perplexed, they are not so easily loosened and disjoined, to pass through the holes of the strainer.

Ver. 382. In these ten verses he urges the same thing in an argument taken from the different taste of things. For milk and honey are sweet, because they consist of little bodies formed in such a manner, that when they are poured upon the organ of the taste, and are entering into the little pores of it, they are exactly fit for those small passages, and thus they gently and smoothly touch the organ, and pleasingly affect the taste. But wormwood and centaury are bitter and sharp, because the little bodies of which they are made, are form-

ed in such a manner, that when they come to enter into the little pores of the organ, they bear no proportion with them, and thus prick and hurt the particles of it, and tear and wound the organ itself. And hence it is reasonable to conjecture, that sweet things are composed of smooth and round principles; and bitter things of seeds that are rough and full of hooks.

Ver. 384. *Rue.*] Lucretius mentions not rue, but centaury, which is indeed a very bitter herb: the French call it *fiel de terre*, gall of the earth: it had its name from Chiron the Centaur, who first discovered the virtues and use of it: for as he was handling the arms of Hercules, he chanced to wound himself in the foot with an arrow, and cured the wound by the application of this herb; of which see more in Pliny, lib. xxv. c. 6.

Ver. 385. In like manner, whoever eats of the herb sardon is said to die of a distorted mouth; for that herb contracts the nerves of the mouth, and causes a violent grinning and laughing, followed by death. Hence the proverb, "*Rifus Sardonius*," is said of those who laugh without cause, and when they have more reason for sorrow than for joy.

Ver. 392. He has hitherto been speaking of sweet and bitter tastes, and now he teaches, in seventeen verses, that things are pleasant or unpleasant to the other senses likewise, for the same reason, that is, because the seeds of which they are composed are smooth and round, or rough and hooky. Thus in grateful and pleasing sounds, smells, and colours, we must acknowledge the seeds to be smooth and round, but in ungrateful and offensive, hooky and rough.

Ver. 400. He alludes to the custom of the ancients in firing the stage with saffron and other flowers, when plays were to be acted. Horace in the epistle to Augustus:

*Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet attæ
Fabulam si dubitem, &c.*

And this they did to delight the audience with the fragrantcy of odours.

Ver. 409. Because there are some objects that are not altogether so offensive as to wound the organs of the sense, as bitter things do; nor so grateful as to delight and please them, as do the things that are sweet, but rather tickle and affect them, with a sort of inoffensive pain, if I may so call it, we are to believe that the seeds of such things are not entirely smooth and round, nor hooky and rough, but that they are shaped with angles jutting out, so that they may sometimes gently prick and tickle; but cannot wound and tear. This opinion the poet has included in five verses.

Ver. 412. Here our translator has not fully expressed his author, whose words are,

Fœcula jam quo de genere 'st, inulæque Saporess.

The *fœcula* and the *inula* were two fauces of the Romans: The first of them, the *fœcula*, was an acid fauce, whose chief ingredient was indeed the lees of wine, (and the word properly signifies the

lees or dregs of any liquid), as Turnebus says on this passage of Horace:

—acria circum
Rapula, lactuce, radices: qualia lassum
Pervellunt stomachum, cifer, halec secula coa.

Lib. ii. Sat. 8.

The other, the inula, was a sweet sauce, made of the sweetish bitter root of the herb inula, elecampane; of which see Columella, lib. xii. cap. 46. Horace too makes mention of it in the place above-cited:

Erucas virides inulis ego primus amaris
Monstravi incoquere.

Now Lucretius says, that the reason why the secula has an acid taste, and the inula as it were a sweetish bitter, is, because they do not consist of atoms that are wholly rough, or wholly smooth, but of such as are of a nature between both, and have minute angles whose points are blunted, and therefore rather tickle the organ of the taste, than hurt or wound it.

Ver. 414. In the last place he comes to the sense of touch; and in thirteen verses teaches, that the objects of that sense are differently figured; because heat and cold affect the organs in different manners. For Epicurus held, that since the seeds of fire are pungent, and prick the sense, they must of necessity have some prominent angles; and that the seeds of cold have a trigonical or pyramidal figure; that is to say, their figure consists of four triangular faces. This we find in the epistle to Pythocles, where giving the reason of ice, he says it is made κατ' ἐκδήψιν μὲν τῶν σιγερῶν σχηματισμῶν ἐκ τῶν ὕδατος, σύν τε δὲ τῶν σκαλίνων, αὐτὸ ἰσχυρόν τῶν ἐν τῷ ὕδατι ὑπαρχόντων, ἢ καὶ διὰ τὴν ἰσχυρίαν τῶν τοιούτων προσκρίσειν, when the orbicular corpuscles (that are the efficient causes of heat) are driven out of the water, and when those of a trigonical and acutangular figure, that are in the same water are compressed together, or when such corpuscles come from without, and join themselves to the water. Plutarch too is of the same opinion in the treatise, "De primo Frigido." Then he describes the touch; the darling sense of the Epicureans, and the several kinds of it, not without some transport and exultation of mind.

Ver. 421. The seeds being tumultuously mixed together, confound the sense, because they are in a sort of commotion and uproar.

Ver. 427. He has hitherto been proving the diversity of the figures of his atoms from the different motions which the objects excite and cause in the organs of the senses: he now brings other arguments to the same purpose, taken from the firmness, as well as from the fluidity of things. For some seeds have little hooks and clasps, by which they catch and hold fast one another; and the little empty spaces being filled up as much as possible, they have not the liberty of mutually disentangling themselves, and getting free from one another; and thus they compose the firm and hard bodies of brass, iron, stones, and the like. Other particles are smooth, and approaching to an

orbicular figure, and of these are composed all fluid bodies; for the smooth and round particles will not join to others, yield to the least thrust, are always in motion, and rolling up and down from place to place.

Ver. 430. A diamond is esteemed the hardest of all stones, and scarce any blows can break it, Pliny, lib. xxxvii. c. 4. says of it, "Incudibusprehenditur ira respuens ictum, ut ferrum utrimque diffiliat." It is so proof to blows, that beat it on an anvil, and the iron on both sides will give way to its hardness.

Ver. 435. In these six verses, he says, there are some bodies we may reckon in the number of fluids, as smoke, mist, flame, &c. which may be dissipated and dissolved with the slightest stroke, and therefore do not consist of hooky seeds entangled with one another. Yet these very bodies hurt and prick the senses; for mist and smoke offend the eyes; and flame penetrates hard things, and passes even through stones and rocks, therefore they are not composed of principles entirely smooth and round. He, for this reason asserts, that they are made partly of acute principles.

Our translator has omitted the three last verses of this argument, which are as follows:

Non tamen hæere inter se, quod quisque videmus
Sensibus esse datum: facile ut cognoscere possis
Non è perplexis, sed acutis esse elementis.

Lambinus rejects them likewise, and asserts them to be needless, for which Faber commends him, and adds, that they cannot be of Lucretius. The other editors, Nardius, Fayus, &c. retain them; and so too does even Creech himself in his Latin edition, but only wishes for another word in lieu of *sensibus*, in which he seems too critical and hard to please. I take the verses to be not only not useless, but even necessary; and am of opinion, that Lucretius was in the right, and ought to assert, as he does, that since those fluid bodies affect and penetrate into hard, they are composed of pungent, penetrating, and acute principles, no less than of smooth and round: for the atoms that are either smooth or round cannot prick, offend, nor easily penetrate into bodies; "nec tamen hæere inter se," &c. nor do their particles nevertheless adhere and mutually stick to one another, as the particles of thorns do; inasmuch, that from thence you may rightly conjecture, that all those things that are so soon and easily dissipated, are not composed of principles that are hooked, entangled, and perplexed among themselves: but of acute,

Non è perplexis, sed acutis esse elementis:

And this is the meaning of this passage, which has so much employed the interpreters.

Ver. 441. There are other fluids that are both bitter and sharp: for instance, the water of the sea. And the poet asserts, in these fourteen verses, that all such things are composed partly of smooth and round principles, from whence they have their fluidity; partly of sharp and rough, from which they derive their tartness and bitterness.

Lastly, he demonstrates, that bodies of that nature are made of particles different in figure, because they may be separated. For, strain seawater through sand, it loses its sharp particles, and becomes sweet, so that it retains only its smooth and round principles.

Ver. 455. What he here undertakes to prove, is this: The atoms vary in their figure, and in their bigness too, as is proved already. But yet that variety is not infinite, though it be indefinite or incomprehensible. This he proves, first in nineteen verses, from the minuteness of the seeds, which he has before demonstrated: for to make an infinite variety of figures, the mass of some of the seeds must of necessity be immensely great, since an immense magnitude only is capable of an immense variety of figures. If you would change the figure of a body, transpose its parts, and as many different positions as it can receive, so many different figures there will be. Attempt to do the like with an atom, turn and transpose every way the parts that can be conceived in it, and you will find only a finite variety of figures in so small a body. Epicurus taught, that the figures of the atoms are incomprehensible, but not infinite, *ἔναι τὰ σχήματα τῶν ἄτομων ἀπείρηστα*, *ὡς ἄπειρα*, says Plutarch, de Placitis Philosoph. lib. i. c. 3. And Epicurus himself writes thus to Herodotus: 'Ἀτόμοι ταῖς διαφοραῖς ὡς ἀπλῶς ἄπειροι ἔσιν, ἀλλὰ μόνον ἀπείρηστοι, εἰ μὴ μάλλιν οἷς τὸ τοῖς μεγέθειν ἀπλῶς ἐς ἄπειρον αὐτὰ, καὶ ἄλλαν, ἃς ἐν τῷ ὅσῳ αὐτὰ μέγιστος ἀπέρος ἵππεν διαφορὰς ἀνύστων.'

Ver. 462. He does not mean that you should add two, three, or more parts: but suppose it to consist of three or more, that is to say, of a definite number of parts, each figuration requires a peculiar position of the parts. Now the parts of any finite magnitude may be transposed so many ways, that no new way shall remain to change the position from what it had been in before, for otherwise there would be still new and new parts even to an infinity; from whence the magnitude might at length be conceived to be infinite: but nothing of this can be in an atom, which is too little even to be seen.

Ver. 474. He brings another reason, in these sixteen verses. If we grant still other and other figures, even to an infinity, no external qualities of natural things would be certain and determined, since they might be so diversified by a new figuration, that at length there might arise a better than every best, and a worse than every worst. Garments of the most precious colours, the sweetest odours, sounds, and tastes, might be surpassed by others, and would be no longer in esteem, while the things that seem now most offensive and displeasing, and to which we are most averse, would be valued above worse than might arise daily.

Ver. 479. For swans, when they are near their death, are said to sing very sweetly. Thus Martial, lib. xiii. Epig. 77.

*Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua
Cantator Cynus funeris ipse sui.*

The mournful swan, thus when his death is nigh,
In tuneful strains sings his own elegy.

But Pliny denies it, "Olerum morte narratur flebilis cantus falso, ut arbitrer, aliquot experimentis," lib. x. cap. 20. See the note on Book iii. ver. 5.

Ver. 486. Though our interpreter here mentions the sense of smelling, yet he, at the beginning of his argument, says, "Has et contemptus odor myrrhæ," the odour of myrrh would be contemned, which Lucretius there alleges as an instance of an object of that sense.

Ver. 488. *No bigger.* That is, from either extreme, either of worst or best. Nor can there be an infinite number of things between either extreme, because every thing is inclosed within certain bounds, and can neither enlarge itself into an infinite magnitude, nor contract itself into an infinite littleness; so neither can the goodness of things be improved to an infinite, nor the badness of things be impaired to an infinite.

Ver. 490. In these seven verses, he confirms his foregoing arguments, because, says he, things are generally determined and bounded by their contrary qualities, which are so extreme that though they may indeed have middle degrees, yet they can have no degree whatever without or beyond themselves. Lambine interprets this of the zones; but I rather think our translator in the right, and that Lucretius meant to speak of the most intense power and force of fire and frost, which are the extremes that bound the middle degrees of heat and cold. For fire is the most hot, and frost or ice the most cold of all things.

Ver. 497. Having proved the different figures to be finite, he now adds, in seven verses, another of Epicurus's opinions, which is, that the seeds of a like figure are infinite in number; that the globous are infinite, the oval infinite, the pyramidal infinite, and in like manner of all the other figures. Then he adds a reason for this opinion, from the infiniteness of the atoms which he has proved before. For, since the different sorts of the figures are finite, it is evident, that if the atoms contained under each sort were finite in number, there could be no infinity of atoms in the universe. Epicurus writes to the same purpose in the epistle to Herodotus: *Καὶ ἑκάστη δὲ σχημάτων ἀπλῶς ἄπειροι ἔσιν ἄτομοι, εἰ γὰρ τὸ πᾶν ἐν τῷ πλείεσσι τῶν ἄτομων ἄπειρον, εἰ μὴ ἀπλῶς ἂν ἔσιν αἱ καὶ ἑκάστη τὴν σχημάτων ὁμοίαι.*

Ver. 504. Gassendus has omitted the four first of these verses, as being improper to the explanation of the argument: and indeed we may dispense with the want of them, if we take Lucretius to be disputing still concerning the figures of his atoms; but if we consider the particular argument that follows, they seem even necessary. For he has just proved the infinity of the atoms under each figure: but foreseeing an objection hanging over his head, and that it might be the better understood together with the answer, he, in these four verses, gives notice to the reader what he is to expect: and certainly our transla-

tor was in the right to retain them. But to return to the explication of Lucretius, who, in these thirty-three verses, first objects against what he has been already arguing, that the atoms under certain figures may seem to be finite, because we see that some animals are more scarce and fewer in number than others: to which he answers, that the animals that are scarce in one country abound in another. For instance, that there are many elephants in India, though he scarce ever saw one at Rome. In the next place, that granting there were but one only thing of one certain kind in the world, yet unless the atoms of the same figure were infinite, that only thing could not be born, nor grow. And, lastly, he brings a comparison to illustrate this assertion; and as it is difficult to find a simile more elegantly expressed, so we can never meet with one more properly applied. For what can better represent the perpetual motion of his atoms, than the disturbed and restless agitation of the sea.

Ver. 511. A region of Asia, where there is great plenty of elephants, as there is likewise in Africa, though none are bred in Europe. Pliny, *Nat. Hist. lib. vii. cap. 10* and Polybius, *lib. v.* says, that in India the houses, and even the stalls of their beasts were enclosed with the trunks of elephants. And who knows not that the chief strength of the Indians consisted in their elephants, by the help of which they defended both themselves and their country.

Ver. 525. Cowley in his *Davidis* seems to have imitated this passage of Lucretius:

The sea itself smooths her rough looks awhile,
Flatt'ring the greedy merchant with a smile:
But he whose ship-wreck'd bark she drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows she would have more.

Ver. 536. Lucretius struggles hard for the infiniteness of his atoms, the figures of which he will have to be very various, and those of each shape to be infinite, which last assertion is the greatest absurdity imaginable. For infinite atoms must fill all the space that is, because if there be any place that can receive another, there may be conceived an addition to the former number; and therefore to say it was infinite is absurd. And this proves that the infinite atoms of Epicurus can be nothing else but a vast heap of dull moveless matter, coextended, with the infinite space. And how then could the world be made, how these various alterations of bodies, all which proceed from motion, is difficult to be conceived. And this likewise presses the hypothesis of Cartes and his indefinite matter, as a little application will discover.

Ver. 537. These ten verses contain an argument that is a necessary consequent of the former. If we grant the seeds of one sort of figure to be finite, then the things that are composed of those finite seeds, when they once come to be dissolved should never be restored. If the seeds were finite, we should in vain expect the growth and generation of things. And what is more certain than that some things are born, and grow; and that

others decrease and die? from whence it must be concluded that the seeds of a like figure are infinite in number.

Ver. 549. He has hitherto been proving the infinity of atoms; under all the several sorts of figures; and now, in four verses, he teaches, that things cannot be composed of seeds of one and the same figure; and that the various qualities of things proceed from the variety of the seeds, which must necessarily produce a variety likewise of contexture. And this, indeed, he sufficiently proves in several places.

Ver. 551. In these six verses, he brings his first argument from the earth, which none will deny, consists of several sorts of seeds, if they consider the springs that bubble, and the flames that burst out of its bowels, together with what variety of trees and plants it produces, and that it supplies nourishment to man and beast. For all those things cannot proceed from seeds of the same magnitude, weight, and figure. Then in sixty four verses he subjoins many things concerning the earth: how the ancient poets feigned her to be the mother of the gods, and called her Cybele; he describes the ornaments of the goddess, explains the mysteries of the whole fable, derides the superstition of it, and at length falls foul upon Providence itself.

Ver. 554. As Hecla, Vesuvius, and other mountains, which, as well as *Ætna*, eject flames, a convincing proof that there are subterranean fires, and those too great and many, as appears likewise by the *Vulcanian* islands, and by the hot baths and fountains that break out of the earth in many places; and which, as *Vitruvius*, *lib. ii.* rightly observes, could not be, "si non in imo haberent aut de sulphure, aut de alumine, aut bitumine ardentibus maximis ignes:" in which words he briefly declares the causes of them. To which, as a farther proof, not to mention divers others, may be added earthquakes, some of which most certainly derive their original from these subterranean fires. Whoever desires to be farther satisfied touching this matter, may consult *Pliny*, *l. ii. c. 106*. The *Epicurean* animadversions of *Gassendus*, and particularly *Kircher* in his *Mund. Subterranean*. *lib. iv.* See likewise *Ittigius* expressly upon this subject, in his treatise de *Montium Incendi*. and the accurate disquisition of *Alphonfus Borellus*, in *Historia et Meteorologia Incendi. Ætnæ* Anno 1669. Of *Ætna*, see *Book I. ver. 744* and *Book VI. ver. 646*.

Ver. 557. The earth, which produces all things, is said to be the mother of the gods, of men, and of beasts. Holy rites are instituted to her, which Lucretius applies partly to natural, partly to moral philosophy. Those which relate to Jupiter he proposes as a subject worthy of censure; but she is deservedly owned as a goddess, for the reasons he enumerates in these forty-nine verses, in which he tells us why men gave the earth the name of *Magna Parens*, great mother, and why she was worshipped as a goddess: and he takes occasion to explain the ceremonies that were observed in the mysteries of that great mother, and

gives the reasons of those rites. The same ceremonies are likewise mentioned by St. Austin, de Civit. Dei, lib. vii. c. 24. and Arnobius, lib. iii. adv. Gent. says, "Quidam è vobis terram, quod cunctis sufficiat animantibus victum, magnum matrem esse dixerunt." Some among you called the earth the great Mother, because it supplies all animals with food and nourishment.

So Virgil, *Æn.* vi. ver. 784.

—Qualis Berecynthia mater,
Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrita per urbes,
Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.

—In pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrents on her temples crown'd :
A hundred gods her sweeping train supply ;
Her offspring all, and all command the sky.

Dryd.

In a palace at Rome, belonging to the family of Cornelia, there is to be seen to this day the following inscription :

DOMUS ÆTERNA FLAVIÆ CHRYSYDIS
LABERIA FELICIA SACERDOS MAXIMA
MATRIS DEUM, M. 1.

Ver. 560. Virgil speaking of this great mother, says,

—Hinc fida silentia sacris,
Et juncti currum dominæ subiere leones.

Æn. iii. v. 112

She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought.

Dryden.

Ver. 562. Macrobius Saturnal, lib. I. cap. 21. "Hæc Dea leonibus vehitur, validis impetu atque fervore animalibus; quæ natura cœli est, cujus ambitu aer continetur, qui vehit terram." This goddess is carried by lions, impetuous and fiery animals; of which nature is the heaven, within whose circumference is contained the air that carries the earth.

Thus too Claudian :

Et qui perpetuo terras ambitque vehitque,
Nec premat incumbens oneri, nec cesserit aer.

And Lucan :

—Dum terra fretum, terramque levabit
Aer. —

To which Aristophanes, in Nubib. likewise alludes :

Ἡ Νεφέλη ἀναξ ἀμείτρητ' ἀέρ, ὃς ἔχει τὴν γῆν μεταίωρον.

And, indeed, if this opinion were to be examined into, according to the decrees of nature, rather than to the doctrines of the poets, it would appear ridiculous to philosophers. Yet Pliny, who was admitted into the secrets of nature, as far as any of the Latins, visibly favours this belief : "Hujus aeris vi suspensam cum quarto aquarum Elemento librari medio spatio tellurem," says he, lib. i. Nat. Hist. cap. 5. And Achilles Tatius, in Arat, Phæ-

nomen. illustrates the liberation or suspension of the earth in the following manner : "Put," says he, "one single sheet of millet, or any other small grain whatsoever into a bladder, and by blowing the bladder full of air, the seed or grain will be carried up and remain in the middle of it. After the same manner, the earth being on all sides forced by the air, suspends poised in the midst of it." See Turbenus, I. Adversar. 4, c. 17. where he explains these verses of Ovid.

Et circumfuso pendebat in aere Tellus
Ponderibus librata suis. —

Metam. l. 1.

Ver. 565. Thus too Ovid, 4 Fast.

—Cur huic genus acre leonum
Præbeat in solitas ad juga curva comas ?
Desieram : cœpit : feritas molita per illam
Creditor : id curru testificata suo est.

Ver. 578. The Romans had several sorts of crowns or garlands, which it was the custom to give as tokens or badges of honour, to such as had distinguished themselves in any action, or done any signal service to the republic. Among the rest there was the "Corona Muralis," the Mural Crown, which was given by the emperor, or general of an army, to him who first scaled the walls of a town that was besieged. It was made of gold, and had spikes that imitated the battlements or pinnacles of walls and towers. Ovid, in the place above cited, gives the same reason why the ancients crowned the image of the earth with a Mural Crown :

—Turrisera caput est onerata figura :
An primis turres urbibus illa dedit ?

Ver. 574. Cybele, the mother of the gods, was daughter of Minos king of Crete, and wife of Saturn. The ancients called her by several names. I. Cybele, either from Cybelus, a hill in Phrygia, where, in her infancy, she was exposed to wild beasts; or from *καθίζω*, which signifies to throw and set upon the head, because of the frequent turning and fantastic motions of their heads, which her priests were obliged to observe and practise in her rites and ceremonies; and it is probable she had this name from both; for the Greeks called her *Κυβέλη*, and *Κυβέλη*. II. "Ops: quod ipsius auxilio vita constet," says Macrobius, because the life of all things is preserved by the assistance of the earth. III. Rhea, from *ῥέω*, to flow, because the earth abounds with all good things. IV. Berecynthia, from Berecynthus, a castle of Phrygia, on the banks of the river Sagaris, or a hill of Phrygia, of the same name, near the river Marfyas. V. "Vesta, à vehendo," because the poets feigned her to be carried in a chariot. VI. Pessinuntia, from Pessinus, a city of Phrygia where she was honoured. VII. "Fauna à sevendo," because the earth is beneficial to all animals. VIII. "Fatua à fando," because, as the same Macrobius says, infants never speak till they can set their feet to the earth. XI. Pales, because she was the goddess Pastorum and Pabulorum, of shepherds and pasturage. X. Dindymæ

& Dindymene," from Dindymus, a mountain of Phrygia. *Virgil*.

Alma Parens Idæa Deum, cui Dindyma cordi,
Turrigeræque urbes, bijugique ad fræna leones.

Æn. 10. v. 252.

XI. "Idæa Mater, from Ida, a hill and town of the same name in Phrygia, where her rites were first instituted. XII. "Phrygia Mater;" because she was generally worshipped throughout that country. But Faber on this passage of Lucretius, gives another etymology to these two last names of the Great Mother, and differs from all others, and even from Lucretius himself. These are his words "Idæi signifies mountainous and woody places, as we find in Hesychius, Eustathius, and Herodotus in Melpomene, Sect. 259. whence Idæi, is used to signify wood or timber for building. Now, men first fed upon acorns; the oak was their storehouse, and supplied them with provisions: from hence, therefore, the mother of the gods was called Idæa. But after the use of wheat was invented, she was called *Φρύγια*, Phrygia; for they were wont, *φρύγειν*, to parch their wheat. We may observe that Lucretius says, these appellations were given her from the ancient ceremonies of her mysteries: to which I add out of Virgil and others, that those ceremonies were first brought from Crete to the shores of the Hellespont: but the Cretans had all these customs and rites from the Syrians. Thus Faber, to whose opinion many things might be objected, if it were worth the while; but what should we be the worse, if we were ignorant of all the etymologies of the heathen gods? I will only add, that the image of this Idæan mother was brought out of Phrygia to Rome, at the time when Hannibal infested Italy. For the Romans had found in the books of the Sibyls, that they should be able to drive away their foreign enemy, if the Idæan mother were brought to Rome: upon which M. Valerius Levinus, Cæcilius Galba, Cn. Tremellus Flaccus, and M. Valerius Falco, were sent into Phrygia, and to them king Attalus gave the image of the Idæan mother, which they brought into the city: and this was only a rough unpolished stone which the Phrygians worshipped for the Idæan mother. *T. Liv. Lib. 2. Ovid. Fast. 4.*

Consulatur Pæan: Divumque accersite Matrem,
Inquit; in Idæa est inveniendâ jugo:
Mittuntur Proceres: Phrygiæ tunc Sceptra tenebat
Attalus, &c.

Ver. 575. "Phrygiæque catervas—Dant Comites," says Lucretius; and wish our translator's leave, he should not have made them all women; for, no doubt but both sexes assisted at the procession. Payus is as much mistaken the other way; for he calls them legions, as if they were regular and armed troops.

Ver. 576. *Phrygia*.] i. e. Dry or burning; from *φρύγειν*, torrcrc, or from Phrygius, a river that divides it from Caria; or from Phrygia, the daughter of Cyclops. A country in Asia, bounded with Caria, Mysia, Lydia, and Bithynia: it is divided

into the Greater and the Lesser, which last called Troas, was of old the kingdom of the Trojans.

Ver. 578. The priests of Cybele were called Galli, from Gallus, a river of Phrygia; of whose waters they had no sooner tasted, than they were seized with madness, and made eunuchs of themselves. This story, how strange and ridiculous soever it may seem, is related by St. Jerome. And Tertullian in *Apolegetico*, Sect. 25. calls the venerable and reverend high-priest of this goddess, Archigallus, Archeunuch. See more of them in Ovid, *Fast.* 4. where he calls them Semi-mares, half men.

Ver. 582. He bestows divinity on the mothers, of whom we puny creatures are born; and asserts, that the children who are guilty of undutifulness or impiety towards their parents, are unworthy to be parents themselves.

Ver. 582. The Phrygian muse was a sort of enthusiastic harmony, and very proper to excite the passions of the mind, and to swell the soul to rage and fury. Macrobius in his second book on the dream of Scipio, chap. 3. speaking of the power and force of music, says, "Ita omnis habitus animæ cantibus gubernatur, ut & ad bellum progressi & item receptui canatur: cantû & excitante & rursus sedante virtutem: dans somnis adimitque; nec non curas & immittit & retrahit: iram suggerit, clementiam suadet, corporum quoque morbis medetur." And all who are conversant among authors, meet with so many instances of the amazing effects of harmony, that there is no room to doubt of the truth of them. Timotheus, by music, inflamed Alexander to what degree he pleased, and cooled him again as easily; which Dryden describing, says, admirably;

Pleas'd with the sound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

A musician in Denmark, by the same art, enraged king Ericus even to the striking of all his friends about him. Pythagoras taught a woman to stop by the same means the fury of a young man, who came to set her house on fire; and his scholar Empedocles hindered another from murdering his father, when the sword was drawn for that purpose. The fierceness even of the nature of Achilles was allayed by playing on the harp; for which reason Homer gives him nothing else out of the spoils of Eëtion. Damon, by music, reclaimed wild and drunken youths to sobriety and temperance; and Asclepiades reduced even seditious multitudes to temper and reason. And thus, too, these effeminate priests of Cybele were animated by their Phrygian arts to cut and hack their own flesh, as our poet observes of them, v. 594. Many more examples of this nature may be seen in Gronovius, *Lib. II. Observation. cap. 1.* Nor is it wonderful, that sudden passions should be raised and suppressed.

fed by music; (for which reason, Pindar says to his harp, *τὸν αἰχμητὸν κεραιὸν σείνω*, thou quenchest the raging thunder); but that it should cure settled diseases in the body, is what we should hardly believe, if we had not both human and divine testimony for it. Plin. lib. 28. cap. 1. "Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femore Ulysses inhibuisse Carmine: Theophrastus Ischiadicis sanari: Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari, Mar. Varro podagris." Where the word *carmen* must be understood as joined with musical notes. For the cure of the sciatica, Theophrastus commends the Phrygian music upon the pipe; and A. Gellius for giving ease to it, "ut memoria proditum est," says he, as it is reported. Apollonius in his book de Miris, speaks to this purpose: it deserves admiration, what Theophrastus writes in his treatise of Enthusiasm, that music cures many passions and diseases both of the mind and body. *Καθάρσις λευκοθυμίας, φέβας, καὶ τὰς ἐπὶ μακρὸν γίγνομινὰς τῆς διανοίας ἐκστάσεις, ἰάσται γὰρ φασὶν ἢ καὶ μὲλῶσι καὶ ἰσχάδι καὶ περὶ τὴν ἰστίαν.* And the same author witnesses that many in his time, especially the Thebans, used the pipe for the cure of several diseases: and this Galen calls *καὶ μὲλῶσι τὸ πῶν*, "super loco affecto tibia canere," or "loca dolentia decantare." So Zenocrates is said to have cured madmen, Terpander and Arion divers other maladies. But were it not for the example of David, (which we find in 1 Sam. xvi).

—Whose lyre did Saul's wild rage controul,
And tun'd the harsh disorders of his soul.

we should hardly be convinced of this physic, unless in the particular cure of the tarantism: the experiments of which are too notorious to be denied or eluded; and therefore afford a probable argument, that other diseases might naturally be expelled so too; but that we have either lost, or not yet found out the art. For the explication of the reason of these surprising effects of music, the magicians fly to their Calceola; the Platonists to their Anima Mundi; the rabbies to fables and prodigies too trivial to deserve repeating. Baptista Porta, in his Natural Magic, seems to ascribe it to the magical power of the instrument, rather than of the music: for he says, that madness is to be cured by the harmony of a pipe made of hellebore; because the juice of that plant is held good for the same purpose: and the sciatica, by a musical instrument made of poplar, because of the virtue of the oil that is extracted from that tree, in mitigating those kinds of pains. But these, add many sympathetic experiments are so false, that we have reason to wonder at the negligence, or rather impudence of those that report them. Picus Mirand. says, that music moves the spirits to act upon the soul, as medicines do to operate upon the body; and that it cures the body by the soul, as physic does the soul by the body. But the true natural reason may be, that in the same manner as musical sounds move the outward air, so that does the inward, and that moves the spirits, and they the humours, which are the seats of diseases, by condensation, rarefaction, dissipation, or

TRANS. II.

expulsion of vapours, and by virtue of the sympathy of proportion, which allies them to man.

Thus they our souls, thus they our bodies win,
Not by their force, but party that within;
Thus the strange cure on our spit blood apply'd,
Sympathy to the distant wound does guide:
Thus when two brethren strings are set alike,
To move them both, but one of them we strike.

Cowley.

But for the producing of the desired effect. Kircherus requires four conditions. I. Harmony. II. Number and proportion. III. Efficacious and pathetic words joined with the harmony, which, by the way, were fully and distinctly understood in the music of the ancients. And, IV. An adapting of all these to the constitution, disposition, and inclination of the patient. Of which, and all things on this subject, his book "De Arte magna Consoni & Dissoni," is well worth the diligent reading. I will conclude this remark with these excellent verses of an anonymous poet, touching the power of music on the mind of man.

For man may justly tuneful strains admire;
His soul is music, and his breast a lyre:
A lyre, which whilst its various notes agree,
Enjoys the sweets of its own harmony.
In us rough hatred with soft love is join'd,
And sprightly hope with growing tear combin'd,
To form the parts of our harmonious mind.
What ravishes the soul, what charms the ear,
Is music, though a various dress it wear.
Ev'n beauty music is, though in disguise,
Too fine to touch the ear, it strikes the eyes,
And through them to the soul the silent stroke conveys.
'Tis music heav'nly, such as in a sphere
We only can admire, but cannot hear.
Nor is the power of numbers less below;
By them all humours yield, all passions bow,
And stubborn clouds are chang'd, yet know not how.
Let other arts in senseless matter reign,
Mimic in brass, or with mix'd juices stain:
Music the mighty artist man can rule,
As long as that has numbers, he a soul,
As much as man can those mean arts controul.

Ver. 587. With these arms they did not only terrify and strike a dread into the common people, but sometimes slightly wounded themselves: hence the poet says, v. 594. that they

Look dreadful gay in their own sparkling blood.

Ver. 590. This verse contains a most sharp invective and derision. This great mother; a rough stone, unpolished by art, and not much given to tattle, did, no doubt, a world of good; but even she herself kept silent the benefits she bestowed. Lucretius says:

Munificat tacita mortales mutua salute.

Meanwhile those abused wretches strewed the way with flowers, and gave money to her beg-

D d

ging train; unmindful of Antisthenes, who answered one that asked him money for the goddess: *ὁ τρεῖς τὴν μισθὸν τῶν θεῶν, ἢ οἱ θεοὶ τρέφουσιν.*

Ver. 596. Saturn, the husband of this great mother Cybele, used to devour his male children, either by agreement with his brother Titan, as some say, or as others, because he knew that the fates had decreed that he should be dethroned and expelled his kingdom by his son. But Cybele hid Jupiter, of whom she was delivered in Crete, in a cave in the mountain Dicte, and gave command to her priests, who were called, Curetes Corybantes, and Dactyli, to take care of him: and if Saturn should come to look for him, to make a noise near the place where he was hid with their cymbals and brazen bucklers, that the crying of the infant might not betray him to his father. And this is what Lucretius hints at in this passage.

Ver. 597. *Jove*] Jupiter, so called, "quasi juvenis pater." The chief of the fabulous gods of the heathens. He was son of Saturn and Ops, and born at the same time with Juno, whom he married. See the preceding note.

Ver. 600. *Saturn*] The son of Cælus and Terra. He was cast into prison by his brother Titan; there arising a difference between them which of them should govern; but was set at liberty by his own son Jupiter: by whom, nevertheless, he was afterwards dethroned, having attempted to take away his life. Being expelled the kingdom, he fled into Italy to king Janus, whence the country in which he lay concealed was called Latium. Vossius, l. de Philosoph. cap. 6. not improbably supposes, that by him is meant Adam; for who besides him was the son of Heaven and Earth? Besides, the name Saturn seems to be derived from the Hebrew word Sotar, which signifies to lie hid; and may well be applied to Adam for his flight, and absconding himself after his fall. But Cicero is of another opinion concerning his name, and says, "Saturnus appellatus est, quod saturetur annis: Ex se enim natos commesse fingitur solitus, quia consumit ætas temporum spatia, annisque præteritis insaturabiliter expletur." De natura Deorum lib. 2.

Ver. 601. *Ops*] The daughter of Cælus and Vesta, or, Tellus, and wife of Saturn. Why she was called Ops, see in the note on v. 574.

Ver. 602. Here the poet gives the reasons why the priests and attendants of this great goddess are armed. I. Says he, in remembrance of the Curetes, those armed priests, by whose means Jupiter was preserved from being devoured by his father. II. To signify that all men ought to be ready at all times to defend their country, with their lives and fortunes. And, III. To assist and protect their parents, "decorique parentibus esse;" of which last reason our translator takes no notice.

Ver. 605. In these sixteen verses he praises the witty invention of the poets, and rejects the thing itself: for why should the gods, who are blessed with eternal ease, take care of the earth or those who cultivate it; of the fields, or the corn that grows in them. The gods lie supine indulging

themselves in indolence, and lalled in undisturbed repose. They take no care of the affairs of the earth, and are wholly unconcerned at the good or ill actions of men. The word Ceres, Neptune, Bacchus, may be used for corn, for the sea, and for wine; but do not therefore fondly fancy them to be gods.

Ver. 606. Behold the true image of the Epicurean god! How thoughtless and supine he lies, indulging himself in ease and idleness! Epicurus writing to Menæceus, describes him exactly in the same manner *τὸ μακάριον, τὸ ἀσφάλεον ὅτι αὐτὸ παράγμωλα ἔχει. ὅτι ἄλλω παρῆχει, ὡς ὅτι ἐργαῖς, ὅτι χάρις συνέχεται ἐν κισθνεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸ τὸ τοῦτον.* Who despises not to lazy a prince, or but such a private man. These six verses are repeated in this place from book i. ver. 78. See there the note upon them.

Ver. 615. *Neptune*] He was the son of Saturn and Ops, brother of Jupiter and Pluto. In the division of the world, the godship of the sea fell to his lot; and therefore, the poets used the word Neptune for the sea. He married Amphitrite, the daughter of Nereus, or Oceanus, by whom he had many nymphs. His name, according to Cicero, comes from nando, swimming; according to Varro, "à nubendo, quia terras aquis obnubit & cooperit;" because he hides the earth, and covers it over with waters. He bore a trident as the token of his power, because of the three parts of the ancient world, that are surrounded by the sea. Let us hear Virgil describe him in all his pomp; and allaying the boisterous fury of the winds and waves.

Jungit equos curru Genitor, spumantiaque addit
Fræna feris, manibusque omnes effundit habenas:
Ceruleo per summa levis volat æquora curru:
Subsident undæ, tumidumque sub axe tonanti
Sternitur æquor aquis: fugiunt vasto æthere,
nimbi:

Tum variæ comitum facies; immania cete,
Et senior Glauci chorus, Inousq. Palæmon,
Tritonæque citi, Phorcique exercitus omnis,
Læva tenent Thetis, & Melite, &c.

Æn. 5. v. 317.

And Æneid. i. 158.

Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor; æquora postquam
Prospiciens Genitor, cœloque invehens aperto
Fleclit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.

His finny train Saturnian Neptune joins:

Then adds the foaming bridles to their jaws,
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides,
Its axle thunder, and the sea subsides,
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
The tempests fly before their father's face,
Trains of inferior gods his triumphs grace;
And monster whales before their master play,
And quires of tritons crowd the wat'ry way.
The marshall'd powers in equal troops divide
To right and left, the gods his better side
Enclose, and on the worst the nymphs and nereids ride.

Dryden.

When thus the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,
Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot: and with loosen'd reins
Majestic moves along, and awful peace main-
tains. *Dryden.*

Ver. 616. *Ceres.*] So called, "quasi Geres, à gerendis frugibus;" as Cicero says, or rather as Vossius conceives, from the Hebrew word Geros, which signifies a green spike of corn. She was daughter of Saturn and Ops and mother of Proserpina. She invented tillage and the use of corn; which she taught to many people, as she went searching up and down the earth for her daughter, whom Pluto had ravished. Whence the ancient poets made her the goddess of corn, and used her name to express it, in which the modern too have followed their example.

—————As when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them, &c. *Milton.*

Bacchus, the son of Jupiter and Semele; called by the Greek Διόνυσος, having two mothers: because he was taken out of his mother's womb, who was killed with lightning, and put into Jupiter's thigh: from whence, when he was grown ripe for birth, he again came into the world.

Imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo
Eripitur, patrioque tener, si credere dignum,
Infansur semori; maternaque tempora complet.

says Ovid, *Metamorph.* iii. 310. where the whole fable may be seen at large. He travelled over all the earth, conquered the Indies, and was the first who triumphed, which he did riding on an elephant, and surrounded by a throng of wild and bawling women, who from him were called Bacchæ; and he himself had his name Bacchus, *πρὸ τοῦ βαχχεῖν*, "à vociferando vel ululando." He is likewise called by several other names, as Liber, Dionysius, Lenæus, Bromius, &c. He is said by the poets to have invented wine; for which reason they made him the god of wine, and expressed it by his name.

Ver. 621. Having described the pompous ceremonies of the great mother of all things, he returns to his subject, and in these six verses brings his second argument, to prove that several sorts of seeds are employed in the composition of every thing: for example; in the same herbs, and in the same water; for since they serve for food to so many sorts of animals, as horses, sheep, oxen, &c. they must, of necessity, contain several sorts of principles that may make them proper nourishment for each sort.

Ver. 627. In these four verses he adds another argument, and urges, that even the atoms that compose but one animal, must, of necessity, be of many very different figures; that by their variety they may be proper and fit to make the several parts of the animal; the veins, the bowels, the bones, &c.

Ver. 631. In these five verses he brings his fourth argument, and instances in wood and all combustible matter: for they are resolved into fire, light, smoke, and ashes; and we ought to believe that the dissolution is not made into any thing but what was actually contained in the thing dissolved: and that nothing perishes out of the wood but the connection and position of its parts, or the peculiar manner of existing, the form, the quality, the species, the accident, the event, by whose means it was, and was called wood. It must therefore be granted, that in wood and other combustible things, there lies hid those different kinds of seeds, of which fire, light, smoke, and ashes consist.

Ver. 636. His fifth argument is contained in these seven verses. We find several qualities to be in the same body; that is to say, smell and taste. But it is evident, that smell and taste consist of seeds of different figures; for they affect different senses: and while one of them enters through the nostrils, the other affects the tongue and the palate.

Ver. 643. In these twelve verses he illustrates his opinion with the simile he often uses, then he proposes an objection, and solves it. And, first, if any one should ask, since the same seeds are common to many things, how come the things themselves to be different? Like seeds ought to make like things. Lucretius bids this caviller look upon his verses and he will find the same letters common to many words; yet it cannot be denied but that those words are different from one another, nor that different verses are composed of them. For the like reason, though the same seeds are common to many things, yet the things themselves that are composed of those like seeds, may be wholly different from one another. See the note on ver. 833. book i. To which I add that if any one be desirous to know how many different words can be contained in any one language, that acknowledges but four and twenty letters, he may take the trouble of computing the total of these nine and thirty figures, 200232790039604140847618609643520000000; for the number cannot be expressed otherwise.

Ver. 647. This must be referred to what he said above, ver. 501, of the infinity of the seeds of a like figure; and likewise to what he said on the contrary, ver. 456, of the finite number of the unlike figures. These two verses the poet repeats again, a few verses forwarder, viz. at ver. 677.

Ver. 655. Though many seeds are common to many things, yet each thing requires a certain order and disposition of the atoms that compose it: and to have them join, and, as it were, associate themselves with such as are congruous, and will agree with them, and pass by and avoid to unite themselves with others: from whence it farther comes to pass, that when the thing is dissolved, the congruous atoms mutually withdraw themselves, and get away from the incongruous. This Lucretius proposes in these ten verses, and gives this reason why it must be so; because e-

therwife monsters would be born every day; and we should see chimeras, centaurs, and all the fabulous animals of the poets. But that none of these portentous monsters are seen, because all things proceed from certain, not from omnigenous seeds; and are nourished by certain seeds likewise.

Ver. 658. It would indeed be a miracle that boughs should grow out of the body of a living man; and perhaps what Gassendus, in the fifth book of the life of Pireiskius, relates of a plum-tree that sprouted out at the sternum (the part of the body where the ribs join upon the breast) of a shepherd who lived near Tarragona in the kingdom of Arragon, will meet with little credit. This shepherd, says he, happened to fall down upon a dwarf plum-tree, and a splinter chanced to run into that part of his body; where it took root for the space of two years, to such a degree, that after several shoots had been cut off, some at length sprung out upon which blossoms and fruit were seen. Pireiskius insisted on the truth of this so long, that at length Cardinal Barberini sent to inquire concerning it of the Archbishop of Tarragona, who certified to him that the thing was true; and Puteanus not only received letters attesting the truth of it likewise, but even some of the shoots were sent him; and he held a correspondence with the man upon whose body they grew. Nor was the Cardinal so hard of belief afterwards, having heard that something like this had happened in Tuscany, about the neck of a hen: and at Frontignan in Languedoc, about the finger of a fisherman, into which there had run a bone of a sea-fish, called a scorpion; which wound came to that pass, that a surgeon took out of it three small fish of the scorpion kind. Yet after all, none but they who have been eye witnesses of these things, will readily give credit to them.

Ver. 660. A sort of monster that vomits flame, And that has a head and breast like a lion, the belly of a goat, and the tail of a serpent. Ovid. Met. ix. ver. 646.

Quoque chimæra jugo mediis in partibus Hircum, Pædus et ora leæ, caudam serpentis habebat.

For this fable of the poets took rise from the mountain in Lycia called Chimera, that sometimes belches out flames; lions haunt upon the top of it; about the middle, which produces a great quantity of grass, are abundance of goats; and a world of serpents are lurking at the foot of it. Thus Plin. lib. xii. c. 106.

Ver. 665. These eight verses do not so much advance any new argument as they explain the latter part of the former. For things that proceed from certain and fixed seeds, therefore preserve their kind, as they grow and increase, and do not degenerate into another; because nature chooses out of the nourishment only those particles that are proper and fit for her; for which reason boughs never grow out of a living body; because a human body throws out all the particles of the matter that is fit to nourish trees, and never converts it into aliment;

Ver. 666. Specific parts; for example, a man by concoction extracts from bread what is proper for human kind; a dog, on the contrary, what is agreeable to the species of dogs.

Ver. 669. Many things that we do not see, are evacuated out of the bodies of animals by a certain imperceptible force, διὰ τὸ μὴ δύνασθαι αὐτῶν τοῖς ἄνθρωποις, which static experiments fully confirm.

Ver. 673. In these eleven verses he teaches, that what he has been saying of animals, holds good in all other things, which consist likewise of certain kinds of atoms, disposed in a proper manner; and though in all things are contained some seeds that are common to all things, yet certain other seeds are mixed with them that are proper to each thing in particular, and these are the cause of the different intervals, motions, fites, connections, &c. from whence proceeds the difference and variety of things. He concludes excellently well; that notwithstanding the difference of the seeds, yet if the intervals, motions, &c. were not different likewise, the heavens, the seas, the earth, in a word, all things would be confusedly mingled with one another.

Ver. 684. Cicero is mistaken to say, that the Epicureans ascribed no quality whatever to their atoms. "Isti autem," says he, "ex corpulentis non colore, non qualitate aliqua, quam ποικίλῃς Græci vocant, non censu præditis, sed concurrentibus temere atque casu mundum esse perfectum," &c. lib. ii. de Natura Deorum. Epicurus himself writes the contrary in the epistle to Herodotus: Καὶ μὴν καὶ τὰς ἀτόμους νομίσαι ποικίλῃς τῶν φαινόμενων προσέθεσθαι, πολλὰς χρώμας καὶ βάρους τὴν φύσιν, καὶ ὅσα ἔξ ἀνάγκης χρώμας συμφύει. Ποικίλῃς γὰρ ἄλλαι οἶον χρώμα τὴν διουσίαν, παρὰ τὸν θῆον τῶν ἄστρον μεταβάλλουσι, διὰ καὶ τοῖς ἀστροῖς ἐκινεῖσθαι. Lucretius asserts the same opinion, and first in these nine verses teaches that they have no colours; and that there is no need of white seeds to make a white compound body, nor of black to make a black, &c.

Ver. 691. He means that the atoms have no colours whatever, either any like, or any unlike those that we discover on the surfaces of all concrete bodies.

Ver. 693. Lucretius was aware that he should find it very difficult to persuade many to believe, that there are no colours in the seeds, and consequently not in the compounds. For most men are so carried away by prejudice, that they will not believe that they can perceive any corporeal thing, that is not coloured; and therefore they cannot suffer that the seeds, which cannot be conceived by the mind as colourless, should be obtruded upon them as such. He therefore briefly, in these nine verses, obviates these prepossessions; and says, even men who are born blind perceive and know things by touching them, though they never saw their colours. Nor does all the perception of things set and go away with the sun. Even in the thickest darkness we perceive no less the things we touch, than those we handle at noon-day, and in the clearest light.

Ver. 702. In these eight verses Lucretius proves, in the first place, that the seeds of things are not coloured, because all colour is liable to change; but the seeds of things are immutable; otherwise all things would fall into nothing. Epicurus in the epistle to Herodorus. Πούρης πάντων ἁέμοις ἑντάχεται καὶ ἴδια μὴ μεταβάλλει, ὡς αἱ ἁέμοι μὴδὲ μεταβάλλουσιν ἐπὶ δόξῃσι δὲ τὸ ὑπομένειν ἐν τῶν διαλήσει τῶν συγκρίσεων στισιόν τε ἀδιόλυτον. ὁ τας μεταβολας ἐκ ὧς τὸ μὴ ἐν ποικίλῃσι αἱ δὲ ποικίλῃσι ἐκ ἑντάχεται καὶ ἐν ἰδίῃσι εἶναι χρώματι, τε διαμένειν, ἐν τῷ μεταβάλλουσιν ἐκ ὧσπερ ἐκείναι καταλείπονται. ἄλλ' ἐξ ὧν εὐ σώματος ἀπόλλονται. From whence Lucretius asserts, that if colour were intrinsically in the seeds, the seeds would be mutable: for all colour is mutable.

Ver. 710. Secondly, He teaches in these sixteen verses, that the atoms are not imbued with any colours, and that it would be to no purpose for any man to pretend they are, since there is no necessity they should be so; for allow them a variety of figures, and from the different order, site and disposition of them, colours will proceed; for example, the sea is of a cerulean colour, but grows white by the agitation of the waves. Thus too the seeds, which disposed in one manner, look blue when they are placed in another order, may put on and exhibit a white. But if a blue colour were innate, and naturally in the seeds, no position or agitation whatever could make those principles white.

Ver. 720. Ovid. Metam. xi. ver. 499. speaking of a tempestuous sea:

—cum fulvas ex imo vertit arenas,
Concolor est illis; Stygia modo nigris unda:
Sternitur interdum, spumisque sonantibus albet.

When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glitt'ring billows give a golden show:
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.

Dryd.

Ver. 726. But some perhaps will allege that the water of the sea is composed of various coloured atoms, from whence proceeds that change of colours in the waves, now cerulean, now white, in like manner as a square is composed of two or four triangles included in it; which triangles within themselves have other figures. But the poet, in these twelve verses, tells us this is not the case; for in the square you may see the dissimilar figures, without or exterior to which it is a square, that is to say, you may see the figures, which the square has and contains within it; but you can see nothing like this in the water of the sea, that is, you can see no mixed and different colours. And, therefore, the objection that some perhaps might make, that white things do not proceed from white seeds, nor black from black; but white from black, and on the contrary, black from white, &c. is of no weight whatever.

This is the interpretation which Faber gives to this passage.

Ver. 738. In these five verses, he proves the former objection to be of no weight whatever. For bodies of a different figure may conspire into another different figure, as triangles into a square: but there is no reason therefore to conclude the like of colours; for different colours can never compose one simple colour.

Ver. 743. He urges this yet farther, in these six verses, and asserts, that they who pretend that one simple colour may be made of seeds of several colours, forsake the former opinion, and overthrow the only reason of their own. For they insist upon coloured seeds, that white bodies may proceed from white seeds, and black from black: but if either a black or a white colour should proceed from various coloured principles, the whole reason of the argument they before insisted on is lost. Then he adds, that a white colour (and the same may be said of any other colour) will sooner proceed from seeds that have no colour at all, than from seeds imbued with a black or any other colour. Thus I explain this passage, which none of the interpreters hitherto have rightly understood: and it may be observed, that the whole series of the disputation confirms this interpretation.

Ver. 749. In these fifteen verses, Lucretius concludes, that the atoms are colourless, because colour is nothing but light refracted in a body, or reflected from the surface of an opacous body. The poet says nothing of refracted light; but if you put to your eyes a prism, or common three-cornered piece of glass, you will find that the rays of light, that suffer a double refraction, present several colours to the sight. But he observes, that the feathers about a pigeon's neck, or in peacocks tails, as the rays of light strike directly or obliquely upon them, put on and diffuse now a yellow, now a green, now a flame, and several other colours. And hence he argues, that in dark places, where no rays of light enter, and out of which none are reflected, there is no such thing as colours; and therefore that colours, which appear in things when the light returns, are produced from the light itself, according to the dispositions the things have to receive, reflect, refract, and convey it to the eyes. Therefore since seeds never come into the light, or reflect any rays, they are altogether colourless, as much as if they were concealed and buried in utter darkness. Epicurus, in the second book against Theophrastus says: ἐκ εἶναι τὰ χρώματα συμβῆναι τοῖς σώμασιν, ἀλλὰ γίνεσθαι κατὰ ποικίλιν τινὰς τάξεως, καὶ θέσεις πρὸς τὴν ὀψιν. And again: ἐκ εἶναι ὅπως δὲ τὰ ἐν σκοτίᾳ ὅλα φῆσαι χρώματα ἔχον. Plutarchus advers. Colorem.

The dispute about colours is altogether difficult: and various are the opinions concerning the cause and reason of colour. Epicurus and Democritus, as Diogen. Laert. lib. x. says, were of opinion, that colour is not actually in any thing; but the other philosophers asserted it to be really in things, yet with this difference, that

D d ii

the Pythagoreans did not distinguish colour from the surface of bodies, nor the Stoics from the first figurations of matter, nor the Peripatetics from the perspicuous bound of matter. Empedocles alone held colour to be a certain effluence from bodies, and Plato would have it to be a certain flame. This will help us to explain more clearly the opinion of Epicurus, who, as Plutarch says, taught that colours are not inherent in bodies, and a part of them, but are produced according to certain orders and positions of the sight. Moreover, that by the word bodies, he did not mean the atoms, but the things and bodies of the things composed of them, as the same Plutarch witnesses. Therefore I interpret his colours not inhering to be colours not engendered with, or innate in things. For Epicurus held, that in the outmost parts of things, or the surfaces of bodies, there is such a disposition and order of the atoms, of which the things are composed, as makes them exhibit and show forth certain colours, when the light comes to them; and that they emit out of themselves certain atoms, which constituting the image of the thing seen, strike the ball of the eye in such a manner, order, and disposition, that by certain strokes of the light, they are the cause that the things are seen in the eye itself. Nor would he allow any colour to be in his atoms, but taught that colours proceed from the various orders and positions of the atoms, when the light comes to them. Thus too Lucretius says, ver. 753. that there can be no colour in the dark; and, according to this doctrine, Virgil sings, *Æneid vi. ver. 271.*

—ubi cœlum condidit umbra
Jupiter, et rebus nox abtulit atra colorem.

This was the opinion of that philosopher. But the most probable opinion is, that colour is a certain power in bodies of affecting our organs after such or such a manner, whereby such or such a perception is excited and produced in the mind. This power is put into action by the intermeditation of the rays of light, and consequently colour is but light reflected and modified; for when the rays of light are withdrawn, no colours are perceptible. Colour so far depends on the object seen, that, according to the different disposition, connection, and situation of the parts of bodies, the different reflections of the rays of light are produced; therefore, if the disposition of the object be altered, the colour likewise will vary, because the rays will not then be reflected in the same manner as they were before. Thus crystal, when broken into small pieces, loses its perspicuous transparency, and becomes bright; and wood, though before white, grows black with burning. Besides, what reasons could be given for the various colours in clouds, which are sometimes red, sometimes white; and to what can we attribute the gaudy diversity of colours in the rainbow, but to the different modifications of the rays of light, according to the variations of the figures and motions of the particles of such bodies? Neither can any one justly deny these to

be colours, since colour is only such a power as is described above; nor ought it to be alleged, that because some colours are transitory and not permanent, they ought not really to be called colours, or at least, not without the addition of spurious: for it might with equal reason be asserted, that the short duration of the cause destroys the effect. Thus, a child that dies as soon as born, would not deserve the name; and the greenness of leaves might be said to be no colour, because they so soon fade and wither. If this were allowed, there would be no colours in the world; for there are not any that are everlasting. The opinion of Aristotle and his followers concerning colour is unsatisfactory: for they define it thus: A second quality, sensible to the sight, and produced from the tempering of the first qualities: But this definition leaves us still in the dark; for the question still remains, What this quality is? How it is produced? From what? When? Others define colour thus: "Perspicui extremitas in corpore determinatio, seu extremitas perspicui determinati." And the opinion of Plato, which I mentioned above, deserves to be transcribed at large. The passage is in his *Timæus*, p. 342. Edit. Lamanianæ. and contained in these words: *Τίταρον δὲ λοιπὸν ἐστὶ γένος ἡμῶν αἰσθητικόν, ὃ διαγίγσθαι χρὴ, συχνὰ ἐν αὐτῷ παικιδματὶ κινήμενον ἢ ζυμάναν μιν χροὺς ἰκαλίσταται φλόγα τῶν σωμάτων ἰσάτων ἀπορρίπτειν, ὃν σῶμα μὲν μέγα ἔχουσιν πρὸς αἰσθῆσιν* where, in express words, he calls colours flames, that is, light continually flowing from bodies. Moreover, if it be inquired how one object comes to be yellow, another green, a third red, &c. the answer is, That colours being only the mixture of light with darkness in the surface of opacous bodies, yellow, for example, is the mixture of light with a little darkness, blue with a little more, red with more yet; so that, as we said before, colours are nothing but light variously reflected and shadowed. Pindar, Ode vi. elegantly attributes to flowers, *παμπεφύρες ἀκτῖνας*, purple beams: And Cowley had something like this in his mind, when he said:

It casts a dusky gloom o'er all the flowers,
And with full beams their mingled light devours.

David. 2.

And in his Hymn to the Light he is entirely of this opinion:

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
Is but thy sev'ral liveries:
Thou the rich die on them bestow'st;
Thy pencil paints this landskip as thou go'st.
A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st:
The virgin lilies in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.
The violet, spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling bands:
On the fair tulip thou dost deat;
Thou cloth'st it with a gay and particolour'd coat.
Having given this short account of the several opinions concerning the cause of colour, I will

only add, that colours are generally divided into two sorts, simple and compound. The simple are only the extremes, white and black, to which some add yellow, blue, and red, which they call middle colours, as being of a middle constitution between white and black. The compound colours are those that are formed by the mixture of some of the simples: for example, the cinericean or ash-colour is a compofure of white and black; the gold colour, of yellow and red; the purple, of red and blue: the green, of yellow and blue; the livid, of red, yellow, and blue, &c. All which colours vary, according to the different mixture of falts with sulphurs, earth, &c. and where, the "caput mortuum" more or less abounds, there the mixture turns to a colour more or less dark, &c.

But to return to our author: Epicurus farther taught, that all things are not difpofed and ordered in a like manner, fo as to exhibit the like colours, when the light comes to them; but that one thing has a different difpofition from another, which is the reason that it exhibits a different colour; as pipes utter feveral and different founds, when they receive the breath of him that plays upon them; or as different plants that have no flowers, yet put forth different flowers, according as they have different heat or moifture; moreover, fince it is manifeft that the fame thing changes and varies its colours according to the different degrees of light or fhade, as it happens in the feathers of pigeons. Epicurus, therefore, for this reason, believed, that none of thofe different colours can be affumed or put on, fo as to be faid to be in the things themfelves: and therefore that no colour is inherent in bodies.

Ver. 764. Another argument is contained in thefe feven verfes. In the perception of every colour, the pupil or light of the eye is ftruck. But it receives one fort of ftroke when a white, another when a black, or any other colour offers itfelf to it. But what need have feeds of colours, that they may in various manners affect and ftrike the eye? Allow only that thefe principles are of different figures, and difpofed befides in different manners, and from thence will arife various images, by which they will variously ftrike the eyes, and ftir up different motions in the organs. For fight, according to Epicurus, is made *διὰ τῆς αὐτῆς ὁδοῦ εἰς τὴν ὄψιν ἑστῶτος*. And from this doctrine of his, we may gather, that he held each of the fenfes to be a certain touch, and that all fenfation is made by the incurfion of the image out of the object into the organ of the fenfe, which is ftruck by it; but this image is nothing elfe but the atoms themfelves, which come upon the fenfe in a different manner, according to their different pofition, order, figure, &c. Thus fight is made, when the atoms come from the object feen into the pupil of the eye, and move, and affect it according to their different pofition, order, figure, &c. But fince the perception of that image is different, according to the different motions or qualities of the atoms; hence it is that the ftrokes which the apple of the eye receives,

come to be different; and this is the reason it perceives different colours. But Aristotle taught, that the caufe of fight proceeds from the quality of the things feen, which quality difcovers and makes manifeft its power, and lays it open to the fenfe of fight. Plato and the Stoics are of another opinion, nor do they agree among themfelves. See A. Gell. lib. v. c. 15.

Ver. 771. In thefe fix verfes, he adds another argument, taken partly from the confeffion of thofe againft whom he difputes, and partly from the conftancy of the colours that appear in the different kinds of things. They, fays he, who imagine that feeds have colours, do not afcribe any certain colours to any certain figures, nor affirm that feeds of fuch a figure are of fuch a colour: for inftance, they do not pretend that all quadrangular feeds are black, nor that the round are white, the triangular blue, &c. Whence then proceeds this conftancy of colour in fome kinds of things? Why are all crows black? Why all fwans white? We fhould certainly fee both fwans and crows of various colours, if the feeds of which they are compofed were ftained with various dyes.

Ver. 777. In thefe eight verfes, he argues yet farther, and fays: Divide any coloured body, and the fmallier the particles are made, the weaker grow the colours; nay, they will at length be quite loft, and vanifh away even while the particles ftill remain vifible to the eye. We are therefore much in the wrong to expect colour in the principles of things, which we cannot find in the minutefte parts of bodies.

Ver. 785. In thefe ten verfes, he preffes hard on his adverfaries. All men grant, fays he, that the bodies which the noftrils cannot fmell, are inodorous, and that they which the ear cannot hear have no found. Then why muft it not be granted, in like manner, that the bodies which the eyes cannot perceive, are void of colours? For the fenfes are the fole judges of the qualities of things, nor ought we to believe that any quality can belong to a body which the fenfes do not afcribe to it. And fince there are bodies that want fome certain qualities, why may not the atoms in like manner want colour, fenfibility, cold, drynefs, &c.

Ver. 795. Enough of colours. He now demonstrates, in thefe twenty verfes, that the atoms are deftitute of all other qualities likewise, as fmell, cold, heat, found, humidity, tafte, foftnefs, flexibility, rarenefs, &c. To prove which he brings three arguments: Firft, If you allow fmell to the atoms, you will confound all things: the moft delightful fragrancy of the feeds muft be loft by the intervening of the unfavoury ftench of other feeds; and as when artifts compofe effences of rich perfumes, unlefs they make ufe of inodorous oil, that has no fcant at all, the oil will corrupt their fweeteft odours; we may conclude the fame likewise of tafte, found, heat, cold, &c. The feeds cannot be divided, and therefore cannot exhale either odours, or found, or heat, or tafte, or cold, which confift of particles that are

emitted and flow from bodies. Third, If you ascribe to atoms, softness, flexibility, rareness, brittleness, &c. you will at the same time make them mutable, therefore obnoxious to dissolution, and consequently all things must fall into nothing.

Thus we allow that Lucretius has convincingly performed his design of freeing his atoms from all sensible qualities: and indeed he is of late seconded by so many experiments of the late philosopher Boyle. that it is now past all doubt. And if we can believe our senses, we must forsake forms and qualities, and allow what we formerly called such to be only phantasms arising from the stroke of external bodies on our organs.

Ver. 815. Having proved that the seeds of things are void of heat, cold, smell, taste, colour, and all other sensible qualities, and having asserted, that hot, cold, favour, odorous, &c. things are nevertheless made of them, he now undertakes a greater task, and teaches, that things of sense can spring from senseless seeds, and that there is no need of any superior principle to matter, but a fit combination of atoms can think, will, and remember. To prove this, he appeals first to experience: Worms, says he, are bred from a rotten dunghill, in which it would be in vain to search for any life or sense. This argument is contained in nine verses.

Ver. 820. Thus bees too are produced from the bowels of a fuscated and putrified heifer, as Virgil says, Georg. iv. and Ovid. xv. Metam. & Fast. i.

— fervent examina putri
De bove; mille animas una necata dedit.

And Diodorus Siculus, in the beginning of his first books, says, That in the country about Thebes. at certain seasons of the year, large mice, that devoured every thing, were bred out of the clods of the earth. Athenæus in his eighth book, chap. 2. reports, that in Pæonia and Dardanium (now called Bulgaria), there rained down so many frogs from heaven (that is perhaps they were suddenly produced after great showers), that they filled all the public ways, and swarmed even in the private houses, inasmuch that their domestic furniture was covered with them; that they found them even in the very pots where they boiled their meat; and that, what with the trouble of the living, and stench of the dead ones, the inhabitants were forced at length to forsake their country. And Pliny, in his eighth book, ch. 29. reports, that a whole city in Gallia, and another in Afric, were driven away, the first by frogs, the other by locusts, which had been bred in like manner. And many examples of this kind might be collected in profane histories, not to mention those we find in the sacred writers. Ovid describes this production of animals from the putrid and fermenting slime of the river Nile:

sic ubi deseruit madidos septemfluus agros
Nilius, et antiquo sua flumina reddidit alveo,

Æthereoque recens exarsit sydere limus;
Plurima cultores versis animalia glebis [ipsa]
Inveniunt; et in his quædam modo capta sub
Nascendi spatium: quædam imperfecta, suisque
Trunca vident numeris: et eodem in corpore
sæpe

Altera pars vivit, rudis est pars altera tellus.

Metam. lib. i. v. 422.

Which Dryden thus interprets:

Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks with ebbing tides his ancient bed:
The fat manure with heav'nly fire is warm'd,
And crusted creatures as in wombs are form'd:
These, when they turn the glebe the peasants find,
Some rude and yet unfinish'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth,
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.

Ver. 824. Neither does he, to confirm this assertion, propose an example only in the generation of worms and animals. but in those already generated. Thus, in these twelve verses he tells us, that the food that is taken into the body of animals, from inanimate, as it was before, becomes animated. Beasts and birds, which are things of sense, are nourished with insensible food, as grass, leaves, &c. Mankind feeds upon birds and beasts; and thus men are at length composed of the insensible particles of grass, leaves, &c. He then illustrates this opinion with a very proper similitude. Dry wood is resolved into fire and flame; but insensible nourishment is not more different from living and sensible flesh, than dull wood from clear and shining fire and flame. And as from the wood must be extricated some particles, which by stirring up, and disentangling themselves from their former position, and then disposing themselves in a new order, may be endowed with that new power of shining and warming: so from the neat must be separated the spirituous particles, which, by being extracted in a certain manner, and disposed in a new, may obtain this energy of sensibility. For the procreation of sense, or of a sensible thing from insensible principles, is owing to the certain and peculiar magnitude, figure, position, order and motion of those principles.

Ver. 836. But lest experience itself should be thought to contradict the arguments he has brought from experience, he owns in these twenty verses, that he cannot deny that wood, stone, and earth mixed together, do sometimes remain insensible; otherwise we should see living houses, and sensible towers. He therefore confesses, that insensible things, unless they have a certain figure and magnitude, unless they be agitated in a due motion, and disposed in a certain order, never compose sensible things. But let all things necessary and requisite be allowed them, and then an animal will be produced from the most insensible of all things. For let wood putrify, or earth grow rotten with constant showers, and you will soon behold a numerous train of animals spring from that putrified wood and rotten earth.

Ver. 836. These five verses contain another argument to this effect. If the principles of which

sense consists be sensible, they must consequently be soft; because no hard or solid body is capable of sense; and if they are soft, they must be corruptible likewise; for unless they are solids, they may be divided, and therefore lose their nature. But the principles of things, as is before declared, ought to persevere and remain uncorrupted. Thus the philosopher Gassendus rightly explains this passage; but the grammarian Lambinus gives it a different interpretation; more agreeable to the rules of grammar, than to the doctrine of Lucretius. Moreover, this argument is chiefly designed against Plato and Anaxagoras: the first of whom held that all things are animated and sensible: the latter, that all things are in all things in such a manner that the insensible parts of things are mixed with the sensible. Thus both they and their followers held, that sensibles proceed from sensibles.

Ver. 861. In these fifteen verses, he proposes another argument. Let us suppose, says he, with Plato and Anaxagoras, that these sensibles, as they will have them to be, and consequently soft principles of things, can be eternal, and not subject to dissolution; yet they cannot be said to be sensible; neither as parts, because separated parts have no sense; for each part requires a union with the other parts to make it capable of sense: and without a vital consent and accord of the parts, there is no sense whatever; nor as wholes, because they then would be a certain kind of animals, and therefore mortal and corruptible, which contradicts the supposition.

Ver. 875. He goes on, in these five verses; because, says he, though they be admitted both as animals, and as immortal too, yet not an animal, at least like any of those we now see, would, or could be generated, that is to say, of its own, or combined into one species; but only a heap or crowd of various animalcules. Thus Gassendus: but Faber gives it another interpretation. Let it be granted, says he, that the principles are sensible; and since you will have so, not corruptible neither. What after all could be produced of them? Certainly nothing but animals: no tree, no metal, &c.

Ver. 880. In these eight verses, he derides those who assert, that atoms are indeed endowed with sense, but not with that which appears afterwards in the animals that are made of those atoms: to which he subjoins another argument, like that which he alleged above, at v. 820. Birds, says he, are made of eggs, and worms of rotten earth; but, who ever yet pretended that the eggs were sensible, or the putrid clods alive?

Ver. 888. But some perhaps will say, that the principles of things are indeed insensible, but that by the power and virtue of the thing that generates, those principles are changed into sensibles, and enjoy sense before they combine into an animal. To this Lucretius answers, in these fifteen verses, that the principles, separately taken are altogether incapable of change; and that the sense of no animal can be produced before the animal itself be perfect, because sense requires

such a consent and agreement of vital motions, as we should in vain expect in the principles of things, which fly confusedly scattered up and down in the air, the earth, the water, and fire. Here the poet seems to hint at those philosophers, who taught that all things are made of the four elements.

Ver. 903. The poet pursues his subject; and, in these ten verses, appeals once more to the truth of experience. For, says he, a violent stroke which only dissolves the texture and connection of the little bodies of which the animal consists, takes away all manner of sense; the animal is stunned, the soul is dissipated; and its particles being dispelled through the pores and issues of the body, death inevitably ensues.

Ver. 913. In these ten verses, he declares, that if the stroke be something weaker, all things may be restored to their former state, after some small discomposure of the little bodies; the disposition to vital motion still having the upper hand; and not being quite broken and dissolved. Thus the stunned senses revive afresh, the animal returns from the very gates of death, and recovers its former convalescence.

Ver. 923. In the next place, he proves, in these ten verses, that the seeds of pleasure and pain are therefore void of all sense; because, as pain proceeds from the violent expulsion of the seeds out of the state in which they are; so pleasure arises from the restoring of them into the same state again. But the principles of things are simple; nor can their parts be driven from the state in which they are, nor restored into the same state again. And, thus since the atoms are incapable of being affected with pleasure or with pain, they must be destitute of all sense.

Ver. 934. In these twenty-three verses, he compels his adversaries to mere absurdities. For, if things, because they are sensible, must be made of sensibles likewise, that is to say, like things of like; men, for example, must, of necessity, consist of principles, which even themselves laugh, weep, discourse, and reason concerning the mixture and composition of things, and even of their own selves, and inquire into what principles they are made of; for men laugh, weep, discourse; and reason. But if laughing, weeping, and wise things can be composed of principles that neither laugh, weep; nor are wise, why should not sensible things proceed from principles that are wholly insensible? He also urges another absurdity: for if you assert that laughing, weeping, &c. things proceed from laughing, weeping, &c. principles, even those seeds must be composed of others that are like them, and they again of others; and thus the progression would be infinite, and never at an end.

Ver. 937. I have already observed, book i. ver. 925, that these two verses are in the third book of Cowley's *Davidis*.

Ver. 955. He concludes, in these thirty-two verses, this long disputation concerning the production of sensible things: he recapitulates his former arguments, urges them yet more home,

weight, on which the other conjuncts depend. For motion, concourse, and stroke, are a consequence of weight. The two events are their site, and order, on which the other events likewise depend: for the intervals and connections depend on the site and position of the atoms; and the ways, places, or regions, on their order. Moreover, Lucretius will have all the qualities of concrete things to proceed from all the conjuncts and events of the atoms; though Epicurus seems to acknowledge but three of them to be necessary: Figure, site, and order; as may be seen in Lærentius, lib. x. Empiricus adv. Phys. lib. ii. and Laëtantius, lib. iii. cap. 17. And as to the manner how all the qualities of concrete bodies proceed from these three last conjuncts and events of the atoms, you may consult P. Gassendus, l. 10. in Lærent. pag. 218. & 317. where all those matters are at large explained.

Ver. 989. The feeds being now rightly prepared and instructed with motion, he requires a work of them, than which nothing is greater, nothing more prudent. nothing more noble.

He builds with them other earths, other suns, other stars, and in a word, innumerable worlds in the infinite void. He owns this opinion to be new and incredible, but will not have it therefore rejected: And would his Memmius be attentive to his arguments, and weigh the matter seriously, it would daily appear less and less strange and wonderful: for many things seem indeed astonishing for a while, to which when men are once accustomed, they no longer suspect the truth of them *ἄλλα μὲν τὸ Κόσμου ἀπειροὶ ἐστὶν εἶ
ἔστιν ἅπαντα, εἰτ' ἀνόμοιοι*; says Epicurus to Herodorus.

Here the translator has totally omitted the four following verses of his author :

Quærit enim ratione animus, cum summa loci sit
Infiuita foris hæc extra mœnia mundi;
Quid sit ibi porro, quò prospicere usque velit mens,
Atque animi jactus liber quo per volet ipse.

And indeed the interpreters vary in opinion concerning them; some retain them absolutely, others as positively reject them. In my opinion, they are neither absurd nor useless: for they explain the argument of the subsequent disputation; and the meaning of them is this: For I ask, says Lucretius, since without the walls of this world, these visible heavens, there is an infinite space, what is contained in that space, into which the mind is desirous to look, and by its own strength can freely consider without any hindrance or obstruction. This is the interpretation our translator himself gives this passage in the Latin edition of Lucretius.

Ver. 1006. If you will give credit to Epicurus, it is certain, that there is an infinite void; and that an infinity of feeds are flying up and down in it; but all those feeds did not combine into one body to compose this world of ours: Why then should we not believe, that in other parts of the infinite space, some atoms compose other frames, very like, or unlike this world which we inhabit

and behold: especially since the same nature reigns every where, and exercises the same power in all the parts of the infinite void. This argument is contained in nineteen verses. Epicurus himself writes thus to Herodotus: αἱ τὴ γὰρ ἄτομοι ὄνται θρόνοντι τὸ πᾶν ταῦτα, τὸ ἄλλωθεν ἄλλας εἰς ἀπεφασίαν κόσμων ἀνάγειν συντρέχουσι· ἡ γὰρ καθ' ἡμέραν αἱ τοιαῦτα ἄτομοι (ἕξ ἂν ἂν γένετο τὸ κόσμος οὗτος, ἢ ἕξ ἂν ἂν ποικίλῃ κόσμος) ὅτ' εἰς ἓνα, (fo Melmibion reads it) ὅτ' εἰς πεπρωμένους, ὅτ' εἰς τοιαῦτα, ὅτ' ὅσοι διάφραγμα τέττα, ὅσοι ὅσοι τὸ ἔμπα-
δίζον ἐστὶ πρὸς τὴν ἀπειρίαν τῶν κόσμων.

Ver. 1025. In these nine verses, he argues farther to this purpose. When all things that are requisite for the production of any thing are ready and at hand, why should not that thing be produced? But there is a sufficient store of matter, a place besides very proper; nor is there wanting that strength and power of nature, which composed this world of ours, of atoms that met fortuitously, and combined and joined together: Why then should not the same nature join together other matter likewise, which is prepared for her, and obedient to her; and produce other heavens, other earths, other seas, men, animals, &c. in other places of the infinite void? Metrodorus, an intimate friend of Epicurus has comprised this and the preceding argument in these words: ἀποπον εἶναι ἐν μεγάλῃ πύδι ἐν σάχῳ γινώσκοντες, καὶ ἵνα πορρῶν ἐν τῷ ἀπείρῳ ὅτι δι' ἀπειροσ καὶ τὸ πλῆθος ὅλων ἐκ δ' ἀπειροσ τὰ αἰτία εἶναι ἢ γὰρ ὁ μὲν κόσμος πανταρχαίως, τὰ δὲ αἰτία πάντα ἀρχαίως ἕξ ὧν δι' ὁ κόσμος γίγνεται, ἀνάγκη στείρας εἶναι, ὅση γὰρ τὸ πάσης γίγνεται αἰτία, ἐκὴ καὶ τὰ ἀπολείσματος. Plutarchus de Placit. Philosoph. lib. I. cap. 5.

Ver. 1034. Lastly, He proposes his third argument in these ten verses. Consider all created things, you will find in each kind a numerous train of like animals, which are called individuals: as in the human kind, men; in the brute, beasts, &c. Will you then pretend that there is only one sun and one earth: since the sun, the earth, the heavens, &c. are alike subject to perish, as are the other compound bodies. For according to the doctrine of those philosophers, against whom Lucretius here disputes, the reason why the several kinds of animals contain many of each kind is, because the individuals die.

Thus our poet ends his arguments to prove the plurality of worlds. But Epicurus and Lucretius were not the only men who held an infinite number of worlds. For, to say nothing of Plutarch, who, in the first de Placit. Philosoph. says expressly, there are many worlds: nor of Heraclitus, who, together with the Stoics, held an innumerable of worlds successively, as they call it, that is to say, that the worlds were renewed and made out of one another: nor of Heraclides, who, as well as the Pythagoreans, believed all the stars that glitter in the heavens, and light this globe of ours, to be so many other worlds: not to mention, I say, any of these, it is certain, from the testimony of Stobæus, Eclog. Phys. lib. ix. that Anaximander, Anaximenes, Archelaus, Xenophanes, Diogenes, Leucippus, admitted an in-

finite number of worlds. To these we may likewise add Anaxarchus, who, as Plutarch says, drew tears from Alexander the Great, by telling him, that the number of worlds was infinite. Democritus and Epicurus spoke aloud, that there were infinite worlds: And their disciple Metrodorus too was of the same opinion, and said, that it is no less absurd to imagine that there is but one world in the infinite universe, than it would be to affirm, that but one blade of corn is growing in a vast, spacious, and fruitful plain: as Plutarch witnesses in the place above cited. Thales indeed affirmed there is but one world, and that it was created by God. Empedocles too taught the same doctrine; but then he held it to consist of a very small particle of the universe. Yet why may there not be an actual multiplicity, though not an infinity of worlds: let us content ourselves with the belief of a possibility that there may be more than we know, or are aware of: For indefinite is not infinite; man may not find the term, and yet a term there may be. Let us only modestly remember to reserve the infinite, which the divines term *essentia*, that the speculation may be the safer. The rational and acute Bruno has travelled far on this argument, and strives to evince that there is a plurality of worlds: and for my part, so long as the considerations of these things rather adds to, and heightens the adoration of that infinite power of the great God, who, even by the author of the epistle to the Hebrews, is more than once only said to have created the worlds, Heb. i. 2. and xi. 3. I cannot see why we should censure such as have favoured and promoted these doctrines and opinions: among whom, besides the ancients before mentioned, are many of our late and best astronomers, as Kepler, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Des Cartes, Gassendus, Hevelius, and divers others of extraordinary note and reputation: Yet we need not be obstinate, or too dogmatical, “*adeo nefas existimandum est ea scrutari, quæ deus voluit esse celata*,” says Lactantius in his treatise de Origine Erroris. And whether or no there be more worlds than one, God only knows, who is both *intus* and *foris*; not as *in loco* but as being “*ens infinitum, principiumque, cui omne innititur ens*.” I will therefore conclude this infinitely confounding and incomprehensible subject with these very pertinent words of Pliny, who, speaking of the globe of this vast universe, says: “*Furor est, profecto furor est egredi ex eo, et tanquam ejus cuncte plane jam sint nota, ire scrutari extra: quasi verò mensuram ullius rei possit agere qui sui nesciat, aut mens hominis videre quæ mundus ipse non capit*.” Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. i. It is a madness, indeed a mere madness, to go beyond the limits of this world, and to be perpetually seeking without it; as if we had already attained a perfect knowledge of the things that are within it: For how can he, who knows not his own, take the exact dimensions of any thing else: or how should the wit of any man pretend to perceive those things, which the very world itself cannot comprehend or contain?

Ver. 1244. In these fifteen verses, Lucretius, after his usual manner, takes occasion from the foregoing positions, to fall foul upon Providence: He has before given peace and quiet to his gods; because nothing can be happy that has any thing to do: But let us now suppose, says he, that this blessed and happy Deity can be disturbed and vexed with business or the care of any thing; yet what strength, what power is sufficient to preside over, and to govern an infinite number of worlds, of suns, of earths, &c.? For to rule an infinite number of worlds, is too great an office to be administered with ease, even by a god who would be always busy, and allow himself no rest at all. Thus our impious poet treats that puny god, whom he feigned to be like man; and at length he concludes the whole with a scoff that atheists commonly advance, and which indeed is of more weight than this argument against Providence. Epicurus writes to the same purpose to Pythocles: *Καὶ μὴν ἐν τοῖς μὲν αἰσίοις φέρον, καὶ τροπῇ, καὶ ἐκείνῃ, καὶ ἀναίρων, καὶ οὖν, καὶ τὰ εὐσεύχῃ τοῖς, μὴ δὲ λειψυγῶς τίνες νομίζον χρεῖναι δεῖσθαι, μὴτε διατάκοντες ἢ διατάξαντες, καὶ ἅμα τὴν πᾶσαν μακαριότητα ἔχοντες. μὲτὰ ἀσθαρμίας ἢ γὰρ συμβῆναι περὶ γυναικῶν, καὶ φροντίδας, καὶ χάριτας μακαρίσθαι, ἄλλα ἀσθενέει καὶ φόβῳ, καὶ προσέειπεν τὸν πλεῖστον.*

Thus we see that Lucretius was so inveterate an enemy to the Divine Providence and Omnipotence, that he could not comprehend what Virgil not long after him visibly saw and believed, when in his 4th Georg. verse 221. he said,

—Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum, &c.

But the doctrine of Epicurus would not suffer our poet to believe, that the nature of our gods was sufficiently powerful to govern the affairs of the universe; and therefore he held, that all things arrive by accident, and that chance is the supreme disposer and governor of all. Plutarch tells us, that he embraced this opinion, having observed, “*Malis esse bonè, et bonis male*.” i. e. to use the words of St. Ambrose, “*Improbos abundare bonis, et bonos egere*.” That the wicked abound in good things, and that the good are in want. An impious belief, which even Cicero himself condemns in the first book of the Nature of the Gods, where he says: “*Sunt philosophi, et fuerunt, qui omnino nullam habere censuerunt humanarum rerum procuracionem Deos. Quorum si vera est sententia, quæ potest esse pietas, quæ religio? Hæc enim omnia pure et caste tribuenda Deorum numini ita sunt, si animadvertuntur ab his, et si est aliquid a Diis immortalibus hominum generi tributum. Sin autem Diî neque possunt nos juvare, neque volunt, nec curant omnino, nec, quod agamus, animadvertunt, nec est, quod ab his ad hominum vitam permanere possit, quid est, quod ullos Deos immortalibus cultus, honores, preces adhibeamus? In specie autem fictæ simulationis, sicut reliquæ virtutes, ita pietas ineffe non potest, cum qua simul et sanctitatem et religionem tolli necesse est.*”

Quibus sublatis perturbatio vitæ sequitur et magna confusio: atque haud scio an pietas adversus Deos sublata, fides etiam et societas humani generis, et una excellentissima virtus iustitiæ tollatur."

Ver. 1049. "Proh sancta Deum tranquilla pectora pace!" says Lucretius. And Epicurus is observed by Dionysius, bishop of Alexandria, to fill his books with oaths and adjurations: "Ορκους δὲ καὶ δεξιόχους μύθους τοῖς ἑαυτοῦ βιβλίοις ἀγχοῖσθε, ἀνὴρ τι πανυχῶς μὲν Δία, καὶ νῦν Δία ἔχοντων τὰς ἐνυπνίου, καὶ πρὸς ὅς διαλέγεσθε, πρὸς τῶν Θεῶν." Eusebius, Prep. lib. 14. cap. 27. He asserts many oaths and adjurations in his books, swearing often, and adjuring his readers by Jupiter and all the gods. And we may find Lucretius too sometimes of this humour, as appears by this passage, and some others, that may be observed here and there in this poem.

Ver. 1059. Having built an infinite number of worlds, and affirmed them to be mortal like animals, he now, in these twelve verses, asserts, that they are nourished, increase, and sometimes diminish, and at length die away. For the infinite universe supplies seeds, which the world receives, and they duly joining with it, it becomes more strong and vigorous: when it emits, and parts with as many seeds as it receives, then it stunts its growth, and stays at a stand, that is, neither increases nor decreases: but when more seeds fly away from the world than it receives, and are duly conjoined to its mass, then it waxes feeble, decays by degrees, and draws to an end.

This was the opinion of Epicurus, and he grounded this belief on these reasons: I. Because the world was once made, and had its beginning in time: as Cicero says, I. de Nat. Deor. II. Because he held the world to be of a like nature with animals. III. Because each individual part of this world consists of bodies that are born and die. IV. Because there is a continual war between all the parts that compose this whole, which are always contending with one another, and which contention must of necessity weaken, and will at length occasion the destruction of the whole frame. V. Because he would not allow any thing in nature to be not born, incorruptible and eternal, except these three things, the atoms, the void, and the *τὸ πᾶν* ALL, or the universe. But these opinions of his concerning his infinite worlds, or the decay of this, depending on his absurd, fortuitous concurrence, must of necessity have the same fate, and fall with it. Besides, we may bid any man, who is fond of these opinions, look on the face of the world, as it is painted in histories down from the Trojan wars, (for I press not more ancient, infallible records), about which time society first began, and he will see it look as young now, as it did then, and that its vigour is still as great.

However, some of the fathers of the Christian church have not dissented from this opinion: especially not St. Cyprian, who writes to Demetrius in these words: "Scire debes jam mundum non illis viribus stare, quibus prius steterat: nec vigore ac robore eo esse, quo ante prævalebat.

Hæc, etiam nobis tacentibus, et nulla descripturis sanctis prædicationibusque divinis documenta præbentibus, mundus ipse jam loquitur, et occasum sui rerum labentium probatione testatur. Non hyeme nutriendis seminibus tanta imbrium copia est: non frugibus æstate torrendis solita flagrantia est: nec sic verna temperie fata læta sunt: nec adeo arboreis fœtibus autumno fecunda sunt: Minus de effolis et fatigatis fontibus eruntur marmorum crusta: minus auri et argenti opes fugerunt: exhausta jam metalla, et pauperes venæ breviantur in dies singulos: Decrescit in arvis agricola: in mari nauta: miles in castris: innocentia in foro: iustitia in judicio: in amicitia concordia: in artibus peritia: in moribus disciplina. Minuatur necesse est, quidquæ sine jam proxima in occidua, et in extrema devertit."

Ver. 1067. Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 214. says to the same purpose with Lucretius.

Nostra quæque ipsorum semper, requique sine ulla,
Corpora vèrtuntur: nec quod fuimusve, sumusve,
Cras erimus. — — —

Which Dryden thus renders:

Thus even our bodies daily change receive;
Some part of what was theirs before they leave:
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were:
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

Ver. 1071. Having asserted that his worlds grow sometimes bigger, sometimes less, he explains in these twenty-seven verses the whole reason of the growth and decay of animals, and affirms that the same reason holds good in other things likewise. Now animals grow, because in the first part of their life, more nourishment is converted into their substance, than departs, and is lost from it: in the middle part of their life, when they are grown to maturity, as much only is converted into the substance, as goes away from it: then the age of the animal is at a stand; that is to say, the animal neither grows nor decreases; but in its declining age, more flies away from its substance, than is converted into it. Thus the animal increases and wastes away: but how it comes to pass, that in the first part of life more is received and conjoined, in the middle part as much, and in the last less, the poet does not think fit to inquire: And indeed the reason of that is concealed, and to my knowledge ever will be so from atheists.

Ver. 1074. Thus Cicero, in the second book de Nat. Deor. describes the manner by which the food is distributed into all the parts of the body. It is first, says he, received into the mouth to be chewed and ground to pieces by the teeth: when it is thus chewed, it is conveyed through the meat-pipe into the stomach, to be concocted: when it is there concocted, it is carried first to the liver, then to the heart, and is distributed from thence by the veins into all other parts and members of the body: and by this means and manner it is, that the whole animal grows, and is nourished.

Ver. 1081. Virg. Georg. 3. v. 66.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit : subeunt morbi, tristicque senectus ;
Et labor, & duræ rapit inclementia mortis.

In youth alone unhappy mortals live ;
But ah ! the mighty bliss is fugitive :
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labours come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom. *Dryd.*

Ver. 1098. He concludes in these thirty verses, that the world grows old in the same manner as animals do ; that is to say, that the conduits and passages in the world, which answer to the veins in animals, being impaired and weakened by the continual blows they meet with from external bodies, receive with great difficulty the matter that flows down out of the infinite void, and is proper to support and repair the world. And this mighty frame is extended so far and wide, that it parts with more matter out of its substance, than it receives afresh from the void ; and, therefore, must of necessity diminish, grow feeble, and decay. The earth, as Epicurus held, produced formerly of her own accord, all kinds of animals, fruits, trees, &c. but we now find by experience, that she is past her teeming time ; and, therefore, it cannot be denied but she now grows old.

Ver. 1105. I affirm, says the poet, that all these things did proceed from the earth : for animals were not let down from heaven, as the asserters of Providence pretend, by that chain, which none but one Homer ever saw : nor were they born of the sea, or from the waves that insult the shores. But that very earth, which at this day feeds and nourishes all kinds of things, is the very same earth that formerly brought them forth.

Ver. 1108. Homer feigned that all things were let down from heaven to earth by a golden chain. Yet, if we may take Plato's word for it, Homer meant only the sun, and shows that to be a chain of gold ; because, while the sun rolls round the universe and enlightens it, all things are safely preserved, and live and flourish, as well as those that are among the gods, as in our earthly abodes. But if the sun should stand still, and cease from his revolution, as if he were bound in chains, all things must of necessity perish. Macrobius on the dream of Scipio, will have that chain of Homer to be an uninterrupted connection of causes, that bind themselves together by mutual bands, even from the Supreme God to the last dregs of matter. " Cumque omnia continuis successionebus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad imum meandi ; invenietur pressius intuenti à summo Deo usque ad ultimam rerum fecem una mutuis se vinculis religans, & nusquam interrupta connexio : & hæc est Homeri carena aurere, quam pendere de cælo in terras Deum jussisse commemorat." Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 44.

Ver. 1111. Thus too Ovid, Metamorph. i. ver. 101

Ipse quoque, immunis rastroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per se dabat omnia Tellus.

And v. 107.

Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores.
Mox etiam fruges tellus inarata ferebat,
Nec renovatus ager gravidis canebat aristas.
Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina Nectaris ibant.
Flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.

The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd did fruitful stores allow.
The flow'rs unfown, in fields and meadows reign'd,
And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
In full wing years the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd :
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,
And honey sweated through the pores of oak.

Dryd.

To which I subjoin these incomparable verses of the same poet, in his translation of the fourth eclogue of Virgil :

Unlabour'd harvests did the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes then blush'd on ev'ry thorn :
The knotted oak did show'rs of honey weep,
And through the matted grafs the liquid gold did creep.

Ver. 1115. The earth is become so barren, that though we provoke her by constant tillage, even till we weary our oxen, and wear out our peasants with continual labour, yet the ungrateful soil de-ludes the hopes of the tiller, and produces not the crop he had reason to expect from his toil and industry. An evident and convincing proof, that the earth is now grown old and worn out to that degree, that she can no longer bring forth as she did in her youthful years.

Ver. 1121. The poet has subjoined to the argument taken from the doctrine of Epicurus, the poetical fable of the Golden Age. But being jealous that men would ascribe the fertility of the earth in those days to the benevolence of the Deity, and to the bounty and goodness of the gods to the pious men of that age, he scoffs at that opinion, and despises their ignorance, who do not yet know that the earth is grown feeble and barren with old age.

Ver. 1123. Because in the beginning of the world, men had nothing to do but to worship the gods : since the earth then produced the fruits of its own accord, and they had no need to employ their time in tilling it.

ANIMADVERSION,

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIIUS.

IN this book are deposited all the treasures of Epicurus ; of no great value indeed ; yet many of the ancients were continually pillaging them, till at length Tully entirely rifled and laid them waste. Lucretius with great labour strove to renew and establish them again ; but has met with the suc-

less he deserved: for it has sared with the doctrine of Epicurus, as with a child of a sickly race; though you cram it with the most nourishing and healthful food, it will at best be puny and infirm.

From v. 68. to v. 82. the poet teaches, that there is motion, nor do we disown it. And that the motion of all things proceeds from the motion of the principles; and this too we grant. But when, v. 84. he ascribes weight to the seeds, and asserts that to be the cause of their motion, he is too indulgent to himself and his atoms. Who can grant weight to all matter, and the same weight to bodies of the same bulk? Sense and certain experience cry out against it. But Epicurus had observed, that stones, wood, in short, all things that are contained within the bounds of this world tend downwards; and, therefore, believed that all things had descended from all eternity; which opinion, whoever embraces, will indeed be "nitidissimus de grege Epicuri Philosophus." He may as reasonably pretend, that the wheels, springs, or any other of the members and parts of an engine, will do the same thing separately, which they perform jointly. But, let us even grant this too. He presents us in the next place with infinite atoms, tending downwards through an infinite void by just degrees, and with equal velocity. In the immensity of the longitudes, latitudes, and altitudes, an infinity of innumerable atoms are flying to and fro: and these atoms overtaking, and laying hold of one another in the interjected void, cling and join together, and thus compose all the forms and figures of things. But how came they to overtake and catch hold of one another, since they all move with equal swiftness? To this he answers, v. 110. and says, they decline a little, even the least that can be. But even this declination is feigned at pleasure; for, as Cicero says, 2 de Finib. "Ait declinare Atomos sine causa, quo nihil turpius est Physico: & illum motum naturalem omnium ponderum, è regione inferiorem locum petentium, sine causa eripuit atomis: Nec tamen id, cujus causa hæc finxerat, assecutus est: nam si ve omnes Atomæ declinabunt, nullæ unquam cohærescent; si ve aliæ declinabunt, aliæ suo motu recte ferentur: primum erit hoc quasi provincias Atomis dare, quæ recte, quæ oblique ferantur." For he says that the atoms decline, without alleging any reason for their declination, than which nothing is more unbecoming of a natural philosopher. And without any reason likewise he has taken from the atoms that natural motion of all weights, that tend in a direct line to a lower place. Nor after all has he gained the point, for the sake of which he invented all this; for either all the atoms will decline, none will ever stick together; or some will decline while others move, as they naturally ought in a right line. And this is, in a manner, to prescribe to atoms their proper offices, and to enjoin some to descend in a direct line, others obliquely. Lucretius himself is aware of this difficulty, v. 216. where he is so far from solving it, that he rather yields and submits to its strength. But, v. 240. he starts another difficulty, by the help of

which he endeavours to extricate himself from the former: or like the cuttle-fish, throws out clouds of darkness and obscurity, that it may be more difficult to find and take him. For he asserts, that without this declination of the seeds, no reason can be given for the freedom of will which we perceive in all animals. But the same Cicero in the first book of the Nature of the Gods, answers him thus: "Hoc persæpe facitis, Epicurei, ut cum aliquid non verisimile dicatis, & reprehensionem effugere velitis; effertis aliquid quod omnino ne fieri possit: at satius fuerit illud ipsum, de quo ambigebatur, concedere, quam tam impudenter resistere; velis Epicurus, cum videret, si Atomæ ferrentur in locum inferiorem suapte pondere, nihil fore in nostra potestate, quod esset, earum motus certus & necessarius: invenit quo modo necessitatem effugeret, quod viz. Democritum fugerat: Ait Atomum, cum pondere & gravitate directò deorsum feratur, declinare paulum. Hoc dicere turpius est, quam illud, quod vult, non posse defendere." The custom of you Epicureans is this; when you assert any thing that is improbable to be true, and are desirous to avoid reprehension, you advance something that is wholly impossible to be done; but you would act more ingenuously, if you granted the matter in doubt, rather than insisted so obstinately on your own opinions, like Epicurus, who, when he saw that if the atoms were moved downwards by their own weight, nothing would be in our power, because their motion would be certain and necessary, found a way which Democritus never thought of, to avoid this necessity; and said, that an atom, though by its own weight and heaviness it be carried directly downwards, yet declines a little. To say this is more weak and dishonourable than not being able to make good what he asserted. And in his book, De Fato, Cicero likewise says: "Epicurus uno tempore, res duas suscipit inenodabiles; unam, ut sine causa fiat aliquid, ex quo existet, ut de nihilo quippiam fiat; quod nec ipsi, nec cuiquam Physico placet; alteram, ut cum duo Individua per Inanitatē ferantur, alterum è regione moveatur, alterum declinet." Epicurus takes upon him at once to make good two things, for either of which no reason can be given: one, that any thing can be done without a cause; from whence it will follow, that any thing can be made of nothing; which neither himself nor any natural philosopher will allow: the other, that when two indivisible bodies are moved through the void, one of them should descend in a straight line, the other by declination. And, in the same book he goes yet farther; and says, "Quæ ergo nova causa in natura est, quæ declinat Atomum? aut num fortiantur inter se, quæ declinet, quæ non? aut cur minimo declinet intervallo, majore non? aut cur declinet uno Minimo, non declinet duobus aut tribus? Optare hoc quidem est, non disputare; nam neque extrinsecus impulsam Atomum loco moveri & declinare dicit, neque in illo Inani, per quod feratur Atomus, quidquam fuisse causæ, cur ea non è regione ferretur, nec in ipsa Atomæ mutationis aliquid factum est, quomobrem naturalem

sui ponderis motum non teneret. Ita cum attulisset Epicurus nullam causam, quæ istam Declinationem efficeret, tamen aliquid sibi dicere videtur, quam id dicat, quod omnium mentes aspernentur & respuant." What new cause is there then in nature that can make an atom decline? Or have they cast lots among themselves which shall decline, and which not? Or, why does an atom decline the least interval of space, and not a greater? Or, why does it decline one least, and not two or three? This is to choose what he will say, not to dispute: for he neither says, that an atom declines in its motion, by reason of any outward impulse, nor that in the void through which the atom is moved, there is any cause why it does not descend in a direct line; nor, lastly, that any change is made in the atom itself that may oblige it not to keep and observe the natural motion of its own weight. Thus, though Epicurus alleges no cause of that declination, yet he seems to himself to say something, even when he says that which the understanding and reason of all men despise and reject. And thus Cicero has laid waste the gardens of Epicurus, and overthrown all that philosophy that attacked even Providence itself.

But Lucretius is more successful in that long disputation, from v. 319. to v. 547. concerning the variety of the figures of his atoms: and likewise in that of the seeds of different figures that enter into the contexture of every compound body, which begins at v. 547. and ends at 683. He also adorns his arguments with fables properly introduced and applied, and supports his assertions with several strong and convincing reasons.

Nor will any adversary of the Epicurean philosophy ever be able to evade those arguments, by which, from v. 684. to v. 988. he demonstrates, that his atoms are void of colour, smell, heat, in a word, of every quality, and of all manner of sense. I confess he does not rightly explain the origin of sense, but he proves, that the sense of animals is not due to sensible seeds, which was his chief design in this book, with a sharpness of wit and strength of judgment, even worthy of Lucretius himself.

At length, from v. 989. to v. 1059. he builds

innumerable worlds: and this too might have been granted, if he had assigned any proper architect for so great a work. "Sed quis credit ex Atomorum Concurfione fortuita hujus Mundi pulcherrimum ornatum esse perfectum? An cum machinatione quadam aliquid moveri videmus, ut Sphæram, ut Horas, ut alia permulta, non dubitamus quin sint opera illa rationis? Cum autem impetum Cæli cum admirabili celeritate moveri, vertique videamus, constantissime conscientem vicissitudines anniverfarias cum summa salute & conversatione rerum omnium, dubitamus quin ea non solum ratione fiant, sed etiam excellenti quadam divinaque ratione? Quod si Mundos efficere potest Concurfus Atomorum, cur Porticum, cur Templum, cur Domum non potest, quæ sunt minus operosa, & multo quidem faciliora." Cicero, de Nat. Deor. lib. 2. Who can believe that this most beautiful frame of the world was produced and perfected by a fortuitous concourse of atoms? When we see any thing move, as it were by art and skill, as the spheres, the seasons, and many other things, do we doubt whether they are the works of reason? When we see with what wonderful celerity the sun is moved and whirled around, and how he causes the annual changes and vicissitudes to the utmost benefit and preservation of all things, do we doubt that all these things are not the work of reason, nay, of an excellent and divine reason too? And if a concourse of atoms can make worlds, why can it not make a portico, a temple, or a house, which requires less skill and labour, and are much more easy to make? Thus Cicero, that most grateful champion of Providence.

Lastly, from v. 1060. to the end of this book, the reader may behold innumerable worlds born daily, and dying every day, and blest his own good fortune, that he remains safe and unhurt in the midst of so many and so great ruins and devastations. Meanwhile, he cannot but smile to see some infant sucking worlds, and others grown feeble and doddered with age, now dying with hunger, now choked up with fat. For nothing is more certain, than that Lucretius always loses himself when he falls foul upon Providence.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

THIS is that book of Lucretius, which, above all the rest, ought to be read with most judgment and discretion. For, since it is in this that the poet endeavours to prove the soul to be of a corporeal nature, it may fall out that some will too credulously yield themselves up to his arguments; while others, persuaded that such a doctrine, right or wrong, ought to be condemned without mercy, will voluntarily deprive themselves of reading so excellent a book. Lest this should happen, it will not be amiss to put them in mind that many of the ancients were of opinion, that spirits are to be

reckoned in the number of corporeal things. Among those was not only Porphyrius, in his admirable *Περὶ ψυχῆς ἀσώτου*; but Plotinus and Jamblichus; and of us Christians, Tertullian, Basil, and Augustin, not to mention the more modern. Now, if these ancients were not condemned for following this belief concerning spirits, I think there is no reason that we should be so much offended at Lucretius's opinion of corporeal souls. Hitherto is nothing but what you may read without being scandalized at it. And would to God Lucretius had stopped here: For others have as-

asserted the immortality of the soul, which, nevertheless, they believed to be of the same nature with spirits; however, they referred to its own right, or what the bounty of God has bestowed upon it. But our author, when he has shown the soul of a man to be a corporeal substance, strenuously and obstinately asserts, that it is impossible but that it must likewise be subject to death and dissolution; and that the generality of men being astonished, cast down, and overawed by the tyranny of religion, are horribly mistaken, to believe, that

Æternas nigra pœnas in morte timendum.

Lucret.

they have any reason to dread eternal torments after death. Thus you see the rocks and shelves that you ought to avoid and fly from and you will do well to compare this doctrine of the Epicurean sect with the arguments of the Platonists, who asserted the immortality of the soul: but much better, if laying aside the disputations and controversies of this wavering and uncertain philosophy, you apply yourself directly to him, who has demonstrated, that the Parent and Father of all things is GOD THE LIVING, BUT NOT OF THE DEAD. Another thing, reader, you ought continually to have before your eyes, which is this: Be our souls spiritual, or if you will, corporeal: yet we ought not much to trouble our heads about these arguments of Lucretius, since being Christians, as we are, we verily and unfeignedly believe, that the time will come that this brute and senseless mass of the body, which the soul now informs and guides, when after a

course of years it is turned into corruption and dust, and then scattered and dispersed away, will, nevertheless, at length unite again; and being thus collected and got together out of water, air, and earth, will remain and persevere for an endless succession of ages. Let Lucretius then prove, if he will, the nature of the soul to be corporeal, and therefore liable to death; he will advance nothing that will startle a true Christian; since we believe the future resurrection and immortality of the body, upon surer grounds than any arguments of vulgar physiology, and of chemistry itself (for that wonderful experiment, of which Quercetanus and others make mention, concludes nothing for the resurrection of the body), though they are equally, nay, more difficult to prove and believe. Let me add one thing more. The treatise of Tertullian, which is intitled *De Anima*, will assist you very much in the right understanding of this book: if you read it, you will peruse the most excellent work of that great man. To conclude, If in this book, or in any other of my writings, the false opinions of Lucretius have dropped from me, either through haste or inadvertency, I desire it may be remembered that I am the actor, not the poet; and that I here unsay and recant all things of that nature which may have slipped from me by either of those means. Nor, indeed, is my course of life such, that when my soul comes to be separated from my body, I should willingly expect that end which nature has ordained for the brute animals that perish. Farewell.

TANAQUIL FAHER.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet flatters himself, that, in the two former books, he has fully and rightly explained the nature, and the properties of his atoms. In the four remaining books, he applies himself very attentively to describe the effects which those atoms produce. And first, as he had reason to do, he brings upon the stage the parts of the mind, and of the soul: And this is the subject of the disputation of all this book, which he begins, I. With the praise of Epicurus, whom, from ver. 1. to ver. 92, he extols for having been the first who taught, that this world, and all things in it, were not made by the Deity, but by a fortuitous concourse of atoms; and for delivering, by that doctrine, the minds of men from the fear of the gods, of death, and of punishments after death. II. Having by way of preface, said this of Epicurus, he teaches, from ver. 92. to ver. 133, that the mind and the soul are a part of man, in like manner as the feet, the hands, the arms, the head, and the other members; and not a vital habit of the whole body, or an accord and consent of all the parts of the body, which some of the ancient philosophers called harmony. But that he may dispute distinctly, and without confusion, because he uses promiscuously the words mind and soul, he teaches, III. from ver. 133. to ver. 160. that the mind and the soul are but one thing; but that the mind is the chief part, and resides in the heart, because fear, joy, and all the other passions, which obey and depend on the mind, discover themselves there, while the soul, in which the locomotive faculty is solely placed, being diffused through the whole body, is moved as the mind pleases. IV. Then, from ver. 161. to 177, he endeavours to demonstrate, that the nature of the mind and soul is corporeal, because the mind touches the soul, and moves it, and the soul touches the body: but where there is no body there can be no touch. V. From ver. 178. to 307, he teaches, that this corporeal mind is composed of atoms extremely subtle, minute, and round. And particularly that this mind consists of heat, wind, or vapour, and air, and of another thing, which consisting of the seeds the most subtle, the most minute, and the most subject to motion, is the principal and original cause of

sense. But how the heat, the wind, the air, and this fourth, nameless thing, are mingled, or what proportion of each makes up the composition, he ingenuously confesses he cannot tell. VI. From ver. 308. to 331, he asserts, that the soul and body are so united together, that they cannot be separated without the destruction of both of them. And, VII. from ver. 333. to 353, he asserts, that not only the mind, but the body too has perception, or rather the whole animal, composed of body and soul. VIII. After this, from ver. 353. to 396, he refutes the opinion of Democritus, who taught that the reflexive parts of the soul are fitted and joined to the respective parts of the body. And having affirmed before that the mind is the most excellent part of the whole compound, he now farther asserts, that the life and preservation of the animal depends more on the mind than on the soul. IX. From ver. 396. to 809, he endeavours to prove, by six and twenty arguments, that minds and souls are born with the bodies, and die with them, and, by the way, derides the transmigration of Pythagoras. X. In the next place, from ver. 810. to 836, he teaches, that death is nothing, because the soul, being mortal, has nothing to fear after death; nay, that if it be granted that the soul is immortal, as Plato held, yet death still is nothing, since the separated soul would not remember that she had ever been before. XI. Then to ver. 874, he laughs at the vain anxiety of men concerning their sepulture: and thence, to ver. 915, proves that death is not an ill, because the dead want not those good things which the living enjoy, but are exempted from those calamities which afflict and torment us wretches that are alive. XII. That even life itself is not a thing very desirable, because it has nothing new to give us, but always the same wanton pleasures, till at length we loathe them, to ver. 976. XIII. But lest the fables, which the poets feign of hell and of future punishments, should fright us, he explains those fables, and shows, that they are verified upon earth; that we feel those torments while we are living, and have no reason to dread them after we are dead, to ver. 1026. XIV. Lastly, To the end of this book, he puts us in mind, that it is both foolish and absurd to bemoan ourselves that we must die, since the wisest of men, and the most potent princes and emperors, have been forced to submit to the inevitable power of death. And he teaches, that men lead unquiet and anxious lives, because they avoid the thoughts and contemplation of death, and are foolishly fond of that life which they must one day lose, which can supply them with no new delights, and is exposed to innumerable dangers and afflictions. And that, after all, by the longest life to which they can attain, they save not one moment from the length of death, which is as much eternal to them who die to-day, as to those who died many ages ago.

THEE who hast light from 'midst thick darkness
brought,

And first life's benefits and pleasures taught;
Thee, chiefest glory of the Grecian state,
I strictly trace, willing to imitate,
Not contradict: For how can larks oppose
The vig'rous swan? They are unequal foes:
Or how can tender kids, with feeble force,
Contend in racing with the noble horse?
Thou, parent of philosophy, hast shown
The way to truth by precepts of thy own. 10
For, as from sweetest flow'rs the lab'ring bee
Extracts her precious sweets, great soul! from thee

We all our golden sentences derive;
Golden, and fit eternally to live.
For when I hear thy mighty reasons prove,
This world was made without the pow'rs above,
All fears and terrors waste, and fly apace;
Through parted heav'ns, I see the mighty space,
The rise of things, the gods, and happy seats,
Which storm, or v'ilent tempest never beats, 20
Nor snow invades, but with the purest air,
And gaudy light diffus'd look gay and fair:
There bounteous nature makes supplies for ease,
There minds enjoy uninterrupted peace:
But that which senseless we so grossly fear,
No hell, no sulph'rous lakes, no pools appear:
And through the earth I can distinctly view,
What underneath the busy atoms do.
From thoughts like these I mighty pleasure find,
And silently admire thy strength of mind, 30

By whose one single force to curious eyes,
All naked and expos'd whole nature lies.

Since then I've taught what seeds of bodies are,
And how they move, what different shapes they wear,

And how from these, all beings first may spring:
Next of the mind, and of the soul I'll sing;
And chase that dread of hell, those idle fears,
That spoil our lives with jealousies and cares,
Disturb our joys with dread of pains beneath,
And fully them with the black fear of death. 40

For though some talk they should less fear to
Than live in a disease, or infamy [die,
That they know well, the soul consists in blood,
And our philosophy can do no good:
Observe, they talk thus rather out of love
To empty praise, than what they say, approve:
For these same men, to chains, or banishment
Condemned; to gallies, or to prison sent;
Though infamous by horrid crimes they're grown,
Yet still to endure, and patiently live on: 50
Nay more, where'er these boasting wretches
come,

They sacrifice black sheep on every tomb,
To please the manes; and of all the rout,
When cares and dangers press, grow most devout.

Therefore to know mens souls, and what they are,

View them beset with dangers, and with care.
For then their words will with their thoughts agree,

And, all the mask pull'd off, show what they be.

Besides, all blind ambition, and fierce lust
Of avarice, those parents of unjust,
Which make men plunge through sins, and vex
each hour

With cares and pains, to climb to wealth and
pow'r,

This shame, these great disturbers of our breath,
Are chiefly nourish'd by the fear of death :

For infamy, contempt, and poverty,

All seem so near the gates of death to lie,

That while by senseless fears, men frighted strive
As far remov'd, as possible, to live :

By civil wars endeavour to get more ;

And, doubling murders, double their vast store ;

Laugh o'er their brother's graves, and tim'rous
guests 71

All hate, and dread their nearest kinsmans feasts.

From the same cause the meagre envious rise,

And look on other's wealth with troubled eyes ;

Complaints they make, and passion'tly repine,

That some with pow'r, and some with honour
shine ;

While they lie mean, and low, and without fame ;

And thus they die for statues and a name.

When some this dread strikes deep, ev'n life they
hate ; 79

And their own hands prevent the stroke of fate :

Yet still are ignorant that this vain fear

Breeds all their trouble, jealousy, and care ;

Makes men unkind, unchaste, and break their
trust ;

In short, destroys whate'er is good and just.

So some their parents, and their country sell,

To free themselves from death, and following hell.

For we by day, as boys by night, do fear

Shadows, as vain and senseless as those are.

Wherefore that darkness that o'ercreeps our souls,

What can disperse, but those eternal rules, 90

Which from firm premises true reason draws,

And a deep insight into nature's laws.

First then, the mind in which the reason lies,

Is part of man ; as hands, and feet, and eyes

Are part of animals : though some have taught,

And ev'n philosophers, that sense and thought

Do no partic'lar feat, no part controul,

But are a vital habit of the whole ;

In Greek call'd harmony ; and that from thence

Flows all our reason, life, and thought, and
sense ; 100

But 'tis no part : so health and strength belong

To man ; but are no parts of him that's strong.

But this is false.

For often when these vis'ble members smart,

Briek joys still seated in some unseen part :

And to o'th' contrary, when minds oppress'd,

Sink under cares, their bodies are at rest.

So often, when the hand or foot complains,

The head is vigorous, and free from pains.

Besides, when charms of sleep have clos'd our

eyes, 110

Languid, and void of sense, the body lies :

Yet even then some other part appears

Disturb'd with hope, with joy, and empty fears.

But farther, to convince you that the soul

Is part, and not th' harmony of the whole ;

For, though some limbs are lost, life keeps her
seat ;

But when few particles of vital heat,

And our last breath goes out, life likewise flies,

And the forsaken carcase wastes and dies :

Which proves, our lives not equally depend, 120

For their first rise, continuance, and end,

On ev'ry part ; but chiefly heat and air

Make life within us, and preserve it there :

Then both these two are there : but swiftly gone,

And leave our limbs, as treach'rous death comes
on.

Now since the nature of the mind and soul

Is fully found, and prov'd a part o' th' whole ;

Let those that call it harmony, and please

Their fancies, to derive such words as these,

From music's sounds, or whence so'er it came,

Apply'd to that which had no proper name,

Take back their term again : 'tis here o'erthrown,

And useles prov'd : Let us go farther on.

Next, then, I must affirm the soul and mind

Make up one single nature, closely join'd :

But yet the mind's the head and ruling part,

Call'd reason, and 'tis seated in the heart :

For there our passions live, our joy, our fear,

And hope, which proves the mind must needs be
there :

But the inferior part, the soul, confin'd 140

To all the limbs, obeys the ruling mind,

And moves as that directs ; for only that

Can of itself rejoice, or fear, or hate.

Passion and thought belong to that alone ;

For soul and limbs are capable of none.

As when the hand, or eye, or head complains,

All the whole body is not vex'd with pains :

So often, when the lab'ring mind, oppress'd,

Sinks under cares, the soul enjoys her rest.

But when the mind a violent passion shakes, 150

Of that disturbance too the soul partakes ;

Cold sweats bedew the limbs, the face looks pale,

The tongue begins to falter, speech to fail,

The ears are fill'd with noise, the eyes grow dim,

And feeble shakings seize on ev'ry limb.

And thus, on sudden frights men often swoon,

A strange effect from which 'tis plainly known,

The mind and soul are join'd, and make but
one.

For here the mind's force strikes the soul, and so

The stroke goes on, and strikes the body too, 160

But, to enlarge this instance more, this proves

The mind material too, because it moves

And shakes the limbs, makes them look pale and
wan ;

In short, directs and governs the whole man ;

All which is done by touch : And all that touch

Are bodies ; therefore mind and soul are such.

You find the spirit with the body dies :

Both pain and pleasure share but mutual ties :

For when by manly force the bearded darts,

Shot through the membranes, jag the tender

parts ; 170

Though present death does not attend the

wound,

Yet chilling damps the sick'ning soul surround :

Drooping we bend towards the magnet ground :

E e ij

With such desire, as shows an earth-born mind,
Doubtful to take its flight, or lag behind.
Hence the soul's kindred with the body's plain,
Since by corporeal darts it suffers pain.

The mind prov'd body, I'll go on to find
What sort of body 'tis that makes the mind.
First then, it is a small and subtle one; 180
Because no action is so swiftly done,
As what the mind begins. This instance proves
The mind, than other things more swiftly moves.
But what thus easy to be mov'd is found
Of very little seeds, and very round
Must needs be fram'd; so that the weakest shove
May push them forward on, and make them move.
Water by slightest strokes is mov'd, and flows,
'Cause small and slipp'ry parts the streams com-
pose.

But honey and thick liquors stubborn prove; 190
Made dull, and heavy, and unapt to move;
For all their parts more join'd, and closer fall,
Because they're not so round, so smooth, and
So heaps of poppy seed, so sand, disjoint'd, [small.
Is scatter'd by the softest breath of wind;
But massy stones, or darts, together cast,
Stand firm against, and scorn the roughest blast;
Which proves that seeds small, smooth, and round,
are best

For vig'rous motion; rough, and great for rest.
Now since the nature of the mind is found 200
So apt to move; of bodies small and round
It must be fram'd: Which knowledge, lovely
youth,

Will lead thee on to undiscover'd truth.
For hence, by easy inf'rence, you may guess }
How subtle all its parts! what small recess, }
If crush'd together, it would all possess!
For when the stroke of fate invades the heart,
And the affrighted mind and soul depart,
The weight and bulk remain; contented death
Leaves all secure, but vital sense and breath: 210
Therefore the seeds that frame this soul, through
all

Our limbs diffus'd, are subtle, thin, and small:
Because when that's all gone, each limb retains
The former bulk, the former weight remains.
So when the brisker spirits leap from wine,
And parts from odours with the air combine;
When from our limbs a subtle humour flows,
The body weighs the same, the same bulk }
shows;

Because small seeds all juice, all smells compose. }
'Tis certain then the seeds that frame the mind
Are thin, and small, and subtle, and refin'd; 220
For when the mind is gone, the former weight
Each limb retains, the bulk remains as great.

And yet 'tis mix'd; for when life's pow'r's
decay,

A gentle breeze, with vapour, flies away;
This vapour likewise shows that air is there,
All heat has air; for heat, by nature rare,
Must still be intermix'd with parts of air. }

Well then, we know the mind and soul com-
prise }
Three things; yet from all these no sense can
No vig'rous thought from such a frame as this. }

Then we must add a fourth thing to this frame;
And yet that fourth, though something, has no
name: 233

Its parts are smooth, small, subtle, apt to move,
When press'd, or troubl'd by the weakest shove:
From this comes sense. This the first stroke re-
ceives,

And then the impulse to the vapour gives,
Then to the unseen wind, then to the air,
Thence through our limbs 'tis scatter'd ev'ry
where.

The blood, with troubled motion, strikes the
heart, 240

And a quick sense runs through each inward part:
Then through the marrow, then through ev'ry
bone,

Whether it be a sharp, or pleasing one:
But vi'lent passions, as strong grief, or fear
Scarce enter far, and make disturbance there;
But strange convulsions run our body o'er,
And life and soul fly out at ev'ry pore.
But oft the motion on the surface plays,
Stops there; and that's the reason that life flows.

Next, how these four are mix'd, I would re-
hearse, 250

How fitly join'd; but now my flowing verse
The poorness of the Latin tongue does check;
Yet briefly, and as that permits, I'll speak.

They all confus'dly move; no different space
To each allotted, and no proper place
Where this divides from that, and lies alone;
But all their pow'r's conjoin'd arise as one.
So gen'rally, in ev'ry peace of meat,
Our sense discovers odour, flavour, heat, 259
The flesh the same: So heat, and air, and wind
Make up one nature mix'd, and closely join'd
With that quick force, which makes them move,
and whence

Through all the bodies parts springs vig'rous sense.
This nature's deeply hid; this does possess
The inmost space, and most remote recess.

As in our limbs, the soul's remov'd from view,
Because its seeds are thin, and small, and few;
So this fourth nameless force within the soul
Lies hid, its chiefest part, and rules the whole.
So likewise must the heat, and air, and wind
Be in convenient place, and order join'd:
This must be uppermost, that lower fall,
To make it seem one nature, fram'd of all;
Left heat and air, plac'd sep'rately, distract
The power of sense, and make it cease to act.

Heat in the mind is shown, when passions rise;
When anger burns, it sparkles through the eyes:
And when the trembling body shakes for fear,
And blood grows cold, we know that wind is
there.

In those the pow'r of air is chiefly seen,
Whose heart's untroubled, and their looks serene:
Those have most heat, by nature most inclin'd
To rage; such is the lion's furious mind,
Who, roaring, bursts with gen'rous disdain,
Nor can his breast his vi'lent rage contain.
Most parts of wind compose the deer's cold soul;
From whence a trembling chill runs through the
whole.

The peaceful ox contains most parts of air;
And is not subject to much rage, or fear:
A temper, 'midst the lion and the deer. 290

So mens minds differ too; though moral rules
And arts can polish, and reform our souls:
Yet still some seeds remain; they still appear
Through all the masks and vizards we can wear:
Some small remainders of the primitive mind,
Some evil passions will be left behind:

Whence some are prone to rage, some to distrust;
Some fearful are, and some more mild than just.
A thousand more varieties they show; 299

Each diff'rent mind has diff'rent manners too.
Whose hidden causes I shall ne'er explain,
Or names sufficient, and expressive feign
For all those infinite varieties [rise.
Of shapes, whence all these diff'rent manners
Yet this, methinks, might be affirm'd as true;
Those tracts of nature are so weak, so few,
Which learning leaves unchas'd; that we, in
spite of these,

May rival ev'n the gods in happiness.

This nature through the limbs spreads ev'ry
where,
And life, and health, preserves with prov'dent
care: 310

For they are join'd, and each on them depends,
And the least separation death attends.
As when from grains of myrrh you force away
The rav'ning smell, their natures too decay;
So parts the soul and limbs, you all destroy;
So close they join, and common life enjoy!

Nor can the soul and body, separate,
Perceive or think in their divided state:
For the first stroke is by the nerves convey'd,
And from their jointly motions sense is made. 320

Besides, the body is not born alone,
Nor grows, nor lives, when mind and soul are
gone:

For though the water, heated o'er the fire,
May lose some vapours, yet remain entire,
The limbs, when mind and soul are fled, submit
To the same fate, and die, and rot with it.
Nay more, e'er tender infants see the light,
Before they pass the confines of the night:
While yet within their mothers womb they lie,
If these two separate, they fail, and die. 330

Whence learn, that since the cause of life's com-
bin'd,

And lies in both, their natures too are join'd.

Farther, who to the limbs all sense denies,
And says, the soul, which through the body lies,
Is subject of that motion we call sense,
He fights against the clearest evidence.

What need of arguments, what need of words;
The strongest proof the thing itself affords:
Yet ev'ry limb wants sense, the soul once gone,
And loses much as feeble age comes on. 340

That eyes no objects see, to sight oppos'd;
But that the soul, as through wide doors unclos'd,
Looks through them, is plain nonsense: 'Tis
refel'd

Ev'n by their sense, who this wild fancy held:
This seems so plain, 'tis brought to near our eyes,
That he is blind, or shuts them, who denies:

Chiefly when fulgid objects view'd, the sight
Grows dim, and dazzled by too great a light:
For doors unclos'd, no harm, no danger know,
Whatever body 'tis that passes through. 350

Were the eyes doors through which the soul
did look,

View'd all around, and her fair prospect took,
Our sight would stronger, quicker, better prove,
If th' eyes pluck'd out, we all the bars remove.

And now to solve these doubts, must not be
brought,

As learn'd Democritus's school has taught,
That soul and limbs are equal, o'er the whole,
To ev'ry limb an equal part of soul.

For first, the seeds of souls are less than those,
Which all the bodies grosser parts compose; 360
Neither in number, nor in bulk so great,
And o'er the limbs in distant spaces set:
So that as few, and little as suffice

For that weak motion, whence our senses rise;
So few, so little, we must all confess

Those diff'rent spaces which those seeds possess.
For often falling dust we scarce perceive;

Nor dew by night, nor what the spiders weave,
When o'er our limbs the subtle chains are spread,
Or the decaying web falls o'er our head: 370

Nor plumes, nor chaff, nor such light things as
these;

Nor the swift motion of the wand'ring fleas:
So that a strong impression must be made,
And the quick stroke to many parts convey'd,
Before the little bodies of the soul

Can feel, and through those distant spaces roll,
Meet, strike, and part again, and thus perceive;
Be pleas'd with the first object's stroke, or grieve.

The mind's the chiefest part of all the whole;
Life more depends on that, than on the soul: 380
When that departs, no soul can longer stay;

But servilely attends, and flies away,
Expires, and vanishes in the same breath,
And leaves the limbs in the cold hands of death.

But he still lives, whose mind remains alone;
Although his limb's lop'd off, the soul is gone.

So let ingenious tyrants malice strive,
Of many limbs, though not of all, deprive;
And so divide the soul, the man will live. }
Thus leave the pupil sound, but cut the white, 390

We still enjoy the nobler pow'r of sight:
But that once hurt, though all the parts around

Be left entire, and firm, and free from wound,
The pow'r decays; and an eternal night,

And frightful darkness all o'er spreads the sight;
Darkness, where'er the wounded eye-balls roll:

And like these two, in this, are mind and soul.

And now, my lovely youth, to let thee know,
That souls and minds are born, and mortal too.

I'll write such verse, as shall appear to be 400
By curious labour wrought, and worthy thee:

Do you take both express'd by either name,
Both words in this dispute express the same.

So that, for instance, when the soul you find
Prov'd mortal, think I likewise mean the mind: }

Since both do make but one, two natures join'd.
First then, since I have prov'd the soul consists

Of smaller parts than water, smoke, or mist;
E e iii

Because than all these three more apt to move,
 And take impression from a weaker shove ; 410
 For by the images of smoke and streams,
 And thinnest mists, 'tis mov'd, as when in dreams
 From fancy'd altars smoky clouds arise,
 And in dark rolls are scatter'd through the skies ;
 Those thoughts are rais'd by subtle images. }
 And since you see, that when the vessel's broke,
 The waters runs away : since the thin smoke,
 By ev'ry tempest scatter'd through the air,
 Confus'dly mixes with it, and does perish there ;
 Conclude the thin contexture of the mind, 420
 An easier prey to ev'ry rougher wind,
 With ease dissolv'd when from the body gone ;
 'Tis tof'd in air, all naked, and alone.
 For since the limbs, that vessel of the soul,
 Could not contain its parts, and keep it whole,
 When bruise'd, or drain'd of blood ; how then can
 air,
 A body, than our flesh and blood more rare.

Besides : 'tis plain that souls are born and grow ;
 And all by age decay, as bodies do :
 To prove this truth ; in infants, minds appear 430
 Infirmer, and tender as their bodies are :
 In man, the mind is strong ; when age prevails,
 And the quick vigour of each member fails,
 The mind's pow'rs too decrease, and waste apace :
 And grave and rev'rend folly takes the place.
 'Tis likely then the soul and mind must die ;
 Like smoke in air, its scatter'd atoms fly ;
 Since all these proofs have shown, these reasons
 told,

'Tis with the body born, grows strong, and old.
 Farther : as violent pains, and strong disease
 Torment the limbs, and all the body seize ; 441
 So grief and trouble mind and soul surprize :
 'Tis likely therefore, that the soul too dies.
 Sometimes, when violent fevers vex the brain,
 The mind grows mad, and raves with equal pain.
 Sometimes, when dull and death-like lethargy,
 And lasting sleep sits heavy on the eye,
 The soul is lull'd : the man nor knows, nor hears ;
 His friend's kind voice, nor sees their falling tears ;
 While they with pious care about him weep, 450
 And strive to rouse him from his death of sleep.
 Since then the limb's disease affects the mind,
 That must be mortal too : for still we find,
 By thousand instances, diseases wait
 On death, as the sad messengers of fate.

Besides ; when wine's quick force has pierc'd
 the brain,

And the brisk heat's diffus'd through ev'ry vein ;
 Why do the members all grow dull, and weak ?
 The tongue not with its usual swiftness speak ?
 The eye-balls swim ? the legs not firm, and strait :
 But bend beneath the bodies nat'ral weight ?
 Unmanly quarrels, noise, and sobs deface
 The pow'rs of reason, and usurp their place ?
 How could this be, did not the precious juice
 Affect the mind itself, and spoil its use ?

Now things, that can be thus disturb'd, that cease
 From usual actions, by such lets as these,
 Would die, suppose the force, or strokes increase. }

Oftimes with violent fits a patient falls,
 As if with thunder struck ; and foams and bawls, 470

Talks madly, shakes, moves here and there, breathes
 short ;

Extends, and tires his limbs with antic sport ;
 Because the venom, scatter'd o'er the whole,
 Makes such strange stirs, and motions through the
 soul ;

As boist'rous storms, which o'er th' ocean rave,
 And raise white curls upon the foaming wave :
 He groans, because, when pain'd, the seeds of
 voice

Break forth in a confus'd and troubled noise :
 He's mad, because the parts of soul and mind
 Are by the poison's violence disjoin'd, 480
 Disturb'd and tof'd : but when the causes cease,
 The black malignant humours, and disease, }
 In some convenient vessel lurk in peace ;
 His weakness wears, and he forgets his pain :
 His strength, his life, his sense return again.
 Now since diseases can this soul divide,
 While strengthen'd by, and to the members ty'd ;
 Who can believe, this tender substance, mind,
 When from the body loos'd, can brave the wind ?

And since our minds as well as bodies feel 490
 The pow'rs of medicines that change or heal,
 They must be mortal : for to change the soul,
 You must, or change the order of the whole,
 Take off some old, or add some parts anew :
 Now what's immortal, common sense has told,
 Can gain not one new part, nor lose one old :
 For whatsoever suffers change, unties
 Its union, is not what it was ; but dies.

Therefore the mind, or by diseases griev'd,
 Or by the pow'r of medicines reliev'd, 500
 Shows herself mortal : Such plain evidence,
 Drawn from the strongest reason, surest sense,
 Does all their specious sophistry oppose,
 And either way confutes, and overthrows.

Besides, experience shows that patients die
 By piecemeal ; through the toes, then legs, then
 thigh { moves,
 Creeps treach'rous death ; then through the rest it
 By slow degrees ; and this one instance proves
 That the soul mortal is ; since death does slowly
 spread ;

And some parts are alive at once, and some at once
 are dead. 510

But if you think the soul, by fate oppress'd,
 Can to one limb retire, and leave the rest,
 That part, where so much soul has residence,
 A greater must enjoy, and quicker sense :
 But since none such appears, 'tis plain it flies
 By piecemeal through the air, and therefore dies.
 But grant what's false ; the soul can backward }
 And huddled up, within one member lie ; { fly,
 Yet this infers the soul's mortality.
 For what's the diff'rence, if by latest breath, 520
 Expell'd, or huddled up, 'tis crush'd to death ?
 While from the limbs the senses steal away,
 And by degrees the pow'rs of life decay.

And since the soul is part, and since it lies
 Fix'd in one certain place, as ears, or eyes ;
 So, ev'n as those, when from the body gone,
 Perceive not, nor endure, but perish soon ;
 The mind can't live, divided from the whole,
 The limbs, which seem the vessel of the soul,

Or somewhat, if you please, more nearly join'd :
Because these two the closest ties do bind. 531

Lastly, both soul and body join'd perceive,
Exert their nat'ral pow'rs, endure, and live :
Nor can the soul, without the limbs, dispense
Her vital pow'rs; nor limbs, without the soul,
have sense.

For as the eye grows stiff, and dark, and blind,
When torn from off her seat; so soul and mind
Lose all their pow'rs, when from the limbs
disjoin'd.

Because 'tis spread o'er all, and there preserves
Her life, by vital union with the nerves. 540
Nor could the little seeds of soul commence
Those short vibrations, that are fit for sense,
Were the space great; which, strictly all en-
clos'd.

They well perform : but from the body loos'd,
And to the wide inconstant air expos'd,
Could ne'er enjoy; because the air and mind
Can never, as the soul and limbs be join'd;
For could the thin inconstant air controul,
And keep in order too the fleeing soul,
And the those motions too of sense maintain, 550
Which now she does through ev'ry nerve and vein,
And all our limbs; then we might justly call
The air a body, and an animal.

Thus then the soul, all naked and alone,
When from the body loos'd, her cov'ring gone,
Must die, both soul and mind, for both are one.

Besides; since when the mind and soul are fled,
The carcase stinks, and rots as soon as dead;
How can'st thou doubt, but that, the union broke,
The scatter'd soul flies through the limbs, like
smoke: 560

And therefore must the body's fabric fall,
Because the soul, that did preserve the all,
Upheld, and strengthen'd it, is now no more,
But fled through ev'ry passage, ev'ry pore,
Which shows the soul, as all her pow'rs decay,
Her parts dissolv'd, flies scatter'd all away.

Nay more: whilst in these limbs, as death
comes on,

Her parts are all dissolv'd, before she's gone;
Nay, while she's yet alive, some strokes pre-
vail, 569

And shake the soul; her pow'rs begin to fail;
The members tremble, and the face looks pale,
As if 'twere real death. This happens when we
swoon;

Ev'n then the mind and soul are almost gone;
The ties of union almost all undone:
For then the mind's assaulted, and would bow
To fate, if shaken by a stronger blow.

Then who can think, that from the members gone,
Expos'd to th' air, all naked, and alone,
It can, but one short moment be secure;

Much less, as long as time, as endless years, en-
dure; 580

Besides; what patient e'er perceiv'd the soul
Forake the dying members, safe and whole?
Or that by slow degrees it seems to rise,
First through the throat, then higher jaws; then
flies:

But ev'ry sense in its proper organ dies.

And were the soul immortal, would the mind
Complain of death; and not rejoice to find,
Herself let loose, and leave this clay behind?

As snakes, whene'er the circling year returns,
Rejoice to cast their skins; or deer their horns. 590

And why is not the soul produc'd in any part,
I th' head, or hands? Why only in the heart?
But that each being has its proper seat;
And there begins; there grows mature, and great:
Thus flames ne'er rise from waves, nor cold from
heat.

And if the soul's immortal; if she lives
Divided from the body; if perceives,
She must enjoy five senses still: for who
Can fancy how the soul can live below,
Unless 'tis thus endow'd? Thus painters please, 600
And poets too, to draw their souls with these.
But as without the soul, nor eye, nor ear,
Nor either hand can touch, or see, or hear,
So neither can this soul, this mind perceive
Without these hands, these eyes, these ears; nor
live.

Besides; our vital sense is spread o'er all;
The whole composure makes one animal:
So that if sudden, violent strokes divide
This whole, and cast the parts on either side;
The soul and mind too suffer the same fate, 610
And part remains in this, and part in that.
Now what can be divided, what can lie,
And waste in several parts, can likewise die.

So chariots arm'd on ev'ry side, to wound,
When fiercely driv'n, bring death to all around:
And yet the wounded man, so quick's the blow,
Is scarce disturb'd; scarce seems to feel, or know:
His wound: and now but half a body grown,
Still hastes to fight, still eagerly goes on;
Nor misses he his arm, dragg'd o'er the field, 620
And by the chariots torn, much less his shield;
Others, that lose their hands, that climb the
wall,

Reach on, or feel; and wonder at their fall:
Others, their legs lopp'd off, attempt to rise,
While the poor foot lies trembling by, and dies:
And when the head's chopp'd off, the eyes and face
Still keep their nat'ral, still their vital grace;
The look is vivid still, nor seems like dead,
Till every particle of soul is fled.

So likewise chop a ven'mous serpent's train, 630
You'll see each single part is vex'd with pain;
Each turns, each bleeds, and sprinkles all the
ground

With pois'nous gore, each wriggles at the wound:
What then? Has ev'ry part its proper soul?
This were to place a thousand in one whole.
Thus then the soul, by the same fatal blow,
That chopp'd the pois'nous tail, is cut in two:
Therefore 'tis mortal, subject unto fate,
Because divisible as well as that.

Farther: were soul's immortal, ne'er began, 640
But creep'd into the limbs to make up man,
Why cannot they remember what was done
In former times? Why all their mem'ry gone?
Now if the mind's frail pow'rs so far can waste,
As to forget those num'rous actions past,
'Tis almost dead; and sure can die at last.

Therefore the former soul must needs be dead;
And that, which now informs us, newly made.

But when the body's made, when we begin
To view the light, if then the soul creep'd in, 650
How is it likely it should seem to grow,
Increase, and flourish, as the members do?
No: she would live confin'd to her close cage,
With pow'rs, as great in infancy, as age.
Again then and again, the soul is born and dies:
For let's suppose it fram'd without; what ties
Could knit this soul so close? How could this mind,
As sense assures, with ev'ry limb be twin'd?
For now 'tis knit to ev'ry nerve, and vein,
To ev'ry bone, that ev'n the teeth feel pain: 660
As when with sudden chop they grind a stone;
Or when cold water thrills the heated bone.
Since then 'tis join'd so close, how can this soul,
Loos'd from limbs, bones, and nerves, fly off se-
cure and whole?

But now suppose the mind was fram'd before,
And then infus'd: Grant this, I'll ask no more:
This proves 'tis mortal too: for while the soul
Insinuates her substance o'er the whole,
Its parts must be dissolv'd: the nat'l tie
Of union loos'd: Therefore the soul can die. 670
As meats, diffus'd through all the members, lose
Their former nature, diff'rent things compose:
So minds, though safe and whole they first begin
To enter, are dissolv'd in enter'ing in,
Because those subtle parts, this soul contains,
Must be diffus'd through all the nerves and veins:
And that which enter'd, rules the body now,
Is the same soul, that dy'd in passing through; }
And therefore souls are born, and perish too.

Besides; from carcases, some parts alone, 680
Or the whole substance of the soul is gone,
If only part, 'tis dead; its seeds dijoin'd;
For some do fly away, some lurk behind:
But if all goes, why then do troops of flies,
Why num'rous insects from the bodies rise, }
Swarm o'er the members? What's the cause of
this?

But grant you can believe, a proper soul
For ev'ry worm descends secure and whole;
Nor think it strange, that when the former's gone,
A thousand little souls should come for one; 690
Yet still 'tis doubtful, whether ev'ry mind
Hunts carefully for seeds of proper kind,
And fashions its own case, or else does wait
Till all the limbs are perfect, all complete, }
And then goes proudly in, and takes her seat.
For what should prompt the soul to all this pains?
What make her work? Since free from slavish
chains.

Of matter; hunger, cold, no sharp disease,
To anxious cares her happy substance seize: }
From the united limbs she suffers these. 700
But grant it good for minds to put on clay,
How are the bodies form'd, what curious way?
How, in what manner is the action done?
Souls cannot, therefore do not frame their own.
And did they enter perfect frames, what art
Could subtly twine one soul with ev'ry part;
That this should act on that, so nearly join'd;
The mind affect the limbs; the limbs the mind?

Besides; why lions fury? Why the deer
From their cold fires derive their nat'l fear? 710
Why foxes craft? Why proper pow'rs adorn
Each diff'rent kind, unless the souls are born?
For were the souls immortal, could the mind
Fly off, and leave his former case behind,
And take another of a diff'rent kind? }
What change in an'mals manners must appear?
The tyger-dog would fly pursuing deer;
The hawk forget his rage, and learn to fear,
Trembling at ev'ry little dove that flies; 719
Men would be foolish all; and beasts be wise.
For 'tis absurd, that this immortal mind
Should change according to the diff'rent kind
Of body, unto which the soul's confin'd.
For things thus changeable, the nat'l tie
Of union broke, the scatter'd parts can fly
Dispers'd, disorder'd, and themselves can die.
But if they say, that souls, expell'd by fate,
To other bodies of like kind retreat;
Then tell me why? Why does the wisest soul,
When creep'd into a child, become a fool? 730
Why cannot new-born colts perform the couric
With equal straining as a full grown horse?
But that the souls are born, increase, and grow,
And rise mature, as all their bodies do.
Perchance they'll say; weak minds, and tender
sense

Belong to tender bodies: Poor defence!
This yields the cause: this grants that minds are
frail,

Whose former life and pow'rs can change and fail.
Besides; come tell me, why a soul should grow,
And rise mature, as all the members do? 740
If 'twere not born? When feeble age comes on,
Why is't in haste, and eager to be gone?
What? does it fear, it makes such haste away, }
To be imprison'd in the stinking clay?
What? does it fear the aged heap's decay?
Or that 'twill fall, and crush the mind beneath?
Fond fear! immortal beings are exempt from
death.

'Tis fond to think, that whilst wild beasts beget,
Or bear their young, a thousand souls do wait,
Expect the falling body, fight and strive, 750
Which first shall enter in, and make it live.
Or is it agreed, do previous leagues declare,
That 'tis her lawful right, who first comes
there,

To enter in; and so no need of war?
Besides: no trees in heav'n, no stars below,
The hills no fish, the stones no moisture know; }
Each has its proper place to live and grow.
So neither souls can live without the blood,
And nerves, and veins, and bones: for grant they
could, 759

Then through one single part, as arm, or head,
'I would first be fram'd; and thence o'er th' others
spread;

As water, into vessels pour'd, does fall
First to one part, then rise, and cover all.
But since 'tis certain, that a proper place
Is settled for the life, and the increase
Of mind and soul, 'tis folly to believe,
They can be made without the limbs, or live.

Therefore the soul, spread o'er the limbs, must fail,

And die with them, as years and death prevail.

For that immortal beings should lie confin'd 770
To mortal, and their diff'rent pow'rs be join'd,
And act on one another, is absurd; [ford,
Plain nonsense! What more fond can dreams af-
Than mortal with immortal join'd in one,
Should feel those harms, 'twas free from when
alone?

Besides, what is immortal, must be so
Because 'tis solid, 'bove the pow'r of blow;
Whose parts no wedge divides; which knows no
pore;

And such are seeds, as I explain'd before:
Or else, because like empty space, 'tis such 780
As is secure from stroke, and free from touch;
Or else, because it can admit no bound,
'Tis infinite, and knows no place beyond
To which the seeds may sink: this makes the all
Eternal; there's no place whence seeds may fall,
And breed confusion there: no space does lie
Without the whole, to which the parts may fly,
And leave the mighty all to waste and die.

Now 'tis not perfect solid; ev'ry mass 789
Between the seeds contains some empty space:
Nor is it void untouch'd; for subtle wind,
With rapid storms, can hurry on the mind,
Or take one part, and leave the rest behind.
Besides, there's space enough, to which the tie
Of union loos'd, the scatter'd parts may fly.
Thus then the mind is mortal, and can die.

But if you think't immortal, free from wound,
Because its substance is encompass'd round,
Fenc'd from destructive causes, or that such
Can very seldom if at all approach: 800

Or if they should fly off before they make
Confusion there: this is a grand mistake:
For, not to mention how diseases vex
The soul, what fears of future ills perplex;
Whence guilty conscience shall affright the mind;
For sins strike deep, and leave despair behind:
'Tis mad, forgetful, sometimes lethargy,
And deadlike sleep sit heavy on the eye.

Then what has bugbear death to frighten man,
Since soul can die as well as bodies can? 810
For as we neither knew, nor felt those harms,
When dreadful Carthage frighted Rome with
arms,

And all the world was shook with fierce alarms;
Whilst undecided yet, which part should fall,
Which nation rise the glorious lord of all:
So after death, when we shall be no more,
What though the seas forsake their usual shore,
And rise to heav'n? What though stars drop from
thence?

How can all this disturb our perish'd sense?

But now, suppose the soul when separate, 820
Can live, and think in a divided state;
Yet what is that to us, who are the whole,
A frame compos'd of body, join'd with soul?
Nay grant the scatter'd ashes of our urn
Be join'd again, and life and sense return;
Yet how can that concern us when 'tis done;
Since all the mem'ry of past life is gone?

Now we ne'er joy, nor grieve to think that we
Were heretofore, nor what those things shall be,
Which, fram'd from us, the foll'wing age shall
see. 830

When we revolve how num'rous years have run,
How oft the east beheld the rising sun,
Ere we began, and how the atoms move,
How the unthinking seeds for ever strove;
'Tis probable, and reason's laws allow,
These seeds of ours were once combin'd as now:
Yet now who minds, who knows his former state,
The interim of death, the hand of fate,
Or stopp'd the seeds, or made them all commence
Such motions, as destroy'd the former sense? 840

He that is miserable, must perceive
Whilst he is so: he then must be and live:
But now, since death permits to feel no more
Those cares, those troubles which we felt before:
It follows too, that when we die again,
We need not fear; for he must live who lives in
pain.

But now the dead, though they should all return
To life again, would grieve no more, nor mourn
For evils past, than if they'd ne'er been born.

Now when you hear a man complain, and
moan, 850

And mourn his fate, because, when life is gone,
His limbs must waste, and rot in earth, or feast
The greedy flames, or some devouring beast,
All is not well: He, by strong fancy led,
Imagines sense remains among the dead.
Nor can I think, though he himself denies,
And openly declares the whole man dies,
But that some strong conceits he still believes,
Fond fool! that he himself himself survives:
For now, ev'n while he breathes, ev'n while he
lives, 860

And thinks he must be torn, or burnt, he grieves:
Thinks still his carcase must be he, and thence
His idle fears infer, there must be sense:
And hence he grieves, that he was born to die,
Subject to treacherous mortality: [death
But never thinks, fond fool! that when kind
Shall close his eyes in night, and stop his breath,
Then nothing of this thinking thing remains
To mourn his fate, or feel sharp griefs and pains.
And if 'tis miserable to be torn 869

By beasts, when dead; why isn't not so to burn?
If that's an ill, why not as great a one
To be oppress'd with earth, or marble stone?
Or dipp'd all o'er in honey? or be roll'd,
O'er boist'rous waves, on cliffs expos'd to cold?

Ay, but he now is snatch'd from all his joys;
No more shall his chaste wife, or prattling boys
Run to their dad with eager haste, and strive
Which first shall have a kiss, as when alive. 870
Ay, but he now no more from wars shall come,
Bring peace and safety to his friends at home.
Wretched, O wretched man! one fatal day
Has snatch'd the vast delights of life away:
Thus they bewail, but go no farther on;
Nor add, that his desires and wants are gone;
Which if they thought, how soon would all give
o'er

Their empty, causeless fears, and weep no more?

'Tis true, thou sleep'st in death, and there shalt lie,
Free from all cares, to all eternity: 889

But we shall mourn thee still; no length of years
Shall overcome our grief or dry our tears.

Now I would gladly know, come tell me why,
Why dost thou pine with grief, and weep, and
sigh?

Why dost thou vex thyself, and beat thy breast,
Because thou once must sleep in death, and rest?

So when the jolly blades, with garlands crown'd,
Sit down to drink, while frequent healths go
round,

Some, looking grave, this observation make:

All the delights are short we men can take:

Now we enjoy, but gone, we wish in vain, 900

In vain desire to call them back again:

As if the greatest ill in graves they fear,
Were thirst, or to want wine, or garlands there,
Or any other thing they fancy here.

Fools! ev'n in common sleep what cares molest?

What thoughts for life, or health, disturb our rest?

For men eternally might still sleep on,

Free from such cares, their rest disturb'd with
none:

Yet then the mind is well, 'tis whole, it lives,

And aptly moves, nay, and almost perceives;

Small strokes will make the man, and he re-
vives. 911

Then death, if there can be a less than least,

Is troubled less with anxious cares than rest.

Because in death few parts of mind remain;

And he that sleeps in death ne'er wakes again.

But now, if nature should begin to speak,

And thus with loud complaints our folly check:

Fond mortal, what's the matter thou dost sigh?

Why all these fears, because thou once must die,

Must once submit to strong mortality? 920

For if the race thou hast already run

Was pleasant; if with joy thou saw'st the sun;

If all thy pleasures did not pass thy mind

As through a sieve, but left some sweets behind,

Why dost thou not then, like a thankful guest,

Rise cheerfully from life's abundant feast,

And with a quiet mind go take thy rest?

But if all those delights are lost and gone,

Spilt idly all, and life a burden grown;

Then why, fond mortal, dost thou ask for
more, 930

Why still desire t' increase thy wretched store,

And wish for what must waste like those before?

Not rather free thyself from pains and fear,

And end thy life, and necessary care?

My pleasures always in a circle run,

The same returning with the yearly sun.

And thus, though thou dost still enjoy thy prime;

And though thy limbs feel not the rage of time;

Yet I can find no new, no fresh delight,

The same dull joys must vex the appetite, 940

Although thou could'st prolong thy wretched
breath [death]

For num'rous years, much more if free from

What could we answer, what excuses trust?

We must confess that her reproofs are just.

But if a wretch a man oppress'd by fate,

Mourns coming death, and begs a longer date,

Him she more fiercely chides: Forbear, thy sighs,
Thou wretch, cease thy complaints, and dry thy
eyes.

If old, thou hast enjoy'd the mighty store

Of gay delights, and now can'st taste no more;

But yet because thou still did'st strive to meet 941

The absent, and contemn'dst the present sweet,

Death seems unwelcome, and thy race half run,

Thy course of life seems ended, when begun;

And unexpected hasty death destroys,

Before thy greedy mind is full of joys.

Yet leave these toys, that none besit thy age;

New actors now come on; resign the stage.

If thus she chides, I think 'tis well enough;

I think 'tis nothing but a just reproof: 960

For rising beings still the old pursue,

And take their place; old die, and frame the
new:

But nothing sinks to hell, and sulph'rous flames,

The seeds remain to make the future frames:

All which shall yield to fate as well as thou;

And things fell heretofore ev'n just as now:

And still decaying things shall new produce;

For life's not giv'n to possess, but use.

Those ages that in long possession ran,

And measur'd hasty time, ere we began; [on;

What are they all to us? From this think farther

And what is time to us, when life is gone?

Besides, what dreadful things in death appear?

What tolerable cause for all our fear?

What sad, what dismal thoughts do bid us weep?

Death is a quiet state, and soft as sleep.

And all, which we from poets tales receive,

As done below, we see, ev'n whilst alive.

No wretched Fantalus, as stories tell,

Looks up, and dreads th' impending stone in hell;

But heavy weights of superstitious care 981

Oppress the living; they disturb us here,

And force us chance, and future ills to fear.

No Tityus there is by the eagle torn;

No new supplies of liver still are born:

For grant him big enough, that all the nine,

Those poets acres, his vast limbs confine

To narrow bounds; but let him spread o'er all,

And let his arms clasp round the wat'ry ball;

Yet how could he endure eternal pain? 990

And now his eaten liver grow again?

But he's the Tityus here, that lies oppress'd

With vexing love, or whom fierce cares molest:

These are the eagles that still tear his breast.

He's Sisyphus, that strives with mighty pain

To get some offices, but strives in vain;

Who poorly, meanly, begs the people's voice,

But still refus'd, and ne'er enjoys the choice:

For still to seek, and still in hopes devour,

And never to enjoy the long'd-for pow'r, 1000

What is it but to roll a weighty stone

Against the hill, which straight will tumble down?

Almost at top, it must return again,

And with swift force roll through the humble
plain.

Lastly, since nature feeds with gay delight,

And never fills the greedy appetite;

Since ev'ry year, with the returning springs,

She new delights, and joys, and pleasures brings:

And yet our minds, amidst this mighty store,
Are still unsatisfy'd, and wish for more: 1010
Sure this they mean, who teach that maids below
Do idle pains, and care, and time bestow,
In pouring streams into a leaky urn,
Which flow as fast again, as fast return.

The furies, Cerberus, black hell, and flames,
Are airy fancies all, mere empty names:
But whilst we live, the fear of dreadful pains
For wicked deeds, the prison, scourge, and chains,
The wheel, the block, the fire, affright the mind,
Strike deep, and leave a constant sting behind. 1020
Nay, those not felt, the guilty soul presents
These dreadful shapes, and still herself torments,
Scourges and stings; nor even seems to know
An end of these, but fears more fierce below,
Eternal all. Thus fancy'd pains we feel,
And live as wretched here as if in hell.

But more to comfort thee——
Consider, Ancus perish'd long ago;
Ancus, a better man by much than thou:
Consider, mighty kings in pomp and state 1030
Fall, and ingloriously submit to fate.

Consider, even he, that mighty he,
Who laugh'd at all the threat'ning of the sea;
Who chain'd the ocean once, and proudly led
His legions o'er the fetter'd waves, is dead.

Scipio, that scourge of Carthage, now the grave
Keeps pris'ner, like the meanest common slave.

Nay, greatest wits, and poets too, that give
Eternity to others, cease to live, 1039
Homer, their prince, that darling of the nine
(What Troy would at a second fall repine
To be thus sung)? is nothing now but fame;
A lasting, far-diffus'd, but empty name.

Democritus, as feeble age came on,
And told him it was time he should be gone;
For then his mind's brisk pow'rs grew weak, he
cry'd,

I will obey thy summons, fate, and dy'd.

Nay, Epicurus' race of life is run;
That man of wit, who other men outshone,
As far as meaner stars the mid-day sun. 1050

Then how dar'st thou repine to die, and grieve,
Thou meaner soul, thou dead, ev'n whilst alive?
That sleep'st, and dream'st the most of life away;
Thy night is full as rational as thy day?
Still vex'd with cares, who never understood
The principles of ill, nor use of good;

Nor whence thy care, proceed: but reel'st about
In vain unsettled thoughts, condemn'd to doubt.
Did men perceive what 'tis disturbs their rest,
Whence rise their fears, and that their thought-
ful breast 106

Is by the mind's own nat'ral weight oppress'd.
Did they know this, as they all think they know,
They would not lead such lives as now they do;
Not know their own desires, but seek to find
Strange places out, and leave this weight behind.
One, tir'd at home, forsakes his stately seat,
And seeks some melancholy close retreat,
But soon returns; for, press'd beneath his load
Of cares, he finds no more content abroad:
Others, with full as eager haste, retire, 1070
As if their father's house were all on fire,
To their small farm; but yet, scarce enter'd
there,

They grow uneasy with their usual care;
Or, seeking to forget their grief, lie down
To thoughtless rest, or else return to town:
Thus they all strive to shun themselves in vain,
For troublesome he sticks close; the cares re-
main;

For they ne'er know the cause of all their pain:
Which if they did, how soon would all give o'er
Their fruitless toys, and study nature more? 1080
That is a noble search, and worth our care;
On that depends eternal hope or fear:
That teaches how to look beyond our fate,
And fully shows us all our future state.

Our life must once have end: in vain we fly
Pursuing fate; ev'n now, ev'n now we die.
Life adds no new delights to those possess'd;
But since the absent pleasures seem the best,
With wing'd desire and haste we those pursue;
But those enjoy'd we loathe, and call for new. 1090
Life, life we wish, still greedy to live on;
And yet what fortune with the foll'wing fun
Will rise, what chance will bring, is all un-
known.

What though a thousand years prolong thy
breath,

How can this shorten the long state of death?
For though thy life shall num'rous ages fill,
The state of death will be eternal still:
And he that dies to-day, shall be no more,
As long as those that perish'd long before.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

VER. 1. IN the first thirty-two verses of this book, Lucretius addresses himself to Epicurus of Athens, and calls him the father of the Epicurean philosophy. Democritus, indeed, was the first who set it on foot; but Epicurus so improved and perfected it, that the poet, with good reason, styles him the parent and inventor of it. He praises him for the happiness of his wit, and

acknowledges the benefits he has conferred on mankind, in having explained the Nature of Things, overthrown all belief of Providence, and expelled the fears and terrors that arose from that opinion. Then he asserts almost the same thing, that L. Torquatus does, in Cicero, lib. i. de Finib. "Ego arbitror Epicurum unum vidisse verum, maximisque erroribus hominum animos liberasse,

et omnia tradidisse, quæ pertinent ad bene beatæque vivendum." I am of opinion, that Epicurus only discovered the truth, that he delivered the minds of men from the greatest errors, and taught all things that conduce to a good and happy life.

Ver. 3. He means Epicurus. See the note on ver. 88 Book i.

Ver. 5. The words in the original are,

—Quid enim contendat hirundo
Cicnis?—

And how our translator came to change the swallow to larks, I cannot well tell; nor why, in this place, he gives to the swan the epithet of vigorous: Lucretius certainly alludes to the singing of the swan, not to his strength: Besides, the lark is a tuneful bird, and perhaps sings sweeter than the swan; for swans and geese, I believe, are alike melodious; though the first of them have had the good fortune to be celebrated by all the ancient poets for the sweetness of their voice: And even Macrobius, on the dream of Scipio, lib. ii. cap. 3. says, "Aves quoque, ut luscinia, ut cygni atque id genus, cantum veluti quadam disciplina artis exercent." See the note on ver. 479 of Book ii. But swallows, on the contrary, are blamed for their harsh chattering. Thus Anacreon, Ode xii.

Τισὶ δόλεις ποιῆσαι;

Τὶ χροτὶς χελιδῶν;

Foolish prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?

Cowley.

Yet from the fabulous, though universally received traditions of the sweet singing of swans before their death, the poets have assumed to themselves the title of swans. And Horace would even be thought to be changed into a swan:

Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles, et album mutator in alitem
Superne, nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerisque plumæ.

Lib. ii. Od. 20.

And the Anthology gives the same name to Pindar:

Θέως ἀογυγίης Ἑλικώνιος ἴσατο κύχνης
Πίνδαρος ὀμειρόφωτος.

Tuneful Pindar, the Heliconian swan of ancient Thebes: Thus too Virgil is called "Mantuanus Olor," the Swan of Mantua: And Theocritus terms the poets *Μουσῶν ὀρνίθες*, the birds of the muses, as the commentators say, in allusion to swans, which Callimachus calls *Μουσῶν ὀρνίθες*; and in another place, *Ἀπόλλωνος παρὶδ ὄρνις*, the associates of Apollo, which is indeed a bold expression; but they were consecrated to him, and consequently beloved by the muses and poets. Moreover, Cicero, in Tuscul. i. says, that the swallow being an importunate, chattering bird, represents the ignorant; but the swan, who never sings till he feels his death approaching, seems by that to

foresee that there is some good in death, and therefore it is an emblem of the learned: Whence the Greek adage, *Τῶ ἀσονται κύχνοι, ὅταν χελιδὼν σιωπήσωσι*. The swans will sing, when the jays hold their peace, is said of those silly tattlers, who ought to be silent in presence of the learned.

Ver. 11. An excellent comparison! Lucretius avouches, that, like the industrious bee, he gathers honey from the most fragrant flowers, while he collects and follows the wise doctrine and lessons of Epicurus.

Ver. 13. Faber believes he alludes in this place to the *Χρόα* "Εση, golden verses of Pythagoras.

Ver. 17. For what reason is there that men should fear the gods, whom they now know not to have been the authors of this world, nor to take any notice or care of the affairs of it?

Ver. 19. "Apparet divum nomen," says Lucretius, looking through the gaping walls of the world, I plainly see the gods, no less than I do all things else; but "nufquam apparent Acherusia templa,"

No hell, no sulph'rous lakes, no pools appear.

Ver. 26.

Therefore there are none, and they are only idle dreams, and empty fictions.

The words of the original are,

—Sedesque quietæ,

Quas neque concutunt venti, neque nubila nimbi
Adspargunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina
Cana cadens violat: semperque innubilis æther
Integrit, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

Which Lucretius translated from this passage of Homer:

Οὐλυμπόνδε, ὅτε φάσι θεῶν ἴδος ἀσφαλὲς αἰὶν
ἔμμεναι: ἔτ' ἀνέμοισι τινάσσεται, ἔτ' ἐπὶ ὁμῶν
Διὸς ται, ἔτ' ἡῶν ἐπιπλάτνεται: ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἶψα
Πέντελαι ἀνέφελος, λευκὴ δ' ἐπιδεδρεμν αἴγλη.
Ὀδυσσ. Ζ.

Ver. 23. That is to say, for the gods. Thus too, Book i. ver. 81. speaking of the nature of the gods, he asserts it to be

Sufficient to its own felicity;

And that it wants nothing that is in our power to give it.

Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nil indiga nostri.

Lucr. l. i. v. 61.

Ver. 26. Lucretius says only,

—Nufquam apparent Acherusia templa.

See the note, Book i. ver. 152. And methinks our translator, in this place, seems to have had in view, not so much the fabulous hell of the heathens, which Lucretius denied, and derided, as that real place of eternal torment that we Christians justly believe, and tremble at; and which is thus excellently painted by Milton, in all its horror:

The lake that's fraught, and burns with liquid fire,

Unquenchable: the house of woe and pain!

A dungeon horrible! which, all sides round,

As one vast furnace, flames: yet from those flames

No light, but rather darkness visible

Serves only to discover sights of woe,

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

And rest can never dwell; hope never comes

That comes to all; but torture without end

Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed

With ever-burning sulphur, unconsum'd, &c.

Ver. 32. The author of *Hudibras* seems to have regarded this passage, when he says,

—As he profess'd,

He had first matter seen undress'd;

He took her naked, all alone,

Before one rag of form was on.

The Chaos too he had descry'd,

And seen quite through: or else he ly'd.

Ver. 33. Having in the first and second book treated at large of the seeds themselves, and of their figures and motions, he now promises, in these eight verses, an accurate disputation concerning the soul, the mortality of which he will endeavour to evince, to the end he may deliver mankind from the fear of death, and the dread of future punishment after it.

Ver. 40. The words in *Lucretius* are, "Omnia suffundens mortis nigrore;" and *Creech*, in his note upon them, says, that nothing was ever more elegantly expressed, and that there is no where to be found a more beautiful image. I wish I could say the like of his interpretation of it: But to fully with fear, is, in my opinion, not to pass a more severe censure upon it, a very bold metaphor.

Ver. 41. But some perhaps may say, that other philosophers have done what *Lucretius* promises, and that not *Epicurus* only delivered men from the fear of hell, since many others taught, that the soul is mortal, and consequently that we have nothing to fear after death; and therefore that *Epicurus* does not deserve this mighty praise, nor does *Lucretius* confer a greater benefit on mankind than others have done before him: To which the poet answers, in these fourteen verses, that other philosophers did indeed talk very big, but when the trial came, they started, and stood aghast at death, as much as any of the vulgar; they patiently lived on, and endured torments, infamy, and all the calamities of life; and when dangers threatened, or sickness seized them, they confessed, of all men, the most abject souls, and betrayed a mind most subject to superstition.

Ver. 43. Some of the ancients believed the soul to be a suffusion of blood about the heart, and consequently that it is the blood itself; as *Empedocles* and *Critias*. Witness *Aristotle*, de Anima, lib. i. c. 2. *Cicero*, *Tuscul.* i. *Macrobius*, on the dream of *Scipio*, l. i. c. 14. and *Tertullian* of the Soul, cap. 4. According to this opinion,

Homer gives death the epithet, purple: *μαρμαρίνους θανάτους*. *Iliad*. v. v. 83. Virgil likewise alludes to it: *Æneid*, ix. v. 349.

Purpuream vomit ille animam.

And *Æn.* x. v. ult.

Undantique animam diffundit in arma cruore.

Nor are we without frequent instances of this in our English poets. Milton says of Abel,

—He fell, and deadly pale,
Groan'd out his soul, with gushing blood effus'd.

And Sir R. Blackmore:

Gasping he lay, and from the grievously wound
The crimson life ebb'd out upon the ground.

And Lee, in the tragedy of *Nero*:

With many a wound she made her bosom gay;
Her wounds, like flood gates, did themselves
display,
Through which life ran in purple streams away.

And Cowley, *David*. 4.

His life for ever spilt, stain'd all the grass around.

And even *Moses* often says, that the soul is in the blood: he repeats it no less than thrice in one chapter, *Lev.* xvii., and alleges it as a reason for the precept, not to eat blood.

Ver. 52. By the manes the ancients understood three different things: I. The souls of the dead: II. The place in hell, to which the souls went after death, and where they had their abodes: and in this sense *Virgil*, *Georg.* iv. v. 467. says of *Orpheus*, that he went to the manes:

Tænarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,
Et caligantem nigra formidine lucum
Ingressus, Manesque adiit, Regemque tremen-
dum, &c.

III. The infernal gods. In which sense too the same *Virgil*, *Georg.* iv. v. 489. speaking likewise of *Orpheus*, says,

—Incautum dementia cepit amantem,
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

And *Cicer.* 2. de Leg. 37. "Deorum Manium jura sancta sunt." But of the manes, or souls of the dead, in which sense our author is to be taken, *Apuleius*, lib. De Deo Socratis, gives this account: "Manes animæ dicuntur melioris meriti, quæ in corpore nostro Genii dicuntur: corpori renunciantes, Demures: cum domos incursionibus infestarent, Larvæ appellabantur: contra si bonæ fuerint, Lares familiares." From whence we may gather, I. That, in general, they are called Lemures: II. That of these Lemures, they who were at rest, took care of the houses of their living relations, and were called Lares, household gods: III. That the souls of those who had led wicked lives, had no resting places after death, but being excluded from the infernal mansions, remained upon earth, punished, as it were, with exile, and haunting the houses of the living, were

called Larvæ, hobgoblins. IV. When it was doubtful what fate had happened to the soul, i. e. whether it was a Lar, or a Larva, they called it Deus manes. They were called Manes, either à *manando*, because they glide and skim through the air: For so says Festus in these words: "Manes Dii ab Auguribus vocabantur, quod per omnia manare credebant: eosq; Deos superos et inferos dicebant:" where we see, that they gave sometimes the name of manes to the gods above, as well as to those below: Or, as others say, from the old word manus, which signifies good, or merciful: But Servius says, that the infernal gods were called Manes by Antiphrasis, *quia non boni*, because they are not good. Moreover, the ancients were wont to sacrifice black victims to the manes, to the infernal gods, and to the dead, but white to the gods above. Thus Proteus, in Virgil, directing Aristæus how to appease the manes of Eurydice, commands him to sacrifice to her a black sheep:

Placatam Eurydicen vitulâ venerabere cœcâ,
Et nigram mactabis ovem, &c.

Georg. iv. v. 546.

And the ghost of Anchises, foretelling Æneas of his future descent into hell, says to him,

—Huc casta Sybilla

Nigrantum multo pecudum te sanguine ducer.

Æneid, v. v. 735.

And in the sixth Æneid, v. 233. Virgil describing those sacrifices, says,

Quatuor hic primum nigrantes terga juvencos
Constituit,—
Voce vocans Hecaten, &c.

And again:

—Ipse atri velleris agnam
Æneas matri Eumenidum, magnæque sorori
Ense ferit, &c.

V. 249.

Of which Arnobius adv. Gentes, lib. 7. deriding the superstitious ceremonies of the Pagan religion, gives the reason in these words: "Quæ in coloribus ratio est, ut merito his albas, illis nigras conveniat, nigerrimasque mactari? Quia superis Diis, inquit, atque hominum dexteritate pollentibus, color albus acceptus est, ac sælix hilaritate candoris. At vero Diis lævis, sedesque habitantibus inferas, color fulvus est gratior, et tristibus fuscus è fuscis."

These sacrifices to the manes were called *inferiæ*, under which word six things were contained: water, honey, milk, wine, blood, and hair: of all which, see at large, Euripid. in Orest. and in Iphig. Virg. Æn. iii. v. 66. and v. v. 77. Senec. in Oedip. &c.

Ver. 55. Having given these instances of the vainness of those philosophers, whose followers had set them up for rivals to Epicurus, and shown, even by their own practice, that their doctrines are incapable to take away the fear of death, he adds in these four verses, that no credit is to be given to men who talk big, when they are blessed

with the smiles of fortune: But if when men are beset with dangers, and oppressed with misery, they then give proofs of an unshaken temper of soul, it must be granted, that philosophy has improved their minds, and been of use to them.

Ver. 59. Faber says, that the twenty-eight following verses cannot be sufficiently read and considered, so many good things are contained in them. For it is certain that the fear of death is the cause of avarice, treachery, ambition, cruelty, envy, despair, &c. And hence arises the great glory of Epicurus, who, as Lucretius pretends, has chased away that dread of death, which is the root of so many evils.

Ver. 71. Macrobius Saturnal. lib. vi. cap. 2. observes, that Virgil has imitated this passage of Lucretius, in his second Georgic, v. 510. in these words,

—Gaudent persusi sanguine fratrum;
Exilioque domos et dulci limina mutant,
Atque alio patriam quarunt sub sole jacentem.

Which Dryden interprets thus:

Some thro' ambition, or thro' thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country fold;
And, leaving their sweet homes, in exile run,
To lands that lie beneath another sun.

Ver. 73. How much better he, who repines not at the prosperity of others: but satisfied and pleased with what he is, acts cheerfully and well the part that is allotted him. Persius, in his sixth Satire, says very pertinently to this purpose,

Heic ego securus vulgi, et quid præparet auster
Infelix pecori, securus: et angulus ille
Vicine nostro quia pinguis: et si adeo omnes
Ditescant, orti pejoribus.

Which Dryden has thus excellently paraphrased:

Secure, and free from bus'ness of the state,
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts, nor care
What rot for sheep the southern winds prepare;
Survey the neighb'ring fields, and not repine
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow.

Ver. 79. Fannius, flying from the enemy, killed himself, for fear of falling into their hands:

Hostem cum fugeret, se Fannius ipse peremit:
Hic, rogo, non furor est; ne moriæ, mori?

says Martial, l. 2. Epigram 80. To whom we may observe, by the way, that the author of Hudibras was beholden for his thought, when describing the effects of fear, he says, that it makes men

Do things not contrary alone
To th' force of nature, but its own;
The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn poltroons to valiant:
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;

° And when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying.

Self-murder is certainly one of the most unaccountable frenzies that ever raged in the minds of miserable men: And yet how frequent are the deplorable instances of such wretches, as, groaning under the calamities of life, put an end to themselves and their discontents together; or, as Dryden somewhere elegantly expresses it,

Who, when oppress'd, and weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.

And the same poet, in his description of the temple of Mars, has painted one of these homicides in colours so lively, as scarce any pencil but his own can imitate:

The slayer of himself yet saw I there:
The gore, congeal'd, was clott'd in his hair:
With eyes half-clos'd, and gaping mouth, he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his fullen soul
away.

This is the effect of despair: But many of the ancients, even of those who held the soul to be immortal, laid violent hands on themselves, believing they should go directly to heaven. Of this number were Clearchus and Chrysippus, Zeno and Empedocles: the last of whom threw himself one night, unseen of any, into the flaming chasm of Mount Ætna, that, by disappearing on a sudden, it might be believed he was gone to the gods. Among the Latins, besides many others, we have the famous example of Cato, that prince of the Roman wisdom, who all his life was an exact imitator of the Socratic doctrine, and who before he killed himself, is said to have read Plato's treatise of the Immortality of the Soul, and by the authority of that philosopher, to have been encouraged to commit the most horrid of crimes. And Cleambrotus too killed himself, upon reading of that very book. Democritus, who was of another persuasion, yet nevertheless,

Sponte sua letho caput obtulit obivus ipse.

Lucret.

But as Lactantius observes, all these philosophers were detestable homicides: For if he, who takes away the life of another, be guilty of murder, so too is he who takes away his own. Nay, his crime is the more heinous, in that it can be punished by none but God alone; and as we came not into this life of our own accord, so neither may we leave this tenement of clay, unbidden of him, who placed us in it. "Sic homicida nefarius est, qui hominis extinctor est; eidem sceleri obstrictus est qui se necat, qui hominem necat; imò verò majus esse facinus existimandum est, cujus ultio Deo soli subiacet: Nam sicut in hanc vitam non nostra sponte venimus, ita rursus ex hoc domicilio corporis, quod tuendum nobis assignatum est, ejusdem jussu nobis recedendum est, qui nos in hoc corpus induxit tam diu habituros, donec jubeat emitte." De falsa Sapient. cap. 18. And Virgil himself, all heathen as he was, has nevertheless

allotted to such execrable wretches that place of torments, to which the justice of God has decreed them:

Proxima deinde tenent mortis loca, qui sibi letum
Infantes peperere manu, lucemque; perosi
Projecere animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem, et duros perferre labores!
Fata obstant, tristisque palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx interfusa coerct.

Æn. 6. v. 434.

Which Dryden renders thus:

The next in place and punishment are they,
Who prodigally throw their lives away:
Fools, who repining at their wretched state,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate:
With late repentance now they would retrieve
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live,
Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the
vital air.

But fate forbids: the Stygian pools oppose,
And, with nine circling streams, the captive souls
enclose.

Ver. 87. These six verses are repeated, from Book II. v. 38. and will be so again, Book VI. v. 32.

Ver. 93, 94. Some of the ancient philosophers held the mind to be a vital habit of body, as health in a man who is well. Of this opinion Aristoxenus is said to have been the author: He practis'd physic, and was an excellent musician: He first was a hearer of Lamptus of Erythraea, then of Zenophilus the Pythagorean; and lastly of Aristotle. Yet Cicero does not allow him to have been the author, but only a favourer of this opinion. "Aristoxenus, Musicus, idemque philosophus, animum esse censet ipsius corporis intentionem quandam, velut in cantu et fidibus quæ harmonia dicitur: sic ex corporis totius natura et figura varios motus oriri, tanquam in cantu sonos." Hic ab artificis suo non recessit, et tamen dixit aliquid, quod ipsum, quale esset, erat multo ante et dictum, et explanatum a Platone." Aristoxenus, the musician, and philosopher, held the mind to be a certain consent and accord of the body, as that in musical instruments, which is called Harmony. Thus from the nature and figure of the whole body proceed various motions, as different notes in music. This man straggled not away from his employment, and yet said a thing, which, such as it was, Plato had both said and explained long before. This passage of Plato, which Cicero here speaks of, is in his Phædon, and contained in these words: Καὶ γὰρ ἂν ὁ Σώκρατες, εἰμὶ ἵσχυς καὶ αὐτὸς οἱ τῶτο ἐνδεδυμένος, οὗ τοῦτο τί μάλιστα ὑπελαμβάνομαι τὴν ψυχὴν εἶναι, ὥσπερ ἐντιταμιν τῷ σώματι ἡμῶν, καὶ συνιχομένην ὑπὸ διχαίᾳ, τὴν ψυχρῇ, τὴν θερμῇ, τὴν ὑγρῇ συνιῶσιν τινῶν κρασέων εἶναι, τὴν ἀρμονίαν αὐτῶν τότε τὴν ψυχὴν ἡμῶν, ἐστὶν δὲ ἡ ταῦτα καλῶς τὴν μίξιον κρατὶ πρὸς ἀλλήλα. Yet, whoever will take the pains to consider it, will find, notwithstanding what Cicero says, that Aristoxenus seems to have taught one doctrine,

and Plato another. But Laetantius, Institut. 7. cap. 13. explains this harmony of Aristoxenus in a few words. "Sicut in fidibus, ex intentione Nervorum efficitur concors sonus atque cantus, quem Musici Harmoniam vocant: ita in corporibus, ex compage viscerum et vigore membrorum vis sentiendi existit." As in musical instruments, an accord and consent of sounds, which musicians call harmony, is made by the due disposition and tuning of the strings; so in bodies, the power and faculty of perception proceeds from the due connection and vigour of all the members and interior parts of the body. Macrobius, on the dream of Scipio, lib. i. cap. 14. ascribes this opinion to Pythagoras and Philolaus. Now Lucretius, in these seventeen verses, explains the meaning of it, and brings his first argument against it, to this purpose. It often happens, says he, that when a man feels pain in his body, he rejoices in his mind; and often when his body enjoys a perfect indolence, his mind is most miserably tormented. The soul therefore is not an accord, not a vital habit, or due disposition and temperament of the whole body; but a part of the man, distinct from the body, no less than the hand, the foot, the head, &c. are parts of a human body, distinct from one another.

The mind.] The chief part of the soul; for the soul consists of the three parts: viz. the mind, the memory, and the will.

Ver. 94. The poet is in the right to say, that the mind is a part of man; for it is, indeed, the informing, but not an assisting part, as a mariner in a ship, and a coachman in his box, as the academics believed. But he is grossly mistaken, when he adds, that it is as much a part of man as the feet, the hands, the eyes, &c. are parts of the whole animal. For in this he makes no distinction between the integral and essential parts, as we term them; for the integral, or integrating parts, make up the whole compound, inasmuch as it consists of matter: thus the head, the eyes, the hands, the feet, the legs, &c. constitute the whole body; but the essential parts make the essence and existence of the whole compound. Thus matter and form, thus body and soul constitute the whole man; but Lucretius believed with Epicurus, that the soul is corporeal, and so held it to be an integral part of man.

Ver. 96. This Lucretius calls *Sensum Animi*, the sense, the operation of the mind, as we express it, and which he pretends is in man, in like manner as the sight, the hearing, the touch, &c. Now the sense of seeing is made in the eyes, the sense of hearing in the ears, &c. And thus he would fix the sense of the mind in a certain part of man.

Ver. 98. A due proportion, agreement, or accord of all its parts.

Ver. 105. The mind, which is hid within us; for the body is the conspicuous or visible part of man, but the mind is concealed within us, and invisible.

Ver. 110. In these four verses, he brings his second argument, not unlike the former. In sleep the joints are relaxed, the nerves, as it were, un-

braced. There is then no accord of the interior parts, no consent of the members; but the whole frame, and each part of it, is untuned and languid; yet, even then in dreams, something that belongs to the man that is agitated, is grieved, rejoices, &c. Now, it is the mind which then perceives. The mind, therefore, is not the harmony of the whole body, since the body is relaxed by sleep, in like manner as there is no harmony in an instrument when the strings are slackened.

Ver. 114. His third argument, to prove that the soul is not the harmony of the body, is contained in these twelve verses to this effect. As in musical instruments, if you take off some of the strings, the whole accord perishes; so if some of the members of a body were lopped off, the whole body would perish likewise; and thus there would be no life, no sense remaining. But we know very well, that men who are mutilated, and have lost some of their limbs, live nevertheless, and enjoy their senses. Even when a man has lost many of his limbs, his life and senses will remain entire; but if some certain particles of heat and air fly away from the body, the animal drops down, and dies: no life or faculty of perception remains. From whence it appears, that life and sense do not proceed from the harmony of all the members, nerves and bowels, but depend on those particles of heat and air.

Ver. 122. Lucretius says, "Est igitur Calor & Ventus vitalis in ipso—Corpore, &c." And our interpreter is in the wrong to use the word air in this place, instead of wind or vapour. This will evidently appear by and by, when the poet comes to treat of the different kinds of atoms that compose the Epicurean soul.

Ver. 126. In these eight verses, he concludes this disputation concerning the harmony of the soul and body: and after his usual manner, derides and scoffs at that belief. Let these fiddlers, says he, hug themselves in their harmony, a term foolishly invented, and more foolishly explained. I will lose no more time in refuting their nonsense.

Ver. 130. The poet adds not this without reason: for the word harmony is likewise taken for the jointing and setting together of words, or any other more solid matter. Thus we read in Aristophanes *ἀρμονίαν διαχαρυσίαν*. And thus, too, Hesychius, on a certain passage of Herodotus, interprets the word *ἀρμονίαν* by *σύνθεσιν*, conjunction, or joining together.

Ver. 131. "Proprio quæ tum res nomine cgebat," are the words of Lucretius. And Faber, in his note upon them seems surprised that our poet says, the soul had no proper name before it was called a harmony, since the words *Συμῆς*, *νῆς*, and *ψυχῆς*, were in use long before. As for *Συμῆς*, says he, it may be objected against propter *Πολυμαχίαν* because of its many significations; and some perhaps will urge, that *νῆς* is an action, not a faculty. But what can be alleged against *ψυχῆς*; for, though it be sometimes used to signify the blood, as in the Clouds of Aristophanes, where he says, that the bugs,

which he calls Corinthian bugs, τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπίπναι, drink up the soul, yet it ought to be taken after the common opinion of the Oriental nations, who placed the seat of the soul in the blood. Thus far Faber; upon which Creech says, with good reason, that that critic might have spared his labour, if he had reflected, that Lucretius says all this by way of scoff and derision.

Ver. 144. Lucretius uses the words mind and soul indifferently one for the other; and, indeed, why should he not, since both of them compose but one nature? But he places the mind, in which the reason resides, and is the chief and noblest part of that nature, in the heart, where all the passions have their seat likewise, and show themselves: τὸ δὲ λογικὸν ἢ θύρακι, ὡς ὄφρα ἐκ τῆς αἵματός, καὶ τῆς χρεῖας says Diogenes Laertius. And Epicurus himself taught, τὰ πάθη τὴν αἰσθητικὴν ἐν τοῖς αἰσθητικῶσι τόποις εἶναι. Plutarch. de Plac. Philosoph. lib. 4. cap. 4. But the soul, the inferior part of this nature, and in which the locomotive faculty is chiefly placed, is diffused through the whole body, and moved as the mind directs: yet, though it obeys the mind, it partakes not of all its passions, but of those alone that are violent. Hence the mind is often oppressed with grief and sadness, when the soul is in perfect tranquillity. But if the whole soul be affected with any mighty grief, the animal falls into a swoon, nor is even life itself out of danger. Whence it is certain, that the mind is joined to the soul, because it moves it; and by means of that impulse, the soul too moves the body. This is contained in twenty-seven verses, and with this agrees what the same Plutarch says in the place above cited: Δημόκριτος, Ἐπειὴ οἱ, διμερὲς τὴν ψυχὴν, τὸ μινλογικὸν ἔχουσαν ἐν τῷ θύρακι καθύπερθε, τὸ δὲ ἄλλογον καθ' ὅλην τὴν σὺνγαρμίην τὴν σὺνταρμίην διασπαρμένον.

Ver. 136, 137. The words in Lucretius are,

Sed Caput esse quasi, & dominari in corpore toto
Consilium, quod nos Animum Metemque vocamus.

To which purpose I have seen an excellent expression of Tertullian, where he calls the mind, "Suggestum animæ," which I know not how to render otherwise than the prompter of the soul. The whole passage, as I find it cited, runs thus: Proinde & Animum, five Mens est, NOTÆ apud Græcos, non aliud quid intelligimus, quam Suggestum animæ, ingenitum & infinitum, & nativitas proprium, quo agit, quo sapit, &c.

Ver. 137. Not Epicurus and Lucretius only seated the mind in the heart; for Epedocles, Parmenides, and Democritus placed it there likewise. Yet Aristotle, Plato, Pythagoras, and Hippocrates taught, that the rational part of the mind is seated in the brain; and the irascible part of it in the heart. But of this see at large, Lactantius, de Officio Dei. c. 16.

Ver. 138. In these two verses, he argues, that the seat of the mind is in the heart, because the passions of joy and fear exult, and show themselves there: for fear and joy are the chief passions of the mind. Therefore, where the effects of any

thing are, there, too, the thing itself must of necessity be. But this reason seems to be weak: for otherwise we must grant a mind and understanding in beasts likewise; for even in their breasts the passions of fear and of joy exult, and discover themselves no less than in ours.

Ver. 149. Here Lucretius seems to advance contradictions: For, I. If the mind and soul are joined together, and the mind only be seated in the heart, and no where else, how can the soul, that part of the mind, wander through the whole body? II. If the soul obeys the commands of the mind, she either obeys always, or sometimes resists. If she obeys always, she understands of herself, as well as the mind, since she is so subservient to the will of her master: but to what serves this obedience? That she may partake with the mind, not in little, but in violent emotions, as if the mind were conscious to herself alone of slight disturbances, and imparted nothing of them to the soul.

Ver. 152. Even some of our English poets seem to have been obliged to Lucretius for this description of a person falling into a trance: and Dryden among the rest.

—A sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears rung inward, and his senses fail'd.

Pal. & Ars.

His sight grows dim, and ev'ry object dances,
And swims before him in the maze of death.

All for Love.

And Otway in like manner:

A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs,
His eyes distort'd grew, his visage pale,
His speech forsook him, life itself seem'd fled.

Orph.

Ver. 161. In these six verses, he proves by the same argument, that the mind and soul are of a corporeal nature: for the mind must of necessity touch the soul, because it moves it; and since the soul drives on the body, that too must be done by touch.

Tangere enim & tangi, nisi corpus nulla potest res. Nothing but body can be touch'd, or touch.

Epicurus himself has comprehended this and the following argument in these words: οἱ λογιστὴς ἀσώματος εἶναι τὴν ψυχὴν μαρτυροῦσιν ὅτιν γὰρ ἐν ἰδύνατο ποῦναι ὅτι πάσχειν ἢ ἢν τοιαύτη ἢ εἴναι ἢ ἵναργῶς ἀρροφῆσα ταῦτα διαλαμβάνει περὶ τὴν ψυχὴν τὰ συμπτώματα. In this argument, our translator has omitted one instance of the effects that the mind works upon the body, which Lucretius has expressed by these words, "corripere ex somno corpus," that it awakes the body from sleep.

Ver. 167. These twelve verses contain another argument to prove the materiality of the soul. The mind suffers with the body; a wound hurts the one, and the other languishes. And whether the weapon, or the wounded body excite these motions, and perturbations in the mind; it is the same thing: for either of them evinces the mind to be of a corporeal nature.

F f

Creech had totally omitted this passage of his author, as he likewise has several others; and these eleven verses are not his; nor indeed do I know whose they are: they were sent to me, and I was the rather willing to insert them, that this edition might be complete, and want nothing that is contained in the original. I think I have in this note given the sense of Lucretius, and from thence the reader may judge how rightly these lines express it. Meanwhile, he may, if he like them better, instead of the two first of these verses, take the two following:

Besides the mind and body bear a part,
By mutual bands compell'd to mutual smart.

Lucretius is not in this place proving the soul to be mortal, but only a fellow-sufferer with the body, and consequently material; nor will he by any means allow it to be a spirit.

Ver. 169. This passage, in the original, runs thus:

Si minus offendit vitam vis horrida Teli,
Offibus ac nervis discussis, intus adacti;
Attamen insequitur languor, terraque petitus
Suavis, & in terra mentis qui gignitur æstus,
Interdumque quasi exurgendi incerta voluntas.

These five verses Lambinus suspects to be supposititious, and deems them unworthy of Lucretius. And the judicious Gassendus, whose opinion is justly held to be of more weight than that of a thousand such as Gifaneus and Pareus, who admit of these verses, approves of his suspicion. But Faber endeavours to illustrate and correct them.

In terra mentis qui gignitur æstus,
He changes into

Interdum moriendi gignitur æstus;

then he adds: They, who through any affliction of mind, have, at any time, fallen into swoons, know very well what this means: for then, we, fainting, seek the ground ("succidui terram perimus,") not without some sense of ease and pleasure. Sometimes, too, we desire to die, and sometimes the wavering will fluctuates between an uncertain and doubtful resolution, whether to live or die. Virgil describes something like this in the dying Dido, after she had stabbed herself. The verses are admirable.

Illæ graves oculos conata attollere, rursus
Deficit: infixum stridet sub pectore vulnus.
Ter sese attolens, cubitoque mixta, levavit;
Ter revoluta toro est: oculisq. errantibus, alto
Quæsitivæ cælo lucem, ingemuitq. repertâ.

Æn. 4. v. 688.

Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,
And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed.
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and sought the light,
And having found it, sickn'd at the sight.

Dryd.

Moreover, the "æstus moriendi," means a full purpose, a certain resolution, &c. to die. They who by nature or afflictions are inclined to be sad, will, I

believe, approve of this emendation; nor will others perhaps dislike it. Thus far Faber. But Creech is of another opinion. I, says he, who, both by nature and through crosses and afflictions, am more than a little disposed to sadness and melancholy, nevertheless disapprove this correction. The poet describes the perturbations of the mind in a wounded body. It drops as soon as it receives the blow; while it lies on the ground it feels other emotions, and sometimes it is seized with a desire or will, but that not fully bent and determined to rise up from the ground. The wounded perceive all this; and why may not Lucretius describe what they experience? I therefore interpret, "Mentis in terra," Of the mind grovelling on the ground, together with the wounded body. Thus Creech; but the person, who translated this passage, seems to be rather of Faber's opinion.

Ver. 178. If we may give credit to Lucretius, he has sufficiently evinced the mind to be of a corporeal nature; and in these twenty-six verses, he teaches, of what sort of this mind consists. The atoms, says he, that compose the mind, are very small, smooth, and round. For the mind is most easy to be moved; and whatever is so, must be composed of particles, which, by reason of their texture, as well as of their size and figure, are most subject to motion. For let us but consider other things, water, for example, is very subject to move, because its parts are small and volatile: but honey moves with more difficulty, because its parts are more intricate, and more closely joined together. Again; a heap of the seeds of poppies, or of grass, is scattered by a gentle wind; but a heap of darts or of stones resists a much stronger blast: the stones and darts are heavy and rough bodies, but the seeds are round, smooth, and small; ψυχὴ συγκάπται ἐξ ὀσμῶν λειψίσμων, τὴν τραγυβόλοισιν, ἢ (Gassendus inserts this particle) πολλὰ τῶν διαφερόσων ἢ κυρτῶν. Epicurus in Laertius, lib. x. But not only Epicurus and Lucretius held that the mind is most easy to be moved; and that it moves of itself; for Plato taught the same thing. And so too did the Pythagoreans, who defined the mind, "Numerus seipsum movens," a self-moving number. But Aristotle, I. de Anim. denies that the soul is moved in the least; and affirms it to be the motionless cause of the motion of the body. But he was more in the right, who said,

Τὴ ψυχὴν; τὸ κινούμενον.
Τὴ ἀψυχὸν; τὸ μὴ κινούμενον.

Nician. apud Glossog.

Of these different opinions of the Platonists and Peripatetics, you may see at large, Macrobi. in Somn. Scip. lib. ii. c. 14.

Ver. 183. Hence, perhaps Cowley, David. iii. describing the swiftness of Asabel, says,

Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind
Outgo his feet; so strangely would he run,
That time itself perceiv'd not what was done.

Ver. 204. The poet has taught, that the mind consists of small, smooth, and round atoms, because it is very subject to motion. He, now, in

these twenty verses, teaches, that the nature of the mind and soul is subtle, of very slight contexture, and compacted of minute bodies. For when an animal dies, the whole soul flies away; and yet if you measure the dead body, you will find the bulk of the limbs to be as large as when the animal was alive: if you weigh it, you will find it as heavy. Therefore, what flies out of it, is something that is extremely subtle and minute. For, take away any solid or large part, the size will be different, and different the weight. In a word, as we conclude that the spirits of wine, the fragrant of odorous bodies, and the taste of savoury, consist of subtle and minute particles; because, when the wine is become flat and vapid, when the odorous body has lost its fragrant, and the savoury is grown tasteless and insipid; yet the bodies themselves retain the same weight, and the same bulk they had before; so, for the same reason, we ought to conclude the like of the soul also. Epicurus, in the tenth book of Laertius, says, *Ψυχὴ σῶμα ἐστὶ λεπτομερὲς, παρ' ὅλον τὸ ἄρρηκτον παρισπαρμίνον*. The soul is a body consisting of very tenuous parts, and diffused through the whole bulk of the animal.

Ver. 224. In these five verses, he asserts, that the subtle atoms, of which he has composed the mind, are of different kinds: for he had observed, that a vapour exhales from dying animals, and that warm too, together with intermixed air; without which there is generally no heat. But a dying person expires, or breathes out his soul: therefore, that soul consists of vapour, air, and heat. *Ψυχὴ σῶμα ἐστὶ λεπτομερὲς παρ' ὅλον τὸ ἄρρηκτον παρισπαρμίνον, προσμικροτάτων δὲ πνεύματι διαμερῶν κρῖσιν ἔχοντι, καὶ τῇ μὲν σῶμα προσμικροτάτων, τῇ δὲ τῶν αἰσθητῶν* Epicurus, in Laert. lib. x. And in Plutarch. A' versus Colorem, the Epicureans are said τὴν τὴν ψυχὴν ὁρίαν συμπαγήνεντες ἐκ τίνος διαμερῶν, καὶ πνευματικῆς, καὶ αἰετῶδους.

Ver. 229. This soul, that consists of vapour, air, and heat, is manifestly imperfect; it has not yet the faculty of perception or thinking; therefore some fourth thing, whatever it be, must be added to the other three. This fourth thing consists of the very smallest, smoothest, and most subtle atoms; because it is the first thing that moves, and by its motion stirs up the vapour, the heat and the air; and according to its different motions, all the parts of the body feel either pleasure or pain. If this motion be more violent than the texture of the mind can suffer, if it penetrates even to the bones and marrow, the soul is dissipated, and death follows. If the motion be less vehement, and stop at the surface of the body, then the soul remains whole and entire; and a sense arises either of pleasure or of pain. This the poet has compressed in twenty-one verses, Plutarch 4. de Plac. Philot. c. 3. says, that Epicurus did not make the nature of the soul simple, but held it to be *κρῶμα ἐκ τίνων, ἐκ ποτῶν πυρρῶν, ἐκ ποτῶν αἰετῶν, ἐκ ποτῶν πνευματικῶν, ἐκ τινος αἰσθητικῆς, ὃ ἢν αἰσθητικὴν* something composed of four certain things, viz. of something fiery, of something airy, of something windy, and of a fourth name-

less something, from which proceeds its faculty of sense and perception.

Ver. 237. Here our interpreter has committed a like fault with that we observed above, ver. 122. What he here calls vapour, he should have called heat or fire. Lucretius always uses the words *ventus* or vapour, wind or vapour indiscriminately, but never either of them to express the heat or the air of which the soul is composed. His words in this place are,

*Prima cietur enim parvis perfecta Figuris,
Inde Calor motus, et venti cæca potestas
Accipit; inde Aer. inde omnia militantur.*

Ver. 250. Here the poet tells us, that he is going to undertake a difficult task, and that the Latin tongue does not supply him with proper and significant words to express his subject, and to keep up to the dignity of it. He proceeds, however, and in these twenty six verses, teaches, that these four things, heat, vapour or wind, air, and the fourth something without a name, are entirely blended with one another; inasmuch, that they compose one most subtle substance, which being diffused through the whole body of the animal, is contained by, and within the body, and is the cause of its preservation; yet they are not all seated in the same place. That part of the body, which is properly called the mind, being placed deepest and most inwardly, or in the inmost recesses of the whole body, is, as it were, the foundation of the whole soul; but the wind, the heat, and the air, are so mingled with one another, that they compose one substance, according to the different nature of animals. Thus heat, savour, and odour, are mixed together in every animal, yet constitute but one body.

Thus we have the composition of the Epicurean soul; but how contemptibly the ancients erred in explaining the nature of the mind and soul, is sufficiently manifest even from their different opinions concerning it. Cicero, 1. lib. i. Tuscul. Quæst. reckons up no less than thirteen, which are as follows. I. Some held the mind to be the heart itself. II. Others, not the heart, but that it is seated in the heart. III. Others thought fit to make it a part of the brain. IV. Others would not have it a part of the brain, but held that it is seated in the brain. V. Empedocles believed the soul to be a suffusion of blood in the heart. VI. Others held it to be a breath, or gentle wind. VII. Zeno taught that it is a fire. VIII. Aristoxenus, a harmony. IX. Pythagoras and Xenocrates, a number. X. Plato taught, that it consists of three parts: 1. Reason in the head: 2. Anger in the heart: 3. Cupidity in the lower part of the diaphragma. XI. Democritus held, that it was nothing at all, but a mere empty name. XII. Aristotle believed it an *ἄπειρος*, perpetual and never-ceasing motion. XIII. Democritus and Epicurus, a contexture of tenuous atoms. And others had still other opinions concerning it. See book i. ver. 141.

Ver. 254. In these four verses, he gives the reason why the manner in which these four natures

combine to make up one soul, cannot be perceived: viz. because the atoms, of which these four different natures consist, are so subject to motion, that by reason of their continual and ceaseless agitation, they are confounded with one another; so that their separate and peculiar powers cannot be distinguished either in time or place.

Ver. 262. He means the fourth nameless thing, which Lucretius himself calls in this place, "Animæ Anima," the soul of the soul, because it gives motion and sense to each and every of the members of the body; and for that it excels the other three natures, wind, heat, and air, in subtlety, and in quickness of motion.

Ver. 270. In these six verses, he gives the reason why those three natures, vapour or wind, air, and heat, ought to be subject to the fourth nature that has no name; left, says he, either the air, the heat, or the wind, should prevail separately; and by that means prejudice, nay, entirely destroy the senses: therefore, that fourth nature ought to govern, that it may impart out of itself to the other three, the motions that are called sensiferous, i. e. that confer sense.

Ver. 276. In these fifteen verses, the poet proves, that even the minds of irrational animals are composed of vapour or wind, heat and air. Grant this, says he, and then it is easy to give a reason for all their different tempers. For why, for example, is a lion prone to anger and rage, but because the heat prevails in his mind? Whence proceeds the timidity of deer, but from the vapours that predominate in their souls? The ox owes his quietness of temper, and evenness of mind, being neither much inclined to fear or anger, to the calm and peaceful air. For the eyes of an enraged animal glow with heat; nay, we not only see the sparkles themselves flashing out; the deer tremble and quake for fear, and the drudging ox is grave and quiet. And here, if Gassendus will not take it amiss, I will insert the following passage out of Stobæus: τὸ μὲν ἀνδρα χύμους, ὅτι ἀπὸ θερμίας, τὸ δὲ θηρίον τὴν ψυχὴν ἡμετέραν τὴν αἰσθητήν, τὸ δὲ ἀνελαιμώμενον τὴν ἐν ἡμῖν ἡμετέραν αἰσθητήν. The wind the cause of motion, the air of rest, the heat of the warmth that is seen in the body; and, lastly, the nameless thing, of the sense that is within us.

Ver. 291. In these eighteen verses, he teaches, that one of these three things predominates in man likewise, for some are prone to anger, others to fear, while others are mild, sedate, and easy. And the innumerable variety of tempers proceeds from the variety of the mixtures that may be made of these three things, by reason of the different degrees of each ingredient. Yet philosophy may greatly mend a vicious nature, though not so much, but that some footsteps, τὴν κακίαν, of innate malice will still remain; which, nevertheless, will not hinder any man from living with less content and pleasure; though we see, that they who have had the greatest advantages of learning and education, cannot entirely subdue their natural passions, nor put a full stop to their career.

Ver. 308. Thus the poet extols the power and efficacy of his philosophy, imitating therein the

vain-glorious boast of Epicurus, *ἔχον δὲ αἷς οὐκ ἐν ἀνθρώποις* and *αὐτὸς γὰρ τοιαῦτα συνέταξεν ἀνθρώποις ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἀγαθῶς*.

Ver. 309. In these twelve verses, he joins this soul, which is formed of heat, vapour, air, and the fourth something that wants a name, to the body, and blends them in such a manner, that neither the body can remain whole and safe without the soul, nor the soul entire without the body. The Epicureans held, that the soul is contained in the body, [Epicurus, in Laertius, uses the word *κρυπταῖς*, to hide, and in Empiricus, *διακρυπταῖς*, to keep safe] and that the body is mutually held by the soul, that it may not precipitately rush to dissolution. For they believed an animal to be, as it were a web in the loom, that the body is as the chain, and the soul the woof; so that the intertexture of each with the other, composes the whole work; but if either of them be dissolved, the other, and therefore both together must be dissolved likewise. For example, take a lump of frankincense, and separate the odour from it, and neither the frankincense nor the odour will remain entire; and we ought to believe the same of the soul and body.

This was the opinion of the Epicureans; a doctrine no less impious than false; for though the soul be the keeper and safeguard of the body, yet the body is not likewise the keeper and safeguard of the soul; nor are they interchangeably the cause of each other's preservation. The soul gives to the body vital motion, sense, and life; nor is even the understanding itself bound to the body by any corporeal organ. The form, indeed, contains the body, but is not contained. Therefore his assertion is false, that the soul is contained by the body, and that it cannot act without the organs of the body. But the Epicureans were of opinion, that the soul is contained in the body almost in the same manner as water is in a vessel, which keeps it in, because it is a thicker substance; thus they will have the soul to consist of very tenuous atoms, but the body of much thicker principles. This is almost what Lucretius himself says by and by, ver. 424.

For since the limbs, that vessel of the soul, Could not contain its parts, &c.

Ver. 311. He means the soul and body which compose the nature he speaks of two verses before.

Ver. 315. That is, the soul, the mind, and the body; the whole animal, the whole man.

Ver. 316. That is to say, that the atoms of which the soul consists, cannot exist apart, and separated from those that compose the body; not on the contrary.

Ver. 321. He again demonstrates in these twelve verses, this adunation of the soul and body. The body, says he, is neither generated, nor grows without the soul: and when the soul takes its flight, when its particles are withdrawn, the vital chain is unlinked, the members putrify, and at length the body perishes. Meanwhile, what becomes of the soul? It is dispersed into empty air

and vanishes away. Since, therefore, neither of them are safe and whole, without the other, we must believe that their substances are most closely combined and united together.

Ver. 333. Hitherto the poet has asserted, that neither the body can act or perceive apart from the soul; nor the soul when separated from the body. But that sense is produced in all the members, by the common motion of both of them, acting conjointly. He now, in these eight verses, opposes those philosophers, who affirm that the soul only is capable of that motion which we call sense, and appeals to experience against their opinion: for, let it be granted, that the body feels, we could not be more conscious of that sense than we now are; therefore, it must be granted, that the body does feel. But some may object, if the body have sense, how comes it not to retain that power and faculty of perception, when the soul is gone out of it? Because that power and faculty belong not to the body alone, but to the body conjoined and united to the soul. Epicurus, in the 10th book of Laetius, asserts the same doctrine in these words: *ὦ μὲν (Anima) εἰλάσεις ἀν ψαύην* (sentiendi facultatem) *ἐν μὴ ὑπὸ τῆ λαμπρῆς αἰσθητικῆς ἰσχύος ἔστιν πῶς· τὸ δὲ λατὸν ἀφαιρέσει παρρησιασμένον ἵκναι τὸν ἄλλον ταχὴν, μηδὲ ληψὴν τὴ αὐτῇ συνέτη συμπαύματος παρ' ἑαυτοῦ διδ ὁμολλαχυσίας τῆς ψυχῆς ὅτι ἔχει τὸν ἀισθῆσθαι, ὃ γὰρ αὐτὸ ἐν καὶ τῇ ἐκτατῇ τὴν δύναμιν, ἀλλ' ἔβλεπον ἄμικ συνγινεσθαι ἀντὶ αὐτῶν ἀφύσει παρρησιασθῆσαι.*

VER. 341. Now because there were some who held that the whole compound body, that is to say, an animal ought not to be said to have sense, or to perceive, but that the soul by itself and alone performs that office, without the assistance or co-operation of the organs, which they pretend are but in the nature of doors, that being thrown open, the soul that is seated within, feels all external objects: among whom was Epicarmus, whose saying *νῦν ὅρα, νῦν ἀκούε*, the mind sees, the mind hears, is very well known; and Cicero too is of the same opinion. Tuscul. E. where he says: "Nos enim ne nunc quidem cernimus ea, quæ videmus. Neque enim ullus sensus est in corpore, sed, ut non solum phyci docent, verum etiam medici, qui ista aperta et patefacta viderunt, viæ quasi aut oculis, aut aures, ad naturas, a sede animi perforatæ." For we do not even now perceive those things which we see. Neither is there any sense in the body; but as not only the natural philosophers teach, but the physicians too, who have plainly seen them open and displayed abroad, there are, as it were, ways and passages bored through to the eyes, to the ears, and nostrils, from the seat of the soul. Lucretius, therefore, in these fourteen verses, brings two arguments to evince the weakness of this opinion; for if the eyes, says he, were merely doors, how come they to feel any violence and pain from bright and glittering objects? Besides, pluck out those eyes, those mere doors as you call them, the soul ought then to perceive external objects much better, because the prospect would then be more free and uninterrupted.

Ver. 355. Lucretius has before asserted, that

the soul is extremely small in bulk, and that its whole substance, if it were assembled apart into one, might be contained in a very little space: and he now, in these twenty-eight verses, declares the same more at large, in opposition to Democritus, who held, that as many parts as there are of the body, so many parts too of the soul are contained in them, that is to say, in each one; and consequently, that the soul has as many parts as the body. But were this true, we should feel every thing that touched any part of the body. For when any particle of the body, and the part of the soul that is joined to it, come to be moved, why should not sense arise from that motion? But there are many things, as he proves by several examples, which we do not perceive when they touch us; they therefore are mistaken, who join a part of the soul to every part of the body.

Ver. 356. Demecritus a philosopher, born at Abdera in Thrace, about five hundred years before Jesus Christ. He learned astronomy of the Chaldeans, and geometry of the Persians; at length he went to Athens, and gave all he had to the republic, reserving to himself only a little garden, where he might freely meditate on the works of nature. This is that philosopher, who is said to have laughed at the vicissitudes of fortune, and at the vain anxieties and follies of men; from whence he was surnamed Gelastinus. See more of him below, ver. 1044, and Book iv. ver. 335.

Ver. 379. Lucretius, ver. 134, of this book, has seated the mind, in which the reason and the faculty of sense reside, in the heart: but he has diffused the soul, in which the locomotive faculty is placed through the whole body. Now, in these nineteen verses, he makes that mind the chief instrument in the preservation of life. And whatever others think, this is not absurd nor dissonant to the Epicurean philosophy. The mind, ver. 270, which for the most part consists of that fourth nameless something of Epicurus, which alone bestows the faculty of sense, is joined to the animal in such a manner, that it is the foundation of the whole frame, soul and all together. But withdraw the foundation, and all the superstructure must of necessity tumble down. The mind and the soul, continues he, may properly be compared to the eye; the ball, the mind; the soul, the rest of the orb: wound the ball, and blindness inevitably follows: wound any other part of the eye, the power of sight will nevertheless remain.

Ver. 389. The gladiators at Rome, when almost all their limbs were wounded and hacked to such a degree, that they had no manner of use of them; and even when many of them were entirely cut off, yet lived a great while in that maimed condition. And Nardius relates, that at this day, at Cairo in Egypt, the robbers on the high way, who are cut asunder near the naval, and then thrown on a heap of unslacked lime, live for several hours, talk to the standers by, and answer them questions.

Ver. 390. The crystalline part of the eye,
F f iij

which a vitreous humour follows inwardly and outwardly an aqueous. It is commonly called the light, or sight of the eye. The vitreous humour is contained in a tunicle or little skin, which the Greeks therefore call *ἀμφιβόλερον*, surrounding.

Ver. 398. Being now going to prove, that the soul is mortal, he promises, in these nine verses, that he will spare no labour in this disputation; but because he has distinguished, as the stoics likewise do, between the soul and the mind, lest his Memmius should not rightly comprehend the force of his reasons, he gives notice, that all his arguments are bent with equal strength against the mind and soul likewise; both of which compose but one substance.

Ver. 407. In these twenty-one verses, he brings his first argument, to prove the mortality of the soul, under which name he comprehends the mind also, from the subtleness and tenuity of it, which he has before demonstrated, and now confirms again. For the soul, says he, is a corporeal something, more subtle, more apt to move, and more subject to dissolution, not only than water, but even than mist or smoke; since it is stirred and moved by things more thin and subtle than either smoke or mist, to wit, by the very images of those things, which often move the soul in our dreams; and, therefore, it must of necessity be more easily dissipated than they. And it is in vain for any one to object, that when it is dissolved from the body, it remains entire, in the air; for how can the subtle air preserve that safe, which often exhales through the pores of a thick body?

Ver. 410. Because the soul is moved by the very images of water, mist, and smoke, when the mind thinks of those things in sleep. And the images of all things whatever are more tenuous than the things themselves.

Ver. 411. For Epicurus held, that nothing can be seen, nay, not so much as thought upon, or even dreamed of, but by the means of images; as we learn from Cicero, 1. de Finibus.

Ver. 420. The conclusion is false; as indeed is this whole argument, to prove the corporeality, and consequently the mortality of the soul: and it is answered in one word, that the soul is a spirit. Besides, though the mind, when the body is asleep, does not think of smoke, water, mist, or other things of the like sort, it is not she that receives the images of those things, but the fancy, which is an interior faculty of the soul. and these images being thus admitted into the fancy, the mind makes use of them, to know the things whose images they are. Add to this, that the mind knows other things whose images are neither received within herself, nor in the fancy neither. Thus it is no proof that the soul is corporeal, because the mind makes use of corporeal images, to come at the knowledge of things. And, therefore, the poet adds, without reason, that when the soul is gone out of the body, it cannot subsist in safety, from the very air, which is more rare than the body, by which alone the soul could be contained; for the soul is a spirit

and wants not air to preserve and keep itself alive.

Ver. 424. As if, because the water runs out, when the vessel that contains it is broken; the soul were contained in the body in such a manner, that when this is destroyed, that too must dissolve, and vanish into air. But certainly Lucretius stabs himself with his own weapon; for if the soul be dissolved, when the body is broken to pieces, as the water runs out of a broken vessel; then the more the body is obstructed and closed up, the faster the soul will be detained and kept in it, as a well-closed vessel holds the water more safely than one that is leaky; yet, though in a violent death the body be not broken, nay, though in men that are hanged, it be in some measure closed and stopped up, the soul nevertheless flies out of it with greater ease, than when the body is cut to pieces limb by limb. It is indeed a vessel, but made of earth, and the soul is contained in it, but proceeds from heaven; and when death comes, both of them return to the place from whence they came; the body is committed to the earth, and the soul seeks her native heaven. Let Lucretius then make the most of his weak argument.

Ver. 428. In these twelve verses, is contained his second argument against the immortality of the soul. Whatever, says he, is generated, grows up, waxes old, and decays with the body, is mortal: But all this is true of the soul: For children are no less infirm in mind, than weak in body; as they grow up, and the strength of their body increases, they strengthen in judgment likewise. But in old age, both mind and body decay, and dodder alike.

This argument is confuted by Lactantius, lib. vii. de Div. Præm. c. 12. where he argues to this purpose. This reason, says he, holds not good as to the soul, though indeed it be true inasmuch as it relates to the body, which, because it is made of a perishing element, is corruptible: but the human soul, because it is derived from a celestial subtilty, neither dies nor is corruptible; on the contrary, it is an eternal spirit, that deduces its origin from the spirit of God. Therefore this common axiom, "*Quicquid natum est, interire necesse est*," whatever is born, must of necessity die, can hold good only in corporeal things. The soul, indeed, is born with the body, but it proceeds perfect from God; nor does age add any thing to it, or take any thing from it. The strength of the mind does indeed increase and decay, but this happens not through any imperfection in the soul itself, but through the deficiency of the organs of the body. Aristotle too argues to the same effect, 1. de Anim. cap. 4.

Ver. 440. These sixteen verses contain his third argument. When the body is seized with a fit of sickness, the mind is possessed with grief, fear, &c. But in that disease the body is wasted; and it is likely too that the mind wastes with sorrow. Nay, the mind is sometimes diseased itself; for the mind of a lunatic raves, and the mind of a lethargic person is stupid. Since, therefore, the

violence of disease and pain penetrates into the very mind, we ought to believe that the mind is mortal. Panætius, in Cicero, Tuscul. 1. uses the same argument, which Cicero likewise there confutes in these words: "Sunt hæc ignorantis, cum de æternitate animorum dicantur, de mente dici, quæ omni turbido motu semper vacat; non de partibus iis, in quibus ægritudines, iræ, libidinesque versentur: quas is, contra quem hæc dicuntur, semotas à mente & disclusas putat," &c.

Ver. 466. This disease, Celsus lib. v. cap. 20. calls a stupid heaviness, and an almost irresistible necessity of sleep, with an alienation of mind. Hence they derive it from the Greek word *Andris*, oblivion, because that disease is attended with a forgetfulness of all things; occasioned by the brain's being oppressed with too great a quantity of pituitous matter.

Oldham describes it thus:

A sleep, dull as the last—
On all the magazines of life did seize,
No more the blood its circling course did run;
But in the veins, like icicles, it hung.
No more the heart, now void of quick'ning heat,
The tuneful march of vital motion beat;
Stiffness did into all the sinews climb,
And a short death crept cold through ev'ry limb.

Ver. 453. Lactantius, de Divin. Præm. lib. vii. cap. 12. shows the weakness of this conclusion in these words: "Quia anima juncta est cum corpore, si virtute careat corpus, contagio ejus ægrefcet: imbecillitas de societate fragilitatis redundat ad mentem." Because the soul is united with the body, if the body want strength or health, the soul will sicken with the contagion of the body; a weakness redounds to the mind from its fellowship with frailty. Thus the mind is said to be sick or in pain, only by way of metaphor: for it is the defect of the body only, that makes the mind cease to operate, or that causes it to operate amiss. Thus too Aristotle, de Anim. lib. i. cap. 4. teaches that hate, love, anger, fear, grief, and all the other passions, as we call them of the mind, are not indeed defects or weaknesses of the understanding, but of the body in which it resides: For the understanding is something that is more divine and free from all passion. And, therefore, as the same Lactantius argues very well; "cum dissociata fuerit à corpore, vigeat ipsa per se; nec ulla jam fragilitatis conditione tentabitur, quia indumentum fragile projicit. Loco citat."

Ver. 456. These thirteen verses contain his fourth argument, in which he produces a drunken man, bawling and raving without sense or reason, confounding heaven and earth together, and neither his hands, his feet, his eyes, his ears, nor even his mind itself capable of performing their proper offices. Now what can be the cause of all this, says he, but the brisk and impetuous spirits of the wine, which having diffused themselves through the whole body, affect, disturb, and distract the mind? And certainly whatever can be disordered

to this degree by a slender force, may be destroyed by a more violent.

Ver. 462. Singultus, the word Lucretius here uses, signifies not only a sobbing, but a yexing, which we commonly call the hiccup, a frequent effect of too much drinking.

Ver. 465. This too is false; for the mind is not affected by the strength of the wine, but the brain and the fancy, which the fumes of the wine render cloudy and confused; and this is the reason that the mind cannot perceive and act with the same clearness as before. It is not therefore any fault or defect of the mind, but of the organs of the body. In like manner, the weakness and heaviness of the members that attend drunkenness, cannot be imputed to the mind, but to the body, which being weakened by the strength of the wine, is become incapable of being guided and governed by the soul. Thus the sun is not said to have contracted a blemish, because he shines not into a room whose windows are closed up. Nor is the hand grown weak, because it throws not the dust of a pounded stone so far as it did the stone, while it was yet whole and unbroken.

Ver. 469. His drunkard having made his exit, the poet, in these twenty-one verses, for his fifth argument, brings in a man seized with an epileptic fit, and prostrate on the ground; a horrid spectacle which none are willing to behold. However, the elegance and liveliness with which Lucretius describes this image, make us regard it not without some pleasure; for he extends the wretch in so moving a manner, and so strongly paints his strugglings and his other motions, that even though we should be displeased at his ill-placed wit, we cannot but forgive the artist. Being seized with the fit, he raves and talks wildly; but that raving, says the poet, is a mark of the dissolution of the substance of the mind, at least of the perturbation of it. And he who can believe, that what may be dissipated within the body itself, can remain entire in the open air (for when the soul is freed from the body, it can be no where else), may with as much reason pretend, that water will stay in a vessel full of holes, and leak out of one that is found.

This argument being but a confirmation of the last, requires no other solution than that has had already: nor, indeed, does that strength of disease disturb the mind, but distorts the body and all its members; and yet the soul is then said to suffer, because it does not act after its usual manner. Thus how skilful forever be the player on a harp, yet if the strings of his instrument be out of tune, he can make them utter no other than discordant and unharmonious sounds.

Ver. 490. The sixth argument is in these sixteen verses to this effect. We see that this mad and raving mind may, by the help of physic, be recovered and restored to its former state: and thus, there is some change made in the mind. Therefore, either some new parts are added, or some are taken away, or else the particles of the mind are placed in another order; for all change

is made either by addition, detraction, or transposition of the particles. But every thing must, of necessity be mortal that receives new parts, that loses any of its parts, or of whose parts the position and order is changed. Therefore, whether the mind grow sick, which the foregoing arguments have proved, or whether it grow well again, it either way confesses its own mortality.

Ver. 501. Not in the least for the reason here alleged; because, though the raving or madness of the mind be cured by hellebore, or other remedies of like nature, yet the cure is not of the mind, but of the brain; which being restored to its former health, the mind performs her functions as before.

Ver. 505. The seventh argument is included in these nineteen verses. Men often die limb by limb, and expire by degrees. Therefore, the soul too dies by degrees. For, who will pretend that the soul, that most lively and sensible thing, resides in the dead members of the body that are void of all sense. But if you think that the soul retires out of the dying members into the more inward parts of the body; why do not those parts to which the soul retreats, and where she is contracted into a narrower space, enjoy a more lively and brisker sense? Has the soul, by being thus shut up in a less compass, lost the power of sense? Take care of granting that; for what decays and loses its nature by being thus contracted and huddled up, is as much mortal as that which flies dispersed, and is torn to pieces in the air.

Ver. 516. The fallshood of this conclusion may be evinced even from the doctrine of Lucretius himself. For ver. 137. of this book, he fixes the seat of the mind in the heart; but the soul, because he believed it corporeal, he has diffused through the whole body, and yet not disjoined it from the mind. Therefore, it may by degrees contract itself from the extremest parts of the body to the heart, where the mind, to which it is joined, has its residence. But there is another answer to this argument: for since the soul is incorporeal, it is diffused whole through all the body, and whole in every part of the body; so that when any part of the body dies, or is cut off, the soul does not therefore die, nor is it therefore cut off: but remains safe and whole in the other sound and whole parts of the body; nor does it go out of the body, till the body be dissolved by death. Thus, for example, the intentional species, as they call it, is whole in all the place, and whole in each part of the place: For instance; in whatever place, or in whatever part of a place you set a mirror, or fix your eye, there the whole image will every where be found. Thus too, say the Romanists, the body of our Lord Jesus Christ is whole under the whole species of the bread, and whole under every part of the bread, in the blessed sacrament of the Eucharist.

Ver. 524. These eight verses contain the eighth argument. The mind is a part of man, as is proved above, ver. 93. and has a certain place allotted for it; as there is for the nose, the eyes, &c. But pluck out the eyes, and cut off the nostrils, and

neither will those perceive colours, nor these smell odours. Therefore, we must acknowledge the same of the separated soul, since it is no less joined to the body than the other parts of it.

In answer to this argument, we say, that the soul is indeed a part of man: but not such a part as the feet, the eyes, the arms, &c. for it is only an essential part, as they call it, and is the principle of life to its own self; but the other parts of man derive their vital motions, and their senses from the soul. Therefore, it is not strange, that the other parts, when they are disjoined from the whole man, have no sense remaining in them, since they are separated from their principle of vital sense. Lactantius gives this argument another answer. The soul, says he, is not a part of the body, but in the body: in like manner, as what is contained in a vessel is not part of the vessel, no more than the goods in a house are part of the house; so neither is the soul, because the body is, as it were, the vessel and receptacle of the soul, therefore a part of the body. "Anima non est pars corporis, sed in corpore est: Sicut id, quod vase continetur, vasis pars non est; nec ea, quæ in domo sunt, partes domus esse dicuntur: ita non anima pars est corporis, quia corpus vel vas animæ est, vel receptaculum." De Divin. Præm. c. 12.

Ver. 529. So Cicero Tuscul. 1. "Nosse animum tuum, nam Corpus quidem est quasi vas, aut aliquod animi receptaculum." Know thy mind, for the body is indeed as a vessel, or certain receptacle of the mind. Thus Xenocrates in Antioch. calls the body *ψυχῆς σκήνος*, the tabernacle of the soul. In Cratyl. *ψυχῆς σῆμα*, the sepulchre of the soul.

Ver. 532. The ninth argument is in these twenty-five verses to this purpose. While the body and soul are joined together, the animal lives and is sensible: when the soul is gone, the body is insensible, and so too is the soul when separated from the body. The mind is as the eye of the body, and who expects to see with an eye that is torn out? Besides, were not the atoms of the soul contained in the veins and nerves, they could not be affected by those motions that are the cause of sense: for all those motions require a certain space, and fixed and definite bounds. But if you pretend that the soul, after its dissolution from the body can be contained or held in by the air, you may as well at the same time, affirm likewise, that the air is an animal which seems most absurd and most false. Epicurus writes thus to Herodotus. *Καὶ μὴν τὸ λυμένον τῷ ἅλῃ ἀλλοτρίως, εἰ ψυχὴ διασπείρεται, καὶ οὐκ ἔχει τὰς αὐτὰς δυνάμεις, ὅτε κινῆται, ὥς τὸ ἐν αἰθέρι κινῆται. Οὐ γὰρ διὰ τὸ νοεῖν αὐτὸ αἰσθάνονται, μὴ ἐν τῇ αὐτῇ σὺν σὸς μαλὶ ταῖς κινήσει ταύταις χρούμενοι, ὅταν τὸ σιγῶνται, καὶ σιγῶνται μὴ τοιαῦτα ᾖ, ἐν οἷς νῦν δεῦα ἔχει ταύτας τὰς κινήσεις.*

Ver. 536. This comparison is not just. For, though the soul be the principle of life to the body; yet the body is not so to the soul. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that the body perceives nothing without the soul. But who can

doubt but that the soul has the power of perception without the body, since it is the principle of all sense.

Ver. 553. This inference is too absurd; for what necessity is there, that the air into which the soul flies at its separation from the body, should become an animal? Has it any of the organs or dispositions that are proper for vital sense? The soul, after it is separated from the body, always retains its innate propensity to animate the body again at the resurrection.

Ver. 557. In these ten verses, is included the tenth argument. When the soul, which is seated in the inmost parts of the body, as being the foundation of the whole animal, is fled away, the ruinous body putrifies, and moulders into dust. Now, whence can proceed this total destruction of the body, except because the soul that propped it up, and held all the members together, has forsaken them, and is fled away through all the pores and issues of the body? And the soul too, being thus divided into so many minute parts, at her going out of the animal, seems to be prepared and got ready for her total dissolution.

Ver. 565. This inference which the poet draws from this argument, is altogether ridiculous, as if the soul exhaled through the pores and passages of the body, as the smoke of frankincense does through the holes of a censer. The soul is wholly incorporeal, and therefore goes unhurt and whole out of the whole body, as well as out of each pore and passage of it. And the body's corruption when the soul is gone out of it, argues not any divisibility of the soul; but proceeds from the want of that vital agitation, which the body has from the soul only.

Ver. 567. These fourteen verses contain the eleventh argument, which is to this purpose: In what we commonly call a swoon, the strength and powers of the mind and soul are shaken to such a degree, that were the cause but a little more violent, the soul itself would be dissolved. Since, then, the mind can be thus disordered, even while the body hides and protects it: who can believe that so subtle a substance, when it comes to be turned out from its place of shelter, can resist and hold good against the restless violence of the winds and other things that will be continually assaulting it.

Thus Lucretius: but we know very well, that this "Deliquium animi," as the Latins call it, this fainting of the mind, does not in the least argue the mortality of the soul; but only a deficiency or failure in the organs of the whole body: to which organs, when they are thus obstructed, the vital and animal spirits which the soul makes use of, as helps to the preservation of life, cannot be transmitted.

Ver. 581. In these ten verses, the poet brings his twelfth argument; and, to leave no stone unturned, he appeals to the dying, and asks, Which of them ever perceived his soul rising up from the extremest parts of his body, and then go out whole at his mouth? Or whether they do not rather perceive it dying in each part, as every sense does in its proper organ? Nor is it to be doubted, says

he, but that the dying are conscious of the dissolution of their souls; otherwise why do they complain? They should rather rejoice to lay down the burden of the body, as a snake is to cast off her slough, or as a stag to drop his ponderous and overgrown antlers.

Ver. 585. Neither Lucretius, nor any man else, ever experienced the truth of what he here advances: for what dying person ever told the standers by, that he perceived what his soul was doing, which way it was going, or how it went out of his body, from which part of it it first retired, &c. For his saying that it goes out through the jaws is only a vulgar way of speaking. And since the soul is wholly spiritual, it may, as we said before, go out whole through the whole body, or at any part of it.

Ver. 586. This part of the argument is wretchedly weak indeed: and Lactantius, lib. 7. de Divin. Præm. cap. 13. has fully answered it in these words: "Equidem nunquam vidi qui quereretur se morte dissolvi: Sed Lucretius fortasse Epicureum aliquem viderat, etiam dum moritur, Philosophantem, ac de sua dissolutione in extremo spiritu differentem. Quomodo sciri potest utrum dissolvi se sentiat, an corpore liberari, cum in exitu lingua mutescat? Nam dum sentit, et loqui potest, nondum dissolutus est: Ubi dissolutus est, nec sentire jam, nec loqui potest: Ita queri de dissolutione aut nondum potest, aut jam non potest. Et enim non prius quam dissolvatur, intelligit se dissolutum iri. Quid, quod videmus plerosque morientium non dissolvi conquerentes, sed enim se, et proficisci, et ambulare testantes; idque aut gestu significant, aut, si adhuc possunt, et voce pronunciant. Unde apparet non dissolutionem fieri, sed separationem, quæ declarat animam permanere." Indeed, I never saw any man who complained that he was dissolved in death. But Lucretius perhaps had seen some Epicurean philosophizing, even when he was dying, and reasoning of his dissolution at his last gasp. How can it be known, whether a man perceives his soul to die, or to be freed from the body, since the tongue is speechless in the moment of death? For so long as a man perceives and speaks, he is not dissolved. When he is dissolved, he can then neither perceive nor speak; therefore, either he cannot yet bemoan his dissolution, or now he can no longer bemoan it. For how can he know he is dissolved before he is dissolved. Besides, we see many dying persons, not complaining of their entire dissolution, but affirming that they are going, that they are departing, that the soul is going out of the body; and this they signify by signs and gestures; or, if they are able, they pronounce it with their tongue. Whence it appears there is no dissolution but a separation of the soul from the body; which separation evinces the permanency of the soul.

Ver. 589. Tertull. de Pall. Theophylact. in cap. 10. Matth. Aristot. Hist. Nat. l. 8. c. 7. et Plin. lib. viii. c. 27. says, that serpents, when they perceive themselves growing old, cast off their skins, and are clothed again with new, which Virgil confirms in these excellent verses:

Qualis ubi in lucem locuber, mala gramina pastus,
Frigida sub terrâ tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc positus novus exuvius, nitidusque juvenâ
Lubrica convolvit sublato, pectore terga,
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trifulcis.

Æn. 2. ver. 471.

So shines renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake;
And casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns.
Restor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun; and rais'd on spires he rides,
High o'er the grass he hissing rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forked tongue. *Dryd.*

Ver. 590. Pliny, in the eighth book of his Natural History, chap. 32. speaking of deer, says, "Cornua mares habent, folique animalium omnibus annis stato veris tempore amittunt." The males have horns, and are the only animals that lose them every year at a certain time in the spring. And Waller, describing the head of a stag, takes notice of the same thing.

So we some antique hero's strength
Learn by his lance's weight and length;
As these vast beams express the beast
Whose shady brows alive they dress.
O fertile head, which ev'ry year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
Which, might it never have been cast,
Each year's growth added to the last,
These lofty branches had supply'd
The earth's bold son's prodigious pride:
Heav'n with these engines had been scald'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

Ver. 591. These five verses contain his thirteenth argument. He has already said, that the mind is seated in the heart; and now he concludes from thence, that it is confined to the heart in such a manner, that it cannot exist elsewhere. He who looks for souls in the air, may as reasonably expect to find flames in water, and ice in fire: for all natural things have certain and fixed places to be born and live in.

But this argument is false; for birds, for example, are hatched in a nest, and yet live out of the nest. A nut is produced upon a tree, and a grain of corn in the ear, and yet they are kept in granaries. Then, why should not the soul, if it were created in a certain part of the body, be able to live out of it. But as Lactantius, lib. 7. de Div. Præm. c. 12, argues admirably well, the poet contradicts his own doctrine; for book ii. ver. 964. he says,

—Each part returns when bodies dies;
What came from earth to earth, what from the
sky } [high
Dropp'd down, ascends again, and mounts on }

which ought not to have been said by him, who now asserts, that the soul dies with the body. But to use the very words of Lactantius, "Veritate victus est, et imprudenti ratio vera surrepsit;" he is convicted by a truth which happened to slip from him unawares.

Ver. 596. In these ten verses, the poet brings his fourteenth argument. If you imagine, says he, the separated soul to be immortal, you must believe it sensible too; and consequently endowed with five senses: but from whence can these senses arise, since the organs of the senses, the eyes, the nostrils, the hands, the tongue, the ears, are all putrified in the abandoned body?

The answer to this argument is, that the senses that are ascribed to the soul after death: as hearing, seeing, &c. are not properly called senses; but it is the very power and faculty of perception and understanding, which is called the senses in each distinct and different sort, and which of itself, for instance, discerns colours no less than the eye, hears sounds no less than the ear, &c.

Ver. 600. He derides the fables of the ancients concerning the souls of men, which, as they feigned, went into hell after death, where they enjoyed all their senses, as when they were alive.

Ver. 606, 607. His fifteenth argument takes up these thirty-four verses. The soul, says he, being diffused through the whole body, must of necessity be divided, if the body be cut in two by a violent and sudden stroke. For example, if a limb of a soldier be cut off by an armed chariot, the motion of the dissected part is a proof that the soul is divided likewise. This the poet elegantly and at large describes; and then brings a second instance in the parts of a serpent chopped to pieces; and urges, that it must be granted, either that there are several souls in the same animal, that is to say, in a man or a serpent, and that the keenness of the weapon, even though the blow be given at random, divides the members of the animal so exquisitely, that it leaves to each soul its proper seat; which no man in his senses will allow, or else it must be confessed, that the single soul which is diffused through the whole body of the animal, is cut into many pieces, and consequently is mortal.

To this argument we answer, that besides that the Christian faith teaches, that the soul of man is incorporeal; if the mind have chosen to itself its peculiar seat in the heart, as Lucretius pretends it has, it can never be divided, unless the heart be cut to pieces; but this we know to be false. Then as to what he instances in the amputated limbs of soldiers, it is not the soul that remains in them, and causes that palpitation; but certain warm spirits, that, by stirring up and down in the yet living nerves and muscles, move the mangled and chopped off limbs; nor do they forsake them till they are seized and benumbed with cold. As to the inference he draws from serpents, we answer, that their rejected parts have life, because the soul of animals is corporeal and mortal too.

Ver. 607. That is to say, the soul is in the whole animal, or in every part of the animal: for where the faculties of the soul are, there the soul is likewise; nor can those faculties exist where the foundation and cause of them is not; but the soul is the foundation of them. And this is what made Aristotle say, that if the eyes were in the feet, the feet would see.

Ver. 614. Lucretius calls them "falciferos Currus," scythe bearing chariots, alluding to the armed chariots which the ancients made use of in their armies, and which Xenophon, in book 6. of the Institution of Cyrus, describes in these words. Πελμίσθηα καὶ σκευάσαν ἀρμάτα τροχούς τε ἰσχυροὺς, ὡς μὴ βραδίως συνλίσσῃται, ἄξονι τε μακροῖς. ἦ τ' ἐν γὰρ ἀναλίσσῃται πάντα τὰ πλάτῃ, τὸν δὲ αἰφρον τοῖς ἡνίοχους ἐπὶ ἡνίον, ὅσπερ πύργον, ἰχυρὸν ἔχον ἄψος δὲ τῶν ἐπὶ μέγ' ἡνίων ἀγρόνων. ὡς δύνανται ἡνιοχέσθαι οἱ ἴσται δοῖς τῶν ὀφρῶν τὸς δὲ ἡνίοχους ἰσχυράκις πάντα πλὴν τῶν ἐξέλαμν, περιέθηκε δὲ καὶ δέσιονα σιδήρεα ὡς διαπύχτα πρὸς τοὺς ἄξονας ἵσθαι καὶ ἵσθαι τῶν τροχῶν, καὶ ἄλλα πᾶσι ὑπο τοῖς ἄξονι ἐς γῆν βλάπτονται, ὡς ἰσχυράκιον ἐς τοὺς ἡνίον τοῖς ἀρμασιν. He took care, says he, to have warlike chariots made with very strong wheels, that they might not be easily broken, and large axle-trees, that they might not be apt to overthrow. The coachman's seat or box was made like a tower, of strong timber, and elbow-high, that they might govern the horses as they sat in their seats. The charioteers were armed from head to foot; to the axle-trees on both sides of the wheels he fastened scythes of iron, two cubits in length, and others beneath the axle, turning downwards towards the ground, as if he meant to drive over and trample down his enemies with this sort of chariots. And Vegetius de re Milit. l. 3. c. 24. says, "Quadrigas falcatas in bello Rex Antiochus et Mithridates habuerunt, quæ ut primum magnum intulere terrorem, ita postmodum fuere derisui." King Antiochus and Mithridates, in their wars, made use of chariots drawn by four horses, and armed with hooks or bills; which at first were very dreadful in an army, but at length were laughed at. Lucretius mentions them again, book v. ver. 1392. But we have a better authority for this sort of chariot, than any of the heathens can give us; 1 Sam. xiii. and Cowley, David. iv. describes them thus,

Here, with worse noise, three thousand chariots pass,

With plares of iron bound, or louder brags,
About its forks, axes, and scythes, and spears;
Whole magazines of death each chariot bears;
Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,
And with lopp'd panting limbs the field bestrews:
Alike the valiant, and the cowards die;
Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.

Ver. 630. To what Lucretius here says of serpents, and which all men know to be true, I will add what many have experienced of vipers; the head of which animal will live a considerable time after it is cut off; if you prick in the mouth, it will catch fast hold of the instrument that wounds it; and if you flea the rest of the body, and take out the bowels, and then throw it into water, it has been observed to live for an hour after, and even to move with vigour.

Ver. 634. I answer, it has: For, as Aristotle says, the more ignoble animals have indistinct and unseparated organs, after the manner of plants; wherefore that part which is analogical to the heart is extended throughout the whole

body. Hence it is, that the rescinded parts live, because each enjoys its proper fountain of life.

Ver. 640. These nine verses contain the sixteenth argument. If, says he, the soul be immortal; if, as Pythagoras and Plato believed, it existed entire before the body was perfected, why does no man, Pythagoras only excepted, remember the life he led before? And if the soul, by going into the body, lose all remembrance of things past, why should not a thing that is vitiated to such a degree be subject to farther corruption, and to death?

This argument proves nothing against the immortality of the soul, but rather condemns the metempsychosis of Pythagoras: For neither do we Christians pretend that the soul pre-exists before it is infused into the body; but believe that it is created by the Almighty, at the time that it is insinuated into the body. Souls, therefore, are not from all eternity, but created eternal, and in time. But Pythagoras held, that souls are eternal, and that they pass from body to body, as well of man as of beast. Now, this doctrine of the transmigration of souls was originally an Egyptian doctrine, as Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus both affirm; but if lying Philostratus may be believed, the Egyptians had it from the Bramins. It is agreed by all, that Pythagoras first brought it into Greece, where he had a mind to be thought the first author of it. To make the people believe him, and give credit to his doctrine, he told them an impudent lie: that his soul had been in Euphorbus at the time of the Trojan war, and that in the six hundred years between that and his birth, his soul had gone through several other bodies before it came into his. He faced them down by a singular gift of remembering all the stages through which his soul had passed in its travels. "O mirum," says Laërtius, "et singularem Pythagoræ memoriam! O miseram oblivionem nostram omnium, qui nesciamus, quid ante fuerimus! sed fortasse vel errore aliquo, vel gratia sit effectum, ut ille solus lethæum gurgitem non attingerit, nec oblivionis acquam gustaverit." But let us hear Pythagoras tell his tale. First, When Euphorbus was killed by Menelaus, which was in the year before J. C. 1185, then his soul, as he said, came into Æthalides, the son of Mercury. After his death, it came into Hermetimus, then into one Pyrrhus, a fisherman of Delos, and at last to Pythagoras. This is the way that Porphyrius, p. 201, tells the story. But the Scholiast on the Electra of Sophocles says, that Pythagoras himself used to say that his soul was in Æthalides before it came into Euphorbus; and this is confirmed by Diogenes Laërtius, lib. viii. who cites Heraclides for it, and he lived near the time of Pythagoras; and likewise by the Scholiast on Apoll. Argonaut. i. who reports it from Pherecydes, an intimate friend of Pythagoras. They tell their story with particulars well worth knowing, if they were true: As that Pythagoras came by this wonderful memory by the favour of Mercury, whose office it was to carry souls into hades, and who gave the soul of his own son Æthalides,

in its way thither, the privilege not to taste of the waters of Lethe, the drinking of which makes souls forget their former estate and being, and whatever else has passed in this world. And thus, it is plain, how, as Pythagoras was wont to say, Euphorbus remembered that his soul had dwelt formerly in the body of Æthalides; Hermitimus, that his had been in both those; the fisherman, that his had inhabited those three bodies; and Pythagoras, that his had been in them all. They tell us farther, how it came to pass, that in six hundred years, that soul of his was only in the two bodies of Hermitimus and the fisherman; for, as Diogenes Laert. lib. viii. affirms, Pythagoras himself used likewise to say, that Mercury gave the soul of his son Æthalides leave to rest sometimes in hades, and at other times to travel unbodied above ground; and that even the soul which was in him, had, after the fisherman's death, rested 207 years, before it entered into his body. But whether these particulars be true or not, the doctrine of the transmigration of souls is sufficiently proved, if the soul of Pythagoras had at any time formerly been in the body of Euphorbus. And Porphyrius, p. 191, and his scholar Jamblichus, cap. xviii. both tells us, that Pythagoras himself affirmed it, nay, that he proved it to be true beyond dispute. But these philosophers wisely took care to conceal that part of their ware which would have disgraced all the rest. It was the Egyptian doctrine, that souls passed out of men into beasts, fish, and birds. And this too Heraclides in Laertius affirms, that Pythagoras used to say of himself, and that he remembered not only what men, but what animals, nay, what plants his soul had passed through; and, what was a greater gift even than that which Mercury bestowed on Æthalides, Pythagoras took upon him to tell many others, how, and where their souls had lived before they came into their bodies; particularly one who was beating a dog, he desired to forbear, because, in the yelping of that cur, he heard a friend's soul speak to him. So too Empedocles, who lived in the next age after Pythagoras, and was, for a while, the oracle of his sect, declared of himself, that he had been first a boy, then a girl, then a bird, then a fish. Apollonius too, if we may give credit to Philostratus, had the same impudence; for that writer tells us, that he owned his soul to have been formerly in the master of a ship. He showed one young man who had in him the soul of Palamedes; another that of Telephus, who were both killed in the time of the Trojan war; and in a tame lion, that was carried about for a fight, he said, there was the soul of Amasis king of Egypt. How could such fictions come into mens heads? There is more than idle fancy in them; and they plainly discover a pernicious design of the devil, to confound the two doctrines of the immortality of the soul, and of the resurrection of the body; for if these fictions were true, there would be no difference between the soul of a man and the soul of a brute, or that of a plant; and at the resurrection, there would be more bodies than souls to

animate them. To tell what tricks Pythagoras used, to impose on men the belief of this no less absurd than impious doctrine, would make this digression too tedious; therefore, I will only add, that Cicero i. Tuscul. observes, that Plato too, who taught that the universal ideas of things are from all eternity, and eternal, held, if not a perfect remembrance, a reminiscency at least of the actions that passed in the life that preceded the infusion of the soul into the body. And against these doctrines of these two philosophers, Lucretius chiefly directs this argument, and some of the following.

Ver. 649. The seventeenth argument, in these sixteen verses, is to this purpose: If the soul were infused into a perfect body, it ought to have been done in such a manner, that it might be in that body like a bird in a cage; not as it now is, when it seems to grow, and be so much of a piece with it, that it cannot be safe and whole out of it, and thus betrays itself to have had a beginning, and to be liable to have an end.

If this argument be brought only against the Pythagoreans, we need not concern ourselves about it; but if it be levelled against us, who assert, that immortal souls are infused into our bodies the moment they are created, it is already answered in our note upon the second argument, ver. 428; to which we add besides, that the soul is infused into the body, not as an assisting form, as they call it, such as is the pilot in a ship, and the coachman in a chariot; but as an informing form, and as the principle of vital motion. But its departure from the body, to which it is so closely and inly joined, without any division of its parts, but whole and free from all stain and blemish of corruption, is a privilege due to its spirituality; for whatever is spiritual cannot be disjoined or divided.

Ver. 665. These fifteen verses include the eighteenth argument. Let us grant, says the poet, that the soul is, as they will have it, first formed, and infused afterwards; yet it must of necessity suffer change, as it is diffused into all the different mazes and pores of the body, its site and order is changed, and the whole substance divided into parts. For let any thing flow into so many pipes, so many passages and holes as are in the body, it must of necessity be turned and twisted about in many manners. For example, the food we eat, while it is conveyed through the veins and other conduits of the body to every member of it, loses its first form, and takes up one that is quite different. And we ought to believe, that the soul too undergoes a like change, and consequently is mortal.

This argument is answered by what we have several times asserted; for since the soul is incorporeal and spiritual, why may it not be infused whole and without any division of its parts, into the body, and all its members? And if, for instance, the whiteness of the milk spreads itself through the whole substance of the milk, without any division of itself, how much rather may the soul diffuse itself through the body? Besides, nei-

ther does the meat that is distributed into the members of animals, die and perish; but after it is concocted by the natural heat, it is converted into the nature of the body it feeds.

Ver. 680. These twenty-nine verses includes the nineteenth argument. If the soul, says he, when it goes out of the body, leaves some particles behind, they being thus separated, argue the soul to be subject to dissolution; if it leaves none, no cause can be alleged why so many worms take life in the carcase; for to pretend that so great a number of souls flow together from without to the place from whence one departed, would be very absurd indeed; and yet it would be more absurd to say that each soul chooses for itself what feeds are most proper to make itself a body, that she may suffer all those ills from which she is exempted when out of a body; or that she enters into a body already made, since it is impossible that she can fit and fashion herself to inform each part of it.

It is scandalous to waste time in confuting these trifles; however, to solve all these arguments in a word, I say, that the human soul being incorporeal, it leaves not any remains of itself in the body, nor is the generation of worms in a dead carcase made of the corruption of the soul that animated that body, but of the corruption of that carcase only, as it likewise happens in cheese, in rotten earth, &c. Nor, lastly, are the souls of the worms infused from without, but, to use the words of Lucretius, are generated, as often as there happens to be in those carcasses, or in any other putrified bodies, any seeds or atoms that are fit and proper to generate those insects.

Ver. 709. The twentieth argument is in these thirty verses, and attacks the doctrine of Pythagoras and of Plato. If these immortal souls, says he, had so often been shifted out of the body of one animal to the body of another, the natural dispositions of the animals would by little and little have been changed and altered. Thus the lion would not now be fierce, the deer not fearful, the fox not crafty; the dog would run from the stag, and the dove would pursue the hawk; beasts would be wise, and men void of reason; for the soul of the dove would often be in the hawk, and the soul of a beast inform the body of a man, and in like manner on the contrary: but if it be pretended that the nature of the soul changes according to the different natures of the bodies, and that of whatever kinds the souls are, they put on the manners that agree with the bodies into which they enter, I ask no more; for whatever can be changed is mortal, since in every change there must be a transposition, and consequently a dissolution of the parts. But if it be pretended, for example, that human souls go only into human bodies, why does that soul, which, but now, behaved itself wisely in the body of a man grown up to the years of maturity, play the fool at the rate it does when it is infused into the body of a child? Does the mind grow weak and tender in a weak and tender body? If it does, it is changed; and no man in his senses will dare

affirm, that a thing so often changed is immortal.

This whole argument is bent only against the Pythagoreans, who held that souls pass from body to body, as well as of man as of beast. But what he advances, that souls change according to the passions, dispositions, and manners of the different bodies, and grow with them, is already answered in the note on ver. 429.

Ver. 717. Lucretius calls it "Canis Hyrcano de femine," a dog of the Hyrcanian breed. Hyrcania is a country of Asia, which has the Caspian sea on the east, Iberia on the west, Armenia on the south, and Albania on the north. Now, in this country there are a great quantity of panthers, leopards, and tigers, the males of which animals, they say, sometimes couple with bitches, who bring forth a very sagacious sort of dog, and these are they of which our poet here speaks.

Ver. 730. For as Cicero says in Cato, "Temeritas est florentis ætatis, prudentia senectutis." Rashness is the effect of youth, and prudence of old age. And Aristotle teaches the same thing in *Ethic vi.* where he says, that though prudence be requisite in every thing, yet nothing is learned without experience and practice, therefore a child cannot be prudent, since age alone can make him so.

Ver. 735. What Lucretius means is this: They cannot deny but that the mind is tender in a tender body; for example, that the mind of a child of two or three years old is weak and infirm; but if it be true that a mind, which was strong before, becomes weak in a weak body, it follows from thence, that the mind is mortal. But the difference of the organs in the bodies answers this part of the argument.

Ver. 739. In these nine verses, is contained the twenty-first argument. Lucretius having hitherto fought this battle with his utmost strength, with all his skill and application of mind, and having besides, as he fancies, routed his adversaries, he now detaches some light-armed arguments in pursuit of the fugitives, and, in the first place, desires to know why a soul is so passionately fond of an adult body? And why it lothes the members that are grown feeble with age, and hastens to get out of them? For, if it were immortal, it would not dread the imbecillity of infancy, nor the ruins of old age.

This argument is of so little weight, that it scarce deserves an answer. For who can believe that the soul retires from the body in apprehension of being crushed to pieces, or in dread of any danger that can happen to her from the fall of her tenement of clay; she leaves it because its organs are so impaired and weakened that she can no longer perform in them the functions of life.

Ver. 748. The twenty-second argument is in these seven verses, where the poet urges, that it is ridiculous to believe that a multitude of souls are waiting at the coitions and births of animals, and contending who shall get first into the body, unless, perhaps, it is agreed among them that the first comer shall be first served.

This argument, absurd as it is, nevertheless, presses hard upon the Pythagoreans, though it do not in the least affect us, who teach and believe, that God creates the soul the very moment it is infused into a new-formed body.

Ver. 755. The twenty-third argument is contained in these fifteen verses, in which he observes, that as all other things have a fixed and certain region or place allotted them, to be born, to grow, and to live in, so has the soul likewise, and therefore can no more exist out of the body than fish can out of the water, than a tree in the air, or than a cloud in the sea: Nor can it be doubted in the least, but that the soul is born, grows, lives, and exists in and with the whole body; for otherwise we should feel it formed, sometimes in the head, sometimes in the shoulders, nay, in the heels, and perceive it diffusing itself by little and little through the whole body.

This argument is to the same purpose as the thirteenth, and is answered in the note on ver. 593. The first thirteen verses of it are repeated, Book v. ver. 140.

Ver. 762. Here our translator has followed the emendation of Faber, which, nevertheless, in his Latin edition of Lucretius, he condemns, as not agreeing in the least with the lesson of any of the ancient copies; and therefore he is rather of opinion to reject entirely this verse of his author,

Tandem in eodem homine, atque in eodem vase maneret,

than to admit it, as corrected by Faber, who makes it run thus:

Tandem in toto homine, aqua ut in toto vase maneret.

He owns, however, the correction to be ingenious, and that he is not better pleased with the conjectures of others concerning this passage.

Ver. 770. In these six verses, which contain the twenty-fourth argument, he says, that it is downright folly to believe that things, so different as mortal and immortal beings, can be joined together, and that a mortal thing (the body) which, when separated from that immortal thing (the soul), is subject to no harms nor inconveniences, should, when it is united to that immortal thing, be liable to those pains and afflictions with which men are daily oppressed.

If Lucretius could not comprehend how a mortal body could be joined to an immortal soul, how came he to find out that the void, which is incorporeal and eternal, is intermixed with created things that are corporeal and mortal? But others, and great philosophers too, could comprehend it very well; as Aristotle, who asserted immortal souls in mortal bodies; and Plato, who taught that the Eternal Mind is infused through all the parts of this transitory and corruptible world: And Hermes, who, as Lactantius, lib. xii. de Divin. Pezm. witnesses, composed the nature of man of something mortal, and something immortal, from whence is become, as it were, the hori-

zon that joins the highest to the lowest, and the earthly to the heavenly. Thus these men, and others too, acknowledged some thing partly mortal, partly immortal: and indeed the extremes would otherwise have been without a middle, and therefore they were in the right to make some things mixed of mortal and immortal.

Ver. 776. The twenty-fifth argument is contained in these twenty-one verses, and is to this effect: Nothing is eternal and immortal, except either by reason of its solidity, as an atom, or because it is free from stroke, as the void, or lastly, because there is no place out of which, or from whence any bodies can come to dash it to pieces, or into which its dissolved or broken parts can retire, as the $\tau\omicron\ \Pi\alpha\upsilon$, universe. But the soul is nothing like any of those three things, for it is composed of seeds, and therefore not perfectly solid: It is not a void, because it affects the body, and in its turn is affected by it: And no man will pretend that the soul is the $\tau\omicron\ \Pi\alpha\upsilon$, universe; therefore it is mortal. These twenty-one verses are repeated, Book v. ver. 395.

To all the objections he brings in this argument against the immortality of the soul, we answer, I. That the soul, indeed, is not an atom, but that not an atom only is eternal. II. That the soul is not the void, but that not the void alone is eternal. III. That indeed the soul is not the universe, but that not the universe only is eternal: for God is eternal and immortal, and the souls of men are eternal and immortal: thus, besides the three that Lucretius mentions, there is a fourth sort of immortal things. And Plutarch, de Nat. Deor. reasoning according to the doctrine of Epicurus, tells us, that even he allowed four kinds of things to be free from corruption, and that under the fourth kind was included the soul of man.

Ver. 797. The twenty-sixth, and last argument against the immortality of the soul, is contained in these twelve verses. If any one pretend that the mind is either fenced from things that are contrary and destructive to it, or that if any such things should advance against it, they cannot reach it, or if they do reach it, they cannot hurt it, but are repelled before. This opinion is overthrown by the diseases of the body, of which the mind too bears a part: to which may be added, the restless cares and anxieties of life, and the dread of punishments after death: but what is yet more, and worse than all these, add conscience, that inward hell: and, lastly, add madness and lethargy: and thus you will be forced to confess, that the mind is not protected from pernicious things, but that, on the contrary, it is miserably oppressed by them.

This argument is, as we said before, not a proof of any defect in the soul, or in the mind, but argues only the weakness and imperfections of the body and its organs. Thus Lucretius concludes his disputation concerning the mortality of the soul: and to evince the insufficiency of his arguments, and how much they fall short of reaching his design to prove the soul mortal, it will not be

amiss to take a short view of them from the beginning of this book. First, then, he grants the soul to be a substance, distinct from these visible members, and divides it into two parts, the soul, properly so called, and the mind, which is the governing and ruling part, and takes the heart for its proper seat, whilst the soul is diffused over the whole body; but these two are but one nature, and united, because the mind can act on the soul, and the soul on the mind, and therefore both are material,

Tangere enim et tangi sine corpore nulla potest
rea.

For nought but body can be touch'd or touch.

This substance of the soul is a congeries of round smooth atoms, and consists of four parts, wind, heat, air, and a fourth nameless thing, which is the principle of sense. This soul is not equal to the body, as Democritus imagined, but its parts are set at distance, and when pressed by any external objects, meet, and jumble against one another, and so perceive. This is the description of the Epicurean soul, and the manner of its acting; and all the arguments they propose against its immortality, endeavour likewise to evince it material, and that too from the mutual acting of the soul and body on one another.

To examine each particular, I shall first grant it material, and then consider the validity of that consequence; secondly, prove it immaterial, and show that an immaterial being can act on a material, and then discourse on the validity of that consequence, which infers it to be immortal, because it is immaterial.

And here I shall admit the distinction between soul and mind, taking one to be the principle of life, and the other of sense, but cannot allow them to be one nature, because of their mutual acting, unless the body too, on the same account, be but one nature with the soul, which Lucretius himself denies. This mind is seated in the brain, a thousand experiments assuring us, that when there happens any obstruction in the nerves, the animal feels not though you cut the part that lies below the stoppage, and yet the least prick above it raises the usual pains and convulsions. Now, suppose this mind material, and consider, that it has been already proved, that matter is not self-existent, and therefore depends on another substance for its being; now I suppose any man will grant that it is as easy to preserve as to make a thing, for preservation is only a continuing that being which is already given; and therefore though the soul were material, yet the consequence is weak. And thus the Stoics, though they acknowledge nothing but body, *την δὲ ψυχὴν γνῆν τι καὶ φθαρτὴν λίσσασιν, ὅκ' ἐσθὺς δὲ τῷ σώματι ἀπαλλὰγῃσιν φθαρῖσθαι, ἀλλ' ἱσχυμένον εἶναι χρόνιος καὶ ἀντί, τὴν μὲν τῶν σπασμάτων μαχρὴ τῆς ἐς αὐτὴν ἀναλυσίως τῶν πάντων, τὴν δὲ τῶν ἀφρόνων πρὸς ποσὸς εἶναι χρόνιος.* And affirm the soul to be generated and corruptible; yet it is not destroyed as soon as divided from the limbs, but re-

mains some time in that state; yet the souls of the vicious and ignorant some few years, but those of the wise and good till the general conflagration of the world.

Secondly, That the soul is immaterial, is evident from its operations; for when any external object presses on the organ, it can only move it; now, let this motion be inward, arising from the pressure of the external object, or let it be an endeavour outward, proceeding from the resistance of the heart, as Mr. Hobbes imagines, or else a little trembling of the minute parts, as the Epicureans deliver, yet what is either of these motions to sense? For, strike any piece of matter, there arises presently that pressure inward, and the endeavour outward; and yet I believe no man accounts a workman cruel for breaking a stone, or striking a piece of timber, though, according to this opinion, he may raise as quick a sense of pain in these as in a man: Nor must any one object the different figures and contrivances of stones and nerves, for those only make the motion more or less easy, but cannot alter the nature of the pressure; besides, let us take several round little balls, and shake them in a bag that they may meet, strike, and reflect, who can imagine that here is any perception? That these balls feel the motion, and know that they do so? And indeed the Epicureans grant what we contend for, since they flee to a fourth nameless thing, i. e. they cannot imagine any matter under any particular schematism fit to think and perceive. But grant that simple apprehension could belong to matter, yet how could it unite two things in a proposition, and pronounce them agreeable? How, after this conjunction, consider them again, and collect, and form a syllogism? For there is no cause of either of those two motions, and therefore they cannot be in matter. For, suppose two things proposed to consideration, and let their simple pressure on the organs raise a phantasm, this is the only motion that can be caused by the objects; now, let these be removed, and any man will find himself able to consider the nature of these objects, compare their properties, and view their agreement, which must be a distinct motion from the former, and this too can be done several hours, months, or years, after the first pressure of the objects, and after the organs have been disturbed with other motions, and consequently the first quite lost; and, after all this, he can join these two objects thus compared, with a third, and compare them again, and, after that, bring the two extremes into a conclusion, and all this by the strength of his own judgment, without the help, the pressure, or direction of any external impulse. Besides, the Epicureans grant they have a conception of atoms, void, and infinite, of which they could never receive any image, and consequently no cause of their conception, matter being not to be moved but by material images, and those too of equal bigness with the corpuscles that frame the soul. Other reasons may be produced from the disproportion of the image of the object to the organ, it being impossible that any

thing should appear bigger than the organ, if sense were only the motion of it, or of some parts contained in it, because it would be able to receive no more motion than what came from some part of the object of equal dimensions to it. But I hasten to show, that an immaterial being can act on a material. And here we must mind again, that the sublunary matter is not self-existent; and therefore depends on something that is so; now, this being cannot be matter, for all matter is divisible, and therefore inconsistent with necessary existence; now, this substance, as he created, so he must move matter, for motion is not a necessary mode of it, as every man's senses will evince; and it is the same thing to create and preserve a being, with such and such a mode or accident, as it is barely to create it. And this infers, that he can act on matter as much as the soul now does; and this action is not any thing distinct from his will; the same power that created moves it; and, that this may be easily conceived, every man has a secret witness in himself, and may be convinced from his own actions. But let us consider a little farther, and we shall find motion as difficult to be conceived as this mode of action; for those that define motion to be only a successive mode of being in respect to place, only tell us the effect of it, when we inquire after its nature: I shall therefore take it for a physical being, and distinct from matter as its transitions out of one body into another sufficiently evince; and any man may easily observe how full of contradictions Cartesius is when he treats of this subject, having determined motion to be only a mode of matter. Now, all the definitions of the philosophers prove, that we have no idea of this but from its effects, and therefore its manner of acting, of transition, &c. is as hard to be conceived, as the mode of action in an immaterial substance, and yet no man doubts it.

Thirdly, There is a great contest about brutes, some allowing them perception, others asserting them to be nothing but machines, and as void of all sense as an engine. This latter opinion is irreconcilable to their actions, and to that experience we have of their docility, and the relations of their cunning, even from those mens mouths, which are great sticklers for this fancy: and this arises from a common opinion, that if they grant brutes immaterial souls, as they must do if they allow them perception, the consequence will be unavoidable, therefore they are immortal. But to speak freely, I could never perceive any strength in this argument; and if I had no stronger convictions, I could subscribe to Seneca's opinion, in his epistle 102. "*Juvabat de animæ eternitate querere, imo mehercule credere; credebam enim facile opinionibus magnorum virorum rem gravissimum promittentium, magis quam probantium.*" It was delightful to inquire into the eternity of the soul, nay even to believe it: For I easily gave credit to the opinions of great men, who promised a thing of the highest importance, rather than proved it. For immateriality does not infer necessity of existence, or put the thing above

the power of him that framed it; therefore immortality is a gift of the Creator, and might likewise have been bestowed on matter; and thus beasts may be allowed substances capable of perception, which may direct, and govern them, and die, and be buried in the same grave with their bodies. But we have such great evidence for the immortality of the mind of man, both from the dispensations of Providence, and infallible promises, that I could not give a firmer assent, nor have a stronger ground for my opinion, if the proofs could be reduced to figures, and proposed in squares, and triangles.

Besides the general, he produces many particular arguments, from the different operations of the soul in the several stages of our life. He had observed (and who can be ignorant of it) that though both in childhood, youth, and old age, the notices of external objects are extremely clear and perfect, yet at first our apprehensions and our memories are weak, our judgment and reason little, and very different from the accurate perception of ripier years: and that decays again, and extreme old age slowly leads back to our swaddling clothes and our cradles: To these he adds the various distempers that are incident to man; how sometimes the mind is lulled into a lethargy, and then waked again into a frantic fit; and how at last death steals in upon our life, and wins inch by inch, till it becomes master of the whole: And hence he infers the increase and decay of the mind, and that it is born, and dies: Now these arguments cannot startle any one that considers the immortality of the soul is not to be inferred from any attribute of its own substance; but the will and pleasure of the Author of its being: and therefore did it really suffer all those disturbances he imagines, yet who doubts but a tormented thing may be kept in being, since the torment itself is not death: But natural philosophy will account for these distractions, if we consider what life is, and how the soul must depend on the body, as to its operations: If we distinguish life from sense it is nothing else but a due motion and digestion of the humours; and this agrees to plants as well as sensibles; they are nourished, grow, and live alike; and an animal dies, because some of these are either lost, or depraved: for were her habitation good and convenient, the soul would never leave it, she has no such reluctance to matter, nor is so afraid of its pollutions, as the Platonists fancy, that she should be eager to be gone; but when the body fails, and is unfit for those animal motions, over which it was her office to preside, she must retire from the lump of clay, and go to her appointed place: So that the soul suffers nothing when the limbs grow useless, as even common observation testifies; for a palsy in the arm or leg does not impair the judgment; and often when the limbs are feeble, and the body sunk to an extremity of weakness, the mind is vigorous and active, and very unequal company for the decaying matter. And as for the pain and torture that accompany death, and make the tragedy more solemn, it is evident, that suppose the soul

immortal, it is impossible it should be otherwise; so that this can be no argument for the Epicureans, which, admit the contrary supposition, can be so easily explained: And here we must conceive the mind as the chief part of man, a judging substance, but free from all anticipations and ideas; a plain "rasa tabula," but fit for any impressions from external objects, and capable to make deductions from them; in order to this, she is put into a body curiously contrived, fitted with nerves and veins, and all necessary instruments for animal motion; upon these organs external objects act by pressure, and so the motion is continued to the seat of this soul, where she judges according to the first impulse, and that judgment is called either pain or pleasure; so that the action of the soul is still uniform and the same; and the various passions arise only from the variety of the objects she contemplates: but now because she has memory, and from these notions once received can make deductions, she is capable of all those affections which are properly called passions, as grief, joy, &c. All which are acts of reason, and are compatible to brutes too, according to their degree of perception: and besides, since the mind makes use of the body in her most intellectual actions, as is evident from that weariness that is consequent to the most abstracted speculations; the disturbance she receives, proceeds from the unfitness of the organs. but she works as rationally in a madman as in a sober, in a fool as in the most wise; because she acts according to the utmost perfection her instruments will permit.

But because this notion of a "rasa tabula" will not agree with those who are fond of some, I know not what, innate, speculative, and practical ideas, it will be necessary to consider the instances they produce. The first is that of many geometrical figures; for instance a chiliagon, of which we can make perfect demonstrations, which presuppose an idea of the subject, though we can have no image or representation of it from our fancy: but in proposing this instance they do not attend, that these properties belong to a chiliagon, because it contains so many triangles, which is a figure obvious enough to sense: The second is that of a deity, upon which Cartes's whole philosophy depends; and here he grants this to be imperfect, i. e. really none at all, because not agreeable to the object, whose idea it pretends to be: yet this is enough to guide us in our religion, because the highest our minds can reach: but even this we have from sense; from the consideration of the imperfections of all things with which we are conversant, we rise to the knowledge of an all-perfect; so that all the attributes we can conceive, are just in opposition to what we discover here; and therefore according to the different apprehensions that men have entertained of such things, so various have been their notions of the Deity, as is evident from the heathen world: And this makes way to discover, how we got all those particular notions which we call the law of nature, and are said to be written in our hearts: For when man

was first created in his perfect state, without any prejudice of infancy or education, he had as much knowledge as was designed for that order of creatures in the universe; the notions of all things were clearly represented, and good and evil appeared naked, and in their proper shapes: These notions have been delivered down to us, and from these once made plain, the mind necessarily infers such practical rules, as are called the law of nature: And this explication will give an account of the diversity of manners and opinions amongst men, and of the various interchanges of barbarity and civility throughout the world.

Ver. 809. But grant the soul to be mortal, that it was once born, and that a time will come when it must die, what advantage is this to us? Lucretius answers in these eleven verses. We, who are wholly mortal, need no longer be in dread of death, nor of the punishments after death, at which the generality of mankind are so dismayed: For as the battles, tumults, and Carthaginian wars did not molest us, who were not born in those days; so too, since the soul is mortal, as well as the body, no wars, no tumults, nor any other cares, or afflictions will vex us after death. Epicurus, in Laertius, lib. 10. says, *ἡ ψυχὴ δὲ ἀθάνατος ἐστὶν οὐκ ἔστιν ἡμῶν, ἀλλὰ τῶν θεῶν*, *καὶ οὐκ ἔστιν ἡμῶν, ἀλλὰ τῶν θεῶν*, *καὶ οὐκ ἔστιν ἡμῶν, ἀλλὰ τῶν θεῶν*, *καὶ οὐκ ἔστιν ἡμῶν, ἀλλὰ τῶν θεῶν*. Accustom thyself to consider that death is nothing to us, because all good and ill are discerned by sense: but death is a privation of all sense, whence we truly know that death is nothing to us. This opinion Cicero, lib. 1. Tuscul. Quæst. has included in these words: "Natura vero sic se habet, ut quomodo initium nobis rerum omnium ortus noster offerat, sic exitum mors; quæ ut nihil pertineat ad nos ante ortum, sic nihil post mortem pertinebit. In quo quid potest esse mali; cum mors nec ad vivos pertineat, nec ad mortuos? alteri nulli sunt, alteros non attingit." Such is the nature of man, that as our birth was to us a beginning of all things, so death will put an end to all. And as death was nothing to us before we were born, so neither will it be any thing to us when we are dead. What ill then can there be in death, since it belongs neither to the living, nor the dead. The living feel it not, dead are not.

For when our mortal frame shall be disjoin'd,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind;
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not be.

Dryd.

Ver. 812. The chief city of Africa, and for a long time the rival of Rome, with whom she thrice contended for the empire of the world. Scipio first took it, and made it tributary to Rome; and afterwards Scipio Æmilianus destroyed it.

Ver. 819. For as Cicero says, "Qui satis viderit id quod est luce clarius, animo et corpore consumpto, totoque animante delero, et facto interitu universo, id animal, quod fuerit factum

esse nihil; is plane perspicit, inter Hippocentaurum, qui nunquam fuit, et regem Agamemnonem, qui fuit, nihil interesse: Nec pluris nunc facere M. Camillum hoc civile bellum, quam illo vivo ego fecerim Romam captam." He who sees what is clearer than the light, that if soul and body both perish, if the whole animal die and be destroyed, that which was an animal is become nothing; he too will clearly perceive, that there is no difference between a Centaur, that never was, and king Agamemnon, who once was: And that M. Camillus is no more concerned at this civil war, than when he was alive, I was concerned that Rome was taken. M. Tull. lib. i. Tuscul. Quæst.

Ver. 820. In these twenty-one verses the poet continues and says; suppose the soul could feel, when she is separated from the body, yet what would that be to us, who are not soul only, but something made up of soul and body? Nay, let us farther suppose, that we shall return to life again, and be the same we now are, that is to say, that after a certain revolution of time, the same atoms will by chance meet again, and, joining together, compose the same body we now wear; yet all this mighty bustle will be nothing to us who now are, or to us who shall be hereafter. In like manner, as while we are now living, we take no thought for the other ourselves that we formerly were, nor for the other ourselves that we shall be in time to come: for when we shall suffer death, an interrupting pause, a gaping space comes between what we are, and what we shall be; after which no remembrance will remain of the state in which we have been; as we now feel not before hand the smart and sorrows we shall then endure. Dryden has given another turn to this passage, and renders it thus:

Nay, ev'n suppose, when we have suffer'd fate,
The soul could feel in her divided state;
What's that to us? For we are only we,
While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, though our atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Though time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before;
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual being is decay'd:
We, who are dead and gone shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom, of our matter, time shall mould anew,
For backward if you look, on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, tost, and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes; 'tis easy for the mind
From thence to infer, that seeds of things have been

In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace;
Because a pause of life, a gaping space

Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wand'ring motions from the sense are fled.

Ver. 828. The meaning of these three verses is; we are not solicitous concerning those, who formerly were the very and individual beings we now are; nor are we solicitous neither for them, nor do we bear any part in their affliction, who hereafter shall be moulded out of the same matter, which now composes this frame of ours. Let us suppose, for instance, that another, yet the same poet Lucretius had lived before this of ours, certainly this Lucretius was nothing troubled concerning him; and suppose farther, that there has been since, or will be hereafter, a third Lucretius; certainly our Lucretius was not in the least concerned for him neither: so that neither they who have been, nor they who will be, even though they have been, or shall be other ourselves, neither have contributed, or will contribute, to our grief or joy.

Ver. 841. In these nine verses he explains the same argument more at large; he who hereafter shall live in misfortunes, must be, when those misfortunes fall upon him: But the dead have ceased to be, and will never return from the grave. "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." Therefore the dead can in no wise be miserable.

For whosoe'er shall in misfortunes live,
Must be, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who is not, feels not woe,
For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living only, feel and bear,
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between,
'Tis just the same, as we had never been.

Dryd.

Ver. 850. In these twenty-six verses he blames those who are too solicitous concerning their sepulture, and says, that anxiety proceeds from the belief of the immortality of the soul: For why, should a man, who believes he shall feel nothing after death, trouble himself about what shall become of his dead body?

And therefore, if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mould'ring limbs shall rot:
Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass:
Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking ass:
A secret sting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own cast offals kind;
He boasts no sense can after death remain,
Yet makes himself a part of life again;
As if some other he could feel the pain.

Dryd.

But the poet seems in this place to allude to that trite story of Diogenes, who being asked what he would have done with his carcase after he was dead, answered, He would have it thrown away unburied: and being put in mind that the beasts, and birds of prey would then devour him, he bid them put a stick in his hand, that he might drive them away: To which it being replied, That he

would not be able to do so; because he would be deprived of motion as well as of sense: How? said he, shall I be deprived of sense? What matter then what becomes of my body?

Ver. 851. Epicurus accused Democritus of believing, that there is sense in the body after death. This we learn from Tully, in his first book of the Tuscul. Quest. and no doubt but Lucretius in this place meant to chastise that philosopher.

Ver. 850. The poet hints at the three different ways of sepulture, that were used by the ancients: Some were burnt, some buried in the earth, and some were put into stone coffins, filled up with honey; of all which you may consult Salmastius to Solinus, p. 850. But perhaps Lucretius intended to give a slight chastisement to Heraclides of Pontus, and to Democritus of whom Varro "*περὶ τερψῆς*;" Quare Heraclides Ponticus plus sapit, qui præcepit, ut comburerent, quam Democritus, qui ut in melle fervarent: quem si vulgus secutus esset, periam si centum denariis calicem Multis emere possumus." Heraclides, who advised to burn dead bodies, was wiser than Democritus, who would have them be kept in honey; for if his advice had been generally followed, a cup of metheglin would be worth a great deal of money. For so scrupulous a concern for their sepulture was mean, and wholly unbecoming of philosophers. Even Petronius was braver and more wise than this comes to. "*Attamen fluctibus obruto non contingit sepultura: tanquam interit perituum corpus, quæ ratio consumat, ignis, an fluctus, an mora: quicquid feceris hæc omnia eodem ventura sunt: feræ tamen corpus lacerabunt; tanquam melius accipiat.*" But a man, whose dead body is rolled up and down in the waves, is deprived of sepulture: As if it were of any moment, by what means the body, that must perish, is consumed; whether by fire, by water, or with length of time: whatever thou dost with it, it will be the same at long run: but wild beasts will tear it to pieces? as if fire would not hurt it as much. Lucretius, therefore, justly blames this too great concern, this over-care for a senseless lump of clay, at best but the very leavings of a soul: and says,

If, while he live, this thought molest his head,
What wolf, or vulture shall devour me dead;
He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the body, and the man:
But thinks himself can still himself survive;
And, what, when dead, he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines, that he was born to die;
Nor knows, in death there is no other he,
No living he remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless carcase to lament.
If, after death, 'tis painful to be torn
By birds, and beasts; then why not so to burn?
Or, drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd?
Embalm'd, at once to be preserv'd and chok'd?
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Expos'd to cold, and heav'n's inclemency?

Ver. 874. This was rather the ancients way of embalming than of burying their dead; as we

may gather from the above-cited passage of Varro, and from Xenophon, lib. v. *Ἑλληνικῶν*, where he relates, that Agésilas king of the Lacedæmonians, being seized with a violent distemper, of which he died the seventh day after he was taken, was put into honey, and brought to Lacedæmon, where, says he, he was buried in a royal sepulchre, *καὶ ἐκείνους μὲν ἐν μέλιτι τήθης, καὶ κομιζομένους οἰκᾶς, ἐτυχὲς τῆς βασιλικῆς τερψῆς.*

Ver. 876. Because it is commonly esteemed a great misfortune to be deprived by death of the blessings we enjoy in life, and because men are apt to bewail themselves that they must die, and leave all those joys behind them: Lucretius, in these twenty verses, derides that vain anxiety, and tells the self-tormentor,

But to be snatch'd from all thy household joys,
From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whose little arms about thy legs are cast;
And climbing for a kiss, prevent their mother's haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast;
All these shall be no more: thy friends oppress
Thy care and courage now no more shall free:
Ah! wretch, thou cry'st: Ah! miserable me!
One woeful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,

And all the brittle blessings of my life:
Add one thing more, and all, thou say'st, is true;
Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too.
Which, well consider'd, were a quick relief
To all thy vain imaginary grief:
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again;
And quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain:
But we thy friends shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind:
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from
our mind,

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good-night.

Dryd.

Socrates, in the dialogue of Plato, inscribed *Axiochus*, says to the same purpose: "*ἡκουσα δὲ ποτὶ τὴν τῷ Περδίκῃ λόγον, ὅτι ὁ θάνατος ἢ περὶ τὸς ζῶντας ἔστιν. ἢ περὶ τὸς μὴ ζῶντας; ὅτι περὶ μὲν τὸς ζῶντας ἂν ἔστιν. οἱ δὲ ἀποθανόντες ἂν ἔσιν, ὅτι ἢ περὶ τὸν νῦν ἔστιν (ἢ γὰρ τίςιναι;) ἢ περὶ τὸν παλαιόν; ἢ περὶ τὸν σὺ γὰρ ἂν ἔσθαι. Μάταιος ἂν ἡ λύπη περὶ τὸ μὴ ὄντος. μήτε ἰομένη περὶ Ἀχιόχου, Ἀχιόχου οὐδὲν ἔσθαι, καὶ ὁμοίον, ὡς ἐπὶ τῆς Σουλῆς, ἢ τῷ Κριμαίῳ τὸς οὐδέναι, τῶν μὴτε ἰόντων, μὴτε ὕστερον περὶ τὴν τιλευτὴν ἰσχυμένον. Τὸ γὰρ φερέον τοῖς ἔσθαι ἔστιν, τοῖς δὲ ἂν ἔσθαι πᾶς ἂν ἔσθαι;*

Ver. 895. For as death is esteemed a perpetual sleep, so is sleep a temporary death, or at least an image of death.

Stulte, quid est somnus gelidæ nisi mortis imago?

And the general, who killed one of his soldiers, whom he found sleeping upon duty, said pleasantly enough; "*Talem reliqui, qualem inveni.*" I left him as I found him.

G g ij

Ver. 896. Weak and foolish are they who bewail the dead without measure; and they too, who repine and grieve that themselves must die, but more foolish they, who in their feasts and merriments,

— Would be thought the wits,
And yet disturb their mirth with melancholy fits,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,

Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads glow.
They whine and cry; Let us make haste to live;
Short are the joys that human life can give.

Dryd.

And thus they damp their delights with the remembrance of death, as if in the grave they were to be parched up with unquenchable thirst, or tormented with the want of any of the enjoyments of this life.

Eternal preachers! who corrupt the draught,
And pall the god, who never thinks with thought.
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst;
Or any fond desire as vain as these.

Dryd.

But Lucretius bids them call to mind, that

Ev'n in their sleep, the body wrapt in ease,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.

Why then do the fools dread a want of any thing when they are dead; since death, more than sleep, scatters the principles of the soul, and more deprives men of their sense. For

Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of breath,
Are moving near to sense: we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is less than nothing, if a less can be;
For then our atoms which in order lay,
Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away;
And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of life has left an empty space.

Dryd.

Ibid. It was the custom of the ancients, as well Greeks as Latins, at their feasts and entertainments, not only to strew their rooms with flowers; but themselves, the guests, and even the waiters wore garlands of flowers on their heads; and this they did, says Pliny, to dispel, by the fragrance of the flowers, the vapours and heaviness that proceeded from too much drinking. "Crapulam et gravedines capitis, impositis coronis, olfactione discutunt," lib. 21. Nat. Hist. cap. 19. Nay, even the very goblets were crowned likewise with garlands.

Crateras magnos statuunt, et vina coronant.

Virgil.

And

Turn pater Anchises magnum cratera coronâ
Induit, implevitque mero, &c.

Which cannot be interpreted as some do the

— *Κρατῆρας ἀντὶ τῶν ποτῶν ἀντίον.*

of Homer. They crowned bowls with drink; and bowls, say they, may then be said to be crowned with drink, when they are filled so full that the liquor rises above the brims of the bowl; and this we call a bumper, from the wine's swelling higher than the brims of the glass. But Homer may as well be construed, they crowned bowls of drink, as bowls with drink. It is evident too, from several places in scripture, that garlands were likewise in great use among the Jews at their feasts, especially their nuptials, Isa. lxi. 10. The Latin reads, like a bridegroom crowned with garlands, Wild. ii. 8. Ezek. xii. 16. Lam. v. 25. Ecclef. xxxii. 1. &c.

Ver. 899. We find something to the same purpose in Petronius, where he describes the banquet of Trimalchio, who, when a servant, had brought in a silver skeleton, and set it on the table, cried out,

Heu, heu nos miseros! quam totus homuncio nihil est:

Sic erimus cuncti, postquam nos auferet orcus:
Ergo vivamus, dum licet esse bene.

And the old Epicurean epigram gives the same advice;

Cum te mortalem noris, præsentibus exple
Deliciis animum: post mortem nulla voluptas.

To which I add the following lines out of Anacreon, as they are rendered by Cowley:

Crown me with roses whilst I live;
Now your wines and ointments give.
After death I nothing crave;
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

But St. Jerome, writing against Jovinianus, blames these inconsiderate revellers in these words: "Manduca, et bibe; et si tibi placet, cum Israele Jude confurgens, et canito; Manducemus et bibamus, cras enim moriemur. Monducet et bibat, qui post cibos expectat interitum; qui cum Epicuro dicit: Post mortem nihil est, et mora ipsa nihil est."

Ver. 916. That his disputation against the fear of death may be the more efficacious, the poet, in these twenty-nine verses, introduces nature speaking, and thus strengthens his arguments by the authority of the person that speaks. If thou hast met with crosses and afflictions, if thy whole life has been one continued course and series of adversities, lay down thy burden, wretch, and learn at last to suffer ease. If thou hast been prosperous, and led a life of joy and pleasure, go away content with the bounteous blessings I have given thee. Expect no new. There is a vicissitude of all things, as well as of times and seasons; the same always succeed the same. If age has not yet weakened and impaired thy strength and vigour, yet thou hast enjoyed all the good things that I can give thee. And if thou art worn out with years, why dost thou dread and delay to die? Let us suppose, says Lucretius,

—Great Nature's voice should call

To thee, or me, or any of us all:

What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,

Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And sigh, and sob, that thou shalt be no more?

For, if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous blessings I could give,
Thou hast enjoy'd; if thou hast known to live,
And pleasure not leak'd through thee like a sieve. }
Why dost thou not give thanks, as at a plenteous feast, [thy rest?

Cramm'd to the throat with life, and rife, and take
But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,
If indigested joys pass'd through and would not stay,

Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?

If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labours end;
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.
To please thee, I have empty'd all my store; }
I can invent, and can supply no more; }
But run the round again, the round I ran before. }
Dryd.

Ver. 925. Horace has imitated this passage, Sat. i. lib. i.

Unde sit ut raro, qui se vixisse beatum

Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitæ

Cedat, uti convivi satur, reperire queamus.

Ver. 939. Menippus in Lucian asks Chiron the reason why he chose to die, when he might have been immortal? Chiron answered, Because in life there was nothing new, but the same things over and over again; which continual vicissitude had cloyed me, and treated in my mind a satiety, and even a loathing of life.

Thus though thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet still the self-same scene of things appears;
And would be ever, could'st thou ever live;
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give.
Dryd.

Ver. 945. Hitherto nature has only gently reprimanded those who are never weary of living. She now, in these thirty-two verses, more sharply rebukes those who are immeasurably greedy of life, even though it be grown a burden to them; especially the aged, who are become incapable of enjoying the pleasures of this world. As in a theatre, so in this life, each man has his part to play; and the old have no more right to live, than a player has to tarry on the stage, after he has acted his part. Be gone, says she, decrepid set, thou who hast outlived content and pleasure, and art grown covetous of pain. Thou hast nothing more to do here; therefore, die as soon as thou canst,

And leave those joys, unsuited to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage.
All things, like thee, have times to rise and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot:
For life is not confin'd to him or thee,
'Tis giv'n to all for use, to none for property.

Dryd.

What dost thou fear? In the fables of the poets there is not one syllable of truth; but the living suffer those torments which they dread in futurity.

For all the dismal tales that poets tell,
Are verity'd on earth, and not in hell.
Consider former ages past and gone,
Whose circles ended long ere thine begun.
Then tell me, fool, what parts in them thou hast?
Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past;
What horror see'st thou in that quiet state?
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
No ghosts, no goblins, that still passage keep;
But all is there serene in that eternal sleep. Dryd.

Ver. 957.* That is, be content to leave those delights of which thou hast enjoyed thy share, and art no longer able to taste. To this purpose says Horace,

Vivere si rectè nescis, decede peritis:

Lulisti satis, edisti satis, atq. bibisti;

Tempus abire tibi est. Lib. ii Ep. 2.

Ver. 977. Here the poet, that he may entirely deliver the minds of men from the fear of death, endeavours to persuade, that there are no punishments after this life. And to this end he employs the following forty-eight verses to explain the fables of the poets: that of Tantalus in five verses, of Tityus in eleven verses, of Sisyphus in ten verses, of the daughters of Danaus in ten verses, of the Furies, Cerberus, &c. in twelve verses. For those fables, says he, are meant of the living; for Tantalus is the superstitious man; Tityus, he who is a slave to his lusts or inordinate desires; Sisyphus represents him, who in vain aims at sovereignty, and never attains his wish; the daughters of Danaus are the avaricious, whose thirst of riches is never satisfied; as for Cerberus, the Furies, &c. we are to deem them to be the executioners that inflict the punishments on malefactors, or rather the conscience of the guilty, which is the greatest of all tormentors.

Ver. 979. In these five verses, he explains the fable of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, the son of Jupiter, by the nymph Plote, and grandfather of Agamemnon and Menelaus. He, when he treated some of the gods, to make trial of their divinity, served up his own son Pelops to the table; but all the gods, except Ceres, who eat a shoulder, abstained from tasting of the dish; and to punish the father for his flagitious cruelty, threw him into hell, to be tormented with eternal hunger and thirst. For he is feigned to be set up to the chin in the river Eridanus, and to have apples hanging about his head; but not to be admitted either to drink of the water, or eat of the apples. The mythologists generally interpret this fable of the avaricious, who have not the soul to make use even of their parental estates. Thus Horat. lib. i. Serm. Sat. i.

Tantalus à labris satiens fugientia caprat
Flumina. Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur, congestis undique saccis
Indormas inhians, et tanquam parcere sacris
Cogeris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere Tabellis,
G g iii

Which Cowley has thus rendered :

In a full flood stands Tantalus, his skin
Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within.
He catches at the stream with greedy lips,
From his touch'd mouth the wanton torrent slips.
You laugh? yet change the name, this fable is thy
story,

Thou in a flood of useless wealth dost glory;
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste,
Th' abundance still, and still the want does last.

Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 10. "An-
tequam studium Philosophiæ circa Naturæ in-
quisitionem ad tantum vigoris adolefceret, qui per
diversas gentes auctores constituendis sacris cere-
moniarum fuerunt, aliud esse inferos negaverunt,
quam ipsa corpora, quibus inclusæ animæ carce-
rem sædum tenebris, horridum fordibus, et cruore
patiuntur: hoc animæ sepulchrum, hoc Ditis con-
cava, hoc inferos vocaverunt, et omnia, quæ illic
esse credidit fabulosa persuasio, in nobismetipsis, et
in ipsis humanis corporibus assignare conati sunt.

Illos aiunt epulis ante ora positis excruciar
fame, et inedia tabescere, quos magis magisque
acquirendi desiderium cogit præsentem copiam
non videre: qui in affluentia inopes, egestatis ma-
la in ubertate patiuntur; nescientes parta respi-
cere, dum egent habendis." But Lucretius repre-
sents the fable of Tantalus otherwise, and inter-
prets it in a different manner, telling us, that

No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads th' impending rock to crush him from
on high; [hours;
But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy
Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd pow'rs.
Dryd.

Where we see he follows their opinion, who say,
that a stone is hanging over the head of Tantalus
in hell, the fall of which he perpetually dreads.
Thus too Euripides in Orestes:

Κερύβητος ὑπερβύλλοντα δειμαίνων πύργον
"Αἶρι ποταῖται, καὶ τίνοι ταντὺν δίχην.

Ver. 984. In these eleven verses, he describes
the punishment, and explains the fable of Tityus,
the son of Jupiter, by Elara, daughter of Orcho-
menus. He attempted to ravish Latona, the mo-
ther of Apollo, who killed him with his arrows,
and sent him into hell, where a vulture is conti-
nually digging into his liver, and feeding upon
it; which, nevertheless, grows as fast as the vul-
ture devours it. He is feigned to have been of
so enormous a size, that, when he lay down, his
body covered no less than nine acres of ground.
Thus Ovid. Metam. iv. ver. 457.

Viscera præbebat Tityus lanianda, novemque
Jugibus dilentus erat.

And Virgil, Æn. vi. ver. 595.

Nec non et Tityon, Terræ omniparentis Alum-
num,

Cernere erat, per tota novem cui jugera corpus
Porrigitur: rostroque immanis vultur obunco
Immortale jecur tundens, secundaque pænis
Viscera, rimaturque epulis, habitatque sub alto
Pectore; nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.

There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heav'n; his nursing from the foodful earth,
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Enfold nine acres of infernal space;
A rav'nous vulture in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
His growing liver still supply'd the feast;
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains,
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food re-
mains. Dryd.

But Lucretius teaches that this is merely a fable
of the poets, and that

No Tityus, torn by vultures, lies in hell;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass for their eternal meal;
Not though his monstrous bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more;
Not though the globe of earth had been the gi-
ant's floor.

Nor in eternal torments could he lie;
Nor could his corps sufficient food supply;
But he's the Tityus, who by love oppress'd,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest. Dryd.

And this opinion of Lucretius is confirmed by
Servius, who, on the above-cited passage of Vir-
gil, says, "Sane de his omnibus rebus mire red-
didit Lucretius, et confirmat in nostrâ esse vitâ
omnia, quæ finguntur de Inferis. Dicit enim Ti-
tyum amorem esse, hoc est Libidine, quæ, se-
cundum Physicos et Medicos, in jecore est, ut Ri-
sus in Splene, Iracundia in Felle," &c. And Ma-
crobius is of the same opinion, when he says,
"Vulturem jecur immortale tundentem nihil ali-
ud intelligi voluerunt (veteres) quam tormenta
conscientiæ, obnoxiiæ slayitio, viscera interiora ri-
mantis, et ipsa vitalia indefessa admissi sceleris ad-
monitione laniantis, semperque curas, si forte re-
quiescere tentaverint, excitantis, tanquam fibris
renascentibus inhærendo, nec ulla sibi miseratione
parentes; lege hæc, qua se judice nemo nocens
absolvitur, nec de se suam potest vitare senten-
tiam." In Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 10. And with
this agrees the epigram in Petronius:

Qui vultur jecur ultimum pererrat,
Et pectus trahit, intimasque fibras,
Non est quem timidi vocant Poetæ,
Sed cordis mala, livor atque luxus.

Prometheus too is said by some to suffer the like
punishment.

Ver. 995. In these ten verses, he explains the
fable of Sisyphus, the son of Æolus, who, for in-
festing Attica with his robberies, was slain by
Theseus, king of the Athenians; in whose honour
the Greeks feigned that Sisyphus was condemned
in hell to roll a stone to the top of a mountain,
which, when with great labour he had forced it
up, tumbled down again, so that he was always
to begin his task anew. But Lucretius says,
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life;

To vex the government, disturb the laws;
 Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
 He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
 And sweats, and toils in vain to mount the sov-
 reign seat;

For still to aim at pow'r, and still to fail,
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
 What is it but in reason's true account,
 To heave the stone against the rising mount;
 Which, urg'd and labour'd, and forc'd up with
 pain,

Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes
 along the plain. *Dryd.*

And Macrobius, in the place last cited, agrees with Lucretius in this opinion, and says, "Saxum ingens volvere inefficacibus laboriosisque conatibus, vitam terentes, atram silecem lapsum semper et cadenti similem, illorum capitibus imminere, qui arduas potestates, et insaufam ambiunt Tyrannidem, nunquam sine timore victuri, et cogentes subiectum vulgus odisse, dum metuat, semper sibi videtur exitium, quod merentur excipere."

Ver. 1005. In these ten verses the poet explains the fable of the Fifty Daughters of Danaus king of the Argives, who were married to the fifty sons of their father's brother Ægyptus; and who, all of them, except Clytemnestra, killed their husbands in one night. Of them the poets fabled that they were doomed in hell to fill a leaky vessel with water. See Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 10. and Horat. Od. 2. lib. iii. But Lucretius interprets it of the luxurious, who are never filled or satisfied with the blessings of this life; and says,

Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind
 With ev'ry blessing, and of ev'ry kind,
 Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
 Though years and seasons vary the delight;
 Yet nothing to be seen of all the store;
 But still the wolf within thee barks for more.
 This is the fable's moral, which they tell,
 Of fifty foolish virgins damn'd in hell
 To leaky vessels which the liquor spill,
 To vessels of their sex which none could ever fill.

Dryd.

Ver. 1015. In these twelve verses, he teaches, that there are no such things as the Furies, Cerberus, nor any of those punishments with which the guilty are said to be tortured in hell; and, indeed, having taught that souls are mortal, it of necessity follows, that there are no punishments after death. He therefore interprets all those things to be meant only of this life; and says that,

As for the dog, the furies, and their snakes,
 The gloomy caverns and the burning lakes,
 And all the vain infernal trumpery,
 They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
 But here on earth the guilty have in view,
 The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due:
 Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
 Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke;
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
 Th' avenging horror of a conscious mind,

Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
 And sees no end of punishment and woe,
 But looks for more at the last gasp of breath:
 This makes a hell on earth, and life a death.

Dryd.

To this purpose, Cicero in his oration for Roscius Amerinus, says admirably well. "Nolite putare, quemadmodum in Fabulis, eos, qui aliquid impie sceleratæque commiserunt, agitari et perterri Furiarum tedis ardentibus: sua quamque fraus, subis terror maxime vexat, suum quemque scelus agitat, amentiaque afficit, suæ malæ cogitationes conscientiaque animi terrent. Hæ sunt impiis assiduæ domesticæque Furia, quæ dies noctesque parentum pœnas à consecratissimis filiis repetunt." Do not fancy what the fables say, that men who have committed any impious or wicked action, are haunted and terrified with the flaming torches of the furies. Every man's own offences, his own terror chiefly disturb him; every man's own wickedness haunts and makes him mad; his own cruel thoughts, and the consciousness of his own guilt terrify him. These are to the impious those assiduæ and domestic furies, who day and night require and avenge the punishments of the parents, of their most flagitious sons. And Lactantius says, there are three passions that drive men headlong into all manner of wickedness: anger, covetousness, and lust. Therefore, the poets said there are three furies that torment the minds of men. Anger seeks for revenge; covetousness for riches; and lust for sensual delights. "Tres sunt Affectus, qui homines in omnia facinora precipites agunt Propterea Poetæ tres Furias esse dixerunt, quæ mentes hominum exagitant: ira ultionem desiderat, cupiditas opes, libido voluptates." De vero Cultu, cap. 19.

Ibid. *The Furies*] They were three in number; the daughters of the river Acheron, and of night. The poets feigned them to have snakes instead of hair, and to be the inflictors of the torments in hell; and also, that they always bore flaming torches and whips in their hands. Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. v. 576.

Continuo fontes ultrix accincta flagello
 Tisiphone quatit insultans, torvosque sinistra
 Intentans angues, vocat agmina sæva fororum.

And ver. 605.

—Furiarum maxima juxta

Accubat—

Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

Straight o'er the guilty ghosts the fury shakes
 The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes;
 And the pale sinner with her sisters takes.
 The queen of furies by their sides is set:

—Her hissing snakes she rears,

Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.

Dryd.

Ibid. *Cerberus*] He is feigned by the poets to be a dog with three heads, that guards the gates of hell. Apollodorus describes him with three heads, a dragon's tail, and his back stuck thick with sc

pents heads of several sorts. Hesiod, in Theogon. gives him fifty heads, Virgil, *Æneid*. vi. ver. 417.

Cerberus hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Perfonat, adverso recubans immanis in Antro
——Horre videas jam colla colubris,
——tria guttura pandens.

——In his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian fount,
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
Op'ning his greedy grinning jaws he gapes
With three enormous mouths.

Dryd.

Thus too Horace, *Od.* 2. lib. iii.

Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
Janitor aulae
Cerberus; quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter, fanicque manet
Orè trilingui.

Ver. 1018. Here our translator has changed the ancient way of punishing criminals into the more modern punishments; he takes no notice of what Lucretius calls

——Horribilis de saxo jactu, deorsum :

Which Dryden, who keeps more close, in this place, to the original, renders the Tarpeian rock, which was a precipice, from whence such as were guilty of treason against the state were thrown down. It was called Mons Tarpeius, from Tarpeia, a vestal virgin, who was buried there. This was she, who agreed with the Sabines to betray the capitol to them, provided they would give her what they wore on their left arms; which they promised to do; she meant their bracelets; but they had no sooner entered the capitol by her means, than they fell to throwing their targets upon her, which instantly pressed and smothered her to death. Horace, lib. i. sat. 6. mentions this punishment :

——Audes
Dejicere è saxo cives; aut tradere Cadmo ?

Ver. 1021. Dryden, in the tragedy of *Aurengzebe*, has an excellent description of the tormenting terrors of a guilty mind; and which agrees very well with this passage of our author :

Severe decrees may keep our tongues in awe :
But to our thoughts what edict can give law ?
Ev'n you yourself to your own breast shall tell
Your crimes, and your own conscience be your
hell :

Amidst your train this unseen judge will wait ;
Examine how you came by all your state ;
Upbraid your impious pomp : and in your ear
Will hollow rebel ! traitor ! murderer !
Your ill-got pow'r, wan looks, and cares shall
bring ;

Known but by discontent to be a king :
Of crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll sit, and brood your sorrows on a throne.

And Lee, in *Mithridates*, says finely :

My ugly guilt flies in my conscious face :
And I am vanquish'd, slain with bosom war.

Ver. 1027. In these thirty-two verses, the poet rebukes that worthless race of men, who seem to think themselves born for no other purpose, than to indulge themselves in ease and pleasure, and to waste their days in idleness : For why should such men, who are altogether useless in their generations, repine at their being subject to the same laws and necessity of fate, to which the most potent emperors, legislators, founders of cities, the greatest wits, and the most illustrious in arts and sciences, have in all times been subject, and forced to submit. Certainly their condition ought to be worse, and yet they complain of its being equal. Ancus, says he, Xerxes, and Scipio, died long ago. All the poets, and even Homer, the prince and father of them all; Democritus, nay, Epicurus himself, the best of all philosophers, is dead: Therefore.

When thoughts of death disturb thy head,
Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead :
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die :
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?

Dryd.

Be gone then, whosoever thou be, and learn not to deplore the inevitableness of that destiny, which such, and so great men, especially Democritus, and Epicurus, have willingly, nay, joyfully undergone.

Ver. 1028. Ancus Martius : He was the fourth king of the Romans, and grandson of Numa by a daughter. Of him Livy. " *Aviæ gloriæ memor : medium erat in eo ingenium, et Numæ et Romuli memor, cuiuslibet superiorum regum belli pacisque et artibus et gloria par.*" He was emulous of the glory of his progenitors, and seemed to have inherited a mixed temper of mind, between that of Numa and of Romulus : He was equal to any of his predecessor kings in the glory and arts both of war and peace. Virgil has not omitted to make Anchises show him to Æneas among the race of his successors :

——Quem juxta sequitur jactantior Ancus,
Nunc quoque jam nimium gaudens popularibus
auris.

Æn. vi. ver. 815.

For he obtained the kingdom by the favour and voice of the people, as well as of the senators.

Ver. 1029. Lucretius took this thought from Homer, who says,

Κάτθαναι καὶ Πάτρεσσι, ὅστις εἰς πόλιν ἀμείνων.

Ver. 1032. In these four verses he speaks of Xerxes, the king of the Persians, who, by laying a bridge over the Hellespont, and digging a channel round the mountain Athos, walked over the sea, and sailed upon land, as Herodotus in *Polyhymn*, says of him. Consider, says Lucretius,

How many monarchs, with their mighty state,
Who rul'd the world, were over-ruled by fate ?

That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whose stupendous bridge did the wild waves
 refrain,

In vain they foam'd, in vain they threaten'd wreck,
While his proud legions march'd upon their back;
Him death, a greater monarch, overcame,
Nor spar'd his guards the more for their immortal
 name.

Dryd.

Ver. 1033. "Et contempsit, aquis insultans, murmura ponti," says Lucretius, alluding, in all appearance, to what the same Herodotus says of him: That hearing that his bridge over the Hellespont was broken to pieces by a storm, he commanded three hundred stripes to be given to the waves, and the sea to be lashed, and bound in chains; and that some of those who were ordered to execute this sentence, severely chid and reproached the insolent sea in these words: "O thou salt and bitter water; thy lord sends thee this greeting, and inflicts this punishment on thee, because thou hast basely done an injury to him, who never gave thee any provocation. But know, that the great king Xerxes will walk over thee, in spite of all thou canst do to hinder him. It is with good reason that no man sacrifices to thee, since thou art at best but a bitter and deceitful stream." Manilius, lib. i. ver. 773.

Perfidis et victor strârat qui classibus æquor.

Which Creech has thus paraphrased;

Next Persia's scourge, who strew'd the joyful
 flood

With Xerxes fleet, and check'd the growing god:
Who broke his force, when Neptune bore the
 chain,

And prov'd his juster title o'er the main.

Ver. 1036. *Scipio*] He speaks of P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus Major, who in the year U.C. 543, when he was but 24 years of age, was, preferably to others, sent into Spain, from whence he drove the Carthaginians. In the year 549, he was made consul, and the year following sent proconsul into Africa; where having overcome the Carthaginians, he obliged Hannibal to return out of Italy to the defence of his own country; having subdued Carthage, he imposed a tribute on the Carthaginians, and made them give him hostages; for which he was surnamed Africanus: He was allowed a triumph at the end of the second Punic war, in the year 553. Then he was made censor in the year 555, and again consul in the year 560. He was thrice chosen prince, or president of the senate. He went legate, or lieutenant-general, in the expedition against Antiochus king of Syria, which was commanded in chief by his brother Lucius, who, for the victory he obtained over that king, was surnamed Asiaticus. Our Scipio, being returned to Rome, was accused by the tribunes of the people, of having taken money of Antiochus to procure him a peace; and thinking it unworthy of a man like himself to be present, and plead in his own defence, he went to

Literum in Campania, and died there about the year 567. Though our translator has omitted it, Lucretius in this place calls him *belli fulmen*, the thunderbolt of war! in which he showed the way to Virgil, who, in *Æn.* vi. ver. 482, calls both the Scipios Major and Minor,

———Duo fulmina belli,
Scipiadas.———

And to Cicero likewise, who, in his oration for Cornelius Balbus, speaking of others of the Scipian family, says: "Cum duo fulmina nostri imperii Cn. et P. Scipiones subite in Hispania extincti occiderent." And Dryden, in his translation of this passage, was careful not to omit the giving him that appellation:

The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio, the thunderbolt of war is dead,
And, like a common slave, by fate in triumph
 led.

The other was the son of Æmilius Paulus Macedonicus, who was adopted into the Cornelian family by the son of Scipio Africanus Major, and called Publius Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus: He took and utterly destroyed Carthage, in the third and last Punic war, and reduced Africa into the form of a Roman province; for which he triumphed and gained the surname of Africanus Minor. This last famed for his justice, as well as for his great knowledge in the art of war, whence the proverb, "Scipione iustior et militarior:" which we find in Tertullian's Apologet. chap. 2. Lucius Florus, speaking of them says, "Fatale Africæ nomen Scipionum videbatur." See more of them in Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Orosius, Appian. de Bello Civil. Lucius Florus, Aurelius Victor, et Eutropius.

Ver. 1040. *Homer*] Thus too Manilius, in the beginning of his second book, is lavish in the praise of Homer, and having mentioned the chief arguments of his poems, he concludes with a high character, and styles him, "The Fountain of all Poetry:"

———Cujus ex ore profusos
Omnis posteritas latices in carmina duxit,
Annemque in tenuis ausa est deducere rivos,
Unius secunda bonis.———

Which Creech thus renders:

———From whose abundant spring,
Succeeding poets draw the songs they sing.
From him they take, from him adorn their
 themes;

And into little channels cut his streams:
Rich in his store———

Ovid. *Amor.* lib. iii. eleg. 8, to the same purpose,
———à quo, ceu fonte perenni,
Vatum Pieris ora rigantur aquis.

And Longinus, de Sublim. sect. 13, says, that not only Stesichorus and Archilochus, but Herodotus the historian, and Plato the philosopher, owe their

chief beauties to Homer. Lucretius therefore with good reason, speaking of the inventors of arts and sciences, says;

—Quorum avus Homerus
Sceptra potitus eadem fopitu' quiete 'st.

Upon which our translator expatiates; and this thought, "What Troy," &c. is taken from Waller. Dryden keeps closer to the original, and renders this passage thus:

The founders of invented arts are lost;
And wits, who made eternity their boast:
Where now is Homer who possess'd the throne?
Th' immortal work remains, the mortal author's gone.

Ver. 1044. *Democritus*] Of whom says Lucretius, "Sponte sua letho caput obtulit obviis ipse." Which Hermippus in Laertius explains. When Democritus was worn out with age, and seem'd to be near his death, his sister was one day complaining to him, that if he should chance to die *ἡ τῇ τῶν Σισυροφωρίων ἑορτῇ* (festivals in honour of Ceres), she should not be able to perform her vows to that goddess: but he bid her take heart, and bring him every day some warm loaves of bread: by smelling to which he kept himself alive till that solemnity was at end: Now it lasted three days, and when they were past *ἀλυτότατα τὸν βίον προήκατο*. Diog. Laert. lib. ix. in Vit. Democ. And thus, to use the words of Dryden,

Democritus, perceiving age invade,
His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a cheerful face:
Made haste to welcome death, and met him half the race.

Of Democritus, see more, ver. 356 of this book; and ver. 335 of book iv.

Ver. 1048. *Epicurus*] Of whom see book i. ver. 88, and the beginning of this book. Our poet here praises him, as far excelling all the other wise: and yet, says he, even he was forced to submit to death:

That stroke, ev'n Epicurus could not bar,
Though he in wit surpass'd mankind, as far
As does the mid-day sun the midnight star.
Then thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy sleep posselt;
And, when awake, thy soul but nods at best,
Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy breast.

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'd to find:
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wander'st in the labyrinth of life.

Dryd.

Ver. 1059. The poet has taught before, that the fear of death is the fountain from whence proceeds all our uneasiness of mind: He now resumes that subject, and in these twenty-six verses, teaches, that the inconstancy and instability of men proceed from no other cause. Uneasy in town, they go into the country, but are restless

there, and straight return to town; they wish for things, which, when obtained, they lothe. Men in all conditions are oppress'd with a load of cares and anxieties of mind, because, wherever they go, they carry with them the fear of death, and all the uneasy wishes and desires that spring from it; but would they govern themselves by the precepts of true philosophy, that is to say, by the wife doctrine of Epicurus, they would learn that the soul is mortal, and every man would lay down the load that he feels so heavy.

Oh! if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within their breast,
Sure they would change their course, not live as now,

Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow:
Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down:
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load;
But straight returns; for he's as restless there,
And finds there's no relief in open air:
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore:
Or seeks the city which he left before.
Thus, ev'ry man o'erworks his weary will
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill,
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still:

No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The wretch is ignorant of his disease,
Which known, would all his fruitless troubles spare,

For he would know the world not worth his care;
Then would he search more deeply for the cause,
And study nature well, and nature's laws.
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, eternal state;
That never-changing state which all must keep,
Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.

Dryd.

Ver. 1085. Lastly, He tells us, in these fifteen verses, that it is a folly to fly from what we cannot avoid; and to be so fond of life, even though we are sure to meet with no new blessings, and that the longer we live the more afflictions we shall undergo:

Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife?
A life, which all our care can never save,
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round,
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same maukish joys in the same track are found.

For still we think an absent blessing best,
Which cloy, and is no blessing when possess'd;
A new-arriving wish expells it from the breast,

The sev'nish thirst of life increases still;
We call for more and more, and never have our
fill:

Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try;
What dregs of life in the last draught may lie.
Dryd.

Ver. 1091. To this very purpose, Dryden, in the tragedy of *Aurengzebe*, after his inimitable manner:

When I consider life 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day,
Lies more; and while it says we shall be blest'd
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
Strange coz'nage! None would live past years
again,
Yet all hope comfort from what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Ver. 1094. Lucretius concludes this book with telling us, in these six verses, that death is equally eternal and immortal, if it seize us to-day, or many ages hence: For,

Nor by the longest life we can attain
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign:
When once the fates have cut the mortal thread;
The man as much to all intents is dead;
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

ANIMADVERSION,

IN WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE THIRD BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

When Lucretius disputes of matter and its motions, if you except only some of his assertions that are levelled against Providence, which of the philosophers argues more rationally, or more pertinently to his subject? But when he comes to reason of things removed from sense, of the soul, and its faculties, no man is more weak, none more wide from the purpose. Let us but consider what a soul he has fabricated for himself: A subtle corporeal substance, composed of minute and voluble parts of wind, air, and heat, that are diffused through the whole body in such a manner as to be separated from one another by very small intervals of space. To these three he adds a fourth, I know not what nameless thing, extremely subtle, and most easy to be moved, which being seated in the heart, is the principle of sense, and perceives the images that come from all things; and this is the perfect and consummate soul of the Epicureans. Now, let us imagine a spider in a box, that she has spun her web through the whole cavity of the box, and dwells herself

in the middle of the web, then let us farther imagine, that some flies come into the web, and, being caught there, move the threads of it; at this motion, suppose the spider to be alarmed, that she runs all over her web, catches the flies, and devours them: imagine all this, and you have so perfect a representation of the Epicurean soul catching the *εἰδωλα* images, that nothing can be more like it. Are these discoveries worthy of a philosopher?

From ver. 92 to ver. 134, he sufficiently proves, that the soul is not a harmony of the whole body. From thence to ver. 161, he, to no purpose, joins the mind, as a master, to that abject slave, the soul. I confess, that when the mind is shaken by any violent fear, the soul is disturbed; so too when the harper trembles, the harp utters not true harmony. With like success, he goes on to ver. 178, endeavouring to evince, that the soul is corporeal; for he presumes that to be certain, which he ought to prove by arguments to be so; and we may positively affirm, that there may be touch without body.

Now, since he has not proved the soul to be corporeal, why need we trouble ourselves about what he advances to ver. 224, concerning the tenuity of it? Yet we must allow that the poet has evidently demonstrated that the particles of the soul, granting it to be corporeal, must be both subtle and voluble; nor will we contend with him concerning the composition of the soul to ver. 309. For he may as well say that the soul is composed of the seeds of air, vapour, and heat, as of the particles of any other matter. But by adding, ver. 232, to these three a fourth thing, that has no name, he confesses, that no kind of body can be conceived or thought of, that is, or can be, the principle of sense.

But he prudently commits the safety of this thin and subtle soul to the dense and strong body, to ver. 333: and then to ver. 355, he bestows on the body the faculty of perception: yet what is more foolish? what more remote from, and even repugnant to common sense? nay, what is less consonant even to his own maxims and doctrine? For how can the body partake of sense, since none of that fourth nameless thing helps to compose it? Then, to ver. 379, he disputes successfully against Democritus, at least I will not contradict him, not thinking it worth the while to examine whether of their opinions is best, since both of them are absurd. And as he but now gave the soul to the custody of the body, so now to ver. 398, he interchangeably gives the guardianship of the body to the soul. And I envy neither of them their tuition. But let us examine the arguments by which he assaults the immortality of the soul itself.

The first is from ver. 407. to ver. 428. And in this he divides and disperses this thin and subtle corporeal substance, as he supposes that of the soul to be, and he has my leave to do so. Let the mind be corporeal, and though it be thick and composed of perplexed and intricate particles, I will allow it to be subject to dissolution.

The second argument, from ver. 428. to ver. 440, the third from thence to ver. 456, and the fourth from ver. 457. to ver. 469, prove nothing. For we do not in the least perceive that the mind is born, grows, decays, and waxes old with the body. We perceive, indeed, that the body is born, grows and decays; but we have no experience of any increase or decrease in the mind. But, says he, the mind is not strong in a child, and in the old it decays. And how does he prove this? Because, says he, a child is foolish, and an old man doats. In like manner, place a very skilful workman in an engine, and let us suppose that some parts of that engine are too stiff, others too limber, some worn away, others clouterly, it would be foolish in us to expect any due and regular motions of that engine, even though that most skilful artist took a great deal of pains, and employed his utmost art in working it. Besides, says he, the mind is susceptible of cares and grief, and therefore must be subject to dissolution. I suppose he means that it must be so, for I cannot at present think of any other reason for that conclusion, because grief is elsewhere said to be piercing, and cares devouring, "quia luctus penetrans, et curæ edaces," such reasoning is worthy of this mortal and corporeal soul. The same answer that solved the second argument will solve the fourth.

To the three following arguments, from ver. 456. to ver. 505, let the physicians give an answer, if there be need of it. Let the legs stagger, the tongue falter, and the eyes swim, what is all this to the soul? Let brawls and unmanly quarrels be the effect of drunkenness; what great matter is there in this either? For, though a player on the harp be ever so skilful, yet if you untune his instrument, if you screw some of the strings up too high, and slacken others too much, let him touch them ever so artfully, they will utter only discordant and unharmonious sounds; though before they were thus disordered and put out of tune, they made the sweetest harmony. And in the epileptic disease, a foul humour disorders and disturbs the organs, and thence proceed those boisterous and unruly motions. But since the disease affects and weakens the organs only, what else does the physic relieve? The seventh argument, from ver. 505. to ver. 524, asserts, that, as a man dies limb by limb, so the soul too goes away, and dies by degrees, as if the limbs could not grow cold but the soul must grow cold likewise. Besides, this argument supposes the soul to be corporeal, and diffused through the whole body, which, nevertheless, he has not yet proved, and I dare promise, no man ever will.

The eighth argument, from ver. 524. to ver. 532, is of no weight: For the soul has not the power and faculty of understanding, and of reasoning, from any exterior thing, as the ear has that of hearing, and the eye that of seeing; but she has it in herself, and of herself, and therefore it is no wonder, nor does it follow, that though the ear, separated from the body, cannot hear, nor a separated eye see; the mind, separated from

the body, cannot therefore perceive, understand, and reason.

To the ninth argument, from ver. 533. to ver. 557, this answer may be given: In like manner, as when we see a soldier fighting with a sword, or any other weapon, we do not say, that without those arms he could give no wounds, for he has hands besides to strike with; so though the soul be clothed with members, as with a panoply, or complete suit of armour, and thus performs many functions with corporeal organs, yet we cannot pretend that when she has put off, as it were, that military array, she has no function either of understanding or perception remaining.

No man can allow any strength to be in the tenth argument, from ver. 556. to ver. 567, unless he perceive that the soul is, as it were, the foundation of the whole animal, and that the body is seasoned with soul, as with salt, that it may not stink and putrify.

The eleventh argument, from ver. 567. to ver. 581, is nothing but a sort of quibble, for the whole stress of it consists in this, that the dissolution of spirits, which we call a swoon, the Latins call "animi deliquium," a fainting of the mind.

The two following arguments, from ver. 581. to ver. 596, deny that the soul can go whole out of the body, unless it be expired through the jaws; nor is this in the least absurd, if the soul be corporeal: and they add farther, that the soul, fearing its future dissolution, leaves the body unwillingly, and with regret. To this Cato answers in Cicero: "Quid quod sapientissimus quique acutissimo animo moritur, stultissimus iniquissimus? Nonne vobis videtur animus is, qui plus cernit et longius, videre se ad meliora proficisci? Ille autem cujus obtusior acies, non videre? Equidem efflor studio patres vestros, quos colui et dilexi, videndi. Neque vero eos solum convenire aveau, sed illos etiam de quibus audivi, et legi, et ipse conscripsi. Quo quidem me proficiscentem haud scio quis facile retraxerit. Quod si quis Deus mihi largiatur; ut ex hac ætate repuerescam, et in cuius vagiam, valde reculem: nec vero velim, quasi decurso spatio, a calce ad carceres revocari." What is the reason that a wife man dies with a sedate and quiet mind, and a fool with the greatest impatience and reluctancy? Do not you think that the soul of the wife man, which sees most and farthest, discovers she is going to a better world? And that the soul of the fool is dim sighted, and sees nothing of it? For my part, I burn with longing to see your fathers, whom I loved and honoured; nor do I desire to meet them only, but others also, of whom I have heard, and read, and writ. And were I going to them, I know not who it is should easily persuade me back. Nay, if any god would grant me the privilege of becoming a child again, and to bawl in a cradle, I would absolutely refuse it; for, having run my race, I would not willingly go back to the starting-post to run it over again. In the last place, they affirm, that the mind, because, if we may believe Epicurus, it is always seated in the heart of man, cannot remain safe and whole out of the

heart; as if birds, because they are hatched in a nest, cannot live out of it.

The fourteenth argument, from ver. 506. to ver. 606, is of the same piece with the others, and favours of vulgar stupidity to boot. Nor would the poet have been so copious in explaining the fifteenth, from ver. 606. to ver. 640, if he had rightly understood animal motion, and the instruments that serve to make it. To the next, from ver. 641. to ver. 649, let Plato and Pythagoras answer, for they only are concerned. The seventeenth and the eighteenth, from ver. 649. to ver. 680, suppose the corporeal soul to be diffused through the whole body, and to be annexed to all its parts, than which nothing is more false, nothing more absurd. It resides in the head, like a prince in his throne, and there it governs.

How trifling the observation he makes, from ver. 680. to ver. 709, is, will be obvious to every man who knows, and who has seen with his eyes, that worms, maggots, &c. are often bred in the earth, in plants, in cheese, &c. things altogether inanimate.

Let such as believe the transmigration of souls solve the difficulties which the poet raises against them, from ver. 709. to ver. 739. And then, as to what he alleges from ver. 739. to ver. 748, I will only say, that the soul would be a fool indeed if it did not desire a brisk and vigorous body, and fly from one that is decrepit and worn out with age. Of what he says, from ver. 749. to ver. 755, let them take care, if any such are to be found, who think the absurdities of Pythagoras worth a reply. And because the three and twentieth argument, from ver. 755. to ver. 770 is the same in effect with the thirteenth, it shall have no other answer but what that has had already.

To his four and twentieth argument, from ver.

770. to ver. 776, we say, that the most excellent philosophers hitherto have not thought it incongruous and absurd to join together a mortal and immortal being. And in opposition to what he urges, from ver. 776. to ver. 797, I will establish a fourth kind of things, viz. incorporeal, immortal substances, and Epicurus will not have the confidence to deny them an existence, since he himself has bestowed on his gods immortality, and exemption from dissolution. Lastly, As to his six and twentieth argument, which is the last he brings against the immortality of the soul, we do not deny but that the mind is affected with piercing grief, and vexed with devouring cares; nor but that when the body is seized with certain diseases the mind cannot perform its due functions. But we stiffly deny the consequence he draws from thence, viz. that therefore the soul is mortal.

I could here be more copious, and show that Lucretius has to no purpose brought this heap of argument, since they are incapable of delivering us from the fear of death; for to men who abound in prosperity, and enjoy all the delights of life, what can be more calamitous than that death which is *ignis aëtheris*, a privation of sense: And to propose to the unfortunate and miserable such a death as will utterly destroy them, and thus put an end at once to them and their calamities together, would be the same thing as to propose shipwreck to a man tost in a violent storm, that by being plunged and drowned in the waves, he may, once for all, exempt himself from the dangers of the raging deep. And thus behold the mighty comfort which the doctrine of Epicurus affords us! Such a relief will ever be unwelcome, and hateful to all pious and good men, and those pleading only to the impious, whom no philosophy ought to avail.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. LUCRETIVS begins this fourth book, from ver. I. to ver. 30, with the same comparison he brought in the first book, ver. 931, to give the mind of his Memnius some ease and respite from the crabbedness of the subject upon which he was then disputing; and he uses it here again, to bespeak as well the docility as the attention of his readers. II. He proposes the subject treated of in this book, which has a manifest connection with the former three: For having, in the first and second books, taught at large what the principles of things are, and what their nature, how they differ from one another in figure, how they are moved, and how they create all other things; and having, in the third book, fully explained the nature of the mind and of the soul, as being the chief and most excellent of all created bodies, he very judiciously, from ver. 29. to ver. 47, subjoins this other disputation concerning the sensation of animals, as well when they are awake, as when they are sleeping, which, to use the expression of Lucretius, is as much as to say, concerning the senses of the mind as well as those of the body. And, to carry on this disputation the more regularly, he begins with the images of things, and warmly insists, that all sensation is made by them. Therefore, III. from ver. 46. to ver. 115, he teaches, that certain most tenuous and subtle images are continually flowing from the surfaces of all bodies, that they fly to and fro in the air, but that, nevertheless, they are invisible, unless they be reflected upon the sight from mirrors, or water. IV. Then, to ver. 127, he describes the extreme tenuity of such images, and from thence takes occasion to confirm the doctrine he taught in the first book concerning the exiguity of his atoms.

V. From ver. 126. to ver. 228, he distinguishes between two kinds of images; one of those that of their own accord are bred in the clouds, which sometimes represent the images of giants, sometimes of mountains, and sometimes of huge monstrous beasts; the other, of those that fly off from the surface of things, and are, as it were, the films or membranes of them. Lucretius calls them "exuviae rerum," and then teaches, that these "exuviae" are continually flowing from the surface of all bodies, and that they are borne through the air with such wonderful celerity that they easily outstrip the swiftness even of the rays of the sun. VI. Forasmuch as the sight is accounted the first and chief of all the senses, he begins with it, and from ver. 227. to ver. 480, he teaches, that it proceeds from the incursion and striking of those images upon the eyes, in like manner as the other senses are caused by corpuscles that come from without to the several organs of sensation. Meanwhile, he explains all things that relate to the efficient causes of sight, and proposes several problems touching vision, of which he gives the true reasons and solutions. VII. But lest any man should take pretext, from the explication of these problems, to accuse the senses of deception or fallacy, he, at large, asserts their dignity, from ver. 479. to ver. 536, and takes occasion, by the way, to confute the sceptics, but chiefly from ver. 479. to ver. 490, and at last lays it down as an indisputable maxim, that all truth is grounded on the certainty, and on the belief of the senses. VIII. Having thus disputed of sight, he goes to work with the other senses likewise, and from ver. 535. to ver. 622, teaches, first, that voice and sound are corporeal images, which strike the ear, and are the cause of hearing. Then he explains the nature of voice, and the manner of its formation, and gives a reason why the same voice is heard by many persons at once, tells what an echo is, and what causes it. IX. From ver. 621. to ver. 722, he gives instructions concerning savour and taste, and touching odour and smell; namely, what savour and odour are, and why all do not perceive them; why the same food is sweet to some and bitter to others; why one odour is more agreeable to one than it is to another; and why the same voice strikes a terror into some, and pleases, at least does not fright others. X. From ver. 721. to ver. 832, he treats of imagination, and cogitation, which, he says, are made likewise by the same most subtle images of things presenting themselves to the mind. In the next place, he proposes and explains several problems relating to cogitation; why, for example, we seem to see, in our dreams, persons who are dead; why the images of things seem to tarry with us while we are thinking of the things whose images they are; why any man thinks on a sudden upon whatever he will; why we seem to ourselves to move in our dreams. XI. From ver. 831. to ver. 905, he teaches, that the tongue, the eyes, the nostrils, the ears, in a word, that all the organs of sensation were made before the use of them, quite contrary to what has happened in regard to all artificial things, the invention of which succeeded the foreseen want and usefulness of them. He gives the reason, likewise, why animals seek after their own meat and drink; why we move whenever we please; and tells what it is that actuates and drives forward the mass of our body. XII. From ver. 904. to ver. 1036, he treats of sleep, and of dreams; and teaches, in the first place, how sleep is caused in us, and in all other animals; then he assigns several causes of different dreams; and, falling at length upon the subject of venerary, he disputes, from ver. 1029 to the end of this book, of love, of barrenness, of fruitfulness, &c. with more freedom of thought, and broadness of expression, than perhaps some will allow to be fitting. But in subjects of such nature, all philosophers have been apt to indulge themselves very much, and to assume greater liberties than it strictly becomes them to take.

I FEEL, I rising feel poetic heats,
And, now inspir'd, trace o'er the muses seats
Untrodden yet. 'Tis sweet to visit first [thirst:
Untouch'd and virgin streams, and quench my
I joy to crop fresh flow'rs, and get a crown
For new and rare inventions of my own:
So noble, great, and gen'rous the design,
'That none of all the mighty tuneful nine
E'er grac'd a head of laurels like to mine. }
For, first, I teach great things in lofty strains, 10
And loose men from religion's grievous chains.
Next, though my subject's dark, my verse is clear,
And sweet, with fancy flowing ev'ry where;
And this design'd: For as physicians use,
In giving children draughts of bitter juice,
To make them take it, tinge the cup with sweet,
To cheat the lip; this first they eager meet,
And then drink on, and take the bitter draught,
And so are harmlessly deceiv'd, not caught:
For, by such cheats, they get their strength, their
ease, 20
Their vigour health, and baffle the disease.

So since our method of philosophy
Seems harsh to some; since most our maxims
fly;
I thought it was the fittest way to dress
These rigid principles in verse might please;
With fancy sweet'ning them, to bribe thy mind
To read my book, and lead it on to find
The nature of the world, the rise of things;
And what vast profit too that knowledge brings.
Now, since 'tis shown what things first bodies
are, 30
What diff'rent forms, what various shapes they
bear; [whole;
And how they move; how join to make one
And what's the nature of the mind and soul;
Of what compos'd; how fate unlinks the chain,
And scatters it into its seeds again.
Next, for 'tis time, my muse declares and sings,
What those are we call images of things,
Which, like thin films, from bodies rise in
streams;
Play in the air, and dance upon the beams: 39

By day these meet, and strike our minds, and
fright, [night :
And show pale ghosts, and horrid shapes by
These break our sleep, these check our gay de-
light.

For sure no airy souls get loose, and fly,
From hell's dark shades, nor flutter in our sky :
For what remains beyond the greedy urn,
Since soul and body to their seeds return ?

A stream of forms from ev'ry surface flows,
Which may be call'd the film or shell of those :
Because they bear the shape, they show the frame,
And figure of the bodies, whence they came. 50
The dullest may perceive, and know 'tis true ;
For bodies, big enough for sense to view,
Do often rise : some more diffus'd and broke :
Thus fire, thus heated wood still breathe forth

smoke ; [gin,
And some more close, and join'd ; when heats be-
Some insects seem to sweat, and cast their skin :
The heifers cast the membranes of their horns,
Snakes leave their glitt'ring coats among the
thorns,

A glitt'ring coat, each tree, each bush adorns.
We see with pleasure what we fled before,
We handle now the scales, and fear no more.
This proves that num'rous trains of images
(For why can these, and not more thin than these)
From ev'ry surface flow. For first they lie
Unchain'd, and loose, and ready for our eye :
They soon will slip, and still preserve their frame,
Their ancient form, and tell from whence they
came.

Nay more, they're thin, they on the surface play,
Therefore few chains to break, few stops to stay
Their course, or hinder when they fly away. 70

For it is certain, that a num'rous store,
Not from the middle parts, as 'twas before
Observ'd, but even from the surface rise,
As colours, often loosen'd, strike our eyes.
Thus when pale curtains, or the deeper red
O'er all the spacious theatre are spread,
Which mighty masts, and sturdy pillars bear,
And the loose curtains wanton in the air,
Whole streams of colours from the top do flow,
The rays divide them in their passage through,
And stain the scenes, and men, and gods be-
low : 81

The more these curtains spread, the pleasing dye
Rides on the beams the more, and courts the eye :
The gaudy colour spreads o'er ev'ry thing,
All gay appear, each man a purple king.
Since curtains then their loosen'd colours spread,
Since they can paint the under scenes with red,
Then ev'ry thing can send forth images :

Those fly from surfaces as well as these,
'Tis certain then that subtle forms do lie 90
And dance, and frolic in our lower sky,
Which, single, are too subtle for our eye.

But now the odours, vapours, and thin smoke,
Fly scatter'd and confus'd, their order broke,
Because, whilst they from outward parts do flow,
And through strait winding pores, and turnings
go,

They are disorder'd in their passage through.

But now these subtle films of loosen'd dyes
What can disorder, as from things they rise,
Since each upon the utmost surface lies ?

Thus forms, which glass, which limpid streams
restore, 101

Bearing that shape, that dye, the body wore,
Must be compos'd of fleeting images
That rise from things : For why with greater
ease [these ?
Can these forms rise, than some more thin than
Then there are subtle shapes, like those that
streams

Or glass restores on the returning beams ;
In figure like ; but airy, thin, and light,
And single each, too subtle for our sight :
Yet coming thick, and in a num'rous train, 110
Reflected from the polish'd specular plain,
Can make us see ; and that's the reason why
The forms return again, in shape and dye
So like the things, and please the curious eye.

Next learn how subtle, and how thin these
are.

First, then, since seeds of things are finer far
Than those that first begin to disappear.
But now to clear this, to confirm the more
The subtleness of seeds, explain'd before,
And add new reasons to the former store : 120
How many animals, whose middle part
The sharpest eye, with all the help of art,
Can't see ? Dull art may throw her glasses by :
How subtle then the guts, the heart, the eye ?
How thin each little member of the whole ?
How infinitely small the seeds that frame the
soul ?

But more——
Opopanax, or rue, that strikes the nose
With strongest smells, or others, like to those,
If shaken, thousand parts do fly from thence,
A thousand ways ; but weak, nor move the sense.
And yet how subtle, if compar'd with these 131
How thin, what nothings are the images ?
How vast the disproportion 'twixt these two ?
'Tis more than 'thought can think, than words
can show.

But now, besides these subtle forms that rear
From bodies, thousand new are fram'd in air,
Fashion'd by chance ; and these when borne on
high,

Still change their shapes, and wanton in the sky :
Then join'd in various forms, grow thick and
move

Like clouds combin'd, and darken all above : 140
Hence prodigies ; hence some gigantic war,
Marshall'd in th' air, looks dreadful from afar,
And shadows all : Hence mountains seem to fly :
And scatter'd rocks cut thro' the wounded sky :
Hence other clouds do frightful streamers show :
We stare, amaz'd, and wonder at below.

Next learn——
How soon these forms fly off, how swift they
rise :

For something still on ev'ry surface lies,
Just ready to depart, and strike our eyes.
This, when on rare and thin composures tost,
For instance, clouds, strait enters, and is lost.

It breaks on rocks and woods; they ne'er restore
The forms, the image then appears no more:
But if 'tis thrown on dense, and smooth, as glass,
It must return: those things it cannot pass,
As clothes; nor break, because the thing's polite;
Hence forms return from such, and please the
sight:

And hence the polish'd glass, whate'er you place
Before, as swift as thought, returns the face:
Which proves that num'rous trains of forms
arose, 160

And such as the reflecting mirror shows,
Thin subtle images, all like to those,
Each moment spring; and hence 'tis justly said,
Their rise is quick; these forms are quickly made;

As num'rous rays must ev'ry minute flow
From the sun's orb, to keep all full of light below;
So num'rous images from things must rear,
Each minute rise, and wander through the air:
Because let hasty hands the mirror place, 169
This way, or that; yet still we view the face,
The colour, shape, returning from the glass.

So often, when the heav'ns, serene and bright,
Look, gay, and clear, and smile with gaudy light;
A horrid cloud straight hides its glorious face,
As if the shades of hell had left their place,
And fill'd the vaulted skies: so thick the night!
So dark the clouds appear, so much affright!
And yet how subtle, if compar'd with these,
How thin, what nothings are the images?
How vast the disproportion 'twixt these two! 180
'Tis more than thought can think, than words
can show.

Now next, how fast they move, how quick
they fly,

Parting with swiftest wings the yielding sky:
How they outstrip dull time where'er they go,
How quick, how swift they are in passing thro';
In few, but sweetest numbers, muse rehearse:
My few shall far exceed more num'rous verse.
Thus dying swans, tho' short, yet tuneful voice,
Is more delightful than a world of noise.

First, then; experience tells, that thin, and light,
And subtle things are fit for hasty flight: 191
Such is the ray, the vapour of the sun;
How swift its race! 'Tis finish'd when begun:
For they are thin contextures: almost seed;
And cut the parted air with greatest speed;
No lets to stop, but when one part is gone,
Another flows and drives the former on:
The rays still rise in a continued stream,
The following lashes on the lazy beam:
So far their reason holds: the airy race 200
Of images must pass a mighty space,
Each point of time: For first, some force behind
Still drives them on to outstrip the ling'ring wind;
Their texture is so thin, their frame so rare,
That they can freely enter any where,
And even penetrate the middle air.

Besides, if these composes from above
So swiftly through the lower region move;
If in one point of time the glorious ray 209
Swiftly descends, and shows approaching day;
From heaven to earth can take its hasty flight,
And gild the distant globe with gaudy light;

If this so swift, than swifter those that lay
On surfaces of things, which nought could stay; }
No stops could hinder as they fly away:
They larger space in that short time must fly,
While the sun's lazy beams creep through our sky.

Another instance of their swiftness this. —
In bowls of water set abroad by night,
We know that stars do shed their feeble light;
So quick the glorious ray descends from far, 217
And we look downward to behold the star:
Which shows the images, with eager haste,
From heav'n reach distant earth; they move so
fast,

Before the single present now is past.
Slow time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion, having no account for small.

Thus then these images, that strike our eyes,
And make us see, from real things must rise.
Thus odours rise from gums; a gentle breeze 230
From rivers flow; and from the neighb'ring seas
Sharp salts arise, and fret the shores around:
Thus all the air is fill'd with murmur'ring sound:
And whilst we walk the strand, and, pleas'd to
view

The wanton waves, or squeeze, or mingle rue,
Or salt, or bitter tastes our tongue surprise: }
So certain 'tis that subtle parts arise
From all, and wander in the lower skies:
These never cease to flow, because the ear, 239
And eyes, and nose, still smell, or see, or hear.

So feel by night, our touch will soon betray
The shape, like that the sight beheld by day.
Thus then the cause, whence touch and sight
must rise

Is one: the same affects the hands and eyes.
For, thus, if, when 'tis dark, we feel a square,
The touch informs what shape the thing does
bear;

What is it makes us see the like by day,
But the square image riding on the ray.
Therefore these images are cause of sight:
All would be dark without them, and all hid in
night. 250

But now these images, these subtle streams
Are scatter'd all around, on all the beams:
And therefore wherefoe'er we turn our eye,
(In that alone the pow'r of sight does lie)
These images appear, and quickly show
The colour, shape, and tell the distance too.

For these arising from the object seen,
Drive forward all the air that lies between:
This stream of air unto the eyes does flow,
And gently grates the ball, and passes thro': 260
This shows the distance —

For as the stream of air, that passes by,
Is long, or short; as that does strike the eye, }
So far, or near, the objects seem to lie.
All this is quickly done; at once we view
The distant thing, and know the distance too.

But more; no wonder that the eye describes
The things themselves, altho' the forms that }
Are single; far too subtle for our eyes. [rise,
For winds molested, cold makes the members
smart; 270

And yet what sense perceives each single part?

What sense each atom of the cold and wind?
None feel the single force, but all conjoin'd :
Then we perceive the stroke, when pains com-
mence;

As if external force did wound the sense;
In flints we press the utmost parts alone,
Yet feel not that : that is to touch unknown;
We feel the inward hardness of the stone.

Now learn; I'll sing why each reflected face
Is seen, as if remov'd beyond the glass; 280

For so it seems : As when the hind'ring door
Imprisons up the longing eye no more :

But, open'd wide, permits the eager sight,
O'er objects, plac'd without, to take its flight,
View all around, and revel with delight.

The object then by double air is shown;
The air, that lies within the gate, is one :
And then the gate itself is plac'd between,
Then th' outward air, and then the object seen.

Thus when the image of the glass does rise, 290
And makes its passage forward to our eyes,
It drives before it all the air between;

So that is felt before the glass is seen :

And when we see the polish'd specular plain;
Our form flies to it, and returns again;

Still driving on the air that lies between;
So that is felt before the face is seen :

And that's the cause, why each returning face
Seems far remov'd, and plac'd beyond the glass.

But more; returning forms, that reach the
sight, 300

Transpose the parts, and turn the left to right.

Because the forms, that strike the polish'd plain
Are not restor'd the same, unchang'd again;

But striking strong, are turn'd a diff'rent way.

This instance clears it : Take a form of clay
Not yet grown dry, and dash it on a seat;

Now if the form's entire, the front retreat,
And come behind, the parts preserve their site;

The right will seem the left, the left the right.

Besides; returning forms do often pass, 310

And fly from one into another glass.

Thus from one single thing these plains restore
Six images, and often ten, or more.

Thus let the thing be hid i' the farthest cell;

Yet place the plains by art, and set them well,
The sitting images to all will come,

And all the thing appear in ev'ry room. [plain,

But more; the shapes transpos'd by th' former

Which pass to others, there are turn'd again.

But convex glasses show the bodies site, 320

Restoring left as left, and right as right :

Because the image is reflected twice,
From glass to glass, and after strikes our eyes :

Orelse 'tis turn'd about; for that the face

Is turn'd about as it does backward pass,

We learn ev'n from the figure of the glass.

But farther on : the image seems to wait

On all our steps, and imitate our gait.

For when we move and leave some parts o' th'

glass,

The parts thus left no more return the face; 330

For nature does by steady laws ordain,

That when a form comes on, and turns again,

The lines make equal angles with the plain.

TAAS. II.

The sight a fulgid object hates, and flies :

The sun ev'n blinds the bold and prying eyes,

Because the rays are strong, and swiftly fly,

And with repeated strokes disturb the eye.

Through pure and unrelenting air they fall,

And break the texture of the injur'd ball.

Besides, all objects that are glaring bright, 340

Do hurt and burn the eye, and spoil the sight;

For flames a thousand hurtful parts contain,

Which strike the tender eye, and raise a pain.

Besides, whatever jaundice eyes do view,

Look pale as well as those, and yellow too.

For lurid parts fly off with nimble wings,

And meet the distant coming forms of things;

And others lurk within the eyes, and seize,

And stain with pale the en'ring images. 349

More : though our eyes are all enclos'd in night,

They see those objects that are plac'd in light;

Because, though first the nearer darker air

Creeps ev'n into the eyes, and settles there;

Straight comes with vig'rous force the shining

ray,

Cleanses the pores, and drives the shades away ;

For, 'tis more subtle, and more strong than they.

When this has cleans'd and open'd ev'ry pore,

Which the dark heavy air had stopp'd before,

The forms of things come in : they swiftly fly,

And strike, and raise a motion in the eye. 360

But now, when we ourselves are in the light,

The objects in the dark ne'er move our sight;

Because a thicker air does still come on ;

A darker as the former dark is gone,

And stops the pores ; and thus no forms can rise,

None move and find a passage to our eyes.

Now farther : 'tis by sure experience found,

A square when seen at distance seems a round ;

Because all angles seem when seen from far,

Obtuse, or rather not at all appear. 370

For through the sitting air all forms that fly

Are struck and blunted in the lower sky,

And so grow weak, and never move the eye :

So all the angles hid, the things appear

All round, though each may be a perfect square ;

Yet not like perfect rounds, and seen when near.

And shadows seem to move, to turn and slay

As bodies do; and servilely obey.

Now how can air, only depriv'd of light,

(For shadow is no more; a sudden night) 380

On all the members various motions wait,

And turn, and imitate her body's gait?

But thus it happens, when we walk by day,

Our bodies stop the passage of the ray ;

But when we leave the place, they further flow,

And their warm kisses on the earth bestow.

And thus the shadow seems to move, to bend

As bodies do, and all their walk attend ;

For still new rays spring from the glorious sun,

The former dying when their race is run : 390

And, therefore, earth is soon depriv'd of light,

And rays as soon come on and chase the night ;

The negro darkness wash'd becomes a white.

And yet, here's no deception of the eye,

For 'tis its office only to descry,

Or how, or in what place the shadow is ;

It must not pass the narrow bounds of this ;

H h

But if the shadows are the same or no;
Whether they die; or as the body go,
'Tis not the office of the eye to know: 400
'Tis reason's office that; for that's design'd
Things nature, and philosophy to find;
Then fix not on the eye the failures of the mind.
Thus ships, though driv'n by a prosperous gale,
Seem fix'd to sailors; those seem under sail
That lie at anchor safe; and all admire,
As they row by, to see the rocks retire.

Thus stars seem fasten'd to the steady pole,
Though all with daily constant motion roll; 409
Yet they, when they have climb'd the tedious east,
Pass through the sky, and headlong fall to west.
And so the sun and moon seem fix'd above,
Yet sure experience tells us that they move.

And rocks in seas that proudly raise their head,
Though far disjoint'd, though royal navies spread
Their sails between; yet, if from distance shown,
They seem an island all combin'd in one.

So boys that whirl around, then cease to move,
Think all the pillars dance and roofs above:
So strong the thought, they dread the tott'ring
wall, 420

And fear the roof will crush them with the fall.

Thus when kind nature shows her infant-day,
And the new sun peeps forth with trembling ray,
And loth or fearful to begin the race,
Looks o'er the mountains with a blushing face;
That hill o'er which the humble beams appear
Scorching with neighb'ring flames is often near,
And we might touch the sun if we were there.

When yet the real space is vastly wide 429
Great tracts of land, and many a swelling tide,
The distant sun and that near hill divide.

Thus little puddles that in streets do lie,
Though scarce inch deep, admit the searching
eye,

To view as large a space as earth from sky.

Thus when in rapid streams my horse has stood,
And I look'd downward on the rolling flood;
Though he stood still, I thought he did divide
The headlong streams, and strive against the
tide;

And all things seem'd to move on ev'ry side.
Thus courts, though equal wide, yet seem to
bend, 440

And grow more narrow at the distant end:
The roof depress'd, the sides seem join'd in one,
The weary'd sight lost in a darksome cone.

The sun to sailors seems from sea to rise,
And set: for they see only seas and skies.
All which does seem t' oppose, and to commence
Strong proofs against the certainty of sense.

Thus ignorants, when plac'd on steady shores,
Think feeble ships are row'd with broken oars.
The rudder's shatter'd, and the planks appear,
And they are loth to trust their safety there; 451
Because that part which lies above the flood,
Seems firm and straight, and regular, and good,
But that below seems broke; and, turning up,
Ascends again and reaches near the top.

And when by night the clouds are whirl'd above,
The moon and glitt'ring stars do seem to move,
As driven forward by a secret force,
A different way from their own nat'ral course.

If any presses underneath his eyes, 469
Straight all the objects doubled seem to rise!
Two lamps appear when only one is brought,
His wealth seems doubled, and he's rich in
thought;

Each man appears increas'd in form and grace,
Almost Geryon, with a double face.

And, lastly, when the eyes with sleep oppress,
And all the body lies dissolv'd in rest;
The members seem awake and vig'rous still,
Now o'er a plain, now flood, or shady hill, 469
They seem to move; and, ev'n in darkest night,
They think they see the sun diffuse his light.

They see him chase the frighted shades away,
And clear a passage for approaching day:
They seem to hear a voice, though all around
Deep silence stands, nor bears the weakest sound.

Ten thousand such appear; ten thousand foes
To certainty of sense, and all oppose
In vain; not sense, but judgment 'tis mistakes,
And fancy'd things for real objects takes. 479

He that says nothing can be known, o'erthrows
His own opinion; for he nothing knows.

So knows not that: what need of long dispute!
These maxims kill themselves, themselves confute.

But grant this might be known, and that he knew;
Yet since he has discover'd nothing true,
What mark or what criterion then can show,
Or tell what 'tis to know, or not to know?

Or how could he, what truth, what falsehood
learn?

How, what was doubt, what certainty, discern?

From sense all truth and certainty infer; 490
In vain some strive to prove that sense can err:
For that which would convince, which would op-
pose

The senses, must be surer far than those.

Now, what is more to be believ'd than sense?

Is false and erring reason rais'd from thence?

Errors in parent sense can reason show?

Errors which she from sense alone can know?

And thus if sense be false, then reason too is so.

What, can the ears convince the eyes? Can those
Convince the hand, the palate, or the nose? 500

Tell them, whene'er they err, whene'er they
miss,

And give false notions? A fond fancy this!

For each a proper use and pow'r enjoys;

A proper object ev'ry sense employs.

Thus heat and cold and other qualities

Affect the touch, while colours strike the eyes,

Odours the smell, flavours the taste; but none

Invades another's right, usurps his throne,

All live at peace, contented with their own;

Therefore, from what the other senses show, 510

In vain we seek to prove one sense untrue;

Or from itself——

For still we must an equal credit give

To each; and all must equally believe.

'Tis truth what'er the senses do declare;

Though reason cannot tell thee why a square

Should seem a perfect round when seen from far.

Better assign a false, than this pretence

Should overthrow the certainty of sense;

Question its truth, rather than that should fall,

On which depends our safety, life, our all. 521

For now, not only reason is o'erthrown,
Unless we trust our sense, but life is gone.
For how can man avoid the bad, or choose
What's good for life, unless they follow those?
Therefore, those pompous reasons some afford
Against our sense, are empty and absurd.

But, lastly, as in building, if the line
Be not exact and straight, the rule decline;
Or level false, how vain is the design! 530
Uneven, an ill-shap'd, and tott'ring wall
Must rise, this part must sink, that part must fall;
Because the rules were false, that fashion'd all.
Thus reason's rules are false, if all commence,
And rise from failing and from erring sense.

But now my muse, how proper objects please
The other senses, sing, 'tis told with ease:
First then, we sounds, and voice, and noises hear,
When seeds of sound come in and strike the ear,
All sound is body; for with painful force 540
It moves the sense, when with an eager course
It scrapes the jaws, and makes the speaker hoarse.
The crowding seeds of sound that strive to go
Through narrow nerves, grate them in passing
through:

'Tis certain then that voice which thus can wound,
Is all material; body ev'ry sound.

Besides, 'tis known to talk a tedious day,
How much it weakens, what it takes away
From all the nerves; how all the powers decay;
But chiefly, if 'tis loud, and spoke with noise;
And, therefore, little bodies frame the voice, 551
Because the speaker loses of his own,
His weakness tells him many parts are gone.

But more; the harshness in a voice proceeds
From rough; the sweetness from the smoother
seeds.

Nor are the figures of the seeds alike, [strike,
Which from the grave and murr'ring trumpet
To those of dying swans, whose latest breath
In mournful strains laments approaching death.

Thus voice, when rising from the lungs, it
breaks 560

Through jaws and lips, and all the passion speaks,
The tongue forms into words with curious art;
The tongue and lips do fashion ev'ry part.

And therefore, if the speaker be but near,
If distance fit, you may distinctly hear
Each word, each air; because it keeps the frame
It first receiv'd; its figure still the same.

But if the space be great, through all the air
The sound may fly diffus'd, and perish there:
And therefore, though we hear a murr'ring noise,
No words: the air confounds and breaks the
voice. 571

Besides, one sentence when pronounc'd aloud
By strong-lung'd criers, fills the list'ning crowd,
Breaks into many, for it strikes them all,
To ev'ry single ear it tells the tale.

But some parts of the voice that miss the ear,
Fly through the air diffus'd, and perish there.
Some strike on solid buildings; and restor'd,
Bring back again the image of the word:

This shows thee why, whilst men through caves
and groves, 580

Call their lost friends, or mourn unhappy loves,

The pitying rocks, the groaning caves return
Their sad complaints again, and seem to mourn.
This all observe, and I myself have known
Both rocks and hills return fix words for one.
The dancing words from hill to hill rebound,
They all receive, and all restore the sound.
The vulgar and the neighbours think, and tell
That there the nymphs and fauns and satyrs
dwell; 589

And that their wanton sport, their loud delight
Breaks through the quiet silence of the night:
There music's softest airs fill all the plains,
And mighty Pan delights the list'ning swains:
The goat-fac'd Pan, whose flocks securely feed,
With long-hung lip he blows his oaten reed.
The horn'd, the half-beast god, when brisk and
gay. [play.

With pine-leaves crown'd, provokes the swains to
Ten thousand such romants the vulgar tell,
Perhaps lest men should think the gods will dwell
In towns alone, and scorn their plains and cell:
Or somewhat; for man, credulous and vain, 601
Delights to hear strange things, delights to feign.

Nor is it strange, that things which still deny
An easy passage to the sharpest eye, [come,
Through such the smallest voice and sound can
As when we whisper in a well clos'd room:
Voice can pass crooked pores; but rays reflect,
Unless the pores be open; all direct,
And ev'ry passage strait as 'tis in glass, 609
Through which all sorts of species freely pass.

Besides, we know voices and sounds divide,
And scatter through the air on ev'ry side;
One breaks to many, as in darkest nights,
One shaken spark will make a thousand lights.
And therefore, all the num'rous voids around
Receive the voice, and each is fill'd with sound:

But now the vivive rays scarce e'er decline,
They still proceed by the exactest line;
So sounds can pass where never ray can shine.
But yet such sounds before they reach the ear, 620
Grow weak, and we for words lest murmurs hear.

We taste, that's soon explain'd, when favours
wring [tongue;

From meats by crushing teeth, immerse the
When juices flowing from the tender meat
(The tender food oppress'd does seem to sweat)
Bedew the palate; when they spread all o'er
The spongy tongue, and stand in ev'ry pore.
These juices, if their seeds be round and smooth,
Tickle, seem sweet: and pleasing to the mouth;
But if the seeds be rough as they descend, 630
They hurt the nerves, seem bitter and offend.

The favours please within the mouth alone;
For when the food's descended farther down,
We taste no more, and all the pleasure's gone.
So when 'tis in the veins, when ev'ry pore
Is fill'd, we feel not, we are pleas'd no more,
And thus it matters not what sorts of food
Increase the limbs, and make the flesh and blood,
If 'tis digestive, if for stomach good. 639

Now I'll explain why different sorts of meat
Please diff'rent men. Why that which one will eat,
Another lothes. Why things yield sweet repast
To one, but bitter to another taste.

It h ij

Nay more : so vast the difference is, what proves
Strong poison unto one, another lov's,
And eats, and lives. Thus hemlock juice prevails,
And kills a man ; but fattens goats and quails.
To know the cause of this, come search thy mind,
Some scatter'd notions must remain behind, 649
And look how strongly former reason show,
That things, that bodies are compos'd and grow }
From various seeds, their mixture various too. }

Besides, as animals in outward size
And frame are various ; seeds from whence they
rise, [springs

Have various shapes ; from diff'rent shapes there
An equal difference in the pores of things ;
So some are great, some small, and others square,
Or round, or polygons, or angular ;
For as the shapes are various that compose
The frame, so are the pores ; their shapes depend
on those. 660

It follows then, ———
That when one object yields a sweet repast
To one, but bitter to another taste ;
He that accounts it sweet, perceives the smooth
Round parts that tickle, and that please the mouth ;
But he that thinks it bitter, rough alone
And hooks does feel : the smooth glide gently
down :

But those with pointed hooks as they descend,
Strike through, and lance the organ, and offend.

These rules apply'd, each single case explain :
For instance ; when a man is torn with pain, 671
Whether from inbred gall the fever came,
Or putrid air begot the hurtful flame ;
The organ's chang'd, so those which pleas'd be-
fore,

Are lothsome now, now they delight no more ;
Their figures disagree with ev'ry pore.
But those do most agree, those fit the part
Which fret the injur'd nerves, and cause a smart :
For, as I said before, seeds rough and smooth
Lie hid in ev'ry thing, in honey both, 680
Or to offend, or to delight the mouth.

Now next for smell. ———
First, then, 'tis certain streams of odours rise
From ev'ry thing ; but for their diff'rent size
And figures, they do diff'rently agree
To animals. Thus honey strikes the bee ;
Though far remov'd, the vulture smells the slain ;
The hound with faithful nose pursues the train ;
And geese, Rome's favours once, perceive a
man.

Thus beasts preserve their lives, they know their
food 690

By smell ; and fly the bad, and choose the good.
Odours are dull, and those of swiftest wings,
Not to propose the images of things,
Scarce fly so far as feeble sounds ; but tosd'
By angry winds, in sitting air are lost.
For first, the pleasing odour slowly flows
From inmost parts : for that it comes from those,
Ev'n common sense assures ; for heat, or press,
Or bruise, or break the gums, the smells increase.
In parts are greater far than parts of voice, 700
(This makes its flight more slow and short than
noise),

Because through walls it cannot freely go,
Though sounds can find an easy passage through,
And thus 'tis hard to find an object out
By smell alone, but we must trace about,
Because the odours, wand'ring in the air,
Grow dull and weak, and lose their briskness there,
Nor quickly lead us to the thing that's sought ;
And therefore hounds are often at a fault.

Not only sounds and tastes, but images 710
And colours, diff'rent eyes offend and please.

Thus when the cocks call forth the morning
light,

The fiercest lions cannot bear the sight,
Their courage sinks, and they prepare for flight,
For subtle pointed particles that lie
In cocks, sent forth, offend the lion's eye ;
These pains straight force him turn his head and
fly.

Yet these hurt not our eyes, they cause no pain ;
For they ne'er enter, or return again 719
Through proper pores ; and so the skin preserves
Her texture whole ; they never lance the nerves.

Now farther (my delight), my muse will show
What things do move the mind, and whence they
flow.

First, then, thin images fill all the air,
Thousands on ev'ry side and wander there.
These, as they meet, in various dance will twine,
As threads of gold, or subtle spider's line :

For they are thin ; for they are subtler far
Than finest things that to the sight appear. 729
These pass the limbs ; no narrow pores controul ;
They enter through, and strike the airy soul.

Hence 'tis, we think we see, and hence we dread
Centaurus and Scyllas, Cerberus' monstrous head,
And many empty shadows of the dead.

For various images fly ev'ry where ; [air
Some rise from things ; and some are form'd in
By chance ; and some from these combin'd ap-
pear.

The image of a centaur never flew
From living centaurs ; never nature knew,
Nor bred such animals. But, when by chance

An image of a man in various dance, 741
Did meet a horse, they both combin'd in one :
And thus all monstrous images are shown.

These airy images, extremely thin,
Pass through the limbs, and strike the soul with-
in ;

They move with ease, the soul is apt to move
And take impression from the weakest shove.

That thus 'tis done is certain : ———
Because the objects still appear the same
To mind and eye, in colour and in frame ; 750
But now the eye receives some thin refin'd

And subtle forms : so likewise must the mind ;
For 'twixt these two this only difference lies,
The mind sees finer objects than the eyes.

Thus often while the body lies oppress'd
With heavy sleep, the mind seems loos'd from
rest ;

Because those images do strike and shake
The airy soul, as when we were awake :
The stroke's so lively, that we think we view
The absent dead, and think the image true : 760

This cheat must be, because the sense is gone,
Bound up by sleep; for by the sense alone,
Fancy'd from real, true from false is known.
Besides, the mem'ry sleeps, and rest does seize
That ruling pow'r, and charms it into ease;
It lies unactive, dull, nor can controul
The errors of the mind, nor tell the soul [lieve,
That they are dead, whom her vain thoughts be-
From cheating images to see alive. [seem

Besides, no wonder that these forms should
To move; as often as in vig'rous dream 771
They seem to dance; for when the first is gone,
And straight another rises, straight comes on,
The former's site seems chang'd, 'tis quickly
done.

So swift, so num'rous are the forms that rise,
So quickly come, so vast the new supplies!
A thousand weighty queries more remain,
Ten thousand more, all which we must explain,
Ten thousand more, or else our search is vain.

First, then: 'tis ask'd, why men with so much
ease, 780

Can think on any object what they please?
For what? Are still th' obedient forms at hand,
And wait on our imperious will's command?
And straight present whate'er the will desires,
Whether 'tis heav'n, or earth, or sea, or fires,
Wars, senates, battles, fights, of pomp, and state?
Does nature these, as she commands, create?
Since fix'd in one, one constant place, the mind
Can think on various things of diff'rent kind.

And why the images, with wanton pace, 790
Can seem to move and dance? Why's ev'ry grace
And measure kept? Why do they clasp their arms,
And toss their legs, and show a thousand charms?
What, have these wantons skill, they thus delight
To show their fairy tricks, and dance by night?

The reason is, each part, each single now
Of running time, as reason seems to show,
Has num'rous parts; and so, in shortest space,
Ten thousand forms may fly through ev'ry place,
Diff'rent and various; here and there may rove,
So num'rous are they, and so swift they move.

But since these forms are subtle and refin'd, 802
They are too thin to be perceiv'd by mind;
Unless she set herself to think and pry,
Contracting close her intellectual eye.
But this not done, the fleeting images,
Unseen, unthought on, and unheeded, cease:
And when she seeks to know, contracted close,
She spies upon the thing, and therefore knows.
Thus when the curious eye designs to view 810
An object subtle, and refin'd, and new,
Unless contracted close the strictly pries;
In vain she strives, the object 'scapes the eyes.
Nay, ev'n in plainest things, unless the mind
Takes heed, unless she sets herself to find;
The thing no more is seen, no more below'd,
Than if the most obscure and far remov'd.
What wonder, then, if mind the rest should lose,
And only what she strives to know she knows?

(Besides, the mind oft thinks small objects great,
And thus she leads herself into a cheat). 821

And often too, a form of diff'rent kind
From what it seem'd before, affects the mind,

And strikes the fancy. Thus the form that came
A man before, is chang'd; in diff'rent frame
Presents a woman new to our embrace;
Or shows some other change in age or face.
Yet 'tis not strange, that monstrous forms com-
mence

In fancy, when soft sleep has lull'd the sense
And mem'ry, so that neither can controul 830
The erring thoughts; neither direct the soul.

But now avoid their gross mistake, who teach
The limbs were made for work; a use for each.
The eyes design'd to see, the tongue to talk,
The legs made strong, and knit to feet to walk;
The arms fram'd long and firm, the servile hands
To work, as health requires, or life commands;
And so of all the rest, whate'er they feign,
Whate'er they teach is nonsense all, and vain.

For proper uses were design'd for none; 840
But all the members fram'd, each made his own.
No light before the eye, no speech was found
Before the tongue, before the ears no sound;
In short, the working seeds each limb create
Before its use, so 'tis not fram'd for that.

We knew to fight before the help of art,
To bruise and wound before we fram'd a dart;
And nature taught us to avoid a wound,
Before the use of arms and shields was found.

Before beds were, ev'n nature threw us down 850
To rest: we drank before a cup was known.
These various things convenience did produce,
We thought them fit, and made them for our use.
Thus these, and thus our limbs, and senses too,
Were form'd before that any mind did know
What office 'twas that they were fit to do.
Therefore, 'tis fond to think that these began,
For proper uses made, bestow'd on man.

What wonder is't that bodies ask for meat?
That nature prompts an animal to eat? 860

For I have taught before, how thousand ways
Small parts fly off, and ev'ry thing decays:
But more from lab'ring animals retreat,
More inward parts fly off in breath and sweat;
And so the body wastes, and nature fails,
The strength decays, and grief and pain prevails.
And therefore, meat's requir'd, a new supply,
To fill the places of the parts that die,
Recruit the strength, allay the furious pain,
And stop each gaping nerve, each hungry vein.

The cooling drink to ev'ry part retreats, 870
That wants the moisture, and the num'rous heats
That burn and fire the stomach, fly before
The coming cold, and we are scorch'd no more.
Thus drinks descend, and thus they wash away
Fierce thirst. Thus meats do hunger's force allay.

And next I'll sing, why men can move, can run
Whene'er they please; what force the members on;
What move the dull unactive weight, and bear
The load about: you with attention hear. 880
First then, the subtle form's extremely thin,
Pass through the limbs, and strike the mind
within:

That makes the will; for none pretends to do,
None strives to act but what the mind does know,
Now what the mind perceives, it only sees
By thin and very subtle images.

So when the active mind designs to move
 From place to place, it gives the soul a shove;
 The soul spread o'er the limbs, 'tis quickly
 done, 889
 For soul and mind are join'd, and make up one }
 That strikes the limbs, so all is carry'd on.
 But more than this; the body then grows rare,
 The pores are open, and the sitting air,
 As 'tis in motion still, must enter there:
 This spreads o'er all, and both these things com-
 bin'd,

Force on the limbs, as ships both oars and wind.
 Nor is it strange such little parts should shove
 The heavy mass of limbs, and make them move,
 And turn them; for unseen and subtle gales 899
 Drive forward heavy ships with lab'ring sails;
 And yet, when these rush on with mighty force,
 One hand may turn the helm and change the
 course:

And engines, pullies too, with ease can rear
 The greatest weights, and shake them in the air.
 Next, how soft sleep o'er all spreads thoughtless
 rest,

And frees from anxious cares the troubled breast;
 In few, but sweetest numbers, music, rehearse,
 My few shall far exceed more num'rous verse.
 Thus dying swans, though short, yet tuneful voice,
 Is more delightful than a world of noise. 910
 You entertain my words with willing mind,
 And list'ning ears: lest what my muse design'd
 Should seem absurd, impossible to be,
 And truth be slighted, while the fault's in thee,
 And wilful blindness will not let thee see.

When the divided soul flies part abroad,
 And part oppress'd with an unusual load,
 Retiring backward, closely lurks within,
 Then sleep comes on, and slumbers then begin:
 For then the limbs grow weak, soft rest does seize
 On all the nerves, they lie dissolv'd in ease. 921
 For since sense rises from the mind alone,
 And all the sense is lost as sleep comes on:
 Since heavy sleep can stop, dull rest controul
 The sense, it must divide and break the soul.
 Some parts must fly away, but some must keep
 Their seats within; else 'twould be death, not
 sleep.

For then no subtle atoms of the mind,
 No little substance would be left behind;
 As sparks in ashes, which might well compose, 930
 The sense restor'd as flames arise from those,

But now I'll sing what 'tis that breaks the soul,
 What spreads enfeebling rest o'er all the whole;
 And why the bodies lie dissolv'd in ease:
 Great things! You carefully attend to these.

First, then, the surfaces of things must bear
 The constant impulse of the neighbour'ing air,
 Still vex'd, still troubled with external blows,
 And, therefore, shells, or rinds, or films enclose,
 Or skin, or hair, on ev'ry body grows: 940
 Besides, our breath when drawn in that short
 stay,

Grates off some inward parts, and bears away,
 In its return again, its conquer'd prey.
 Since, then, our limbs receive, and since they bear
 These strokes within, without, and ev'ry where;

Since some creep through the pores, and strive to
 breed

Confusion there, and disunite the seed;
 The body's strength must fail, by just degrees,
 Its vigour weaken'd by enfeebling ease:
 Some souls they drive away, and some they press,
 Drive deeper in, and shut in close recess: 951
 Some parts, spread o'er the limbs, no more
 combine,

Nor with the rest in friendly motion join:
 For nature stops the passages between.
 Now since the atoms diff'rent ways are tost,
 And lose their usual course, their sense is lost:
 And when that prop is gone, the lids must fall,
 The limbs grow dull, and weakness spread o'er all.
 Thus after meals we sleep, because the food,
 Spread through the veins, and mingled with the
 blood, 960

Does only what the air was wont to do;
 For that does press the soul, and break it too.
 So, after labour, or with toil oppress'd,
 Or bellies full, we take the fonder rest:
 For then the atoms of the mind retreat
 The farther in, and take the deeper seat:
 And more fly off, more substance of the soul,
 And those within to distant spaces roll
 More scatter'd, and divided o'er the whole.

But more; what studies please, what most
 delight, 970
 And fill mens thoughts, they dream them o'er
 at night.

The lawyers plead, make laws, the soldiers fight,
 The merchants dream of storms, they hear them
 roar,

And often shipwreck'd, leap or swim to shore:
 I think of nature's pow'rs, my mind pursues
 Her works; and, ev'n in sleep, invokes a muse:
 And other studies too, which entertain [gain.
 Mens waking thoughts, they dream them o'er a-

Thus they, who with continued sport and play,
 Make the dull troublesome time haste away, 980
 The objects, though remov'd, yet leave behind
 Some secret tracks, and passage through the
 mind,

And fit for images of the same kind:
 Before their waking eyes those sports appear;
 They see the wantons dance, and seem to hear
 The speaking strings breathe forth the softest air.

The same companions still, the same delight,
 And the same painted scenes still please the sight:
 So strong is use, such custom's pow'r confess'd;
 And not in thoughtful man alone, but beast: 990

For often sleeping racers pant and sweat,
 Breathe short, as if they ran their second heat;
 As if, the barrier down, with eager pace
 They stretch'd, and were contending for the race:

And often hounds, when sleep has clos'd their
 eyes,

Will toss and tumble, and attempt to rise:
 They open often, often snuff the air,
 As if they press'd the footsteps of the deer;
 And, sometimes wak'd, pursue their fancy'd
 prey, 999

The fancy'd deer, that seems to run away,
 Till quite awak'd, the follow'd shapes decay.

And softer curs, that lie and sleep at home,
Will often rouse, and walk about the room,
And bark, as if they saw some strangers come.

But now from images, whose forms comprise
Rough principles, the frightful dreams arise:
Thus birds will start, and seek the woods by

night,
Where'er the fancy'd hawk appears in sight,
Where'er they see his wing, or hear him fight.

But seeds that raise heroic thoughts in men, 1010
Ev'n such are often rais'd in dreams; for then
They fight, are taken captive, and rebel:
They shout and groan, as if the victor fell:
Some strive, some weep, some sigh; and oft a-
fraid,

Pursu'd or torn by beasts, cry out for aid:
Some talk of state affairs, and some betray
The plots their treach'rous minds had form'd by
day

Some fly from following death; and others, thrown
From lofty pinnacles, sink headlong down;
But waking, though they know themselves a-
bus'd, 1020

Yet are their pow'rs, their spirits so confus'd,
They lie half-dead in deep amaze, remain
Thoughtless, and scarce recover sense again.

Others, when thirsty, fancy purling streams,
Sit down, and quaff the river off in dreams.

[The youth, by Morpheus chain'd with vessels
full,

Dreaming he's near some sink, or lazy pool,
A briny flood discharges from his veins,
And the rich Asian quilt and bedding stains.]

And those whose blood boils high, whom vig-
rous age 1030

Has fill'd with feed, and fir'd with lustful rage,
If pleasing dreams present a beauteous face,
How hot his blood, how eager to embrace;
Nay oft, as in the fury of the joy,
The flowing feed pollutes the am'rous boy.

[Then first our feed begins its busy rage,
When strength confirms our limbs with rip'ning
age:

For other matters other things do move;
But human feed, the object which we love:
This, when prepar'd, at first does bear fresh
grace 1040

From ev'ry limb, as it the whole does trace,
To certain fibres, still it does obtain
About the procreative parts to reign:
Enrag'd the region swells; a will does breed,
Where lust directs, there to project the seed:
The mind provokes the turgid nerves to move
Tow'rd's that dear idol, whence she drank her love:
For mostly all receive the wound; and there
The blood beats high, from whence our smart
we bear,

And rosy streams gush on the charming foe, if
near.] 1050

Love rises then, when, from a beauteous face,
Some pleasing forms provoke us to embrace;
Those bawds to lust, when with a tickling art
They gather turgent feed from ev'ry part,
And then provoke it: Then rise fierce desires;
The lover burns with strong, but pleasing fires;

Which often are pursu'd by following care,
Distracting thoughts, and often deep despair.

Nay, though the pleasing object is remov'd,
Though we no longer view the thing belov'd, 1060
Yet forms attend: or if we chance to hear
Her name, love enters with it at the ear.

But 'twill be wise and prudent to remove
And banish all incentives unto love:
And let thy age, thy vig'rous youth, be thrown
On all in common, not reserv'd for one:

For that breeds cares and fears; that fond dis-
ease,

Those raging pains, if nourish'd, will increase:
Unless you fancy ev'ry one you view,
Revel in love, and cure old wounds by new. 1070

Nor do they miss the joy who love disdain,
But rather take the sweet without the pain:
Nay, they have greater sweets, while lovers arms
Shall clasp their dears, while they behold their
charms. [ploy'd,

Straight doubts arise, their careless mind's em-
Which sweets must first be rifl'd, which enjoy'd:
What they desir'd they hurt, and 'midst the bliss
Raise pain; and often, with a furious kiss,
They wound the balmy lip: this they endure,
Because the joy's not perfect, 'tis not pure. 1080
But still some sting remains, some fierce desire
To hurt whatever 'twas that rais'd the fire:
But yet the pains are few, they quickly cease:
The mix'd delight does make the hurt the less.

Perhaps they hope that she that struck, the same
Can heal; that she that rais'd, can stop the flame.
Fond fancy this in love! We ne'er give o'er;
The more we know and have, we wish the more.

'Tis true, because the meat and drink's con-
vey'd

To proper vessels; thirst and hunger's stay'd. 1090
But now from beauty, now from forms that please,
What comes, but thin and empty images?

Ev'n such as he enjoys, that drinks in dreams;
His thirst increases 'midst the fancy'd streams.

So love deludes poor men; their cov'itous eye,
What long, what frequent sights can satisfy?

What from the tender limbs, with wanton play,
And am'rous touch, poor lovers bring away?

Nay, ev'n in the embrace, whilst both employ
Their strength; and bodies feel the coming joy;
Though then they twine, and bill like loving
doves, 1100

Though ardent breathings fire each other's loves;
In vain! fond fools, they cannot mix their souls,
Although they seem to try, in am'rous rolls;
So strictly twin'd, till all their pow'rs decay,
And the loose airy pleasure slips away:

Then a short pause between, and then returns
The same fierce lust, the same fierce fury burns;
Whilst they both seek, whilst they both wish to
have

Whate'er their wanton fancies, wanton wishes
crave; 1110

For this no cure, for this no help is found;
They waste and perish by a secret wound.

Besides, they waste their strength, their vigour
kill,

And live poor slaves unto another's will:

Hi iiij

Debts they contract apace, their money flies :
 Their fame, their honour too, grows sick, and dies.
 Rich shoes, and jewels, set in gold, adorn
 The feet : the richest purple vests are worn.
 The wealth, their fathers toil'd, and fought to gain,
 Now buys a coat, a mitre, or a chair. 1120
 Great shows and sports are made, and royal feasts,
 Where choicest meats and wines provoke the
 guests :

Where gawdy tapestry, and odours spread
 O'er all the room, and crowns grace ev'ry head :
 In vain : for still some bitter thought destroys
 His fancy'd mirth, and poisons all his joys.

[First, guilty conscience does the mirror bring ;
 Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting ;
 And anxious thoughts, within themselves at strife,
 Upbraid the long mis-spent luxurious life.] 1130
 Perhaps some doubtful word torments his mind,
 Sinks deep, and wounds, and leaves a sting be-
 hind.

Perhaps he thinks his mistress's wanton eyes
 Gloat on his friend, perhaps faint smiles he spies.

Such mischiefs happen ev'n in prosp'rous love :
 But those, that cross and adverse passion prove,
 Those wretched lovers met ten thousand more,
 Ten thousand scarce can measure the vast store,
 So obvious all, that with the strictest care
 'Tis good to keep my rules, and shun the snare ;
 'Tis easier to avoid, than break the chain. 1141
 When once entrapp'd, or be redeem'd again ;
 The nets are strong, and we may strive in vain. }

Yet, though securely caught, you may be free
 Again, unless you are resolv'd to be
 A trifling slave ; and from your thoughts remove
 The faults in mind and face of her you love :
 For often men, quite blind by fond desire,
 First think their loves great beauties, then ad-
 mire ;

Their pow'ful working fancy still supplies 1150
 With borrow'd shapes, and flattering disguise,
 The meaner beauties great necessities. }
 Hence 'tis, that ugly things, in fancy'd drefs,
 Seem gay, look fair to lovers eyes, and please.
 The black seems brown, the nasty, negligent ;
 Owl-ey'd, like Pallas, and my heart's content :
 The little dwarf is pretty, grace all o'er ;
 The vast, surprising ; and we must adore ; 1158
 The stamm'ring lips ; the lover thinks he hears
 The broken sounds breath'd forth in softest airs :
 She's modest if she's dumb, and nought can say ;
 The fierce and prattling thing is brisk and gay ;
 She's thin, if hectic, and but one remove
 From death ; the meagre is my slender love :
 The great and swelling breast like Ceres is ;
 The big and hanging lip, a very kiss.

Ten thousand such : But grant the sweetest face,
 Grant each part lovely, grant each part a grace,
 Yet others equal beauties do enjoy,
 Yet we have liv'd before without this toy : 1170
 Yet she is base ; yet she perfumes, to hide
 Her nat'ral smell, her maids on ev'ry side
 Stand off, and smile, and waggishly deride. }

Nay, though a lover, when deny'd the bliss,
 Stands long, and waits, and warms with soft'ning
 kiss

The less obdurate gate ; though then he pours
 His ointments on, and crowns the gates with
 flow'rs ;

Yet, when admitted ; when no longer coy,
 The Mis' provokes the eager fool to joy :
 Then ev'ry thing offends, he fancies none ; 1180
 But seeks some fit excuses to be gone :
 Then he forgets the stories he design'd ;
 Nor tells how much her coldness vex'd his
 mind, [kind?]

Nor sighs, and why, my dear, was you un-
 Then grieves he gave to her that awful love,
 He only vow'd to the great pow'rs above.

And this our Misses know, and strive to hide
 Their faults from those (the cov'ring's decent
 pride)

Whom they would cheat, and bind to an amour ;
 Though foul behind, they look all bright be-
 fore ; 1190

In vain ; for thou canst understand the cheat,
 Discover, know their wiles and gross deceit.

Nay, if she's free, if not designs to vex,
 Nor crosses thy courtship, or thy thoughts perplex, }
 She'll show the common failures of her sex.

[Nor always do they feign the sweets of love,
 When round the panting youth their pliant limbs
 they move ;

And cling, and heave, and moisten ev'ry kiss ;
 They often share, and more than share the bliss ;
 From ev'ry part, even to their inmost soul, 1200
 They feel the trickling joys, and run with vigour
 to the goal,

Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire,
 Birds, beasts, and herds, and mares their males re-
 quire ;

Because the throbbing nature in their veins
 Provokes them to assuage their kindly pains :
 The lusty leap th' expecting female stands,
 By mutual heat compell'd to mutual bands.
 Thus dogs with lolling tongues by love are ty'd ;
 Nor shouting boys, nor blows, their union can
 divide :

At either end they strive the link to loose ; 1210
 In vain ; for stronger Venus holds the noose.

Which never would those wretched lovers do,
 But that the common heats of love they know ; }
 The pleasure therefore must be shar'd in com-
 mon too.]

The child still bears the form, whose seed pre-
 vails,

If mother's, her's, if father's, then the male's :
 But those, that show a part of either face,
 Are made of seed, whose friendly pow'rs em-
 brace ; [the mass,]

When neither this nor that prevails, and forms
 And oft with joy indulgent father's view'd 1220
 The grandfire's image in their sons renew'd :

Because the little mass of seed remains
 Entire, and whole within the father's veins,
 Which from the grandfire fell : this Venus takes,
 Of this a likeness in the shapes she makes ;
 She imitates the grandfire's voice, or hair,
 His smile or some peculiar grace, and air :
 For these on proper seeds depend, and rise
 From proper shapes, as well as hands or eyes,

The male's, and female's seed agree to make 1230
The tender young, of both the young partake;
But yet that sex the young resembles most,
That has more pow'rful seed, more vig'rous lust.
Nor do the gods decree, nor thoughts em-
ploy,

Which mortal shall, which shall not get a boy,
As some believe; and therefore sacrifice,
While clouds of incense from the altars rise;
Make vows, and pray'rs, temples and altars build,
To please the angry gods, and beg a child:
Fond fooling this, to court the pow'rs above, 1240
They sit at ease, and never mind our love.

But male and female, though they oft em-
brace,

In vain endeavour to increase their race,
If either's seeds too subtle, thin, and fine;
Or else too gross, and dull for that design;
For if too thin, the vessels ne'er retain
The seed receiv'd; it straight flows out again, }
And all the kind endeavour is in vain.

But if too gross and dull, it moves but slow,
And little pores refuse to let it through: 1250
Or it lies fullen there, unfit to breed,
Nor kindly mixes with the female seed;
For all not fit with all: Thus some do prove
Unfruitful, after many years of love;
Though they have often prov'd the nuptial joy,
And strove but all in vain to get a boy:
Yet by a second husband's apt embrace,
They quickly bear a fair and num'rous race, }
And the decaying families increase.

They see their sons grow strong with youthful
rage, 1260

The joy and comfort of their feeble age.
[So much it does impart, that seed with seed
Should of the kindly mixture make the breed;

And thick with thin, and thin with thick should
join,

So to produce and propagate the line.
Of such concernment too is drink and food,
T' incrassate or attenuate the blood.

Of like importance is the posture too,
In which the genial feat of love we do:
For as the females of the four-foot kind 1270
Receive the leavings of their males behind,
So the good wives with loins uplifted high,
And leaning on their hands, the fruitful stroke
may try:

For in that posture they will best conceive;
Not when, supinely laid, they frisk and heave:
For active motions only break the blow,
And more of strumpets than of wives they
show: [liquors flow.

When answer'ing stroke with stroke the mingled
Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound
Throw off the ploughshare from the furrow'd
ground: 1280

But common harlots in conjunction heave,
Because 'tis less their business to conceive,
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honest wives but little need.

Nor is it from the gods, or Cupid's dart,
That many a homely woman takes the heart;
But wives, well-humour'd, dutiful and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wand'ring husbands
fast; [last

Such are the links of love, and such a love will
For what remains, long habitude and use 1290
Will kindness in domestic bands produce:
For custom will a strong impression leave;
Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
In length of time will moulder, and decay;
And stones with drops of rain are wash'd away.

NOTES ON BOOK IV.

Ver. 1. The first twenty-nine verses of this book, in which the poet invites the attention of his Memmius, or any other reader, are in Book I v. 931. where you may consult our notes upon them. Some blame Lucretius for this long repetition: Nor indeed have we one single instance of the like battology in any of the ancient poets. Moreover, we may observe, that our translator has employed the two whole verses, which begin this book, to render only these four words of his author: "Avia pieridum peragro loca." Now the muses were called Pierides, either from Pierus, a mountain of Thessalia, in which they are said to be born of Jupiter and Mnemosyne: or from the victory they gained over the nine daughters of Pterus the Macedonian, who had challenged the muses to sing with them, and being overcome, were by the same muses changed into so many magpies. This fable is related at large by Ovid, Metamor.

5. v. 677. where, speaking of them after their transformation, he says,

Nunc quoque in alitibus sacundia prisca remansit,
Kaucaque garrulitas, studiumque immae lo-
quendi.

Ver. 19. "Deceptaque, non capiatur," says Lucretius. The rhetoricians call this an oxymoron: a figure frequently used by the Latin poets: Of the like nature is this in Terence:

At enim cave, ne priusquam acceperis, amittas.

Thus too Ennius, wittily enough, speaking of the Pergama, the castle of Troy, upon mount Ida:

Quæ neque Dardaniis campis potuere perire,
Nec cum capta, capi, nec cum combusta cremari.

Which Virgil would be sure not to omit in his *Æneis*; but thought it worthy of the mouth even of Juno herself:

—Num siegis occumbere campis,
Num capti potuere capi? Num incensa cremavit
Troja viros?— *Æneid. 7. v. 294.*

Of this nature too is the *Ἐχθρῶν ἄπορον δαίμων*, in the *Ajax* of Sophocles: and if a man would, he might soon collect a pedantic heap of them from the ancient as well as modern poets.

Ver. 26. To this purpose Waller says finely,
Well-sounding verses are the charms we use,
Heroic thoughts, and virtue to infuse:
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold;
But they move more, in lofty numbers told.

Ver. 30. In the six first of these seventeen verses, the poet briefly recites the subjects of his disputations in the preceding books: In the first and second, he has treated of the nature of atoms, of their properties, motions, and coalitions: in the third, of the principles of the soul; and has considered the soul itself, as well when united to the body, as when separated from it; and then in the following eleven verses, he includes the argument of this book, and says that he will now treat of the images, which, like films and membranes of bodies, are perpetually flowing from the surface of things, and presenting their species and figures to us: If they come whole, and without mixture, we then perceive things that truly have a being: if they come maimed, inverted, or joined to one another, from thence proceed the phantasms of Centaurs and the like monsters; and sometimes, too, the spectres of the dead: for the soul, we know, dies with the body. And thus the poet performs the promise he made us, Book I. v. 163. where speaking of the soul, he said he would sing,

What frights her waking thoughts, what cheats
her eyes,
When sleeping or diseas'd, she thinks she spies
Thin ghosts in various shapes about the bed,
And seems to hear the voices of the dead?

Moreover, the four first of these verses, in the original, are repeated verbatim, from Book III. v. 31. though our interpreter, in this place, has varied in his translation of them.

Ver. 37. He means the species, or forms of things, that are commonly called intentional. Democritus, and after him Epicurus, called them *εἰδωλα, τιπαι, and ὁρίαι*, idols, images, and membranes: Cicero, *imagines*: Quintillian, *figuras*: Catus, *spectra*: Lucretius, *effigies, imagines, species, formas, exuvias, spolia*: and, *quasi membranas, or Cortices*, &c. "*Quorum incurili,*" says Cicero, "*non modo videmus, sed etiam cogitamus.*" By whose incurtilion, that is, by whose presenting or showing of themselves to the mind, or to the sense, we not only see, but think likewise.

Ver. 41, 42. Lucretius, after having copiously discoursed of the nature of the soul, and endeavoured to prove it mortal, goes on here, and pre-

tends to solve one argument, which still seemed to press his opinion, and that is drawn from the various apparitions that sometimes present the images of our deceased friends, and make so lively and vigorous an impression on the fancy, that we cannot but think them real, and something beside naked imagination: but because he intermixes this with his discourse of the senses, and makes it depend on the Epicurean explication of vision, I shall be obliged briefly to consider his doctrine, and that being overthrown, discourse of the strength of the argument. Well then, not to trouble him about his other senses, concerning vision, he delivers this: Thin subtle images constantly rise from the surfaces of all bodies, which make an impression on our organs, and then the notice is communicated to the soul. To confute this, we need look no farther than his own principles, and consider that he has made weight a property of matter, and an endeavour downward a necessary adjunct. And, therefore, all motion upward is violent, and proceeds from external pressure or impulse.

Now any man knows, that the species are propagated any way with equal ease, and we see as well when the object is placed below our eye, as when above it: But there is no force to make these images rise, and therefore it is impossible they should. Their own nature opposes the air (as all must grant) that lies behind the object, is unfit to give the impulse to the solid parts of the upper surface, that on the side, to drive it upward: and I believe none will think these images are raised by the air that is perpendicular to the superficies; and this argument more strongly concludes, if we consider his explication of distance, for there he requires, that these images should drive on all the air between the object and the eye, though it often resists and beats furiously against them, which cannot be done but by a considerable force, and a greater strength than can be allowed these subtle forms, though rising from any body, in the most convenient position, and when their weight can assist their motion: But more; if such images arose, it must be granted, that the object must seem changed every minute, and it would be impossible to look upon a cherry for the space of an hour, and still perceive it bluish with the same colour; because every image that moves our eye, cannot be above one hundred times thinner than the skin of that fruit; for I believe any man will freely grant, that this skin so divided, will be too transparent to be perceived; or if it may still be seen, let the division proceed, and at last the absurdity will press, and follow too fast and too closely to be avoided: I shall not mention, that contrary winds must disturb these images, break their loose order, and hinder their passage; but only take notice, that it is impossible such images should enter at the eye, and represent an object as great as we perceive it: for these images rising from the surface, must proceed by parallel lines; and their parts maintain as great a distance as the parts of the body whence they sprung; because they come from every part of

the object, and are commensurate to it: and therefore cannot be pressed closer without penetration or confusion.

But suppose vision might be thus explained, grant every one, like the man in Seneca, had his own image still waiking before him, yet imagination and thought have their peculiar difficulties.

Ver. 42. Thus the ghost of Anchises appeared to Aeneas, and frightened him in his sleep:

Me patris Anchisæ, quoties humentibus umbris
Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea furgent,
Admonet in fomnis et turbida terret imago.

Æn. 4. v. 361.

And Dryden calls them, *

Forms without body and impassive air:
The squalid spectres, that in dead of night
Break our short sleep, and skim before our sight.

Macrobius observes, that the words of this passage "simulacraque luce carentum," which we here find in Lucretius, are transcribed by Virgil, in *Georg.* 4. v. 472. where we read,

Umbre ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum.

Ver. 43. We may observe, that Lucretius passed this over very slightly: for Epicurus did not approve of any farther inquiry into *τὰ φυσικά*, natural things, than barely what might contribute more easily to deliver the minds of men from the slavery of religion. The words of this passage, in the original, are,

—ne forte animas Acheronte reamur
Effugere, aut umbras inter vivos volitare.

Where the word Acheron, the name of one of the rivers of hell, is taken for hell itself: for the ancient Greeks held, that there were five rivers in the infernal abodes; namely Acheron, Cocytus, Styx, Phlegethon or Pyriphlegethon, and Lethe: Now these names were taken from several fountains and rivers in Greece, which by reason of their noxious natures and qualities, were signified to be in hell likewise. There were two rivers called by the name of Acheron; one in Elis, a maritime country in the west of Peloponnesus, and this river flows into Alpheus, near the place where stood a famous temple dedicated to Pluto and to Proserpine, as we find in Strabo, lib. viii. The other in Thesprotia, a country of Epirus, and flows out of the lake Acherusia to the town of Cithyrus, according to the same Strabo, lib. viii. and Pausanias in Attics. Cocytus, as the same Pausanias tells us, was a river of the same country, not far from Acheron, and whose waters were extremely bitter. Styx was a fountain of Arcadia, that sprung out of a high rock, near the city Nonacres, and fell into the river Crathis: its waters were so venomous, that whoever but tasted of them died immediately: This we learn from Pausanias in Arcadicis. And Pliny, lib. xxxi. cap. 2. says, that they not only killed those that drunk of them, but produced likewise poisonous fish. This was the river which

the gods held in so great veneration, that they were wont to swear by it; and if they violated their oath, they were deprived of their divinity, and interdicted the use of nectar for a hundred years: Hence Virgil *Æn.* vi. v. 323.

—vides Stygiamque paludem,
Dii cujus jurare timent, et fallere numen.

And Hesiod in Theog. tells us, that this honour came to be granted to this river, because her daughters Victoria, Vis Robur, and Zelus, had assisted the gods against the Titans. There were several rivers called by the name of Lethe, or, as Casaubon would rather have it, "fluvius Lethes," the river of Lethe, or oblivion, in the genitive case, or else "Lethæus fluvius," the Lethæan river. One in Portugal, according to Strabo and Mela, and now called Lima, another in Africa, about the Syrtis Major, and not far from the city Berenice, according to Lucan: a third in Bœotia, near the town Libadia, according to Pausanias in Bœoticis: and Strabo, lib. xiv. reckons up many other rivers of the same name. To Phlegethon, or Pyriphlegethon, there is not, that I know of, any particular place assigned, except the hot fountains about Avernus, as Strabo reports out of Homer. Now every one of these names signifies something mournful and disastrous: Acheron is derived from *ἄχος*, sorrow, and *ῥίω*, I flow: Cocytus from *κοκύω*, I lament: Styx from *στυγίω*, I pursue with haste: Phlegethon, or Pyriphlegethon, from *πῦρ*, fire, and *φλέγω*, I burn: Lethe from *λήθη*, oblivion, because to drink of its waters, causes a forgetfulness of all things. All which is finely described by our English Homer, in his *Paradise Lost*, Book II. where he calls them,

—th' infernal rivers that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud,
Heard on the rueful stream, fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

Virgil, besides these, places likewise Eridanus, the Po, in the Elysian fields:

Plurimus Eridani per sylvam volvitur amnis.

Æneid. vi. v. 639.

Ver. 47. In these twenty-four verses, he first asserts, that these images, which are as it were the films and membranes of things, are continually flying off from the surfaces of them; and then he proves this assertion thus: The very eyes testify that many things emit bodies out of themselves; some rare and subtle, as smoke from wood, and heat from fire; others more dense and closely joined: Thus grasshoppers and snakes drop their skins; then who can doubt but that tenuous and subtle images fly off from the surfaces of things,

Since they they cast off forms that are more solid and condensed, especially since there are minute corpuscles placed in the surface, or outmost front of things, that can easily disengage themselves and fly away. Epicurus, in Laertius, says, these images come, ἀπὸ τῆς σωματικῆς ἰσχυροῦς, from the surface of bodies. And again: καὶ μὲν καὶ τῶντοι ἡμισοσχέ-
μας τοῖς σωματικῶν ἐστὶ λασίστην ἀπὸ τοῦ μακρῶν
τῶν φαινομένων, τῶν δὲ τῶν τοῦ αἵματος προσαγορί-
σθαι, Laert. lib. x.

Ver. 57. The words in the original are,

Et vituli cum membranas de corpore summo
Nascentes mittunt.

The new-born calves drop the pellicles in which they are wrapped up. How well our translator has here followed the sense of his author, the reader is left to judge.

Ver. 58. See the note on ver. 590. Book III.

Ver. 60. This and the following verse are not so much as hinted at in Lucretius.

Ver. 67. This is the image of their form: for form according to Epicurus, is that which continually remains in the surface of the body, while the image, as a spoil, is continually flying away. For this we have the testimony of Empiricus, who says, Epicurus taught that some colour, for example, always inheres in a solid body, but that something gets loose from it, and this is its image.

Ver. 71. In these nineteen verses, he confirms what he assumed in the preceding argument, and proves it by an example, which demonstrates, that colours get loose, and are reflected from the surfaces of things, in such a manner as argues likewise the direction and getting off of images. For the curtains, says he, that are hung up in a theatre, reflect their colours on all the decorations of the stage, and on the spectators,

Ver. 75. That tapestry hangings were hung up over the Roman theatres to shade the spectators from the rays of the sun, we learn from many of the ancients. Virgil, Georg. III. v. 24.

Vel scena ut versis discedat frontibus, utque
Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britannii.

Now these hangings were called "Aulæa, ab aulæ Attali," from the court or palace of Attalus, the wealthy king of Pergamus, who, having no children, made the commonwealth of Rome his heir. He first found out the art of inweaving and embroidering with gold; and to this invention, the Babylonians added several colours, as we learn from Pliny, lib. viii. cap. 58. Hence The Attalic and Babylonian garments and hangings were in great esteem among the ancients, Sil. Ital. lib. 14.

Læta Tyrus, quæque Attalicis variata per artem
Aulæis scribuntur acu—

They were likewise called "peripet asmata," from περιπέτασθαι, "ab extendendo," by reason of the largeness of them. Lucretius, in this place, calls them, "vel magnis intenta theatris," and

the colours he gives them are the *luteus*, *rufus* and *ferruginus*. The colour which the ancients called *luteus*, was a yellow colour, and had its name from the herb *lutea*, willow-herb, or loose-strife, which helped to dye it. This is the colour of the yolk of an egg, and of the flower, which the Latins called *caltha*, in English turn-sole, or sun-flower, to which Virgil therefore gives the epithet *luteola*:

Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia calthā.

Eclog. ii.

The brides used to dress themselves in this colour, Plin. l. xxi. cap. 8. "Lutei video honorem antiquissimum in nuptialibus flammis totum sœminis concessum." Hence Catullus gives that colour to the sock of Hymen the god of marriage:

Huc veni niveo gerens
Luteum pede foccum.

Thus Seneca, in Hipp. of Hercules, marrying a woman:

Crura distincto religavit auro,
Luteo plantas cohibente focco.

The colour they called *rufus* was a deep red, or flesh colour. Catull. in Egnat.

Quod quisque mixxit, hoc sibi solet mane
Dentes atque rufam provocare gingivam.

The colour *ferruginus*, of which our translator makes no mention, is not the colour of rusty iron, as some will have it to be, but of smooth and polished iron, after it has been heated in the fire, and is grown cold again, as the buckles we wear in mourning. This is not what we call the bright brown, as the London edition of the Dauphin's Virgil, on the eighteenth verse of the second eclogue erroneously interprets it, but rather a violet colour, and seems to be a mixture of red, black, and cerulean, whence it is frequently used for those three colours. For red, *Æn.* xi. v. 772.

—Ferrugine clarus et olivo.

For black, *Æn.* vi. v. 303, speaking of Charon.

Et ferrugineâ subvehat corpora cymbâ.

And Georg. i. ver. 467, of an eclipse of the sun,

Cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine tinxit.

For cerulean in Plautus. Mil. Glor. 4. 43.

Facito ut venias huc ornata nauteriaco; causam
Habeas ferrugineam, culturam ad oculos lineam:
Palliolum habes ferrugineum: nam is color thalassicus.

That is to say, cerulean, or the colour of the water of the sea.

Ver. 81. He means the images of the gods that were in the theatres; for games and plays were a part of the Pagan religion.

Ver. 82. What Lucretius here says, and his translator means, is this, the more the walls of the theatre are darkened, so that no place be open or

the sides to let in the light, the more, &c. The words in the original are,

Et quantum circum magis sunt inclusa theatri,
Mœnia, tam magis hæc intus perfusa lepore
Omnia conident conrepta luce diei.

Ver. 90. In these three verses, he concludes from what he has hitherto been arguing, and from what he has proved, that there are such things as the images of which he is speaking.

Ver. 93. He has already taught, ver. 66, that these images

—Still preserve their frame,
Their ancient form, and show from whence they came.

And now, in these eight verses, he shows that he did not teach that without cause; for the reason why they retain the same form is, because they fly away from the surfaces of bodies, from which every individual part of the images gets away with equal facility, and those parts are not conveyed from thence through any mazes or involutions, as odour, smoke, vapour, and other things of the like nature are, because they flow from the interior parts of bodies; and for that reason fly away confused and dispersed.

Ver. 101. Lastly, he proves, in these fourteen verses, that there are such things as these images, which get loose, and fly away from the surfaces of bodies; and that the images that we see in mirrors, in water, or in any smooth and polished body, are exactly like the things whose images they are; therefore those forms must necessarily be composed of the images that flow from the substances of the things themselves; for no other reason of that so exact similitude can be given, but that the very utmost film, which before adhered to the whole thing, is separated from it, as it were a membrane, and strikes into the glass or water. And you ought to take notice, that the image of each thing that is seen in the glass, or in water, is not single and one only, but many; which, nevertheless, by being reflected to the eyes by a continual and never-ceasing reverberation, seem not to be many, but only one image. Experience indeed shows that the images are transmitted into the glass from the very bodies whose images they are; since when those bodies are present the images strike into the glass; but if any thing interpose, their progress into the glass is intercepted: besides, if the bodies move, they move in like manner; if the bodies are inverted, they too are inverted: if the bodies depart, the images go away; and when the bodies are absent, there remain no images at all.

Ver. 115, 116. Having hitherto proved the existence of these images, and being now going to explain their properties, he first teaches, in these twelve verses, that the most extreme tenuity, even such as can scarce be conceived, must be allowed them. To comprehend this aright, imagine, that the images are nothing else but the most subtle textures of atoms in the nature of pellicles. And how prodigious is the subtleness of atoms, since innumerable myriads of them are

necessary to compact the smallest animal, a mite, for example, or even the least member of it? Hence we may gather, that if an image consist of such atoms as do not cohere and stick together, *κατὰ βάθος*, "secundum profunditatem," which is Epicurus's own expression, it must be more subtle and thin by many myriads of myriads, than the thickness of one single mite, or of any particle of it. Epicurus himself says, *ὅτι τὰ εἰδύλα τὰς λεπτότησιν ἀναπληρώτως κίχονται, ὅδιν ἀνυμμήσιν τῶν φαινομένων*. And Lucretius is of the same opinion with him. That images are nothing else than, *ἀπορροίας*, effluvioms or emanations of the most subtle and tenuous textures of the outmost atoms, that are continually flowing from bodies into the ambient space; in which Epicurus follows the opinion chiefly of Plato and Empedocles, who held images to be certain, material, or substantial effluvioms. But Aristotle taught that they are mere accidents, that have no substance whatever; but that, nevertheless, they are produced from visible bodies, and that, passing through the air, they affect the sense of sight, and are reflected from mirrors, and other things of like nature. But others of the learned are of opinion, that images are nothing but light, either directed from lucid bodies, or reflected from others, and striking upon the eye. But as to the opinion of Epicurus and Lucretius, there is this difficulty: How it is possible, since so many particles are continually flowing from the surface of things, that every visible body should not be at length quite wasted and consumed away? St. Augustin, in Epist. lvi. to Diodo. starts the same question. To which this answer may be given, that those visible things may be repaired by other corpufcles that are continually flowing to them, so that as much as they lose of their substance by the particles that flow from them to other things, so much may, on the other hand, come to them from elsewhere, and repair that loss. Nor is it to be feared, what some allege, that the thing itself would in this case change its figure, since the particles that come to it are of the same figure with those that go from it. It may farther be answered, that images are so very subtle that nothing perceptible can appear to be wanting on the surface of things, though these images do flow from them. And this Lucretius himself explains in the following argument.

Ver. 116. In these two verses, our interpreter but obscurely, if at all, expresses the sense of his author, who instances, in the principles of which all things are made, and by way of similitude, endeavours to prove, that these images are of a most tenuous nature. For, says he, they consist of atoms which are invisible to our sight and more minute than all those things that the eyes can scarce, nay, not at all perceive: it is therefore no wonder that our senses cannot perceive the images of things, while flowing from the bodies they glide through the air, unless they are reflected from the smoothness of mirrors, or of any other smooth and polished bodies, since they cannot perceive even the atoms of which they are

composed. And thus, since they are imperceptible to the sight, they must of necessity be of a very tenuous nature.

Ver. 127. In these eight verses, the poet argues to this effect: Since so great a quantity of little bodies exhales from these strong smelling herbs, as to fill with odour all the ambient neighbouring air, it cannot be expressed how small each part is that comes off from the surface; and consequently, since an image consists only of those particles that fly away from the surface of bodies, and have analogy with the sensorium of the sight, it surpasses all belief how subtle and tenuous an image must be, especially since, in a great length of time, nothing can be perceived to be exhaled or worn away. Certainly the subtleness of an odoriferous steam or vapour is altogether wonderful, and consequently so too must be that of the particles of which such vapours consist; of those, for example, that exhale from an apple for several months together; and yet the apple cannot be perceived to be wasted or diminished. Consider, besides, how thick that vapour is in respect of an image, and you will easily believe, that if all the images which flow from a body, for the space of many years together, were compacted into one, they would not make so great a mass as that of a vapour which flows out in a moment of time.

The juice of the herb *panax*, or *panacea*, so called ἀπὸ τῆ παντὸς ἀκούει, from healing all diseases. See Pliny, lib. xxv. cap. 3. and Columel. lib. xi. cap. 3. We call it in English, all-heal. The other herbs which Lucretius here mentions, are,

—*Abfynthia tetra*,
Abrotonique graves, et tristia centaurea.

Abfynthium is the herb wormwood, of which there are several sorts: I. *Scripbum*, or *marinum*, sea wormwood, which produces the seed that we commonly use against worms in the belly. II. *Sanctenicum*, French wormwood, almost like the former in its tender and jagged leaves, but its colour is whiter, and its smell not so rank. III. *Ponticum*, or *Romanum*, which has a less leaf, and sweeter odour; and is by some called wormwood-gentle. See Pliny, lib. xxvii. cap. 7. IV. *Lacifolium*, our common wormwood. *Abrotonum* is the herb we call southern-wood: and of this too there are several sorts: I. *Abrotonum mas*, the southern-wood, or small southern-wood, which grows in the fields. II. *Abrotonum fœmina*, the or great southern-wood, which grows in the woods, and upon mountains. III. *Abrotonum fœculum*, which is a kind of small southern-wood, and has a very sweet smell. It is probable this last is the sort Lucretius speaks of. Of *centaurea*, *centaury*, see Book ii. ver. 384.

Ver. 135. Having explained this usual and general manner of the generation of the images, which Epicurus calls ἀποσπέρσις, and ἀπορρίψις, because they are made by a continual direption and avolation of tenuous, as it were, membranes, from the surface of bodies; he now, in these

twelve verses, explains another sort of images, which the same Epicurus calls εἰσπέρσις, because they are, as it were, certain conglutinations and coagmentations that are formed in the air of their own accord, as so many clouds, and do not indeed flow from the things which they represent. Diodorus Siculus, lib. iii. relates, that in the regions of Africa, that lie beyond the Syrtis and Cyrene, prodigious spectres are often formed of their own accord: πρὸς γὰρ τινὰς καίους καὶ μάστιγα κατὰ τὰς ἡμετέρας, Συσπέρσις ὁρᾶται κατὰ τὸν αἶρα παρὰ τῶν ζώων ἰδίαν ἰμφοίνεσαι τῶν δὲ αἱ μὲν ἡμετέροι, αἱ δὲ κίνησιν λαμβάνουσι, καὶ ποτὶ μὲν ὑποφανεύουσι, ποτὶ δὲ διακρύβουσι. Sometimes, and even when the weather is calm, there are seen in the air certain compositions or coagmentations, representing the figures of all sorts of animals; some of these are quite without motion, and some are moved; sometimes they fly the pursuers, and then again pursue those that fly. Diodorus, who was himself an Epicurean, makes use of Epicurus's own term, Συσπέρσις. The like too is confirmed by Pomponius Mela, to happen in that part of Mauritania that lies behind mount Atlas. Pliny also says, that something of the same nature is frequently seen in the countries of Scythia, that lie within Imaus. And what Kircherus published, not long ago, of the Morgana, or amazing prodigy, that was seen at Rhegium, now Rezzo, in Italy, is very well known. In short, in most countries many see such spectres and images, or at least think they see them.

Ver. 141. Of these battles in the air, of which, by the way, Lucretius makes no mention, Milton gives us this description:

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds; before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their
spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either side of heav'n the welkin burns.

Moreover, Faber believes this passage of Lucretius to be shadowed from the clouds of Aristophanes.

Ver. 147. In these eighteen verses, he proves, by an argument drawn from a mirror, that images are every moment emitted from things in a perpetual, ceaseless flow. Bring a mirror, and the image of any thing that is placed before it immediately appears, which would not be, unless the image of that thing flowed from the very body of it, and were reflected from that mirror. If it be asked, why other things do not reverberate images, he answers, because some other things are rare, and the images pierce through them; others, either porous or rough, and that these cut and dissipate the images: but let them strike on a polished and flat body, like a looking-glass, and they are reflected to the eyes in an instant of time. Epicurus himself in Laertius, says, ἡ γένεσις τῶν εἰδωλῶν ἅμα τῇ νύμφῃ συμβαίνει, τὸ γὰρ βύσις ἀπὸ τῆς σμάρτης ἐκπορεύεται συνεχῶς συμβαίνει, εὐχόμενα

ὅτι καὶ τῶ σφαιρικοῦ θάλασσαν, καὶ τὰς τῶν ἀστέρων ἐπὶ πολλὸν χρόνον, ἀπὸ τῶν συνχρημαίνοντων ὑπάρχει.

Ver. 156. That is to say, the smoothness of the mirror preserves the image. And here it will not be improper to observe, that all men agree that two things are chiefly requisite in the nature of mirrors: Smoothness, which never is without splendour or shining, and density of body: Nor can one of these suffice without the other; for if the body be smooth and shining, but of such a nature that the image may pass through it, it will not be a mirror, nor restore the images. Hence it is evident, that Plato in Timæus is mistaken, where he does not require density as necessary in a mirror, but only splendour and smoothness. Now there are two opinions concerning the cause of the reflection that is made by mirrors. Some hold, that the images of the bodies placed against mirrors are seen in them, not because the images which we see are in the glass, but because the sight of the eyes, being darted upon the mirror in a straight line, is reflected upon itself from the mirror in another straight line. This was the opinion of the Pythagoreans, and is still of the mathematicians. But others, of whom Epicurus seems to have been the first, will have the images to be transmitted from the bodies into the glass, or any other smooth and dense body, and to be actually in it; and that they are seen in the same manner, and for the same reason that all other things are, and are seen. But we shall have occasion to say more of this by and by, when the poet comes to argue particularly of mirrors.

Ver. 163. For Lucretius believes with Epicurus and Plato, that the image we regard in a mirror is not one constant, fixed, certain, and same thing, but image after image, still succeeding in the place of each other in an instant of time, and without any interval or interruption.

Ver. 165. In these seven verses he illustrates, and confirms the perpetual and never-ceasing flux of images, that all things may be full of light, rays must be continually emitted from the sun. For the same reason, images likewise must be perpetually flying away from things; for which way soever you turn the mirror, the images of the opposite things appear; nor do they ever disappear so long as those things keep their places.

To confirm yet more this argument of Lucretius, we may add to the instance he brings of the beams of the sun two other examples: I. The flame of a candle neither is, nor appears to be always one and the same flame, but only by reason of the never-ceasing substitution of like and equivalent little flames. II. A river is one and the same river, only because of the equivalence of the waters that are incessantly succeeding and driving one another away. Hence it is, that the parts of an image that proceed from hollow parts, are more slowly cast upon the mirror, and reflected more slowly likewise upon the eyes, than the parts that are gibbous and jut out. And, therefore, though the image be seen imprinted on a flat thing, yet it makes an impression of a hollow or round thing on the eye. But Macrobius, lib. vii.

Saturn. 14. endeavours to overthrow this opinion of Epicurus.

Ver. 172. These ten verses contain another argument, but of less weight than the former. We see the serene unclouded sky often overcast on a sudden with thick and darkening clouds. But these clouds rise up from the earth, or from the sea; they are thick and heavy bodies; what then can stop thin and light images?

Ver. 180. This and the following verses are repeated from above, ver. 125. as they are likewise in the original.

Ver. 182. In these eight verses, Lucretius tells us, that he is going to dispute of the swiftness of these images; and that indeed there will be no need of a long disputation, since mirrors demonstrate that images move with the greatest celerity that the mind of man can conceive.

Ver. 188. These two verses in the original run thus:

Parvus ut est cycni melior canor; ille grum
quam
Clamor in aetheris dispersus nubibus auri.

And we find them almost word for word in Antipater, in Errin. lib. iii. Epigram.

Ἀντίπατρος κύκνου μικρὸς θείος, ἦ, πολὺν,
Κράγματος ἐν ἁερὶ καὶ ἀνέμῳ νείλαις.

To what is already said of the singing of swans, Book II. ver. 479. and Book III. ver. 5. I will here add, that the ancient poets gave to one another the title of swans. Virgil. Ecl. ix. ver. 27.

Vare, tuum nomen——

Cantantes sublime ferens ad sidera cycni.

i. e. "Poetæ," according to Servius and all the annotators. Thus too Horace, Od. ii. lib. iv. ver. 25.

Multa diræum levat aura cycnum.

that is, Pindar the Theban poet. Nor was it the poets only who believed the singing of swans, for even Cicero tells us, that swans are sacred to Apollo, because they seem to have from him the gift of divination, inasmuch as foreseeing the good there is in death, they die singing, and with joy: "Cycni Apollini dicati sunt, quod ab eo habere divinationem videantur; qui prævidentes quid in morte sit boni, cum cantu et voluptate moriuntur." Tuscul. 2. 73. Nevertheless, their singing is a mere fiction; and, indeed, both living and dying, they are mute, or at best make only a harsh unpleasing sound: Therefore it is the more surprising, that there is such agreement of opinion among the Greeks and Latins concerning the melodious singing of swans. Nazianzenus, Orat. 34. believes their singing to be only this, that when they spread and clap their wings, the wind gets in, and whistles between their feathers. Of the cranes here mentioned by Lucretius, our translator takes no notice. The Latins called them *grues*, from the crunkling noise they make. They have a very long neck and beak, and are very common about the river Strymon in Macedonia,

on the confines of Thrace. They are said to foresee the stormy weather, nay even a shower of rain, and to fly from it in great numbers together. Hence Virgil *Georg. i. ver. 374.*

—Aut illum (scil. imbrem) surgentem vallibus imis

Aeræ fugere græcæ.

And for this reason Milton gives them the epithet, prudent: when speaking of birds, he says:

Part loosely wing the region, part more wise,
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way.
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan, high over seas.
Flying, and over lands, easing their wings
With mutual sight: so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd
plumes.

These are the birds that are said to make war with the Pigmies; a people of Ethiopia, who inhabit the fens of the Nile, and exceed not three spans in stature, as Pliny witnesses. Of their wars with the cranes Juvenal pleasantly enough,

Ad subitas thracum volucres, nubemque sonoram;
Pygmæus parvis currit bellator in armis:
Mox impar hosti, raptusque per æra curvis
Unguibus à sæva fertur græ.

Sat. xiii. ver. 168.

Which our Creech has thus rendered,

When cranes invade, his little sword and shield
The Pigmy takes, and straight attends the field:
The fight's soon o'er; the cranes descend, and bear

The sprawling warriors through the liquid air.

Ver. 190. In these seventeen verses, he explains the swiftness of images, by making a comparison between their motion and that of the rays of the sun, which reach from heaven to earth in an imperceptible space of time. But from whence proceeds this velocity of the sun-beams? They are small and subtle bodies: They are easily emitted from the body of the sun: They are incessantly in pursuit of one another, and therefore the following urges on the foregoing ray; and the interjacent air can be no hindrance to bodies of so thin a texture. If these are the reasons that the rays of the sun move so swiftly, the same reasons likewise will evince the extreme celerity of images.

Ver. 193. This is taken from Cowley. See the note, Book ii. ver. 141.

Ver. 204. That is, their subtle nature; for an image, though it be corporeal, has not any dimension of profundity, but is all surface; as Epicurus says in Laertius, lib. 10.

Ver. 207. In the last argument, he proved that images move as swiftly as the rays of the sun; but now, in these eleven verses, he makes them much swifter: for, says he, the images are mere subtle; and what conduces very much to their celerity, they flow from the surface of things, and

easily disengage and set themselves free: but heat and light are emitted from the inward parts of the sun.

Ver. 216. This and the following verse are repeated from Book ii. ver. 156. as well in the original as here.

Ver. 218. In these ten verses he calls experience to his assistance. All sight is made by images; now, set a mirror, or a bowl of water abroad in a clear night, and the images of all the stars will be reflected from the mirror or the water, and meet the eyes in a moment of time. Judge then, how swift must be the passage of those images.

Ver. 219. Faber, in his note on this place, says, that it is more surprising to consider, how many different species of itself water reflects all around, by its trembling motion; which Virgil describes in the following verses:

Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis,
Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolat latè loca jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summiq; fert laquearia tecti.

Æn. viii. ver. 22.

Which Dryden thus translates:

So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd glass their trembling light;
The glitt'ring species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side:
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.

Ver. 226. This and the following verse our translator has transcribed out of the first book of Cowley's *Davidides*.

Ver. 228. But this flux or streaming of the images into the eyes, must be granted, says the poet in these thirteen verses, because certain effluvia from other things insinuate themselves into all the other senses. Epicurus too made use of the same argument, as Macrobius witnesses *Lib. viii. Saturn. 14.* in these words: "In propatulo est quod decepti Epicurum: à vero enim lapsus est aliorum quatuor sensuum secutus exemplum: Quia in audiendo gustando, et odorando, atque tangendo nihil è nobis emittimus, sed extrinsecus accipimus quod sensum moveat: Quippe et vox ad aures ultro venit, et auræ in nares influunt, et palato ingeritur quod gignit saporem, et corporis nostro applicantur tactu sentienda. Hinc putavit et ex oculis nostris nihil foras proficisci, sed imagines rerum ultro in oculis meare." It is manifest what deceived Epicurus: for he was led into his error by following the example of the four other senses. And because, in hearing, smelling, tasting, and touching, we emit nothing out of ourselves, but receive from without what moves and affects the sense. Thus sounds come to the ears of their own accord, and odours flow into the nostrils. Thus the taste is produced by things that are received into the mouth; and whatever we perceive by touch is applied to the body. Hence he believed, that nothing goes out from the eyes, neither; but that the images of things come of their own accord into the eyes.

Ver. 241. These ten verses contain another argument. When we handle any thing in the dark, for example, a body that is quadrangular, how do we know it to be a square, but by its quadrangular figure? And if we place the same body before our eyes in the light, how do we then know it to be a square, but by its quadrangular image?

Ver. 249. In these two verses, Lucretius concludes, that images alone are the cause of sight: this too was the opinion of Epicurus, who held, that vision is caused by images that perpetually flow from things, and strike our eyes; and that this was his opinion, is affirmed by Aulus Gellius, in these words: "Epicurus autem affluere semper ex corporibus simulacra quædam corporum ipsorum, eaque sese in oculos inferre, atque ita fieri sensum videndi putat." Noct. Attic. lib. v. c. 16. Epicurus believed, that from all bodies some images of these bodies are perpetually flowing; that they convey themselves into the eyes; and that that is produced the sense of sight. And Macrobius, lib. vii. Sat. c. 14. says the same thing. "Censet Epicurus ab omnibus corporibus jugi fluore quædam simulacra manare, nec unquam tantulam moram intervenire, quin ultro ferantur inani figurâ coherentes corporum Exuvie quarum receptacula in nostris sunt oculis, et ideo ad deputatam sibi à naturâ sedem proprii sensus recurrunt." Epicurus believed that certain images are perpetually flowing from all bodies, and that without the least interval of time, the exuvie of bodies, composed of mere empty figures, are of their own accord conveyed to our eyes, which are their proper receptacles; and that therefore they are continually hastening to the proper seat of sense that nature has assigned them. Epicurus himself in Laetius, teaches, that these images *ἰσχυρίσιν*. And in Plutarch we find *ἐδωλὺν ἰσχυρίσιν*, the infirmation of images, and in Cicero *ἐδωλὺν ἰσχυρίσιν*.

Thus we see what was the opinion of Epicurus concerning the cause of sight. But Plato held, that seeing is produced from the conjunction and affinity of two fires or lights; of one that goes out of our eyes, and of another that flows from the sun, or from the light. But the main dispute formerly was, whether vision be performed by the emission or reception of the rays of light. The mathematicians were persuaded, that certain rays that stream from the eyes, and reach to the object seen, enlighten and render it visible or apparent to the sight, and consequently are the cause of that sense. And this belief they grounded on observations, that would by no means justify their opinion; for they had taken notice that several animals which can see by night, as cats, owls, &c. have eyes that sparkle in the dark; and from thence they inferred, that the light which is observed to be in their eyes, when it is night, is the cause they see, when other creatures, whose eyes are not so radiant, have no sight at all. But this opinion has been long since exploded: and Aristotle retorted very well, that vision cannot be performed by emission of the rays; because in that case it would follow, that we should have as clear a sight of things, and discern them as di-

stinctly in the dark as by day: That philosopher, therefore, lib. ii. De Anim. teaches, that sight is not made by the emission of rays from the eyes, but from the function and act of the objects that come within the reach of sight, being often repeated, and coming into the eyes. The Stoics held, that rays come forth from within, even to the surface of the eyes, and drive the air to the thing seen, in such a manner, as to make as it were a cone, the point of which is in the surface of the eye, and the basis in the thing itself that is seen: and they explain this their opinion by the following example. As when the hand feels any thing with a stick, it perceives by the stress, and according to the degree of resistance it meets with, whatever the stick touches, that is to say, whether it be hard, soft, smooth, rough, dirt, stone, wood, cloth, &c. So the eye perceives every thing by the protended air; suppose a white, black, yellow, deformed, beautiful, &c. object. Most of the followers of Aristotle, how differently soever they interpret his opinion in this matter, use this very comparison, but place the colour as the hand, the light of peripatetic as the stick, and the eye as the thing touched. But the Stoics suppose the eye to be as the hand, the air as the stick, and the object seen as the object touched. Pythagoras and his followers believe, that the sense of seeing is caused by the reflection of the sight; when the rays that stream and extend themselves from the eyes to the thing seen, are so reflected from it to the eyes, that they do, as it were, bring word back what sort of thing it is. Empedocles, though he admitted an effluence from things into the eyes, yet he believed at the same time, that some fiery spirits are emitted from the eyes to the objects; and would have the eyes to be as it were a lantern. And these were the chief opinions concerning the cause of sight. But the now uncontroverted opinion is, that sight is formed by reception of the rays, and that the eye emits not any light to enlighten objects; but that vision proceeds from the immision of the rays of light into the humours of the eye; and is formed by the rays proceeding from various points of a visible object; inasmuch, that all the rays from one point of an object, are so inflected in the tunicles and humours of the eye, that they join again into one point at its bottom, and there paint the distinct idea of the object: but to show how it there causes sight would be too long a digression in this place.

Ver. 251. In these six verses, the poet farther teaches, that the images that are continually flowing from the surface of things, are present in all places, and standing all around us, so that nothing hinders us to see on their part, if we but turn our eyes, that are designed for no other use than to see them. Epicurus himself writes to the same purpose, in the epistle to Herodotus: *Δὲ δὲ καὶ νομίζουσιν ἰσχυρίσιν τοὺς ἀπὸ τοῦ ἑαυτὸν τὰς μορφὰς οὐκ ἔχουσιν, καὶ διανοοῦσιν αὐτὰς ὡς γὰρ ἐν ἀποστροφῇ τὰ ἑαυτοῦ τὴν ἑαυτὸν οὖσαν τοῦ τῆς χροῆματος, καὶ τῆς μορφῆς, διὰ τοῦ αἵματος τοῦ μεταξὺ ἡμῶν τῆς κατέκεινται ὥς διὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων, ἢ διὰ τῶν δῆποτι βλαβερῶν ἀπὸ ἡμῶν πρὸς ἐκείνα παραγγομένην τῆς, ὡς τούτων τινὲν ἰσχυρίσιν ἡμῶν ἀπὸ*

τὸν παραγνῶστον ἀποχρῶντες καὶ ἀπομαρτυροῦντες κατὰ τὸ
ἐνδομυρῶν μέγεθος εἰς τὴν ὄψιν ἢ τὴν διάνοιαν, ὡς αὖτε
τὸν φανερὸν χρῶματι.

Ver. 256. These are the very words Epicurus himself makes use of, and Lucretius after him believed, that an image is as it were a shadow or type, which coming from the thing itself, brings with it the figure and colour of it; and which striking upon the eyes, exhibits and imprints in them the same figure and colour. Thus Epicurus seems to have meant that impression and representation of the image, which, by reason of the smoothness of the eye, appears in the surface of it; and which may be seen in the pupil of any man's eye, if we look narrowly upon it. And this seems to have been the opinion of Democritus, as we find in Aristotle, lib. de Sens. et Sens. cap. 2. where Democritus saying τὸ δεῖν εἶναι ἡμῶν, that seeing is an apparition, Aristotle blames him for it; and objects that that apparition is caused only, δι' τὸ ἡμῶν λαβόν, because the eye is smooth and glassy. Moreover, Lucretius himself, as we have seen in the third book, condemns their opinion, who, contrary to the doctrine of Epicurus, believe that the mind and soul see from within through the eyes as through a window; and asserts, that it is not the mind, nor the soul, but the eyes themselves that see, because they are endowed with soul, as well as all the other parts of the body. See book iii. ver. 130. et seq.

Ver. 257. There are many problems, and those too very curious, concerning vision. Some of these Lucretius proposes and explains. 1. It is certain that we not only see the colours and figures of things, but understand, at the same time, how far the objects seen are distant from us: but how can the images that flow from the surface of things, be the cause of this? The poet answers in these ten verses. The image, striving to get to the eyes, drives forward all the air before it; now, this stream of air is longer or shorter, as the object is more or less distant. But the longer or shorter that stream of air is, which, produced by the image, strikes the eye, so much longer or shorter the interval of space between the object and the eye must be allowed to be. But Lucretius and Epicurus are mistaken in this; for the distance is not known by the eye, but by the superior faculty, the intellect, which compares and judges between the eye and the thing seen.

We may judge of the distance of an object by the disposition of the "axis visionis:" for the soul, always attending to the various and different perceptions, easily determines the length of the "axis opticus," by the force it imparts to the fibres of the retina: inasmuch that the colour of the object being first known, for the impressions vary according to the difference of the colours, it is easily judged, that the body is more or less distant. Thus, though a black body causes not so great an impression as a white; yet, if we look at a black ten yards from us, and at a white twenty, though the impression of this last be much the stronger, yet we judge the former to be the nearest to us, because the soul first discerns between, and knows

the difference of those colours: and we know for certain, that men, who have been long accustomed to judge of distances, are not so subject to mistake in that affair, as others who have had no experience therein; and the reason of this is, because their souls have formed a more perfect idea of the length of the optic axis, by means of the force it imparts. The particular disposition of the eye conduces likewise very much to the forming a right judgment of the distance of objects: for we widen our eye when we are to regard an object distant from us; and lengthen it when we look at one that is very near us: and, therefore, in all probable appearance, the eye is proportionally and gradually changed, as we view a nearer or more distant object. For example, if I look at an object very near me, my eye is lengthened by the contraction of the oblique surrounding muscles: but if the same object be carried by degrees farther off from me, those muscles are gradually relaxed, proportionably as the object removes; and, at length, the right muscles begin to widen the eye, the object drawing farther from it: this any man may observe to be true, when he looks at a bird, for instance, first rising very near him, and then flying from him by degrees, till at length it arrive at a great distance from him. Some attribute this appearance to the knowledge of the conjunction of the two "axes visionis," which may indeed be some help towards the distinguishing the distance of objects; and this is the reason why we cannot so well judge of the distance of an object, when we regard it only with one eye, as when we look on it with both. Moreover, the farther distant an object is from us, the more subject we are to be deceived in our judgment of its distance, as any man will readily conceive.

Ver. 267. In these twelve verses is contained the second problem. Why, since the objects themselves are seen, the images that strike the eyes one by one, and are the cause of our seeing them, can be seen themselves? To this Lucretius answers, after his usual manner, by bringing like instances. 1. We feel not the single parts of wind or of cold: but of all the wind, or all the cold, we are very sensible. 2. When we touch with our fingers the surface, or outmost colour of a stone, we feel not that surface and outmost colour; but only the interior hardness of the stone. Now, suppose the images to be as the single parts of the wind and cold, and the objects themselves to be as the whole wind and cold, and this difficulty is easily solved. In like manner, suppose the stone to be as the object, and the surface and outmost colour of it as the image. Thus atoms, the wind, and images are invisible themselves, though visible things are made of them, and though by their means other things are seen.

Ver. 277. He means what Lucretius here calls "Summum colorem," the utmost colour. For even by the doctrine of Lucretius, colour cannot be touched.

Ver. 279. Third problem. Why the images of things reflected from the surface of a glass mirror, are not seen in that surface, but as it were

within, or beyond it? The reason of this the poet gives us in these twenty-one verses. The eye knows the distance of the thing seen, by means of the air that is driven by the image to the eye. Now, when two airs are driven, the interval must of necessity be more extended, and even doubled. But the image of the glass (for we see the glass itself as well as the thing, whose image is reflected) protrudes one air, and the image reflected another. And this is the reason why the image appears to be not in the surface of the glass, but as if it were within and beyond it. He also illustrates this explication, by bringing an example of things that are seen in a straight line, and at a distance from a place within a building: in which case the images drive the air forward, as well through the space without doors to the very threshold, as through the space within doors from the threshold to the very eye. This reason, though it seems probable, is nevertheless not true; for as I said before, it belongs not to the eyes, but to the superior faculty, to discern and judge of distance.

Lucretius here affords us an opportunity to give a short account of the looking-glasses that are most common among us, and of which there are three sorts: viz. The plain, the concave, and the convex. The surface of the plain is an exact level, and these are the most general, and esteemed the best, because they reflect the object exactly the same, in site, distance, and magnitude, as it is represented to them. But the other two sorts, the concave and the convex, return the objects differing now in site, now in distance, now in magnitude, according to the site of the objects, and as the eye receives the reflection. Plain glasses, as I said before, cause no alteration either in the site, distance, or magnitude of the objects they represent. The reason of which is, because, being smooth and level, they give no other modifications to the rays, but only that of simple reflection, according as they fall on it. First, As to the site, it will be represented the same as it is out of the glass; that is to say, in the same line of attitude: and the object seems so much beyond the glass as it is on this side, because the rays reflected from the glass, run the same lines, and make the same impression on the retina, as they would do if the object were really on that side where it is represented: for the site of an object is distinguished by the impulse of the rays from a determinate region. Secondly, In regard to the distance, the object is represented as far beyond the glass as it is on this side of it, because the impression of the rays is altogether as strong after as before the reflection. For a clearer idea of this, see the note on ver. 257. where we have treated of the manner how to judge the true distance of an object from the eye. Thirdly, We see the magnitude of an object exactly the same as it really is, because the line of reflection from the glass being exactly equal with that of incidence from the object, the rays from the remoter points of the object will be as far distant from each other then, as they would be if the very object itself were really in the place where it is only represented. Nor, in-

deed, can we err in the magnitude, so long as we are right in our judgment concerning the distance of the object.

But before I close this note, I must not forget to observe, that our translator has omitted the three last verses of this argument, which in Lucretius runs thus:

Quare etiam atque etiam minime mirari est par illis, quæ reddunt speculorum ex æquore visum. Aeribus binis, quoniam res confit utroque.

Lambinus absolutely rejects this; and Creech, in his Latin edition says, that he sees no cause why he need ever be ashamed of, or revoke that censure: because the verses are altogether useless, and have nothing to do in this place: and for that reason I have avoided to give them in this translation.

Ver. 290. Not the image that is emitted from the object placed before the glass, and that strikes into the glass; but the image that flows from the glass itself: for all things emit images, even mirrors themselves.

Ver. 299. For the image appears as far beyond the glass, as the object of which it is the image is distant from the glass.

Ver. 300. It is repugnant to the foregoing opinion of Epicurus, that the image in the glass should be turned towards the person whose image it is, and look back upon him. For, since the image flows from us, and goes straight forward, it ought, as it goes away, to show us its hinder parts, so that the right may answer to the right, and the left to the left. In like manner, as a player, when his mask is taken off, regards that part of it which he wore next him, that is to say, not the face, but the hollow behind it. To this purpose Macrobius, who, by this argument, endeavours to overthrow the opinion of Epicurus, that the image of things come into our eyes of their own accord. His words, speaking of that belief, are these: "Cujus opinioni repugnat, quod in speculis imago adversa contemplatorem suum respicit: cum debeat, siquidem à nobis orta recto meatu proficiscitur, postera sui partem, cum discedit, ostendere, ut læva lævam, dextera dexteram respiciat: Nam et histrio personam sibi detractam ex eâ parte videt, quâ induit; scilicet non faciem, sed posteriorem cavernam." Saturnal. lib. vii. cap. 14.

This, therefore, is the fourth problem: and to solve the difficulty of it, Lucretius defends his opinion by the example which his adversaries allege to weaken it. Take, says he, a form or mask made of clay, not hardened; but while it is yet moist, and dash it against a beam or pillar, so as to invert it backwards, that the face may fill up the hollow; and you will then see that brought to pass in the mask, which you are now astonished to see in the mirror. And, therefore, you ought not to doubt in the least, but that images, being, as they are, very tenuous substances, may, by dashing against the glass, be inverted backwards in like manner. For an image has no depth, nor profundity whatever. This solution of this problem agrees not ill, but is almost the

same with what Plato delivers in his *Timæus*, where he says, that in mirrors the right appears to be the left, because the contrary parts of the mirror are regarded by the contrary parts of the sight, as it happens in all things that are applied to, or placed against one another; as if, for instance, any man were placed in the room of the looking-glass, and had his face turned towards us; for in that case his right would be opposite our left: and so on the contrary. But the mathematicians in Euclid, *Optic.* 19. explain this matter otherwise, and demonstrate their opinions by several arguments. I. They teach, that the angle of reflection is alike, and equal to that angle which is made by the line of incidence into the glass from the point of the object seen: whence there will always be a reflection to the part that is opposite to that part of the glass upon which the line of incidence that is produced from the point of the things seen, happens to strike. II. They teach, that the images which are seen in glasses, are contained in the very shortest lines possible: therefore, when the right part of the thing seen answers, and is opposite to the left line of reflection rather than to the right, and so on the contrary: it causes the line of reflection which is most on the right, to fall on the right part of the image, and in like manner on the contrary: For which reason the left part of the object seen is opposed to the right part of the image; and on the contrary, the right to the left. III. They teach, that the image of the thing seen, and the very thing seen, are to one another in the nature of the two gladiators, who are contending face to face: for the right eye of the one answers to the left eye of the other. But observe, that this happens only in plain and convex glasses, for it is otherwise in the concave, in which the right parts answer to the right, and the left to the left: Of which Plato and Euclid give the reason, which is too long to be here inserted, though we shall have occasion to say something concerning concave glasses, below in the note on ver. 320.

Ver. 305 "Cretea Persona:" for the masks, which the actors wore at Rome, were made of chalk, or of potters clay. Therefore, "cretea persona," as some copies read it, is rejected. Lambinus is fond of "Creffa," or "Cretea Persona," pretending they were made of plaster that came from the island Crete, now called Candy, and situate in the Ægean Sea. All the old copies that Heinsius saw, read "cretea;" and in the Catalogues of Petronius we find,

Dum sumit creteam faciem Sertoria, cretam
Perdidit illa simul, perdidit et faciem.

which sufficiently proves they were made of chalk, or something of that nature: and renders the opinion of Lambinus liable to suspicion.

Ver. 306. "Allidat pilæve trabive." Pila signifies a column or pillar, which the Greeks call *πύλος*. Apuleius 3. *Metamorph.* "Pila media quæ stabuli trabes sustinebat. Festus, Pila, quæ parietem sustentat, ab opponendo dicitur." Budæus likewise says, that the "pilæ lapidæ" in buildings, are pillars or structures of hewn stone, which

are as the thighs of edifices; "quasi quædam edifi-
ciorum femora." Pila signifies the moles that are built in water, such as are at this day to be seen at Geneva. Virg. *Æn.* ix. ver. 710.

Qualis in Euboico Baiarum littore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, &c.

See likewise Vitruvius. lib. v.

Ver. 310. In these ten verses is contained the fifth problem, which he proposes and solves. Why the same image is reflected from mirror to mirror, and seen in several at once, inasmuch that five or six images are reflected; or that the same image may be represented five or six times by as many glasses; the left part of which image will be inverted to the right, and the right to the left alternately? For whatever things are in the remotest parts of a building, the image of them may, by the means of several looking glasses, rightly and duly placed, be, as it were, brought out and conveyed through windings and turnings into any part of the house. Nay, it may be so ordered, that you may see your own back. For, take two plain glasses, and place one of them behind you in a shelving posture, so that it may neither lie flat upon the ground, nor stand directly upright: Hang the other over your head in such a manner, that it may be directly opposite to our eyes, and in a bending posture likewise: you must of necessity see your own back in the glass that hangs up. Of which Lucretius gives this reason; because the image of the thing that strikes upon the glass, being returned from that glass, is reflected upon, and received into the opposite glass. But though all this be certain, yet it may be inquired, whether it be the same image that is multiplied so often; or whether a-new exuvies do not fly from off every image, as at first, the first image flew off from the body? Lucretius answers, That each image flies away from the object, and that the departure of the first is supplied by the coming of a second, in a perpetual and never-ceasing flux; for the image behind impels the image before; and thus they run in a successive course, and urge on their predecessor images; inasmuch that the very image, which we this moment see in the last glass, was but just now in the first; and that a new succeeds in the room of that which went last away; and thus a perpetual succession of images is made from glass to glass. This I take to be the sense of Lucretius in this passage, which Creech has rendered but obscurely and imperfectly.

Ver. 318, 319. These two verses run thus in the original:

Usque adeo è speculo in speculum trahucet imago
Et cùm læva data est, sit rursus ut dextera fiat;
Inde retrorsum reddit se, et convertit eodem.

The meaning of which is, when the image is transferred from one glass to another glass, it changes its left part into its right; but when it is again reflected from the second glass into the third, it resumes the same order and site it had in the first glass; and will continue to change in like manner, as it passes into the other following glasses.

Ver. 320. In these seven verses is contained problem sixth. Why in those glasses, whose plains or faces are, as if they were several glasses opposed to one another to the right and left, the site of the image reflected is returned, so that the right part of the image answers to the right of the object, or thing seen, and the left in like manner to the left? The answer is: Because the plains or faces of that glass supply the place of glasses placed apart from one another, and are the cause that as in them the image is reflected from glass to glass, so it is reflected in these upon the same glass; and this indeed happens in concave glasses; of which, for that reason, Lucretius seems here to speak. And thus Gassendus himself interprets this passage: But Lambinus is of opinion, that the poet is speaking of many glasses joined together in the convex figure of a pillar. Now, we generally reckon seven sorts of glasses that restore the image after the same usual manner. I. The plain. II. The pillared convex. III. The pillared concave. IV. The convex made in the shape of a pyramid. V. The concave made likewise in the figure of a pyramid. VI. The globous convex. VII. The globous concave. By what means the reflection is made from plain glasses the poet has taught already: but seems to have omitted the reason of the several sorts of reflection from all the other glasses; for in these seven verses he seems to speak only of convex and concave glasses, though some think that even here he argues only of the other.

Ver. 327. In these seven verses is contained problem seventh, viz. Why our images that are seen in the glass, seem to move forward or backward, &c. as we ourselves do, and to imitate our actions? Of this he gives the following reason: Because, from whatever part of the glass we retire, and withdraw ourselves, the image cannot, from that moment, be reflected from that part: for all the images that are emitted from bodies, are reflected by equal and like angles. This, therefore, is appositely and truly ascribed to the variations of the image in the parts of the glass; which variations are caused by the several motions of the object; and these being different, the reflection likewise on the eye, and consequently the image, must differ in like manner. For, as the mathematicians truly assert, it is not the same image that remains seen; but when all the points, that is to say, all the parts of the object seen, are reflected, now from these, now from other parts, a new image is made of the whole object. Whence it follows, that, when the thing seen is moved, the image must of necessity seem to move likewise; since the parts of the thing seen continually answer to the parts of the image. And yet the image is not actually moved, but a new one is rather produced by the mutation of the sight of the object seen; but this happens by reason of the continual reflection of the parts of the image, which is made in the utmost censure of the glass. Hence it is evident, that if, whilst you are looking on your own image in a glass, there be others, who, either from the right, left, above or below

you, regard the same image of your own person, they will each of them see it in different places of the glass, and none of them in the place where you do; insomuch, that you cannot take any of their places, but you will see the image in another place than it was in before; from whence it is farther evident, that it is not only one image of yourself that you see in the glass, but innumerable images: and those too mutually mixing together in such a manner, that in the very place where you see your own nose, another may be so placed as to see your chin, another your forehead, a third your eye, a fourth your mouth, &c. and, nevertheless, not one of them sees any thing but one simple and distinct image.

Ver. 334. Hitherto of mirrors. He now proposes the eighth problem: Why glaring objects hurt the eyes, and why the sun even causes blindness? Of which, in these ten verses, he gives this reason: Because a splendid object sends forth many seeds of fire that burn the eyes; or is a sensible too strong for the organ of sense; and spoils, and renders it useless for this reason: because, by loosening its texture, it so perverts and destroys its due temper and commensuration, that it renders it incapable of receiving any longer any other sensibles. Aristotle, lib. iii. de Anim. says, it is common to all the senses, that if the things that fall under the sphere of their perception be too excessive, and surpass their due measure, they destroy the senses themselves. Thus, too much noise makes men deaf, too much splendour blind; and in like manner of the rest. For each sense is a certain proportion, and all proportion is destroyed by whatever is too much: for example, if the strings of an instrument be screwed too high, all the symphony is ruined.

Ver. 335. It is said of Democritus, that he made himself blind by staring on the glare of a brazen buckler that he placed in the sun; and this he did, that the view of external objects might no longer divert his mind from meditation. Laberius in Gellius, lib. x. c. 17.

Democritus Abderites, phisicus philosophus,
Clypeum constituit contra exortum Hyperionis,
Oculos ut possit effodere splendore aereo:
Ita radiis solis aciem effodit luminis.

Ver. 344. These six verses contain the ninth problem: Why all objects appear pale and lucid to those who have the jaundice? Because, says Lucretius, many lurid seeds flow from the internal person, and stain the images as they come to him; at least, which is more probable, they dye those that are entering into his eyes.

"Quaecunque tuentur Arquati," That is, says Nonius, persons whose eyes are stained with the likeness of the colours, "Arqui, quem poetæ Irim vocant," of the bow, which the poets call Iris, the rainbow: For the ancient Latins writ *argui*, not *arcus*. Lucretius, lib. vi. ver. 525.

Tum color in nigris exilit nabus arqui.

This disease, the yellow jaundice, was likewise called *istheris*, and *morbus regius*. It was called

Stercor from the Greek, "*Integros*, a kite, because the eyes of those who labour under that disease, seem in colour like the eyes of a kite; *regius morbus*, as Ovid observes,

Molliter excelsu quoniam curetur in aulâ.

Arquatus, as I hinted before, because their eyes are dyed with several colours, like the rainbow. It was also heretofore called "*Aurigo, à colore auri*," from the colour of gold, which the bile, diffused through the body, resembles: and persons, troubled with the disease, are called *auriginoſi*. Sipontin.

Ver. 346. *Lurid* is yellowish colour, drawing towards a blue.

Ver. 350. The tenth problem is in these seventeen verses. Why, when we are in the dark, we can see objects that are in light; though when we are in the light we cannot see objects that are in the dark? This, says he, is caused by the protrusion of the different air; for when the lucid air follows the dark, it purges and cleanses the pores of the eye, and makes room for the images of things to enter. For the bright and lucid air is more subtle than the dusky; at least, it has more strength, and is much easier to move. But when the dark air follows the bright, the passages of the eye are so closed and choked up by that dull and heavy air, that it becomes incapable to receive the images of things that offer themselves to it.

This was the opinion of Lucretius; but Aristotle and the mathematicians explain this matter in a few words: They say, that nothing can be seen of itself but, and that there are no other objects of sight than, light and colour; therefore, whatever is seen, is seen by the help and means of those two things. Now the sense of seeing is made by contact, that is to say, by the form or image of the object seen coming to the eyes. But the things that are in the dark cannot send their images to the eyes, for want of light and colour, by which they no sooner come to be enlightened, than they instantly emit their forms. Therefore, when we ourselves are in the dark, we may well see objects that are in the light, but not on the contrary.

Ver. 367. In these ten verses is contained the eleventh problem: Why things that are square seem round if beheld at distance? Square towers, for example, seem round, if we regard them from afar: the reason of which is, says Lucretius, because the image of a square tower, as it flies to us, is often struck by the air in its passage, by which means its angles are worn off, at least are so blunted, that when it comes to us, it strikes our eyes under a round or circular figure; yet that roundness is not so distinct and perfect, as if the object itself were round, and seen at a little distance.

Ver. 368. What I am here going to observe concerning the sight, holds good likewise as to all the other senses. When a square tower is seen from afar, and appears round, we must distinguish between these two things: First, That it seems round; and, second, that it is reputed and be-

lieved to be so. For that it appears round is most true; but that it is believed to be round, because it seems to be so, is false. Now the first belongs to the sight, or to the eye, which receives the appearance, representation, or image, as Lucretius and Empiricus term it, of the object seen: the other belongs to the mind, or intellectual faculty, which forms a judgment from that appearance. For the eye only reports, as I may say, to the understanding, the object it has seen; therefore it neither deceives, nor is deceived, but represents the thing as it received it; but it is the office of the mind to judge, whether the thing be, or be not such, as it appears to the eye and sight; so that the mind only deceives or is deceived, or neither deceives nor is deceived, in the judgment it makes. But Lucretius will argue more at large of these things hereafter, ver. 394 and 490. &c. where he says, that the senses are true and certain, and that their deception proceeds from the judgment of the mind. Petronius very pertinently to this purpose, and elegantly too, says,

Fallunt nos oculi, vagique sensus
Oppressâ ratione mentiuntur:
Nam turris, prope quæ quadrata surgit,
Attritis procul angulis rotatur.

And Macrobius Saturnal. lib. vii. cap. 14. "Hâc (ratione) cessante visus inefficax est adeo ut quod remus in aquâ fractus videtur, vel quod turris eminens visa, cum sit angulosa, rotunda existimatur, faciat rationis negligentia; quæ, si se intenderit, agnoscat in turre angulos, et in reme integritatem; et omnia illa discernit, quæ academicis damnandorum sensuum occasionem dederunt: Cum sensus unus inter certissimas res habendus sit, comitante ratione."

But it may be inquired, how and by what means the mind judges and discerns betwixt the different figures of objects: The answer to this is, That the figures of objects may be known, partly from their different colours, partly from their different reflections, and wholly from the knowledge of the divers parts of an object, its distance, and magnitude. Yet some give another reason, and say, that we know the figures of bodies from the particular impressions they make on the eye: For the rays that proceed from all the parts of an object, paint all its parts on the retina, in the fibres of which they cause an impression, in the same order in which they received their reflection: inasmuch that we know such a body to be square, because its image, formed by the impression of the rays on the retina, is square: For the rays from all the points of a square body, are collected by the humours, and form a quadrangular or square impression. The same may be conceived of all other figures of objects.

Ver. 377. In these seventeen verses is contained the twelfth problem. Why the shadow of our body, no less than the image of it in the glass, seems to walk with us, and imitates our postures? The thing itself is notorious, but the reason of it not so plain. Lucretius says it is this, because shade is only air deprived of light by some dense

body interposing between any place and the sun, and when this happens, that place is in some measure darkened and deprived of light; and therefore, as that dense body is moved, as it bows itself down, or raises itself up, the shadow too must of necessity vary its figure; because several figures of the air are deprived of light, in as many several manners as the body moves upright, bending forward, backward, &c. Dryden seems to have borrowed from this passage of Lucretius, that excellent description of shadows, which we find in a copy of verses of his to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet when we walk, they shoot before our sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.

Ver. 389. This and the following verse run thus in the original:

Semper enim nova se radiorum lumina fundunt,
Primaque dispareunt, quasi in ignem lana trahatur.

Our translator takes no notice of the last word^s "quasi in ignem lana trahatur," and indeed they are variously explained. The poet illustrates, and teaches by an example, in what manner new rays are continually flowing from the sun's orb; and how they supply the place of the former that vanish away; viz. as it were like wool drawn through a flame; for then the wool that is first drawn would be consumed by the fire; whilst other wool is in the mean time drawing through it. Thus Læmbinus, on the authority of several copies reads, and then interprets this passage: and Fayus approves of his interpretation. But Scaliger, in his observations on Catullus, corrects thislection, and reads *carmine* for *in ignem*: "quasi carmine lana trahatur," taking *carmen* for the instrument used in the wool-manufacture, and which is likewise called *peñen*, in English a card. From whence *carminare* signifies the same as *peñinare*. "Varro de ling. Latin. Carminari lana tum dicitur, cum caret eo, quod in ea hæret." And Pliny, lib. ix. cap. 38. & lib. xix. cap. 1. uses the same word. In which sense we may interpret the meaning of Lucretius in this manner: That new beams flow from the sun as fast as the first vanish, as from a heap of wool new threads are drawn in the card, so that when the first are drawn and taken away, new ones may still be drawing in the same card. But this interpretation seems not so natural as the former. Faber retains the first reading, and observes it to be a Greek proverb, *ἐλευν ἐς πύον*, and that it is used by Plato and Lucian, when they speak of a useless piece of work, and that never can be ended. "Dicitur de re inutili, ἀνίσταται, et quæ absolvi non possit." Cræsch in his Latin edition adheres to this interpretation; and says, it agrees very well with the meaning of the poet, and expresses properly enough that perpetual destruction of the rays of the sun. Nardius, for *in ignem*, reads *mar-*

gine, and others *imagines* erroneously, and without reason.

Ver. 393. *Nigras umbras*, the black shadows. A shadow seems black, because, as I said before, it is nothing but air deprived of light, or a privation of light; but light is white and clear, therefore shadow is black and dark.

Ver. 394. Having finished his disputation concerning sight and vision, he takes occasion from the two last problems, to assert and defend the certainty of the senses, which not those problems only, but several others that he enumerates as examples, to verse 489, seem to weaken and contradict. Now he insists that the senses are infallible, because they receive the images of things, just as they are brought to them. They understand not the nature of things, nor do they judge or determine any thing concerning it. Therefore there is no fallacy in them, but all errors proceed from the judgment of the mind. For example: though we may be deceived in seeing light or shade, yet that deception is not the fault of the eyes, but of the mind. For the office of the eyes is only to see the light and the shade; but it belongs not to them to determine what light and shade are, but to the mind; therefore, notwithstanding that a shadow seems to move, though it do not move, it being only a privation of light; yet our eyes are not deceived, for they see what it is their business to see; they see the shadows now in one place, now in another. Cicero, lib. iv. Acad. Quæst. ascribes certainty to the senses, provided they be found and strong, and that all things be removed that might be any obstacle to them. And Lactantius, lib. de Opificio Dei, cap. 9. is of the same opinion.

Ver. 404. In these four verses, Lucretius brings his first example to confirm his assertion, that neither the eyes, nor any of the other senses, are either false or fallacious, but that they are true and certain: as also, that the mind only deceives, and is deceived, in judging of things amiss, and otherwise than they are. For it is not the office of the eyes, to judge whether the ship be moved, or not, but of the mind only: from whence it follows, that not the eyes, but the judgment only errs, and is mistaken.

Ver. 407. Thus too Virg. *Æneid.* iii. ver. 72.

Provehimur portu, terræque urbisque recedunt.

Which Sir R. Blackmore seems to have imitated,
They spoom'd away before the shoving wind,
And left retreating towns and cliffs behind.

Ver. 408. In these six verses is contained example second, of the stars, the sun, and the moon, which seem to us to stand still, though they are whirled about in a perpetual and swift motion. Whence the poet argues, that the eyes are not deceived, because they see the sun, the moon, and the stars, in the places where they are; but that the mind errs in not discerning those to be several places, and imagining all those places, in which the sun, moon, and stars are, to be one and the same place.

The steady Pole. The end or point of the axle-tree, on which astronomers imagined the heavens to be turned. There are two of them; one in the north, noted by a star, called *polus arcticus*, the north pole; the other in the south, but invisible to us, called *polus antarcticus*, the south pole.

Ver. 414. These four verses contain Example III. in which the poet brings an instance of mountains, standing at some distance from one another in the midst of the sea; which nevertheless, when seen from afar, seem contiguous, and so like a continent, that they appear like one huge mountain only, or like one vast island: In which the eyes are not deceived neither, it being not their office to judge of the distance of objects: but the mind alone deceives, who imagines there is no space between the mountains, because there appears none.

Ver. 418. In these four verses, he proposes Example IV. When boys, says he, turn themselves often around, or are turned about by others, a giddiness ensues, and the walls and ceilings of the houses seem to them to move round, and be whirled about, even though they themselves stand still, and have ceased to run round. In which the eyes are not deceived, but the mind itself, which supposes, that the sensorium, in which the agitation continues, receives the images of things that stand still in the same manner, as it would receive the image of a thing in motion, if itself were at rest. The reason of this is, because the spirits that belong to the sight, being shaken and disturbed by the whirling motion of the body that runs round, fly about in a circular motion likewise, and cease not to move so soon as the body stands still; in like manner as a wheel that has been turned about with violence, ceases not its motion so soon as the moving hand is retired, but whirls several rounds afterwards.

Ver. 422. In these ten verses he brings Example V. of the sun, that seems to rise very near to mountains, though between the sun and those mountains there be an immense interval of space. For when the sun is seen to rise over mountains, he seems almost to touch them with his fires, and yet those mountains are scarce two thousand bow shot distant from us: nay, perhaps not five-hundred casts of a dart. The reason is, because the eye does not perceive the distance of objects, and therefore we suppose there is no distance at all. "Rubrum tremulis Jubar ignibus," says Lucretius, "Varro de ling." Latin. lib. 5. says, that the star which appears before sun-rising is called Jubar, "quia in suo habet diffusum lumen ut leo in capite jubar." And Festus: "Jubar stella quam Græci φωσφόρος, id est, Luciferum appellant, quod splendor ejus diffunditur in motum jubæ leonis." And Servius on this verse of Virgil, It portis jubare exorto delecta juvenus.

Æn. 4. v. 130.

says, "Jubare exorto, i. e. orto Lucifero. Nam proprie Lucifer Jubar dicitur, quod jubar lucis effundat." Lambinus too follows these ancient; and others take Jubar in this place to signify the

splendor or light, that foreruns the rising sun, that is to say Aurora, or the morning itself: which last opinion is not without reason, since Jubar is sometimes taken for the brightness or splendor of any thing whatever: Statius Thebaid. ix. v. 895. "Et pictum gemmis galeæ jubar." Yet notwithstanding all these authorities, Creech in his Latin edition of Lucretius says, that nothing is more certain, than that Jubar here signifies the sun: "Nihil certius quam unam eandemque rem in hoc versu jubar," and verse 408. "Solem appellari," Creech. in loc.

Ver. 432. In these three verses he produces Example VI. and alleges, that even in the shallowest waters is seen no less a space, than the distance between heaven and earth. For if any one looks down into water, not above an inch deep, he will seem to see the sky in it, lying as much below the earth as the sky is distant from it. The reason of which is, because the eye always sees the object on the side from which the ray comes last of all directly to it; and therefore sees the sky, or the sun and stars, in the place where the water is: and that by means of the ray, which, being between the water and the sky, or the sun and stars, is directly joined with that, which is between the eye and the water. In which case the mind itself, perceiving nothing between the directed and the reflected image, judges that the sky, or the sun and stars are really in that place, and transfers to beneath, all the space and distance that is above. And hence it is not the error of the eye, but of the mind.

Ver. 435. In these five verses is contained Example VII. of a man on horseback, standing still in the midst of a river, and looking down upon the water: for then some force seems to carry the body of the horse, even though he stand still, up against the stream: And on which side soever he casts his eyes, all things seem to flow and move in the same manner. In which not the eye, but the mind is mistaken; for, whereas the eye observes the waves succeeding one another in time, the mind apprehends besides, that they succeed one another in place; and thus judges one and the same place, to be as many places behind, as waves on that part have beat against the horse.

Ver. 440. What our translator here calls courts, Lucretius calls *porticus*. Now the most wealthy among the ancient Romans had stately walks both for fair and rainy weather: The first were in the shade of trees, and sometimes planted with box or rosemary, as Pliny witnesses in an epistle to Gallus. The second were under magnificent roofs, supported from one end to the other on pillars of an equal height, and placed at equal distances: The roof too was of an equal height, and the side-walls exactly alike, nor was the portico broader in any one place than in another. We may judge of the length of them from Juvenal, Sat. iv. v. 5. where, speaking of the luxurious Crispinus, he says,

Quid refert igitur quantis jumenta fatiget Porticibus?—

And Sat. vii. ver. 178.

Balnea sexcentis, et pluris porticus, in qua
Gesseror Dominus, quoties pluit.—

Whence we may gather, that in these porticos they were sometimes carried in their coaches, for so we may call them, for the likeness of the use of them, and sometimes in their chairs on mens shoulders: Besides, that they sometimes walked on foot in them, either for their health or pleasure, is certain beyond all dispute: and for these several reasons these places were called *gestationis*, *viridaria*, *deambulationes*, and *porticus*. In these walks they used sometimes to walk, or be carried a certain number of paces, as Plutarch reports of Cicero in his life. And this custom appears from the following ancient inscription which we find in Pignoriæ, de Servis, p. 141. and by which they knew when they had been carried, or had walked a mile.

IN HOC
POMARIO
GESTATIONIS
PER CIRCUITUM
ITUMETREDITUM
QUINQUIENS
EFFICIT PASSUS
MILLE.

These large places of recreation, these covered walks, were but suitable to their other magnificence: For their houses were for largeness like cities, as Seneca witnesses, Epist. 90. and 114. so that, according to the several seasons of the year, they sometimes used one part of their house, sometimes another. In these were their "Cœnationes, Vestibula, Atria, Peristylia, Bibliothecæ, Pinacothecæ, Basilicæ," and such structures, according to the state of public works. But to return to Lucretius, who in these four verses brings Example VIII. of such a porticus, as is above described: and says, that if we look into such a building at one end, especially standing at some distance from it, it will seem so to contract itself by degrees from the roof, the pavement, and on either side, that the prospect will end in a sharp point or cone. Of which the mathematicians give this reason: because those parts of parallel lines that are farthest removed from the sight, seem almost to meet at the end: which they demonstrate in this manner: In the first place, parallel lines must of necessity take up the same space and extent of ground. Let us suppose two parallel lines of a hundred feet long, to be ten feet distant from one another: Let ten traverse lines be made from one parallel to the other: These ten lines will be all alike, and each of them ten feet long: Let the eye be placed exactly on a level with that part of the ground or plain, where the first traverse line is drawn; the second line (I do not reckon that first which is next the eye) will seem longer than the third, the third than the fourth, the fourth than the fifth, the fifth than the sixth, the sixth than the seventh, the

seventh than the eighth, and the eighth than the ninth: so that the tenth or last will seem shorter than the others, because it is the most remote from the eye: The reason of which is; because the farther any magnitude is from us, the less it makes the angle that falls under the sight: And, on the contrary, the nearer any magnitude is to us, the bigger it makes that angle. Hence it comes to pass, that the most remote and topmost part of the portico may seem to end in a very little cone, and even to touch the ground or surface of the earth, and that the farthest parts of the two side walls seem to touch one another.

Ver. 443. For when the roof seems to descend, the floor to rise up, and the sides to meet together, the prospect must necessarily end in a sharp angle or point.

Ver. 444. In these four verses, he brings Example IX. and says, that to men at sea the sun seems to rise out of the water, and at his setting, to be plunged again into the waves. But this is a deception likewise of the mind, which, because the eyes see nothing that intervenes between the sun and the sea, erroneously supposes that nothing does intervene between them. Virgil describes finely the sun rising out of the sea;

Postera vix summos spargebat lumine montes
Orta dies, cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt
Solis equi, lucemque clatis narribus efflant.

Æn. 12. ver. 112.

Thus as finely rendered by our English Maro,

The morn, ensuing from the mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day.
Dryd.

Ver. 448. These eight verses contain Example X. of oars, which in the sea appear bent and broken: for that part of the oar, which in rowing is dipt in the water seems crooked or broken; but the part above the water is straight. Now, this too is an error of the mind, who does not observe, that the part of the oar, which is beneath the water, is seen by refracted rays, and does not appear to the eyes in the place and site, in which it indeed is, but beyond the surface of the water, from whence the rays tend directly into the eyes. Of which the mathematicians give us this reason: In seeing every thing, either the visual rays from the eyes strike upon the object seen, or are reflected back upon the eyes, or else they are broken: They strike or fall upon the object seen, when we see, for example, a horse, or any other body; or when we see colour in a body not dense, but smooth: They are reflected when we see, for example, a mirror, or any other body both dense and smooth: But they are broken when we see any thing through pellucid bodies; for example, through air and water, or through air and glass: Now the oars in a vessel seem broken because they are seen in this last manner, that is to say, through two transparent bodies; i. e.

through air and water; one of which is more transparent than the other; that is to say, the air than the water; but water is more dense than air: and this is the reason that the rays, projected from the eyes upon the oars, that are plunged in water, are broken; for when we see that part of the oar that is dipt in the water, we see it not directly, but obliquely; nor do we indeed see it in the water, which is a denser body than the air, but only its shadow or image; because the line from the thing seen is not reflected in a straight line to the eye, but is broken on the surface of the water. Hence it is, that the eye sees not the thing in the due place, but in another: nay, sees not the thing itself, which is straight; but the shadow of it, which is bent and crooked.

Ver. 449. "*Clauda navigia*," says Lucretius: where the epithet *clauda* seems so properly applied, that I wish our interpreter had retained it in its natural signification. For let us suppose the oars to be the feet and legs of the vessels, by the help of which they walk through the water; and when these oars are broken, the vessels may well be said to be lame and crippled. The two first verses of this passage in Lucretius run thus:

At maris ignaris in portu clauda videntur
Navigia, aplustris fractis, obnitier undis.

In which Creech, in his Latin edition, has made an excellent emendation. For in *portu*, he reads *in ponto*; and indeed how can a ship in harbour be said to struggle with the waves? Had he been aware of this when he translated this passage, he would not have placed his ignorants upon the shores, because they could hardly discern, from such a distance, whether the oars of a vessel at sea seem broken or not: and he might have spared the next verse save one, And they are loth, &c. for which he has no authority from his author; who, by *maris ignaris*, means men unaccustomed to the sea, raw seamen.

Ver. 456. In these four verses is contained Example XI. of the stars, which by night seem to fly by the clouds, and to be hurried in a contrary motion: in which not the eye but the mind itself is deceived: For while the eye beholds the clouds, and perceives them in different places, the mind itself believes them unmoved from their place; and while the sight remains fixed upon them, the mind supposes, that it is not they that move along the sky, but the stars, that fly over, and pass by them.

Ver. 460. These six verses contain Example XII. concerning things that appear double, by reason of the pupil of the eyes being ever so little distorted; so that, for instance, we seem to see two candles for one, two faces of one man, for one face, &c. In which the mind itself is deceived, not considering that the eyes, in that distorted site, do not regard the objects seen with their usual and conjoined, but with unwonted and separated rays: and for that reason we perceive the object seen to be double. As if, for example, in like manner, we touch one round ball with the middle and forefinger transposed, we shall

seem to feel two balls. Aristotle, *Problem, sect. 3.* giving the reason of this example, says, That the same thing happens, as does to men drunk, who see two for one: For the principle of sight is moved in such a manner, that both eyes see not alike: There is this only difference, that the motion in men who are drunk, is made inwardly: but another reason may be given of it: When one of the eyes is pressed by the hand, the sight is bent and crooked, and the nerves are moved up and down, and distorted this way and that, and hence it is that the objects are doubled. But Cicero in Lucullus, says: "*Timagoras Epicureus negat sibi unquam, cum oculis torfisset, duas ex lucernâ flammas esse visas: Opinionis enim est mendacium, non oculorum.*" Timagoras the Epicurean, denies, that when he distorted his eyes, he ever saw two flames from one candle; for it is a lie of the opinion, not of the eyes.

Ver. 463. I am sorry it is necessary to acquaint the reader, that Creech has put this poor thought in the mouth of his author.

Ver. 465. "*Et duplicis hominum facies*," says Lucretius. Geryon was a king of Spain, and said to have three bodies; therefore the word almost was requisite. See the note, Book V. ver. 30.

Ver. 466. In these ten verses, the poet brings his thirteenth and last example, concerning those things that we seem to see in our dreams, as if we were awake. For sometimes when we are found asleep, we seem to see the sun, the light, the sky, the sea, rivers, mountains, fields, &c. And all these things appear sometimes to move and change their places. Nay, we seem to hear sounds, and to speak, when all is in the deepest silence. This happens because the mind rashly and erroneously interposes her judgment concerning these things, and supposes they are indeed as they really appear to be. The like happens also in deliriums, in folly, and in madness. Thus Pentheus seemed to see two suns, two Thebes, and the furies too, as well as Orestes. Virgil. *Æn.* iv. ver. 469.

Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus
Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Thebas:

Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitat Orestes,
Armatum facibus matrem, et serpentibus atris
Cum fugit, ultricisque sedent in limine Diræ.

But we shall have occasion to speak more at large of dreams towards the end of this book.

Ver. 476. It is certain we are deceived in things, in which the senses are employed, but how does that argue the senses themselves to be fallible? The poet, in these four verses, shows the unreasonableness of this pretence; the senses receive the images of things, just as they are presented to them: they know not the nature of them, nor do they judge or determine in the least concerning them: therefore there is no error on their part; but all mistakes proceed from the judgment of the mind. The senses represent and make their report; according to which their reason judges, but often rashly, and inconsiderately.

ly. Epicurus himself writes to the same purpose to Herodotus: *καὶ πᾶσα μὲν φαντασία ἐστὶ δόξα, ἥτις ἀλλοθρη καταλαμβάνουμένη ἢ μὲν τοὶ διαλαμβάνοντες, ἢ οὐκ ἄλλῃ τὸ δὲ ψεύδος, καὶ τὸ δὲ δῆμαρτημὲν ἐν τῷ προδοῦσῃ μὲν αἰετὶν κατὰ τὴν κίνησιν ἐν ἡμῖν αὐτοῖς συνημμένη μὲν τινὶ φαντασίῃ ἐπιβολῇ, διὰ τὴν δὲ ἔχουσαν, καὶ ἐν τῷ ψεύδος γινώσκει, &c.* Besides, we may gather the opinion of Epicurus concerning the certainty of the senses, from several of the ancients: Cicero in Lucullus says: "Eo rem dimittit Epicurus, si unus ē sensibus semel in viā mentitus sit, nulli unquam esse credendum." Epicurus went so far as to say, That if any one of the senses had but once mistaken, no credit ought ever to be given to any of them. And in the first book, de Finibus: "Judicia rerum in sensibus ponis [Epicurus] quibus si semel aliquid falsi pro vero probatum est; sublatum esse omne iudicium veri et falsi putat." Empiricus explains this opinion of Epicurus to this purpose. They are mistaken, who say, that some of the images are true, some false; inasmuch as they cannot distinguish that opinion from certainty: For, as to what relates to Orestes, when he seemed to himself to see the furies, the sense itself, that was moved by the images, was true: for the images were really present: But the mind was deceived in believing them to be real furies. Thus Tertullian, lib. de Animā, cap. 17, says, "Epicurei constantius parem omnibus atque perpetuam defendunt veritatem, sed aliā viā: non enim sensum mentire, sed opinatum; sensum enim pati, non opinari." Thus Gregor. Nyssenus, lib. iv. de Phil. c. 3. speaking of the sight, after he has mentioned those examples of the oars that seem broken in the water, and of a square tower that appears round, adds: "neque est hic error visus sed mentis: nam ille videt et renunciat quidem: verum mens ad ea quæ exhibentur non attendit." Nor is this an error of the sight, but of the mind; for the sight indeed sees, and makes its report, but the mind does not give due attention to the things that are represented to her. You may consult farther Empr. adv. Logic. but above all Macrob. Saturn. lib. vii. c. 14. where he argues admirably well of all these matters. Our translator has omitted the two last verses of this passage, which run thus in the original:

Nam nihil egregius, quam res fecernere apertas
A dubiis, animus quas ab se protinus addit.

The meaning of which seems to be this: For nothing is more excellent, than to distinguish things that are clear and plain from such as are doubtful, which the mind immediately hides from herself, that is, from her own knowledge. However, several of the interpreters, as Lambinus, Faber, and some others, absolutely reject them, as foolish and unworthy of Lucretius. But Creech, in his Latin edition, blames their severity, and says, that some copies, and that truly too, read "Nam nihil ægrius est," &c. and that, if instead of *addit*, we read *addit*, the sense will be plain and satisfactory. He goes on, that the poet has taught, ver.

467, "non addere opinatus animi," not to add the judgment of the mind: For we are deceived in all those examples which he but now enumerated; and that too, even though we were forewarned of it; For it is indeed difficult not to add the opinion and assent of the mind to things imparted to us by the senses.

Ver. 478. "Opinatus animi," the opinion of the mind, of which Epicurus, writing to Herodotus, gives this definition, *κίνησις ἐν ἡμῖν αὐτοῖς συνημμένη ἑμὲν τινὶ φαντασίῃ ἐπιβολῇ διὰ τὴν δὲ ἔχουσαν*

Ver. 480. In these ten verses, the poet takes occasion to fall upon the modern academics, of whom Arcefilas was author, and introduced, says Lactantius, an incoherent kind of philosophy; for something must of necessity be known, otherwise it could not be known that nothing can be known: For if you know nothing at all, then how can you know that nothing can be known? But if it be known that nothing can be known, then it is false to say that nothing can be known. "Arcefilas introduxit genus philosophiæ ἀσύντατον, quod Latine instabile sive inconstans possumus dicere. Ut enim nihil sciendum sit, aliquid scire necesse est. Nam si omnino nihil scias, id ipsum nihil sciri posse tolletur. Itaque qui velut sententia loco pronunciat, nihil sciri, tanquam perceptum proficitur et cognitum: ergo aliquid sciri potest." Lactantius, lib. iii. de falsa sapientia, cap. 6. And for this reason Metrodorus of Chios, in the Lucullus of Cicero, says, "Nego scire nos, sciamus ne aliquid an nihil sciamus; ne id ipsum quidem nescire, aut scire nos nec omnino scire aliquid, an nihil sit." I deny that we know whether we know any thing, or know nothing; nay, that we either know, or not know even this, whether any thing be, or nothing be. But such men cannot be disputed with who know not what is true, what false, what certain, what doubtful, nor what it is to know, or not to know; and who glory in their ignorance. But Lucretius overthrows this sophism at first attack; for, says he, if you know for certain that nothing can be known, you know at least that you know nothing. So crates, whom the ancient academics followed, was more wary, and said only: This one thing I know, that I know nothing.

Ver. 482. This may perhaps in some measure express the implied meaning of Lucretius, though the words of the text be very different:

Hunc igitur contra mittam contendere causam,
Qui capite ipse suo instituit vestigia retro.

All the copies acknowledge these two verses: But Lambinus suspects them not to be genuine, and at length reads,

Hunc igitur contra quidnam contendere eum?

Faber, however, is of another opinion, and says, this passage is very plain and elegant. They who walk on their hands, with their head prone to the earth, as most mountebank's boys do, can go no other way than backwards; which you may easily apply to explain the meaning of Lucretius. Thus Faber. Let us then apply it to that purpose, and

let his meaning be this. There is no disputing with a man who perverts all things, as it is certain the new academics did.

Ver. 490. In these twenty-five verses, he attacks the ancient academics, and establishes the senses as the sole arbitrators and judges of truth. For, says he, whatever can correct and confute what is false, must of necessity be the criterion of truth: And this is done by the senses only. But what can correct and confute the senses? Can reason? Reason itself entirely depends upon the senses: Shall one sense convince and confute another? This can never be; for each sense has its proper objects: nor does it care, or know what the other senses do: Shall the same sense then correct itself? Impossible: For we must always give equal, or no credit at all to the senses. Therefore we ought to believe the senses infallible, and to trust only to what they represent and lay before us. Now the ancient academics held the mind to be the sole arbiter and judge of all things; but that the senses are dull and heavy, and cannot thoroughly perceive the things that are subject to them; for some are so small, as not to be visible to the eye, others so swift, as never to seem the same, nor like what they were before. But Epicurus taught. *Κριτήρια ἀληθείας εἶναι τὰς αἰσθήσεις, ἃ εἶναι δυνάμενος αὐτὰς διαλίσσασθαι*. That the senses are the criterions of truth, and that it is not possible to confute them.

But he that would establish a criterion, is certain to have the sceptic for his enemy; and, what is more uncomfortable, to be unable to confute him. He is an animal incapable of conviction; his folly may be exposed; but to endeavour to bring him to sense and reason is as wild a design,

—ut siquis asellum

In campum doceat parentem curere frenis.

As would be his who went to train an ass
T' obey the bridle, and to run a race.

Pyrrho would venture on a precipice in spite of his senses; and though the more sober are careful of their lives, yet they are as proof against convictions; a perverse sort of creatures, born to contradict, and instructed in all the studied methods of foolery. Scepticism, according to their own definition, is, *δύναμις ἀντιθετικὴ φαινομένων καὶ νοημένων*: its effect is freedom from assent, and its end serenity. The principle of the sect is, *παντὶ λόγῳ λόγον ἴσον ἀντικείσθαι*, yet this is not proposed as a dogma, for that is an assent, *οὐκ ἐπὶ πρᾶγμα*; τὸν κατὰ τὰς ἰσχυρίας ζῆτομένων nor is it laid down as so in itself, and a real truth, but only in appearance; and therefore Empiricus prefaces his discourse with these words: *πρόσεται δὲ πρὸς ἡδονὴν τῶν λεχθεσμένων διαβιβάζονται ὡς ὅτως ἔχοντες πᾶσι*. *Καθάπερ λέγω*. And yet they follow their natural appetite for their preservation, seek the good and profitable, and fly the bad and hurtful according to appearance: for they do not deny but that they may be warm and cool, and are capable of pain and pleasure; yet none, like a dog-

matist, affirms it is as *ὁπότερον*, but *ὅτι ἰσχυρὸν φαινόμενον καὶ πᾶσι ἀποσφίλλαι τὸ ἰσχυρὸν ἀδεύειν*. The law of their country is the rule of just and right, and the custom of the nation determines their religion.

This is the face of a sceptic, as it is drawn by his own hand; and since we find him condemned to diffidence, there are some reasons of this unsettledness, this *ἰσχυρὸν* and some propose ten, others fifteen, and others increase the number; but one will comprehend them all, and that is enough to ruin every science in the world. It is taken from the variety of opinions about the same thing; for there can be no appeal for a decision, because he that would judge acts by the same faculties that those do, that are at strife, and so he that loses the cause will be still dissatisfied: And to invert Seneca, "Citius inter horologia quam philosophos convenit," clocks will agree sooner than philosophers. This difference rises from the various tempers of mens bodies, the dispositions of their organs, and situation of the object: Thus melancholy and sanguine take different notions from the same impression, young and old, sick and healthy, drunk and sober, do not agree; nor is it enough to answer, that some of these are indispensed, whilst the others are in order; for, since that change is nothing but an alteration of the humours, they demand a reason why such and such a disposition should be more capable of receiving impressions from objects that are agreeable to the nature of the things than another: Besides, they observe, that the complexions of animals are various, and the texture of their organs different; so that there cannot be the same refractions in their eyes, the same windings in their ears, and therefore not the same notions from the same objects: And, indeed, did the sceptics proceed no farther than sensible qualities, we must acknowledge them to be very happy in the discovery; for it is certain, that those are phantasms alone; and they that think honey sweet, and they that think it bitter, have equally true representations of the object, because the little parts of honey act upon both their organs, according to their figure.

Hence they proceed to deny all first principles, and so are put beyond all possibility of conviction; for still demanding proof after proof, they must reel on to eternity without satisfaction: But this is too long a journey, and too fruitless a trouble to pursue, and so we must take our leaves of these contradicting animals, who have no other reason to deny the clear light of science, but because some mens eyes are too weak to look steady upon it.

Ver. 495. Thus too Epicurus in Laertius, *Πᾶς γὰρ λόγος ἀπὸ τῶν αἰσθησέων ἤρπεται, πᾶσι δ' αἰσθήσεις ἀλόγος ἴσιν*. For all reason depends upon the senses; but every sense is void of reason.

Ver. 499. Epicurus in Laertius says, *Ὅστις ἡμιογενὲς αἰσθήσεις ἡμιογενὲς διελίχεται δύναται διὰ τὴν ἰσοδυναμίαν, ὅτι ἡ ἀνομοιογενὲς τὴν ἀνομοιογενὲς ἢ γὰρ τῶν αὐτῶν κινήσει*. For it is not possible that a sense of the same kind should confute a sense of the like kind with itself, because of the

equality of their strength and power: Neither can one of an unlike kind confute another of an unlike kind: Because the senses of a different kind have not the power nor means to judge of them.

Ver. 515. But since we are often deceived by the senses; for example, a square tower, seen at a great distance, seems round, what are we to do? Lucretius answers, in these twelve verses, that it is better to have nothing to do with those problems, nor concern ourselves about them: Or to assign any cause of them, rather than distrust the certainty of the senses, on which our safety; our all, our life depends: For without the senses we could not choose nor discern good things from bad, nor healthful from hurtful: Nay, nor avoid precipices, flames, or other things of the like nature. But here the poet chiefly lashes the sceptics, of whose founder, Pyrrho, Diogenes Laertius says, μηδὲν ἰσχυρότερον, μηδὲν φυλακτέον, ἢ, ἅπαντα ἰσοτάκτως, ἀμείβεσθαι, εἰ τύχοι, καὶ κερμένους, καὶ κύματα, καὶ ὅσα τοιαῦτα, μηδὲν ταῖς αἰσθήσεσιν ἐκρίνειν.

Ver. 528. In these eight verses, he concludes this long disputation concerning sight. We examine all things, says he, by the truth of the senses, and therefore if they are erroneous, farewell to all certainty and knowledge. Nor should we err less than a carpenter, who works by a false rule, line, and level.

Ver. 536. Hitherto he has been arguing of sight and of images. Now, to ver. 621. he treats of sound, and of hearing, which certainly, next to sight, deserves the preference before any of the other senses; since the ear, the instrument of hearing, is the entrance or inlet of voice and sound, and consequently of knowledge and discipline. First, therefore, in these eleven verses, he teaches what hearing is. Now we hear, says he, when any sound reaches the ears, and, by means of its body, moves and affects that sense, which is appointed to perceive it. But now it is manifest, that even voice is a body, because it scrapes and rakes the jaws, makes them rough, and hurts them: Therefore it must of necessity touch them: And whatever touches, or is touched, is a body. This is his first argument. Epicurus, writing to Herodotus, says, ἅλλα μὲν καὶ εἰ ἀκούει γινώσκαι βρωμαλὸς τινος φερούμεν ἀπὸ τοῦ φωνήος, ἢ ἀχύντος, ἢ ψαφόντος, ἢ ὅπως δῆπου ἀκουσιν οὗτος παρασκευάζοντες. And in Plutarch de Placitis Philosoph. lib. iv. cap. 19. he teaches to the same purpose, that voice or sound is a flux emitted from things either speaking, sounding, or making a noise by any means, or in any manner whatsoever; and that that flux consists of minute fragments figured alike; or, as he teaches in Laertius, this effluxion is like little drops of water, and that, therefore, it is no wonder that the same voice or sound strikes the ears of several persons at once, because the sounds or voices they receive are exactly like little drops of water that resemble one another.

But not Epicurus only held the voice to be a body, for the Stoics too were of the same opinion, and held every thing to be a body that either acts or suffers: Now the voice both acts and suffers:

It acts when it strikes the ears, and the air that is in the head, and imprints hearing, as the seal marks the wax: It suffers, when falling upon smooth and solid places, it is reflected and repelled. But Pythagoras and Plato held voice and sound to be incorporeal: For, say they, every stroke of the air is not a voice; for the wagging of a finger strikes the air, and yet makes neither voice nor sound. Therefore they took voice and sound abstractedly, as they call it, for the figure only in the surface of the air, which is evidently incorporeal, because it is void of all profundity. Plato in A. Gellius, lib. v. cap. 15. defines sound and voice, an air and strong percussion of the air. Aristotle too seems to incline to the same opinion; for he defines sound to be a local motion of some bodies, and the medium which is applied to the organ of hearing. This definition some of his followers have endeavoured to interpret otherwise than the words will bear, and imagine sound to be different from local motion. And these are the chief opinions of the ancients concerning sound, which is the undoubted object of hearing, and generally believed to consist in, and to be caused by a tremulous motion of the air, vibrated and forced on by a motion produced in other bodies; which motion of the air must necessarily be made in an undulatory manner, that being the sole motion the air is capable of receiving: For, since all places are replete and filled with air, no particle of air can receive any motion, without immediately imparting that motion to its adjoining particle, and that again to the next, and so on successively: And this motion must be granted, unless we could suppose that the particles of air were able to penetrate into one another, which is the greatest absurdity imaginable: Now that this undulation of the particles of air is caused by the motion of bodies, is evident, because of themselves they tend to rest.

Moreover, sound may be taken in two different acceptations: I. For the sensation we have when sonorous bodies make their impression on our organs. II. We may consider it as a power peculiar to sonorous bodies, of producing in us this sensation. If we understand it in the first signification, experience will be our best instructor, and explain it best to us: But we may observe, that all are not alike moved and affected with the same sounds; and that one hears perfectly what another cannot, or at least does but faintly perceive. If we consider sound in the second meaning, that is to say, as a power peculiar for example, to a bell, a cannon, or the like, of exciting in us the sensation of hearing, we shall find it comprehended under the description given above. Besides, that all sound is produced by motion, reason and experience both evince: For sound consists in that, the existence of which being granted, sound exists, and without whose existence sound can have no being: Now, grant a motion of the air, sound exists; but without that motion there can be no sound: For daily experience teaches, that motion alone is capable of causing sound, and by the same experience we are as cer-

tain, that where there is no motion there is no sound: for we may easily observe a sound caused by many bodies, that have received no modification than that of motion; as if a man, for instance, moves the inside of his ear, he instantly perceives a sound; besides, hold a hat in your hand, near a bell that is ringing, you will perceive the motion the bell gives the ambient air, by the motion of the hat, which motion ceases when the bell ceases to ring. And many other experiments are produced of the like nature.

Sound, therefore, is caused by motion. Let us now consider how, and by what means, it affects our organs, and causes in us the sensation of hearing. I. When solid bodies are struck against one another, they cause a sound, by stirring up a trembling motion in the air, which is moved around the surface in manner of an orb: For the air being forced from that side the bodies move on, drives naturally to another, where it meets less resistance; but it finds less resistance on that side the bodies come from, therefore it goes that way; and there it still receives more motion from the air that rushes in on all sides to fill the void spaces which the bodies left: And therefore the air is moved in an orbicular or vortigenous motion. II. From this motion of the air, next the surface of the agitated bodies, the air is vibrated by its undulatory motion, as far as the moving force, the *vis movens* carries it. III. This agitated air, meeting with an ear in its passage, insinuates itself into the *meatus auditorius*, auditory duct or channel, and impels the *tympanum*, or drum of the ear; which being thus moved, moves the innate air, and the three little bones that are in the cavity of the drum (called the hammer, the anvil, and the stirrup; in Latin, "maleolus, incus, flaps"), and they the auditory nerve. IV. This nerve being compressed, excites a reflux of the spirits contained in it; and these moving the fibres of the brain, do, by that motion, give the soul occasion to perceive sounds, and to judge of them. And this is the general belief of the nature of sound, of its manner of formation, and how it moves and affects our organs, and causes in us the sense of hearing.

Ver. 547. These seven verses contain the second argument, which is taken from experience. Let a man speak loud, and with great earnestness, he becomes faint and weary: Who then can doubt but that voice is material, since it discomposes the body, and even takes away some part of it?

Ver. 554. These six verses contain his third argument, which he has taken from the pleasure, or the pain with which we are affected by sounds, as they are either grateful or displeasing: Now Epicurus held, that the little bodies which enter into the ear, and affect the organ of it, are of different figures; and that the sweetness and harshness of sounds proceeds only from the smoothness or roughness of those corpuscles, which, as they enter into the organ, either touch it gently, or rudely grate and scrape it, according to their different configurations, either of roughness or smoothness.

This was the opinion of Epicurus: but indeed the wondrous variety of sounds proceeds from the great diversity of sonorous objects. The higher the strings of an instrument are screwed up, they cause the sharper sound; and, on the contrary, the more they are relaxed, the flatter. The reason of which is, because the more the strings are extended, the shorter the interruptions will be between each stroke, and they strike the air the more suddenly, and with greater violence. Thus an acute sound is caused by the quick and uninterrupted motion of the air, continually imparting its vibrations to the organ of the ear. A flat or dull sound is made when the ear is not so frequently impelled, or receives but slow impressions from the vibrations of the air: whence it follows, that the more or less equal the vibrations are, the more or less pleasant will the sounds from thence result; for if the vibrations of the air be equal, the impressions they make on the organ will be all alike; and consequently the reflux of the spirits to the brain will be so too, from whence always proceeds a grateful sensation and harmony: but if the motion of the air be uneven and ill-timed, it causes, for the contrary reason, a harsh sound, and an ungrateful sensation. Besides, a sound from a rough surface is harsh and unpleasant, because the air does not come at the same time from all the parts of the object, and therefore excites a grating impression by its reiterated and unequal impulses: and so much for the harshness and softness of sounds. To which I add, that the more or less violent the force of the impelled air happens to be, the sound will proportionably be more or less loud, by reason of the stronger or weaker impression of the vibrated air on our organs of hearing.

Ver. 557. This and the two following verses run thus in the original:

Cum tuba depresso graviter sub murmure mugit,
Et reboant raucum retrocita cornua bombus:
Vallibus et cynci gelidis orti ex Heliconis
Cum liquidam tollunt lugubri voce querelam.

Which verses have not a little puzzled the interpreters. Some in the second of them, read *barbara* instead of *cornua*; but Lambinus is for expunging it altogether: Upon which Faber says, that if Lucretius were living, he would appeal to some other judge; for that interpreter, as well as many others, did not comprehend the meaning of *retrocita barbara*, or *cornua*: but I, continues he, think I can prove it to be a musical instrument, first invented in Syria, which the French call *Sacbut*, or *Saquebout* (in English *Sackbut*), from the old French words *Saqur*, which signifies to draw, and *bouter*, to beat. They who are acquainted with that instrument, will readily understand why Lucretius calls it *retrocita*: thus far Faber. Yet Vossius on these verses of Catullus, "de Nupt. Pelci et Thetid."

Multaque raucifonos efflabant cornua bombos,
Barbaraque horribili stridebant cornua cantu.

takes occasion to cite this verse of Lucretius; and

says, that the common lection *retrocta* is foolish and erroneous; and he reads

Et reboat raucum Berecynthia barbara bombum :
Then he interprets "Berecynthia barbara," to be the Phrygian pipe, *αὐλὴ Βερεκύνθιος*, as Hesychius has it in *βερικύνθια*, &c. In other copies nevertheless it is read.

Et reflexa retro dant cornua barbara bombum :

This, at least, is certain, that the *tuba* was straight; the *buccina* crooked; like the French post-horn that is made of brass, and by them called *Une cornette*; and that the *cornu* was a very bugle-horn. See Vegetius, lib. iii. c. 5. The next verse Vallibus, &c. has yet a greater variety of reading, Some copies have,

Vallibus et valida ne tortis ex Heliconis,

Which, whoever understands, says Faber, I will hold him to be an Œdipus, or a Tiresias. In others it is read,

Et gelida cygni nece torti ex antro Heliconis.

In others,

Vallibus et cygni nece torti ex Heliconis.

In others,

Vallibus et cygni nece detorti ex Heliconis.

Lambinus,

Vallibus et cygni gelidis orti ex Heliconis.

All which several readings are condemned, for reasons too tedious to repeat. Faber corrects Lambine's reading; and in the place of *orti* substitutes *orti* for *coorti*. Lastly, Vossius, on the before cited passage of Catullus, reads it thus,

Et validis, cygni torrentibus ex Heliconis.

For several streams, as well as the river Helicon, flowed from the mountain of that name. Creech having summed up all these various readings, gives sentence as follows: In a word, "nece torti," or "nece detorti," must be absolutely rejected; for the meaning of those words, if they have any, is contained in the following verse; but follow Faber or Vossius, no matter which of the two. Helicon, a mountain of Bœotia, sacred to the muses, had its name, according to Plutarch, de Nominib. Fluvior. et Mont. from Helicon, brother of, Cythæron, a sordid, covetous wretch, who, having killed his own father, a miserably poor old man, precipitated himself from the mountain; dragging his brother Helicon, because he had nourished his father, down with him. Thus Plutarch: but Casaubon, on the prologue to Persius, judges, that this mountain had its name from the Hebrew word, *Halike*, i. e. "ambulatorio," because the ancients used to take their walks, and to confer and discourse there of natural and divine matters: and Athenæus, l. 14. Deipnosoph. reports, on the authority of Amphion Thespianus, that there was a college on that hill, instituted for all musical exercises, in which the young men in those days were carefully instructed. But Bocharus conjectures the name to be derived from the Arabic, *Halic*, or *Halics*, which, in that tongue, signifies,

a high mountain: for such it is described to be by Strabo, lib. viii. & ix. Of the singing of swans before their death. See book ii. ver. 479. Book iii. ver. 5. and above, ver. 188.

Ver. 560. In these four verses, he teaches, that the tongue forms and articulates this corporeal voice; and thence proceed words: he says, indeed, that the palate and the lips help the tongue in making the illusions. Nor ought we to look on this as a very contemptible opinion; since we find in Plutarch de Plac. Philos. lib. 4. cap. 20. that both Plato and Aristotle approve of it, by asserting *τὸ σχῆμα*, that the figure which is in the air and in the surface of it, does, by a certain stroke, *κατὰ πρῶτον πλῆξιν*, become a voice. And Aristotle, second problem, 33. et 32. yet more plainly asks the reason why the voice, since it is a certain figured air, that in its motion for the most part loses its figure, does nevertheless preserve it safe and unchanged, when it is reverberated from any solid body? Cicero, in the second book of the Nature of the Gods, says, "Deinde in ore sita lingua est, finita dentibus: ea vocem immoderatè præfusa fingit, et terminat: Sonosque vocis distinctos et pressos efficit, cum et ad dentes et ad alias partes pellit oris. Itaque Plectro similem linguam nostri solent dicere, chordarum dentes, nares cornibus iis, quæ ad nervos resonant in cantibus." The tongue is placed in the mouth, and circumscribed by the teeth: this tongue fashions and proportions the voice immoderately uttered, and renders the sounds of it distinct and articulate, while it strikes against the teeth, and against the other parts of the mouth. Therefore, some have compared the tongue to the bow of a musical instrument, the teeth to the strings, and the nostrils to those pipes that sound in consort with the strings.

Most, if not all animals, have the faculty of causing a sound, or a trembling motion in the air, by modifying it whilst it is breathing from the lungs: and from the difference of these modifications proceed all the several sounds observable in animals. Thus the lion roars, the dog barks, the sheep bleats, the ox bellows, &c. But among all animals, man alone has the faculty of articulating his words, and of modifying each breath of air, in such a manner as is necessary for the forming an intelligible language, by which he communicates his thoughts to others of his own species. Moreover, the voice of animals is nothing but a sound, caused like other sounds, by the undulatory motion of the air; for the air, by the falling of the lungs, and by the contraction of the diaphragm, being expelled from the place it was in, does, by driving forward the external air, put it into motion; and, therefore, even when we but fetch our breath, we cause some sort of noise, which grows louder, the greater is the expiration, or the inspiration. Now, voice is only found articulated, and this articulation is caused by the air's being more peculiarly modified in speech than in other sounds. And the tongue is the chief instrument in this modification; which, nevertheless, the tongue alone could not perform, without

the assistance of the motion of the lips, and of the whole mouth; inasmuch that the tongue is moved sometimes upwards to the palate of the mouth, sometimes downwards, other times another way, and others another, according as the letters, syllables, and other accidents of the word to be articulated, require. For one motion of the air necessarily causes one certain sound; and one certain sound causes one certain perception. And this assertion is so infallible, that many people born deaf, have learnt to speak, by being made to observe the motions of the mouth and tongue, and by knowing the motions for such words, to know when they were uttered.

The several distinctions of one voice from another proceed, either from the various structure of the subservient parts, according as they are more or less relaxed or firm, and from their particular formation and configuration, in regard to the proportion they bear to one another. Besides, there is a certain motion of the parts that cause the voice; which motion is peculiar and natural to each of us, even from our infancy, from whence proceeds a difference in voices: sometimes too, certain affectations that may be observed in several persons, alter the natural sound of the voice, for some have an affected way of speaking through the nose, others in the throat, &c. Lastly, The voice is higher or lower, louder or softer, according as the contraction or extension of the lungs and of the diaphragm are more or less strong or weak: for a violent expulsion of the air causes a violent motion of it, and by consequence a great or loud sound; and, in like manner, on the contrary: and this is the reason why such as have a quicker and livelier spring in those parts, have a stronger voice than others.

Ver. 564. He subjoins several problems; the first in these eight verses. The voice, by going far, grows weak; and though it was distinct, when first uttered, it becomes confused; because the small parts, or little voices of which it was composed, are disordered by the air, and lose the form and figure which they had received from the tongue and lips. And hence the voice comes to be either distinct or confused.

Ver. 572. In these four verses, he teaches the reason, why if but one man speaks, the ears of many who are present hear the voice. You are to know, says he, that there is one whole, or rather general voice, which, being pronounced from the mouth, divides itself into innumerable little voices, which are wholly like one another. Thus when the voice is uttered by the speaker, the formation of the bodies that burst out of the mouth, is compressed, broken, and as it were, ground to pieces in such a manner, that it divides and goes away into minute parts, or little voices, altogether alike, and of a like figure, which instantly leap abroad, and diffuse themselves through the air or ambient space, and still preserve that likeness, till they reach the ears of all that are within hearing. And thus the same voice is at once heard by many, even as all drink of the same water who drink out of the same river. This, too,

was the opinion of Democritus, as Plutarch witnesses, lib. iv. de Placitis Philosoph. cap. 20.

Ver. 576. In these twenty seven verses, he says, that all the little voices that reach the ears are heard; the others are diffused through the air, and vanish away. Some strike on very porous bodies, which afford them a passage through: some on very rough, where they are broken and dispersed. And others striking upon solid, and in some measure smooth bodies, are reverberated from them, and thus are the cause that the same voice is heard again: and this is an echo. Hence, too, proceed, says he, those sounds by night, which the superstitious impute to rural deities.

Ver. 579. An echo, which is only a restoring, rejection, or repercussion of the voice, which is made in smooth, tortuous, and hollow places; as in valleys, caves, and walls, especially in old vaulted buildings. Hence Virgil, Georg. iv. ver. 59.

—Aut ubi concava pulsu
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensa resultat Imago.
And Horace to Aug. l. i. Od. 12.

—Cujus recinet jocos
Nomen Imago,
Aut in umbris Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo.

We have an admirable description of an echo translated by Mr. Addison, from the third book of Ovid's *Metamorph.* where see the fable a length.

Echo in others words her silence breaks;
Speechless herself, but when another speaks,
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch the voice and to return the sound.
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and speeches, not her own.

Ver. 585. An echo is formed by the reverberation of the vibrated air when it meets with a smooth and solid body. For the air, as well as other mediums, must glance and reflect from objects if it cannot pass through them. Thus it changes its first determination, and is variously reflected, according to the various situation of the object upon which it strikes. Therefore if the object be situated opposite to the place from whence the sound proceeded, the sound will be heard twice in that place; because, being carried from the centre to the circumference, the trepidations of the air meeting the solid body, must be restored and sent back, according to the rules of reflection, which it must of necessity observe: and for this reason, if the object from whence it is reverberated, stands directly opposite to the moved air, that air will be reflected again to the centre. But if the object stand sideways, the echo will not be again heard in the place where it was first formed; because the air will, in that case, receive a side reflection, and consequently glance another way. But the reason why the same sound is several times reflected, is, because there sometimes happens to be several places disposed among themselves in such a manner, and at such distances,

one beyond the other, that the circular undulations of the air in different places, and at different distances, meeting with bodies solid and impenetrable, the same sound will be often rebounded, according to the number and site of the objects: inasmuch, that after we have received the sound reflected from the nearest, we receive it returned likewise from those that are more remote from us: and this sometimes happens when the places are opposite to one another, and reflect the voice by turns. Of this nature there was one formerly at Athens, which, as Pausanias witnesses, returned the voice seven times, whence the place itself was called *ἑπτάφωνος*. And not long ago at Charenton, a village near Paris, in a ruinous building, and without any roof, where the monastery of the Carmelites now stands, it was observed that the same syllable pronounced at either end of it, was returned no less than seventeen times; and when pronounced in the middle, as often from each end: nay more, it would return a very strong voice, no less than six and twenty times, the reflected sound still growing weaker, before it quite ceased to be heard. This was more wonderful than what Plutarch relates of the pyramids of Egypt, where the voice was returned four or five times; or of the Portico at Olympia, where it was reflected seven. There are some who write, that in the great hall of the palace at Pavia, the image of the voice is repeated thirteen times. Moreover, you may observe, that no echo will be made, or at least not perceived, if you stand too near the reflecting body. The reason of which is, because the voice pronounced, and the image of it that is restored, enter into the ears of both of them at the same time: and in this case it only happens, if the repercussion be made from hollow and vaulted bodies, that a certain confused and humming sound follows after the voice, because many reflections of it are reiterated one upon another. Such is the sound of a bell when it first ceases to ring. But if you stand at a good distance from the reflecting body, you will distinctly hear the reflection of the voice; and the nearer you stand (but still at such a distance, that the reflected voice may be discerned from the pronounced), the fewer syllables you will distinctly hear returned: and the farther you are off, the more you will hear: because the interval of time between the cessation of the speaker, and the perception of the reflected voice, is less in the first case, and greater in the last. Hence, it is no wonder that an entire hexameter verse is sometimes returned: but then the voice must be very strong, that it may be able, from a great distance, to reach the reflecting body, and to return from it. It has been sometimes observed, that more notes of a trumpet have been distinctly returned, than would have been necessary syllables, to compose an hexameter verse, if a human voice could have been pronounced from that instrument. But the reason we hear only the latter part of the sound echoed, may be because the air that was moved by the first part of the sound, arriving first at the solid body, is first reflected from it; so that in its reflection, it must meet with the

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air that was put in motion by the latter part of the sound; and consequently, not being strong enough to resist its motion, must communicate its own to it. And for this reason, besides the echo of the end of the sound is as loud as, nay, sometimes louder than when it was first formed; because it has a double force, i. e. its own, and that with which it was repelled by the forerunning circles.

Ver. 389, *Nympha*, as if were *ἡ παῖς*, and the word signified as well a bride, or new married woman, as those female deities, who, according to Pausanias, were not held to be immortal; but to live extremely long, almost an innumerable succession of years. The poets gave them several names: I. The Naiades, or Naidēs, from *ναῖα*, to flow, who presided over fountains and rivers. II. The Nereides, who were daughters of Nereus and Doris; and were set over the waters of the sea. III. The Orades nymphs, or goddesses of the mountains, from *ὄρες*, a mountain. IV. The nymphs of the woods, who were called Dryades, from *δρῦς*, a tree, or rather an oak. V. The Hamadryades, who presided over each tree, from *ἡμῶν*, together with, and *δρῦς*, a tree, because they fell and died with their trees. VI. The Napeæ, the nymphs of the groves, gardens, valleys, and pleasant abodes, so called from *νάπη*, a grove. VII. The Limoniades, or nymphs of the meadows, from *λεμῶν*, a meadow. And, VIII. Limniades, the nymphs of the ponds, and standing waters, from *λίμνη*, a pond.

These were a sort of rural gods, so called from Faunus, king of Italy, the father of king Latinus; and who, for having been the first who introduced agriculture into his country, was recorded in the number of their gods: though others say, they had their name *a fando*, from speaking, because in woody places they were wont to speak and converse with men. An instance of which they allege in the voice that was heard from out the woods, during the battle between the Etrurians and the Romans, for the restoration of the Tarquins, and which bid the Romans take heart. Now the peasants, to make these gods of theirs more terrible, gave them horns on their heads, hoofs instead of feet, prick-eats, and the shape of a goat.

The satyrs were believed to be gods of the woods; like the sylvans and fauns, with a human head, but horned; with the feet of a goat, their bodies all hairy, and to delight in the coverts of woods. They were part of the train of Bacchus; and notorious for their lasciviousness. *Hosat. lib. ii. Od. 19.*

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (crediti posteri),
Nymphasque difcentes, et aures
Capripedum satyrorum acutus.

Plutarch, in the life of Sylla, relates, that a satyr was brought to Sylla. And St. Jerome, in the life of Paul the Hermit, says, that St. Anthony had seen one of them likewise: And that another was seen by all the people of Alexandria in the

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days of Constantine. He says, besides, that there are indeed in Ethiopia, a sort of quadrupedal animals, with the feet of goats, but a human shape of body, except only that they have horns on their heads: and that when he asked them what they were, they answered, that they were men doomed to wear those bodies, as a punishment for the crimes of which they had been guilty. But others reckon them among spectres, and the monsters of nature, and believe the whole race of satyrs to be merely fabulous. They were called *satyri*, as Ælian says, ἀπὸ τοῦ σατάρηναι, which signifies, to have a mouth like a dog when he grins. Casaubon derives it from the Doric word, σατῆρ, to be merry; and others from σάβη, "quod significat membrum virile, quia ad libidinem prout sunt satyri."

Ver. 593, 594. Thus the goatherd in Theocritus:

Οὐ θέμις, ὦ ποιμὴν, τὸ μετατρέπον· ὁ θέμις ἄμυν
Συρίων, τὸν Πάνα διδοίκαμιν ἢ γὰρ ἂν ἔχῃς
Ταῖνα κικρυαῖς ἀρπαύεται ἰντ. ἢς παρὸς,
καὶ ὁ αὐτὸς θεμεῖα χαλὰ ποτὶ σοὶ κάθηται.

Pan was the chief of the rural gods, and presided chiefly over pastoral affairs; therefore said to be the god of the shepherds. "Pan curat oves oviumque magistros." *Virg.* He was represented with a garland of pine leaves on his head, upon which there grew a goodly pair of horns, and his feet were like those of goats: In one hand he bears a pipe made of seven reeds, joined together with wax, of which he was the first inventor. *Virg. Eclog. ii. ver. 32.*

Pan primus calames cerâ conjungere plures
Instituit

In the other a shepherd's crook: He was believed to delight in solitary places, and to frequent chiefly near the sea, whence the Greeks call him, ἑλίσσινυχας. And he was thought to be in love with Echo. Whether he was son of Mercury or not, is uncertain: but the name of Pan, Πᾶν, all, was given him, according to Homer in Hymn. Because, when he was but newly born, he touched the harp so artfully, that he delighted all the gods with the harmony; but, according to others, because he represented the whole nature of things. By his horns, the beams of the sun, and horns of the moon, by his jolly red face, the air, by his goats feet, the solidity of the earth, by his bristly hair, the trees of the earth, and the beasts, &c.

Ver. 595. The pipe, which the ancients called *ffisula*, was made of seven unequal reeds joined together with wax; (Theocritus, *Idyl. viii.* mentions one made of nine) that it might imitate so many different notes of the voice. *Virg. Ecl. ii. ver. 36.*

Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
Fistula.

Now the reeds, that were joined together, decreased in this proportion; at the top, where they received the breath, they were all of the same height; but at the bottom, where the breath went out, they were all gradually one shorter

than the other. Scaliger, on the verse of Virgil above cited, will have the *cicuta* to be hemlock, the venomous plant, with the juice of which the Athenians were wont to punish criminals with death, and says, that of the hollow stalk of it they made their instruments of wind music. Servius, but without authority, says, the pipe was made of the joints of any reed or stalk whatever. But the musical instruments of the shepherds, were first made of the stalks of oats or wheat, compacted together with wax; next of reeds, and joints of box made hollow; then of the legs of cranes, of the horns of animals, of metals, &c. Whence the words, "avena, stipula, calamus, arundo, fistula, buxus, tibia, cornu, æs," &c. were used for musical instruments.

Ver. 593. *Genus agricolâum.*] The peasants, who were wont to boast of their conversation with the gods. "Jactant miracula dictis." *Lucret.*

Ver. 603. Since, therefore, we receive the sounds of the voice, expressed and formed by him that speaks, even as we do the images that flow from the surface of things, how comes it to pass that we hear him whom we cannot see? Why are things pervious to sounds, and not to images? This *Lucretius* answers in these nineteen verses. The voices or sounds, says he, that are formed in speaking, pass whole and unhurt through the oblique passages, and tortuous pores and holes of bodies, by which the images, as he taught before, are broken. Or rather, goes he on, the reason of it is, because the voice divides itself, and leaps abroad into little voices, which diffuse and scatter themselves on all sides round, upwards, downwards, forwards, backwards, to the right, to the left, in short, in all manner of obliquities, as many little sparkles leap abroad from one shaken spark; and thus they light into the ears that are all around, and not only into those that are placed in a direct line from the speaker. But no such thing can happen to the images. Yet the voice itself, by penetrating through such mazes and windings, becomes weak, indistinct, and breaks into murmurs.

Ver. 607. Here our translator seems to me to have mistaken the sense of his author, who says,

Vox per flexa foramina rerum
Incolumis transire potest, simulacra renutant.

that is to say, voice or sound, that strikes the ears, can pass whole and unchanged through the crooked and tortuous pores of bodies; but *simulacra renutant*, the images of things that strike the eyes cannot. This is consonant to the doctrine of *Lucretius*, who positively asserts that we see by the incursion of images into the eyes, not by the emission of rays from them. Nor, indeed, will the word *simulacra* bear that interpretation; and yet, he renders it again, ver. 617. visive rays; erroneously in both places, and even contrary to the doctrine, as well as express words of his author.

Ver. 609. This instance is not true; for in the first place, there are oblique pores or passages in glass, by which the images of things are refring-

ed, because the things seen do not appear to be in their places; and even when the refraction is made, the images cease not nevertheless to tend directly into the eye: Besides, the whole or entire image does not fly through the glass; for of the rays that constitute the image, they only pass through, that happen to fall into the pores or void spaces of the glass: but the others, that chance to light upon the solid parts of the glass, are reflected. In this, therefore, consists not the difference between an image and a voice.

Ver. 622. The problems, relating to the taste, are not in greater number, nor more difficult to explain, than those that concern the sight and hearing: For we taste, says the poet, when the juice that is squeezed out of sapid bodies, like water out of a sponge, penetrates the palate and the tongue. Which juice, if it consist of seeds figured in such a manner, that when they are poured upon the organ of the taste, and enter into the pores of it, they exactly fit those little pores, and thus gently tickle, and pleasingly affect the organ, seems sweet: But if the figuration of the seeds be such, that when they come to enter into the little pores of the organ, they bear no due proportion and commensuration with them, they then prick, hurt, tear, offend, and roughly move and affect the organ; and then the juice seems not sweet to the taste, but either bitter, salt, acid, sour, harsh, biting, &c. Epicurus took this opinion, as well as many others, from Democritus, who gave to every sort of taste or flavour, its particular figure: as may be seen in Theophrastus de causis Plant. lib. vi. cap. 2. in these words: Ἀπρόκορτος δὲ χυμὸς περι- ῖσθις ἐκείσθω Γλυκὺν μὲν τὸν σφύγγιον, δὲ ἐνμειγέσθω πικρῷ, Στυφὸν δὲ τὸν μεγάλωλον. Τραχὺν δὲ τὸν πολυγώνιον καὶ ἀπειριεστῷ. Δορμὸν δὲ τὸν περιεστῷ, δὲ λιστῷ, καὶ γωνιούτῳ, δὲ κυματόνῳ. Ἄλμυρόν δὲ τὸν γωνιούτῳ, δὲ σκόλιον, δὲ ἰσοσκέλη. Πικρὸν δὲ τὸν περιεστῷ, καὶ λίσαν ἔχοντα σκολιότησα, μέγιστος δὲ μικρὸν ἵτατον δὲ τὸν λιστῷ, καὶ σφύγγιον, δὲ μικρόν.

Ver. 632. For this reason Nigrinus, in Lucian, makes a scoff at those who were too curious in the fauces of their meat; and accused them of giving themselves a great deal of trouble, for the sake only of a very short and transient pleasure; since the throat, through which the meat sliding down, would move them with any delight, is not above four inches in length: Nor did they find any pleasure in dressing the meat, nor could they, after it was swallowed; but only in that instant of time, while the meat is passing through the throat. This made the voluptuous Polixenus ask of the gods to make his neck like a crane's, that he might receive the greater pleasure in eating, by the longer stay of the food in the jaws and throat.

Ver. 637. To this, and the two following verses, we may join what Epicurus writes to Menæceus in these words: Ἴδ' οὐδὲ ζῆιν ὅν ἐν τῇς ἀπλάτῃ, καὶ ὃ πολυτέλει διαίτῃς καὶ ὑγιάνει ἐστὶν συμπεληρωμένον, καὶ πρὸς ἀναγκαίῃς σὺ βίω χρεῖταις ἄκων πικρῷ τὸν ἀνθρώπον.

Ver. 640. In these forty-two verses the poet explains the reason, why the same meat is not

only pleasant, but healthful also to one; and not only nauseous, but hurtful to another. The organ of the taste is different in some men, and in some animals, from what it is in others; either in its texture, or configuration of the atoms; or of the spaces that intervene between them: even as the other parts of men or animals are different, especially the outward. But the different passages or pores must necessarily admit, and receive different corpuscles of juice: and every thing, out of which juice is squeezed, contains seeds of different figures: and the corpuscles of all juices, by reason of their various figuration, do not agree with, and fit the organs of all animals. Hence it is, that what is nourishment to one animal, is poison to another; and what is grateful to this, is distasteful to that. Nay, when by age, or by reason of any disease, the temper, or the frame of the organ is changed, the same thing seems to have changed its taste, even though nothing be changed in it. Thus a man in a fever thinks those things bitter, which a man in health takes to be sweet; because the texture of the organ being altered, those corpuscles, that fitted it before, are no longer fit for it; and therefore tear and hurt the organ.

Ver. 645. Of this assertion our translator has omitted an instance, which Lucretius expresses in these words:

Est utique, ut serpens hominis contracta salivâ
Disperit, at sese mandendo consicit ipsa.

And that serpents cannot suffer, but fly from the spittle of a man, we have the authority of Pliny, lib. vii. cap. 2. who there says, "Et tamen omnibus hominibus contra serpentes inest venenum: feruntque eas ictum salivæ, tanquam aquæ ferventis contactum, fugere." But that it makes them so furious, as to eat their own bodies, we have only the authority of Lucretius, that I know of: And Faber says, it is commonly reported, and believed by many; but that, having often made the experiment of it, he could never find it to be true.

Ver. 646. *Veratrum*, in the original, signifies the plant which the Greeks call hellebore, as Pliny witnesses, lib. v. c. 14. where he says, there are two sorts of hellebore, one white which the Latins call *veratrum album*, white hellebore; the other black, by some called *polyrhizon*, by others, *scotomon*, and by others *melampodium*, either from Melampus, a shepherd, the son of Amythaon, and who was the first that discovered the virtues of that plant, by which he cured of madness the daughters of Præus, king of the Argives, having first observed that goats used to purge themselves with it; or from its black root; the root of a plant may, not very improperly, be called the foot of it; whence the Latins call it, *veratrum nigrum*, black hellebore; Mart. will have it to be called so, because it is *verè atrum*, truly black: Scalliger derives it, à *verare*, to speak the truth, or to foretel, "quod eo purgantur veratores et veratrices, qui pro infans habebantur." The same Pliny, lib. x. cap. 12. says, that the taking of either of them is dangerous to men: though both

of them fatten goats and quails; which is again confirmed by Lucretius, lib. v. ver. 897.

Quippe videre licet pinguescere sæpe cicutâ
Barbigeras pecudes, homini quæ est acris ve-
nentum.

Where we see the word, *cicuta*, is taken for hellebore: In which sense too Horat. lib. ii. epist. 2. ver. 53.

Quæ poterant unquam satis expurgare cicutâ.

And Avicenna calls the herb, *cicuta*, black hellebore: whence it is probable, that our hemlock is neither the *veratrum* nor the *cicuta* of the ancients. Therefore, instead of hemlock-juice, we may read hellebore.

Ver. 657. For the different formations of the intervals of the pores answer to the various figurations of the atoms, of which they are composed: so that as some atoms are trigonical, others quadrangular, others polygonical, &c. in like manner, some of the intervals of the pores are trigonical, others quadrangular, others polygonical, &c.

Ver. 661. The meaning is: since what is sweet to some, is bitter to others, it is credible, and so far true, that the most sleek and smoothest atoms, which are in the meat and drink, that affect the tongue and palate with sweetness, do, as they enter into the pores, sooth and tickle them: And, that, on the contrary, the rough atoms exasperate the tongue and palate of those, to whom the meat is bitter; but that the same meat is sweet to some, and bitter to others, proceeds from the disturbed or altered contexture of the atoms.

Ver. 670. In these twelve verses, he confirms the foregoing doctrine by an example. He has taught, that the bitterness of the same meat and drink to some, and the sweetness of it to others, proceed from the perturbation of the atoms in the bodies of animals: which perturbation or commutation is caused in sick persons by the predominating bile, or some other cause, be it this or that, no matter. But then the whole body is disturbed and disordered; the fire and position of the atoms is changed; whence those, that before produced a sensation of sweetness in the taste, now produce a bitterness, by reason of the change that is made in their site and order; and so on the contrary.

Ver. 682. Having finished his disputation of taste and flavours, he now enters upon the subject of smell and odours. And first, in these ten verses, he teaches, that as images flow as sound is emitted, and as savoury juices are squeezed out of things, so odours are breathed from things likewise. Now, the variety and dissimilitude of the figures (see Book ii. ver. 398.) which do not move and affect the organs of all animals alike, are the cause that all animals do not equally perceive these odours that are continually exhaled and sent from bodies. Thus bees smell from far the odour of honey; vultures of dead bodies; dogs of wild beasts; and geese of a man. And yet these odours affect very weakly, or not at all, the nostrils of human kind. Epicurus, writing to

Herodotus, delivers the same doctrine in these words, ἡ ὀσμὴ ἢ ἂν ποτὶ πάθος ἴδεν ἰσχυρίζεται, ἢ μὴ ὀγκοῖται τινὲς ἢσαν ἀπὸ τῆς πράγματός ἀποφερόμενοι σύμμιξαι πρὸς τὸ τῆς αἰσθητικῆς κινήσεως, οἱ μὲν τοῖς τετραγώνων, καὶ ἄλλοις, οἱ δὲ τοῖς ἀκμαῖος καὶ οἰκείως ἔχοντες. Thus both Epicurus and Lucretius ascribe the sole cause why some odours are grateful to some men, or to some of the other animals, and nauseous to others, to the various figurations and contextures of the organs that compose the sensorium of smell. Plutarch, too, is of the same opinion, lib. i. advers. Color. where he makes mention of two women, Berenice and another Spartan, who had an equal aversion, one of them for the smell of butter, the other for that of ointment.

Ver. 686. All creatures have an innate fondness for things with which they support their life: and nature has bestowed on each of them an instinct and sagacity, to go in search of, and readily to find their nourishment. Thus the bee, more easily than other animals, discovers the hordes of honey, that her fellow-bees have gathered and laid up for their support, and so eager is she in pursuit of it, that she avoids no danger to come at it. This is excellently described by Virg. Georg. iv. ver. 203.

Sæpe etiam duris errando in cotibus alas
Attrivēre, ultroque animam sub fasce dederē,
Tantum amor florum, et generandi gloria mellis.

Thus rendered by Dryden:

Oft on the rocks their tender wings they tear,
 And sink beneath the burden which they bear,
 Such rage of honey in their bosom beats,
 And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets.

Ver. 687. Pliny, lib. x. cap. 46. says, that vultures fly three days before to the place where dead bodies are to be, as if they perceived long before the odour of the carcases. Thus Plutus in Trucul. "Jam quasi vulturii triduo prius prædivinabant, quo die esurituri fient." In which they are both mistaken; for the vultures do not assemble themselves together to the places where any great slaughters are to be made by any natural and prophetic instinct; and, in all appearance, this tradition took rise from their having been observed to follow and keep with marching armies; not as foreseeing the day of battle, but because in the march of an army, there are always some men, some horses, and other beasts that drop here and there by the way. Job says the same thing of the eagle, chap. ix. ver. 30. And where the slain are, there is she. The vultures, from their devouring of dead bodies, were called *σάρκοι ἱμψύχοι*, living sepulchres.

Ver. 688. This is neither better nor worse than a downright barbarism. We say not the train of a stag, but the trail, to trail the stag, &c. This our huntmen know. Mr. Addison has given us so fine a description of a hound in pursuit of a deer, that it well deserves to be transcribed.

So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dew;

The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees :

But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

Ver. 689, 690. In the year, U. C. 364. when the Gauls, under their leader Brennus had beaten the Romans at the river Allia, taken the city of Rome, and laid siege to the capitol, as they were one night climbing up the precipices in order to scale the walls, some geese, that were consecrated to Juno, and which, for that reason, they had spared during the famine they had suffered in the siege, fell a gagging, and waked the soldiers, who, under Marcus Manlius, repulsed the Gauls : and these last, after a siege of seven months, were at length forced to buy their peace with a great weight of gold, and were all slain, or driven out of the city by M. Camillus, who was afterwards dictator. For this service which the geese had rendered the republic, the censors ordered them to be nourished at the public expence. This is attested by Pliny, lib. x. in these words : " Est et anseris vigil cura Capitolio testata defenso, per id temporis canum silentio proditis rebus : Quamobrem cibaria anserum Censores imprimis locant." Cicero takes notice of this story in his oration for Roscius Amerinus. And T. Liv. lib. v. in these words : " Galli nocte sublustri tanto silentio in summum evasere, ut non custodes solum fallerent, sed ne canes quidem, sollicitum animal ad nocturnos strepitus, excitarent : anseres non fessellere," &c.

Ver. 690. In these two verses, the poet teaches, that odour is of a twofold advantage to man, and to the other animals : For, I. We discern by their odours, the aliments that are fit and proper for us. II. By the same means of odour, we avoid those that are hurtful to us. But were this generally true, poison would not have made the havoc that it has done in the world.

Ver. 692. In these eighteen verses, he treats of the motion of odours, and affirms, that it moves more slowly through the air than sound, that it is more easily divided and dissipated, and that it is not diffused and spread so far : the reason of which is, because it flows from the most inward parts of an odorous body, or from the lowest profundity of the subject (for odorous bodies, the more they are bruised, broken, &c. smell the more), and also because the principles of which it is composed, are larger than the principles of sound : since those passages, through which sound penetrates, are too narrow for odours, and will not allow them a way. And, therefore, odour must necessarily move more slow, and be more easily dissipated by the air it meets in its passage. And this too is the reason why, though we can easily judge from what part a sound comes to us, we cannot, with like facility, distinguish on what side of us the body is that diffuses an odour.

Plato, in his *Timæus*, teaches, that odours are smoke and mist : that that part of odours which is changed from air into water, becomes mist ; but that which is changed from water into air, turns into smoke : whence he argues, that odour is more rare than water ; but more dense than air. One

proof of which is, that if any one stops his nostrils, he will, together with his breath, draw in air, but not odour. Aristotle, lib. ii. de Anim. teaches, that the power and quality of odour is hot ; and that the power and faculty of smelling is placed in hot and dry. Hence it is not strange, that cold and frost render odours dull and spiritless. And he farther teaches, that, for that reason, odours contribute nothing to the nourishment of the body, nor ever excite an appetite of eating and drinking, but rather create a loathing of food : but that sweet odours are conducive to health, because they temper and dry the brain, which, of itself, and from the vapours of our food and nourishment, is moist and humid.

Ver. 710. It is not in the least to be doubted, but that the same taste, and the same smell is pleasing to some, and ungrateful to others. Now Lucretius, in these twelve verses, teaches, that even the very images of things make different impressions on the eyes of the beholders. The lion himself is terrified at the sight of a cock (for Lucretius does not mean what some interpreters make him say, that it is the crowing of the cock that terrifies that wild animal), because the image of the cock is composed of seeds that pierce into, and wound the eyes of the lion, so that he is not able to fix his sight against them. Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. viii. cap. 18. says, that it is the comb of a cock that chiefly frights the lion.

Ver. 712. It is certain that cocks generally crow at certain hours of the night, chiefly between midnight and break of day. Dryden says, More certain was the crowing of this cock,
To number hours, than is an abbey clock ;
And sooner than the matin-bell was rung,
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost, and sung.

The naturalists assign several reasons of this, but none that are convincing : the safest is to say, that the cock, like other animals, has certain times of sleeping and waking ; and that when he is waked, either of himself, or by the crow of another, or by the noise of any thing, he fixes himself that he may not drop off his perch, claps his wings, and falls a crowing, which is natural and familiar to him, as well at certain hours of the night, as often likewise of the day. Shakspeare calls this animal,

— The trumpet of the morn,
Who with his lofty and shrill sounding throat,
Awakes the God of day. [*Hamlet.*]

And Milton,
— The crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours. —

And the Romans, who began their natural day of twenty-four hours at midnight, named and distinguished some parts of it by the crowing of the cock. The first part they called, "*Media nox*," which, as Censorinus calls it, was indeed "*Principium et Postremum Diei Romani*:" the second, "*de mediâ nocte*:" the third, "*Gallicinium*," when the cocks began to crow : the fourth, "*Concinium*," when they left off crowing : the fifth,

"ante lucem;" the sixth, "diluculum;" the seventh, "mane," &c. But in this computation there is but one cock-crowing mentioned in all; but Juvenal mentions different times of it, Sat. ix. ver. 106.

Quod tamen ad cantum Galli facit ille secundi.

And, indeed, experience teaches us, that the cocks naturally crow at three particular times in the night especially: of which three seasons, one is about an hour before day, as our old Tuffer observes in his Poetical Husbandry, page 123. where he particularly distinguishes the several seasons of the cock's crowing in the night, in these old fashioned verses:

Cock croweth at midnight times few above six,
With pause to his fellow to answer betwixt:
At three a clock thicker, and then as you know,
Like all into mattins, near day they do crow.
At midnight, at three, and an hour yet day,
They utter their language as well as they may.

Ver. 722. Thus he has concluded his disputation concerning the senses: but since, when the senses are asleep, we imagine many things, imagination is a subject not unworthy a philosopher to treat of: He, therefore, to ver. 829 explains what imagination is, and the cause of it. And first, in these twenty-six verses, he asserts, that many most subtle images, some flowing from bodies, others formed in the air of their own accord, and others differently mixed of different things, are wandering up and down on all sides in the air: That these images penetrate into the mind; and, gently moving it, are the cause of imagination. Hence we think we see Centaurs, Scyllas, and other monstrous things that never had a being; and likewise the ghosts and shadows of the dead. Cicero, in the fifteenth book of his Epistles, ad Familiar, writing to Cassius, who had newly embraced the Epicurean doctrine, tells him, "Fit nescio quid, ut coram, adesse videaris, cum scribo aliquid ad te, neque id καὶ οὐδὲν φαντασίας, ut dicunt amici tui novi, qui putant etiam τὰς διανοημάτων φαντασίας, spectris Catianis excitari."

Ver. 730. Tully, examining this opinion, says, "Tota res, Vellei, nugatoria est." This whole affair, "Velleius," is a trifle: and adds farther, "Quid est quod minus probari potest, quam omnium in me incidere imagines, Homeri, Archilochi, Romuli, Numæ, Pythagoræ, Platonis, nec eâ formâ quâ illi fuerint? quomodo, ergo illi?" What is there that can less be proved, than that the images of all men offer themselves to me, of Homer, Archilochus, Romulus, Numa, Pythagoras, Plato, and yet not in the form in which they were? How then was it they? Let us consider our dreams, where the powers of fancy and imagination are most observable. These our poet explains, by entering images which pass through the body, and strike the soul. How deficient this is, any one may be satisfied from his own observation; for that will tell him that he dreams of things at a vast distance, and not thought on for some months. What then? Can the image pass

through those large tracts of air whole and undisturbed? Are they not as thin a substance as the Epicurean soul, and as easily dissolved? Can they enter the pores of the body, and still preserve their order, and the mind be accounted mortal for the same way of passage, and this be used as an argument against its infusion? Strange power of prejudice! that can blind the sharpest eyes, make them dull and unfit to be moved by these thick and almost palpable errors; but, perchance, there is no image of an absurdity, and therefore we must excuse the Epicurean: B-side, some things are presented to our imaginations, of which there can be no image; a harp seems to sound, when it lies silent in the case, when there is no brisk vibration of the strings to impel the ambient air, and create a sound; for sound does not consist of parts that fly from the body (as Lucretius imagines); it is only an agitation of the rigid parts of the air, as a thousand experiments can evince; but two may suffice. One is taken from common observation. For, touch the sounding wire of virginals at one end, and the noise ceases, though the touch cannot hinder the flux of atoms from any part but that which it immediately presses. The other is known to all who have heard, that a bell will not sound in the exhausted receiver, though the parts might there fly off with greater ease, they being not troubled with any ambient resisting air.

Ver. 732. That is to say, in our dreams we see with the mind, and when awake, we believe the vision true: Yet never any Centaur, Scylla, Cerberus, or any monster of the like nature, had a being: But the images of such things come and show themselves to our minds, from the several images of several things joined in one image.

Ver. 733. The Centaurs were feigned to be monsters with a human face, and the body of a horse. They were indeed, as some say, people of Thessalia, that inhabited the mountain Pelion, and the first that fought on horseback; which gave rise to the fable. Hence they were called *semiferi* and *bimembres*; and *nubigenæ*, cloud-begotten, because they were begot by Ixion on a cloud. See more of them, Book V. ver. 930.

Scylla was feigned to be a monster, whose upper parts resembled a woman, and her lower a company of dogs. Now Scylla was the daughter of Phorcus, with whom Glaucus fell in love; and, being despised by her, he applied himself to the witch Circe, to procure a spell to make her love him. But Circe, who was herself in love with Glaucus, and enraged that he preferred Scylla before her, infected a fountain in which Scylla used to bathe, with poison of so noxious a nature, that Scylla, going into it, instantly found all the lower parts of her body transformed into the mouths of barking dogs: Scared at this deformity, she immediately threw herself into the neighbouring sea, on the opposite coast, of which they likewise feigned Charybdis to be changed into a rock. And there are now two dangerous whirlpools in the Sicilian sea, called by the name of these two fabulous monsters. See Book i. ver. 740. But

there was another Scylla, daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, who betrayed her father, having first cut off his fatal hair to his enemy Minos, with whom she was in love: and was changed into a heron. And Virgil says, that it was she who was transformed into this monster.

Quid loquar? aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est,

*Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstribus,
Dulichias vexasse rates, et gurgire in alto,
Ah timidos nautas canibus lacerasse marinis.*

Elog. vi.

But many accuses Virgil of confounding the two fables, and for giving to the Scylla of Nisus what belongs to the Scylla of Phorcus, and read, "quid loquar? aut Scyllam Nisi, aut quam," &c. But Cerdanus justifies the common reading, by the example and authority of Ovid, who, *Amor. lib. iii. Eleg. xii. ver. 18.* gives dogs likewise to the Scylla of Nisus:

*Per nos, Scylla patri cano furata capillos,
Pube promit rabidos inguinibusque canes.*

And of Propertius, *L. iv. El. iv. v. 4.*

*Quid mirum in patrios Scyllam scivisse capillos,
Candidaque in servos inguina versa canes?*

This too was feigned to be a monstrous dog with three heads, who guarded the gates of hell; from whence Hercules is said to have dragged him, having first bound him in chains. See Book *III. ver. 1015.*

Ver. 736. The poet here mentions three sorts of images. I. Those that fly from real things: Such are the images of a man, of a lion, of a horse, of a house, in a word, of all things that strike our eyes, and are the cause of sight. II. Those which of their own accord are bred in the air and clouds: as the images of giants, mountains, huge beasts, and the like, which sometimes appear to us in the clouds. III. Those that are composed of the conjoined figures of these images: And such are the images of Centaurs, Scyllas, Cerberus's, and the like. Of the two first sorts he has already treated at large in the beginning of this book, and is going to treat of the third.

Ver. 740. Here the poet teaches how the third sort of image is made, that is to say, those that are composed of several images of things, joined in one image. For never Centaurs, Chimeras, or monsters of like nature lived, or had a being. But the image of a Centaur is made partly of the image of a man, partly of the image of a horse. The image of a Chimera is made of the image partly of a man, partly of a goat, partly of a lion. And in like manner of all other monsters.

Ver. 748. In these seven verses, he proves, that imagination is caused by images; because a lion, for example, which we think we see, is exactly like a lion that we see with our eyes: And as sight is made by images, so too is imagination, which is equal to sight, and differs from it in this only, that the mind sees objects that are invisible to the eye. Though our translator has in

this passage fully enough expressed the doctrine of Lucretius, yet he has omitted the example the poet brings to illustrate his argument: Let us fancy, says he, that we see a lion rather than any other animal. Certainly a lion is not seen by the eyes any otherwise than by his image: But cogitation is made in the same manner as sight is: Therefore cogitation is made by the appulsion of an image, which image, nevertheless, is indeed of a more tenuous nature, by reason of the more tenuous nature of the mind.

Ver. 755. In these fifteen verses, he observes, that the images of the dead seldom offer themselves to men who are awake, but generally to those who sleep: The reason of which, he tells us, is, because the images that are continually wandering to and fro in all places, rush with such violence upon the sleeper, that, penetrating into his very mind, they shake and disturb it to such a degree, as begets in it an imagination of the very things whose images they are. And the reason why we believe persons long since dead to be actually present with us, is, because the senses, by which alone we distinguish between true and false, being lulled and stupified in sleep, cannot perform their functions: Besides, the memory too is stupified, and we do not at that time even recollect that the person who seems to be present with us is dead.

Ver. 770. But these images which appear to us in our sleep, run, leap, and dance up and down; of which the poet, in these ten verses, gives this reason: Because, since we continue some time in the same imagination, it is not all that while the same image that is before our mind; but many images that offer themselves successively, image after image, in a never-ceasing and continual flow. Now, if all these images remain in the same posture, the thing we imagine with ourselves to see will seem without motion, but if the posture of the images vary, it must of necessity seem to move.

Ver. 775. This and the following verse are rendered from three verses, which some copies have, but the interpreters generally reject them. They are these:

*Tanta est mobilitas, et rerum copia tanta,
Tantaque sensibili quovis est tempore in uno
Copia particularum, ut possit suppeditare.*

Creech has omitted them in the text of his Latin edition, but says, nevertheless, that a probable meaning, and such a one too as is very proper to this passage, may be drawn from them. The first of them, "Tanta est," &c. is a little below in the original, *ver. 800.* and in this translation, *ver. 802.*

Ver. 788. From hence to *ver. 831,* the poet proposes and explains some difficulties that may be started against this doctrine of thinking, by the means of images. The first difficulty is contained in ten verses, to this effect. Since the mind perceives by images, how comes it to pass that we can think on any object we please? For it seems ridiculous to pretend, that the images ob-

serve our will, and are always ready at hand to obey it. The second is in six verses, to this purpose. Since the images seem to move with gracefulness, and even to observe time and measure in their motions, are we to believe that they have learned to dance? A thought truly worthy of a philosopher! To these two objections, Lucretius answers, in twenty-four verses, that what we take to be one single moment of time, is indeed many moments; so that the images being, as they are extremely subject to motion, a multitude of them present themselves to us every moment, and among them the image of the thing, of which we please to think. Besides, though all kinds of images are continually at hand, yet they being most tenuous and subtle, the mind cannot perceive them, unless she watch with great diligence, and endeavour to do so: for subtle things will escape unheeded from a negligent mind, even as they do from a careless and unwatchful eye. Thus Cicero Tuscul. Quæst. lib. i. says admirably well, "Itaque sæpè aut cogitatione, aut aliquà vi morbi impediti, apertis atque integris oculis et auribus, nec videmus, nec audimus." But the same author derides and confutes this opinion of Epicurus concerning images, and the cause of thinking by their appulsion, Epist. lib. ad Cass. Epist. xv. De Natur. Deor. lib. i. And de Divinat. lib. ii.

Ver. 804. It being demanded, why any man could think on what he pleased? The answer is, That images are constantly at hand, but being very thin and subtle, they cannot be perceived, unless the mind endeavours, which, though pressed by all the difficulties proposed concerning images, yet may receive a farther examination. For, first, the mind must think on the object before this endeavour, else why should she strive, why apply herself particularly to that? And that this argument is strong against the Epicureans, is evident from that question which Lucretius proposeth in his fifth book, about the beginning of ideas in his deities, which I have already reflected on. But more: This endeavour of the mind is a motion, nothing being to be admitted in the Epicurean hypothesis but what may be explained by matter variously figured and agitated: Now Epicurus hath settled but three kinds of motion, *κατὰ βάρυν*, *κατὰ περιγυλισιν*, and *κατὰ πλῆγην*, by weight, by declination, and by stroke; and the two latter necessarily suppose the former, and therefore if that *κατὰ βάρυν*, by weight, cannot belong to the soul, it is absurd to conclude this endeavour to be either of the latter: And here it must be considered, that the Epicurean soul is material, and therefore weight is a property of all its parts, which will necessitate this soul to subside in all the vessels of the body, as low as possible; and therefore it cannot actually enjoy this motion, and consequently no endeavour.

Here I might be copious (for it is an easy task) in laying open the weakness of the arguments, by which he endeavours to prove, that our limbs were not made and designed for proper offices and employments; it would be an endless trouble to pursue him through all the absurdities which

lie in his opinions concerning sleep, and spontaneous motion: for every man hath his own constant experience to confute them, and therefore, as Lactantius thinks a loud laughter the only suitable reply to the former, let the others be contented with the same answer, nor hinder me in the prosecution of the proposed argument.

And here it must be confessed, that a thousand of these stories are the genuine productions of fear and fancy: Melancholy and inadvertency have not been unfruitful; and we owe many of them to superstition, interest, and design: But to believe all counterfeited, because some are so, is unreasonable, and shows a perverseness as faulty as the greatest credulity. For when such are attested by multitudes of excellent men, free from all vanity, design, or superstition, who had the testimony of their senses for their assurance, and would not believe it till after curious search and trial; we must assent, or sink below scepticism itself: for Pyrrho would fly a threatening dog, and make his excuse, *χαλίστην μιν ἔδον τὴν ἀνθρώπων ἰαδύναν*. It is hard to put off the whole man. And that there are such stories delivered, with all the marks of credibility, I appeal to the Collection of Mr. Glanvil. Let any one look on that which is recorded by the learned Dr. Gale, in his notes upon the fifth chapter of the third section of Jamblichus de Mysteriis, and then I shall give him leave to use his atoms and his motion to the greatest advantage, but for ever despair of an explication. The story speaks thus in English:

In Lambeth lives one Francis Culham, an honest man, and of good credit; this man lay in a very sad condition four years and five months: The first symptom was unusual drowsiness, and a numbness for three days, which forced him to take his bed: In the first month, he took little or no meat or drink: the second, he fasted ten days, and often afterward five or seven. He fed on raw and boiled meat with equal greediness; never moved himself in the bed, and waked constantly for the first years, at least never closed his eyes, but kept them fixed and steady. He made no articulate sound, nor took any notice of his wife and children, nor seemed to feel the knives and lances of the chirurgeons. At last, given over by all, he thus unexpectedly recovered: In the Whitfun week, 1675, he seemed to be wakened out of a very sound sleep, and (as he relates it) his heart and bowels grew warm, and his breast freed from that weight which before oppressed it, and he heard a voice which bid him go to prayers, and then he should be well. Paper and ink being brought, with a trembling hand, he writ these words: "I desire that prayers be made for me." Two ministers came, and when they had sufficiently examined the matter, and found it free from all cheat, they began those prayers which the English liturgy appoints for the sick, and when they were come to "Glory be to the Father," &c. the sick man spake with a loud voice, "Glory be to God on high." And in two days time, his feet, hands, and other limbs, were

perfectly restored; but he could not remember any thing that was done to him during all the four years. And this relation I assert to be very true. Now, though such as these do not directly prove the immortality of the soul, yet they sufficiently take off all pretensions of the Epicureans against it; since they evidently prove, that there are some subtle unseen substances permanent and durable, and consequently immaterial; for they cannot imagine that any material substance, thinner than smoke or air, can be less subject to dissolution than those, though they contradict themselves, and grant the eternal bodies of their deities to be such.

Ver. 820. These two verses our translator has omitted. They run thus in the original:

Deinde deopinamur de signis maxima parvis:
Ac nos in fraudem induimus, frustramur et ipsi.

In these two verses the poet adds a third difficulty concerning the distraction or absence of the mind: for often, even when we are awake, we lead ourselves into errors and deceptions: as when we conceive a small object to be a great one. Thus Aristotle lib. de Insomn. says: That we are easily deceived in matters relating to the senses, especially when our mind is any ways moved and disturbed: as men in love have always in their mind, and seem to see the likeness of the object of their flame: Thus towards fancy to themselves that the enemy is coming to attack them, &c. Of which Cæsar gives us an instance in his Commentaries, de Bello Gall. lib. i. where he relates of one Confidius, a man otherwise very expert and knowing in military affairs, that being sent to get intelligence of the motions of the enemy, he was struck with such a terror, that when he came back, he reported he had seen things that he never saw.

Ver. 822. A fourth difficulty, if it be another from the former, is contained in these ten verses. Why the same image appears to us in our sleep, in different kinds and forms: for example, now a male, now a female, now young, now old, &c. But he answers, That we ought not to admire at this, since a man who sleeps is deprived of the use of his external senses, nay, even of his memory; inasmuch that he forgets the greatest part of his dreams.

Ver. 832. To the foregoing disputation, he subjoins, in these twenty-seven verses, another of Epicurus's opinions: viz. The eyes were not made to see, nor the ears to hear, nor the tongue to speak, nor the feet to walk, &c. because these members were prior to seeing, hearing, speaking, walking, &c. For Epicurus taught, that the members of our body were not made designedly for proper uses, but being made by chance, the use that first offered itself, was laid hold of by each member: For if any thing was made for a certain future use, that use must have been known before; or something must have pre-existed that signified, that such a use would be convenient or necessary: For example, if there had not been a previous use of fighting, sleeping and quenching the thirst, armour, beds, cups had never been

thought of. Thus the eye could not be made for the sake of seeing, since nothing had been seen before there was an eye to see with, nor was it known what sight was to be; nor the ear for the sake of hearing, since nothing had been heard, and it was unknown what hearing was to be. And in like manner of the other members of the body.

This was the opinion of the Epicureans concerning the members of the bodies of animals. And certainly if there be any thing in the Physics of Epicurus, that can be said to be most improbable, not to use a harsher term, it is what Lucretius in this place asserts. But why was Epicurus of this opinion? The reason is as evident as the opinion is extravagant: because he saw that otherwise he must have allowed a Providence, which is not more visible in any thing than in the wonderful mechanism of the parts of a human body. But all the ancient philosophers were not of this wild opinion; and Aristotle blames Anaxagoras for this belief, when at the same time he owned, that man was the most prudent of all animals, because of all of them, he alone had hands: since his hands were evidently given him, that he might use them. The Stoics too were of a contrary opinion; witness Cicero, lib. 3. de Finibus, where we find these words: "Jam membrorum, id est, partium corporis alia videntur propter usum à naturâ esse donata, ut manus, crura, pedes, et ea, quæ sunt intus in corpore, quorum utilitas quanta sit à medicis disputatur; alia autem nullam ob utilitatem, quasi ad quemdam ornatum, ut cauda pavoni, plumæ versicoloris columbis, viris mammæ atque Barba." Of the members, that is, of the parts of the body, some seem to be given us by nature for use, as the hands, the legs, the feet, and those that are within the body, of which how great is the utility the physicians are still in dispute: Others for no service, but rather for ornament, as the tail to the peacock, the changeable feathers to pigeons, and the nipples and beard to man. Galen proves by a long discourse, and many examples in his excellent treatise, De usu Partium, that every animal, without the help of any teacher, preconceives the faculties of his own soul, and to what use to put the parts of his body; as for example, the harp taught not the musician, nor a pair of tongs the smith to make them. And Lactantius too confutes this doctrine of Epicurus, in his book De Opificio Dei, cap. vi. where he argues in these words: "Quid ais, Epicure? Non sunt ad videndum oculi nati? Cur igitur vident? Postea, inquit, usus eorum apparuit. Videndi ergo causâ nati sunt; siquidem nihil possunt aliud quam videre: Item membra cætera cuius rei causâ nata sint, ipse usus ostendit: Qui utique nullo modo posset existere, nisi essent membra omnia tam ordinatè ac providenter effecta, ut usum possent habere. Quid enim si dicas, aves non ad volandum esse natas, neque feras ad sapiendum, neque pisces ad natandum, neque hominis ad sapiendum, cum appareat ei naturæ officioque servire animantes, ad quod est quæque generata. Sed videlicet qui sum-

mam veritates amittit, semper erret necesse est. Si enim non Providentiâ, sed fortuitis Atomorum concursionibus nascuntur omnia, cur nunquam fortuito accidit, sic coire illa principia, ut efficient animal ejusmodi, quod naribus potius audiret, oderetur oculis, auribus cerneret?" &c.

Ver. 842. This has been the constant reading of all the former editions, and therefore I would not alter it in this: Lucretius says,

Non fuit ante videre oculorum lumina nata.

where I take *videre* to mean not the light by which we see, but the use of seeing: which is better expressed by, No light before the eye, than by, No light, &c.

Ver. 852. "Ex usa quæ sunt vitæque repertâ," says Lucretius: upon which Faber observes, that the word *vita* is used in the same sense as the Greeks use *τὸν βίον*, not *ζῆν* that is to say, for experience, and *παράδειγμα τῶν ἐν τῷ βίῳ*. which the word convenience does not fully express. Manilius, lib. i. v. 61.

Per varios usus, artem experientia fecit,
Exemplo monstrante viam.

Ver. 859. If any one start any difficulty concerning hunger and thirst, Lucretius fully solves it in these eighteen verses. Many bodies, says he, exhale and flow from all things: but most of all from animals, many through the pores of the body, many through the mouth: now these parts being withdrawn, and gone away, the rest cleave not so close and firm together, and therefore the whole body must, of necessity, be the weaker. To fill up these intervals and empty spaces, we take in meat and drink, which repair the decays of the body, and make it whole again: and thus it recovers its strength. Drink too serves to refresh us, and cools that heat, which, for want of it, would dry too much, and parch up all the inward parts of the body.

Hunger and thirst are by many ranked among the number of senses: and indeed it cannot easily be conceived, how a sensible appetite can be incited and stirred up to a desire unless some object be presented to it, on which it may settle and fix its desire: And in this case, it will be hard to deny, that they are senses as well as appetites: For certainly if hunger and thirst induce a desire of meat and drink, they doubtless suppose beforehand a sense of the want of them: And thus, when we have once conceived a sense of those things, and reflected on the good they will do us, we are necessarily induced to a desire of having them, in order to remove the troublesome sensation, that the want of them has brought upon us.

Ver. 869. This and the five next verses are so excellent, that I cannot but bespeak the readers particular attention. Where can hunger with his wide-gaping jaws be more properly lodged, than in the almost parched up veins? And what can be more aptly expressed, than that panting and short-winded thirst is washed from the body by the infusion of moisture? Thus Lucretius be-

lieves that thirst is caused by hot vapours that kindle a flame in the bowels, and all philosophers agree that thirst is an appetite of cold and moisture.

Ver. 877. In these twenty-eight verses, he briefly inquires into the cause of the voluntary motion of animals, which he explains in this manner. Certain seeds, by which the will to move may be stirred up in the mind, strike the mind: This causes the mind to will; and that she may execute what she wills, she rouses up the soul that is annexed to her, and diffused through the whole body; (see Book II. v. 249.) And hence the whole frame is moved and thrust forward: But because the soul, that thin and subtle substance, may seem insufficient to move so great a weight, he tells us, that the air from without comes to her assistance; and entering into the pores of the body, as it is rarefied by motion (for bodies exercised with motion, become rare), helps to drive on the burden: And thus the body is moved and shoved forward by the soul labouring within, and by the air that enters from without, even as a ship is driven with sails and oars: These indeed seem to be but weak instruments: but so too is a gentle gale that drives the stoutest vessel before it; and weak too is the hand that governs the rudder, yet it twists the ship about, and makes it change its course, even in its full career: Thus too there are small engines that will heave up mighty weights.

Ver. 883. In like manner, Book II. v. 249. he taught, that the will is the principle of motion, In animals the will moves first, and thence }
The motions spread to the circumference, }
And vigorous action through the limbs dispense. }
And ver. 258. That the beginning of all motion is within the heart,

—All motions rise within the heart,
Beginning by the will, then run through every part.

Thus too Aristotle, lib. v. de Animal. asserts, that the will and the mind are the two causes of motion.

Ver. 892. The body of animals, who are exercised with motion, grows rare. See the reason, ver. 863.

Ver. 895. *Both these things, &c.* i. e. The will to move, and the air that enters into the rarefied body: which is as much as to say, the first cause of motion, and the cause that advances and helps on that motion. For the poet says, that not only an internal but an external cause likewise contributes to animal motion.

Ver. 896. "Lucret. Ut navis velis ventoque." But Creech has followed the judicious conjecture of Gassendus, who thinks it ought to be read, "remis ventoque;" For sails and wind are in effect but one and the same thing.

Ver. 899. But because it may seem strange, that the minute corpuscles of images should move the whole body, he confirms the truth of his assertion, by an example. Now Aristotle, Mechan. cap. 7. gives the reason, why the higher the fall-

yard is, the ship sails the faster, even with the same sheet, and the same wind. But to comprehend the reason of it aright, it will do well to know in the first place, why a lever will move a weight of so great a burden as we daily see it does. A lever is a bar of iron, or of wood; a little crooked at one end: The Greeks call it *μηχλος*, the Latins, *velis*, and the crooked end *rostrum*: from whence perhaps comes our rattle, by which name it is known in some places, though it be generally called a lever. Vitruvius, lib. 8. cap. 10 teaches, That if we put the *rostrum* of a lever under a weight, which a multitude of hands cannot move; if but one man weigh down, or depress the handle, or other end of the lever, it will easily lift up the burden: The reason of which is, because the foremost part, or *rostrum* of the lever, which is shorter from that pressure, that is in the place of the centre, undergoes and bears the burdens; and because the head or handle of the lever, being farther distant from that pressure or centre, does, when it is weighed and pressed downward, make a motion of circination, as they call it; and by that motion causes the pressure by a few hands to heave up a weight of the greatest burden. For always, by how much more the hindmost part of the lever, that is to say, the part from the centre to the lever's handle, which is weighed down by the mover, is longer than the foremost, that is to say, than that part, which, from the centre, belongs to the *rostrum* of the lever; so much the more easily will the burden be moved.

This being premised, it is easy to understand why a sail, swelled with wind, makes a vessel move very swiftly, though the sail-yard be not far distant from the top of the mast: For the mast is, as the lever; the foot or bottom of the mast supplies the place of the pressure or rowler; and the wind which fills the sail, is as the mover. Therefore the farther distant the sail-yard is from the foot of the mast, the faster the ship will be driven: For the line, that is farthest removed from the centre draws the largest circle: and the larger each circle is, the swifter it is moved.

Ver. 902. Of this Vitruvius, lib. viii. cap. 10. and Aristotle 6. Mechan. gives this reason: Because the rudder supplies the place of the lever; the ship, of the burden, the pilot, of the mover, and the hinges on, and to which the rudder hangs and is fastened, the place of the pressure or roller.

Ver. 905. Lucretius having made his animal perform all the operations of the senses, puts him to bed; yet leaves him not even there, but considers him while he is asleep; and disputes of sleep to ver. 970. and from thence to ver. 1031. of dreams. In the first place he tells us, that sleep is caused by the soul's being grown so weary and feeble, that she can no longer support the limbs (for the soul is the foundation of the body); and thence proceeds a weakness of the joints, and a remission of the senses. Now the reason why the soul is thus oppressed, is evident: For the body is incessantly weakened by the external air, and by that which it inspires and draws

in: for that air does not only brush and rake the surface of the body, but entering into the pores and passages, is admitted and received into the inmost parts, and strikes and grates them likewise: This causes a disjunction or separation, of the first bodies, and the dissolution of the soul itself of necessity follows that separation, inasmuch, that part of it is thrown out, part, to use the words of Pliny, recedes into the middle, and the remaining part, that is overmuch disjoined, is dispersed and scattered through the members: And from hence we may understand, why a most profound sleep ensues after labour and eating: For food chokes up and stuffs the passages through which the soul ought to move freely: and thence proceeds a greater dissipation, or a greater constipation of the soul: And by weariness and lassitude the body grows weaker, and that weakness produces the same effects as repletion. *Ἰσὺς τε γίνεταί ποικίλων τῶν τῆς ψυχῆς μερῶν, τῶν καὶ ἄλλῃ τὴν σύγκρισιν παρισταμένων, ἢ ἐγκατεχόμενων ἢ διαφορμμένων, ἥτε καὶ συνεπείθουσιν τινῶν τοῖς ἰσταμένοις, τὰ μὲν ἐξουσίῳ, τὰ δὲ συνισταμένοις.* Epicurus ad Hierodotum.

Ovid. Metam. II. v. 623.

Somne quies rerum, placidissime somne Deorum,
Pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corda diurnis
Fessa ministeriis mulces, reparatque labori.

—O sacred rest!

Sweet pleasing sleep! of all the powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the
day;
Care shuns thy soft approach, and fullen flies
away.

Dryd.

And Shakspeare deserves to be here remembered,
Sleep, that locks up the senses from their care:
The death of each day's life: tir'd nature's bath!
Balm of hurt minds! Great nature's second
course,
And her best nurse: Chief nourisher in life's feast:
Death's counterfeit!

And Sir. W. Davenant in Gondibert.

—The weary world's best medicine, sleep!
Sleep shuts those wounds where injur'd lovers
weep,

And flies th' oppressors to relieve th' oppress'd.
Sleep loves the cottage, and from court abstains;
It stills the seamen, though the storm be high;
Frees the griev'd captive in his closest chains,
Stops want's loud mouth, and blinds the treach-
'rous spy.

Ver. 907. These four verses we have had already in this book, v. 186. See there the notes upon them.

Ver. 916. First in these sixteen verses he teaches, that sleep is caused in us, when by reason of the power of the soul's being impaired and weakened, the members of the body are, in a manner, loosened and dissolved. Our senses, says he, are

locked up, and hindered by sleep from performing their functions: But our senses proceed from the operation of the soul: Therefore it necessarily follows, that when the animal is asleep, his soul must partly be gone out of him, partly be retired into the inmost recesses of the body, and partly be dispersed through the members. But he will not allow, that when the animal sleeps, the soul is entirely retreated from the body; for unless some part of it remained alive, neither the animal, nor his senses could awake, or revive again after his sleep. This he illustrates by an example: For as fire, buried in ashes, is not wholly extinguished; so neither is the whole soul extinct in a sleeping animal.

Ver. 918. Aristotle almost to the same purpose, in his book de Somn. where he says, that sleep is a coition of heat in the inmost parts of the body, and a natural compression of it, by the circumfusion of its contrary, cold; because the humidity of the exhalation repels and drives the heat into the interior region of the body.

Ver. 932. In these four verses, he says, that he will now tell what causes this change and alteration of the soul: How it is possible that she can be divided in such a manner as to be ejected partly out of the body, as to retire partly into the inmost parts of it, and as to be partly dispersed through the members, and to languish and become dull and stupified together with the whole body.

Ver. 936. In these twenty-three verses, he explains the causes of the body's growing weary, and falling into slumber. He begins by the air, as well that which externally strikes the body on all sides, as that which is drawn in and breathed by animals in their respiration. For the first must necessarily very often strike the utmost parts of bodies, which it always surrounds: and the air that is inspired or drawn into the body must likewise strike the interior parts of it: Now these twofold strokes are the cause that disturbs the sites and orders of the atoms, and of the ensuing weakness of the whole body and soul: For part of the soul is forced out of the body, part of it retreats inwardly, and part of it is dispersed through the limbs; so that its parts being thus disjoined and disunited, it can no longer perform its due functions: And, therefore, the motions of sense being changed, the sense too goes away. And thus what was the body's prop and support being absent, the body must necessarily grow weak and fall.

Ver. 939. That is, that things may be safe and the better protected from the injuries of the air, they are covered with skins, barks, &c. Cicero, lib. ii. de Nat. Deor. pursues this yet farther: "Animantium," says he, "alix coris tectæ sunt, alix villis vestitæ, alix spinis hirsutæ: plumâ alias, alias squamâ videmus obductus," &c. Some animals are covered with hides, some clothed with hair, and some are horrid with bristles: We see others wrapt up in feathers, others in scales, others in shells, &c. Thus Pliny, lib. viii. in Procem. "Ante omnia unum animan-

tium cunctorum alienis velat opibus: Cæteris vero tegumenta tribuit, testas, cortices, coria, spinas, villos, fetas, pilos, plumam, pennas, squamas, vellera, &c.

Ver. 951. Thus Pliny, lib. xi. cap. ult. says, "Somnum esse animi in sese medium recessum."

Ver. 957. Milton, in *Paradise Lost*:

—The timely dew of sleep
Now falling, with soft slumb'ring weight, inclines
My eyelids—

And again:

Then gentle sleep with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowfied sense.—

Ver. 959. In these eleven verses, the poet gives a reason why we are most inclined to sleep, and sleep most soundly after eating or labour. Because, says he, the aliment, as it distributes itself through the body, affects it in the same manner as the two sorts of air mentioned in the foregoing argument: Nay, the strokes it gives are the greater, because its body is more firm and solid than that of air. And we sleep the sounder after labour, because more atoms being agitated and put into motion by the hard labour of the wearied body, they mutually disturb and disorder one another: And thence it proceeds, that the soul retires farther into the interior parts; that a greater part of it is thrown out; and that the particles of the soul that remain within, are the more separated, and the farther disjoined from one another. Aristotle, lib. de Somn. et expergef. says to the same purpose, that the humid vapours of meat and drink ascend, and are borne upwards; that when they are mounted as high as they can go, they then, because they are heavy and corporeal, fall down again; and drag along with them, and detrude into the interior parts, the native vital heat, which of its own accord is borne upwards; by which means sleep is produced: And, therefore, after meat sleep is generally the most profound. Likewise after labour; because labour dissolves, and in a manner corrupts the body. But that which wears off from a wasting body, is as meat undigested. Thus Aristotle: But our physicians give us another reason: They tell us, that we are disposed to sleep after we have eaten, because the ventricle being then full, the blood has not so free and open a passage down the aorta, which, since it lies behind the stomach, must therefore be compressed by it, when it is filled and turgid with aliments: Thus this repletion of the ventricle hinders the blood from descending in the same quantity as it did before when the stomach was empty: Nay, on the contrary, it forces it to ascend in greater plenty toward the head, which, for this reason, seems more stuffed after a plentiful meal than it was before, and the face too grows redder and hotter, as do likewise the hands: And this any man may discern by experience in his own person: Now, the blood thus rushing to the head, compresses the glands of the brain, and hinders the free separation of the animal spirits by them: To this we may add the

mixture of the thick chyle with the blood; which mixture intricates the volatile parts of it, that otherwise would be fecerned by the glands of the brains. We are inclined to sleep after hard labour, walking, and the like; for this reason: There is a certain quantity of spirits necessary for every muscular motion; now all motion dissipates the spirits, and consequently the more violent the motion is, the greater will be the dissipation; and this dissipation must of necessity produce a relaxation of the parts and members of the body: Among the rest, of the brain, which then, according to some, subsides, and thus hinders animal secretion. For the same reason too, we are sleepy after having been long awake; as also, because the brain being relaxed for want of spirits, which, keeping the fibres turgid, are the cause of all the stiffness and straitness of the body, the dull and heavy serum inundates in the brain.

Sleep, therefore, is a thing which the frailty of human nature makes necessary: and since all our motions and actions depend on parts that are so easily dissipated as the spirits are, it is of absolute necessity that we allow some time to recruit, by sleeping, what we lose by being awake. Thus sleep may properly be defined, a certain seriation of the external senses, that is to say, a total cessation of all sensation and voluntary motion, proceeding from a defect of, or an impaired and diminished motion in the animal spirits, not from any fault in the blood, or in the brain: Or otherwise: Sleep is a suspension of action, and an impotence in which the soul is in a manner disjoined from the body, at least so far as not to perceive or know any thing that passes in it: And thus the cause of sleep must be the defect or fault of that part by which the soul is united to the body, i. e. of the animal spirits, which, by their motion to the brain, excite in the soul the perception of all such things as occasioned their reflux to the brain: For the operations of the exterior senses are performed when we are awake, and in this manner: The nerves of the organs of sensation being extended and turgid with spirits, that are transmitted to them from the brain, are struck by the species of things; then the spirits themselves, by a certain resiliion towards the brain, make an impression on the faculty that resides within it: Whence it follows, that unless the interior faculty be moved, and perceive, there can be no sensation. This being granted, it necessarily follows, that the seriation of the exterior senses, of which we were speaking, therefore happens, because the crises of the nerves grow weak and flag; and by that means are stopped up: And thus the nerves being no longer turgid by the afflux of the spirits, but rather relaxed, the members begin to fail, the spirits no longer result towards the brain, nor can propagate or carry on to the interior faculty the strokes they receive from exterior objects. But these things require a longer disputation than this interpretation will permit.

Ver. 970. Here the poet begins to treat of dreams. Now Epicurus, as was said before, was of opinion, that the minds of sleeping animals are

struck and moved by external and adventitious images, and that these are the causes of dreams. And the reason, says Lucretius, why we chiefly dream of those things about which we are mostly taken up and busied in the day, notwithstanding that images of all kinds are constantly at hand, is, because the passages through which the images had so often entered, are not closed up, and therefore more easily receive and admit the images that belong to the actions in which we have been employed, than those that appertain to other things. And not only the dreams of men, but of other animals, may be explained in this manner. Nor is it to be wondered at, that some dreams fright us more than others; for they whose images are composed of rough feeds, that rudely grate and wound the mind upon which they strike, must of necessity be the most frightful. This is the account Lucretius gives of the cause of dreams in general; and he enumerates several dreams that are most usual to men, and ascribes the chief cause of them to the various desires, employments, and diversions with which they have been taken up and busied when they were awake, and in which their thoughts were principally employed. Aristotle says, that dreams are the relics of those things which the senses, when awake, perceive; and that, since the objects of our waking senses do not immediately vanish, as soon as the senses cease to be affected with them, but remain some small time, and at least leave behind them a strong impression on our thoughts, it is nothing strange that the images of those things which, when we were awake, we either did or spoke of, or thought of, should offer themselves to us when we are asleep: Macrobius, in *Sonn. Scip. lib. i. cap. iii.* enumerates five several sorts of dreams which the ancients had observed, and distinguished by as many several names. The Greeks called them, *ὄνειρος*, *δραμα*, *χερμαίσις*, *ὑπνιον*, and *φάντασμα*. The Latins, "Sompium, visio, oraculum, insomnium," and "visus," which last is the word Cicero always uses when he has occasion to express the *φάντασμα* of the Greeks. It would be too tedious to give an account of each of them, and of the superstitious credulity of the ancients concerning dreams: We therefore refer the reader to Macrobius, in the place above cited, where he will abundantly find wherewith to satisfy his curiosity. Chaucer, in his tale of the Cock and the Fox, gives us a physical reason of dreams: We will be obliged to Dryden for his thoughts, which, as he has translated them into modern words, are as follows:

—————All dreams
Are from repletion and complexion bred,
From rising fumes of undigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the families of red:
Red dragons, and red beasts, in sleep we view;
For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of war, and warlike things,
And waps, and hornets, with their double stings.

Choler adust congeals our blood with fear;
Then black bulls tofs us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound:
With rheums oppress'd, we sink in rivers drown'd:
The dominating humour makes the dream.

And the same author, in another part of the same poem, sums up the whole affair of dreams in a few lines, which are like wise thus rendered by Dryden:

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of coblers, and a mob of kings.
Light fumes are merry; grosser fumes are sad;
Both are the reasonable soul run mad:
And many monstrous things in dreams we see,
That never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play:
The night restores our actions done by day,
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
Rush forward to the brain, and come to mind:
The nurses legends are for truth receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd:
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece;
Chimæras all, and more absurd, or less.

Ver. 979. The meaning is, that they who go to see plays for some days together, are apt to dream of them at night, and in their dreams fancy they see the actors, hear them repeating their parts, and the music playing; as also that they see the audience and the decorations of the stage. This is the sense of Lucretius, which I the rather take notice of, because the words sport and play, in the first line of this paragraph, express but ill the comedies and tragedies of which the poet is speaking.

Ver. 1005. Here the poet begins to treat of frightful dreams, and teaches, that they are caused by images that flow from things which are composed of rough seeds.

Ver. 1007. The words of the text are,

At variæ fugiunt volucres, pennisque repente
Solicitant divum nocturno tempore lucos, &c.

In which we may observe a scoff even worthy of Lucretius: *Lucos*, a grove, is thus described by the Scholiast upon Homer: *πῶς τίς ποτε συνδίδας ἵδωσι ἔχον, καὶ διὰς ἀγροτέρων*. Every place planted with trees, having water, and consecrated to the gods. Now Lucretius impiously insinuates, that the gods cannot protect their inmate birds from the image of a hawk.

Ver. 1012. Dreams of this nature, which are of the sort the ancients called *insomnia*, are elegantly described by Petronius, in these verses:

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt, volitantibus umbris,
Non delubra Deum, nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
Sed sibi quisque facit. Nam quum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit,
Quicquid luce fuit, tenebris agit: oppida bello
Qui quatit, et flammis miserandas sævit in urbes,

Tela videt, versasque acies, et funera regum,
Atque exundantes perfuso sanguine campos, &c.

To which I add these two excellent verses of the author of the Dispensary, in a description of night:

The slumb'ring chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme.

Ver. 1026, 1027. These four verses are omitted by Creech.

He was, according to some, the son, according to others, the servant of Somnus, the god of sleep, and father of dreams. Morpheus was so called, because his province was to imitate *τὰς μῆρας*, the looks and forms of men. He is described by Ovid, *Metam. xi. ver. 364*, where, speaking of Somnus the god of sleep, he says, that

Excitat artificem, simulatoremque figuræ
Morpheæ. Non illo jussu solentior alter
Exprimit incessus, vultumque, modumque loquendi:

Adjicit vestes, et consuetissima cuique
Verba: sed hic solos homines imitatur——

Thus rendered by Dryden:

—Somnus, the drowsy god,
Excited Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus, of all his num'rous train, express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best:
The walk, the words, the gestures could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely:
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human kind.

But Mr. Rowe, in his *Ulysses*, extends his power much farther, nay, even makes him a god, but, I think, without authority: However, the passage is well worth the transcribing:

Still, when the golden sun withdraws his beams,
And drowsy night invades the weary world,
Forth flies the god of dreams, fantastic Morpheus:

Ten thousand mimic fancies fleet around him,
Subtle as air, and various in their natures:
Each has ten thousand thousand diff'rent forms,
In which they dance, confus'd, before the sleeper;
While the vain god laughs to behold what pain
Imaginary evils give mankind.

This Morpheus had two brothers, or fellow-servants, Phobetor or Icelos, and Phantafus, who likewise had their peculiar offices allotted them: This too we learn from Ovid, in the place above cited. I omit the original, and will give it only as translated by Dryden:

Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monster-shapes:
This demon, Icelos, in heav'n's high hall,
The gods have nam'd, but men Phobetor call:
A third is Phantafus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul:
Earth, fruits, and flow'rs, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams.

According to this distinction of their several offices, this last, Phantafus, would, if the translator of these verses had thought fit, have been more proper to represent his sink, or lazy pool.

Ver. 1027. "Lacum ac dolia curta." For it was the custom at Rome, to set tubs, or earthen pots, in the corners of the streets, for the passengers to make water in. This we learn from C. Titius, who lived in the same age with Lucilius, and who, in an oration he made in behalf of the Fannian law, has this passage, as we find it cited by Macrobius, Saturnal. lib. ii. cap. 12. "Inde ad comitium vadunt, ut litem suam faciant: dum eunt, nulla est in angiporto amphora, quam non impleant, quippe qui vesicam plenam vini habebant." Faber says, positively, that these vessels were not of wood, but of earth, and made by the potters; yet *dolium*, I think, always signifies a wooden vessel.

Ver. 1029. "Babylonica magnifico splendore." Babylon was a city of Asia, and the making of hangings, carpets, &c. with figures, and of divers colours, was first invented there, and from thence they were called *Babylonica*. Plin. lib. viii. cap. 48. "Colores diversos picture intertexere Babylon maxime celebravit, et nomen imposuit." See above, ver. 25. Plautus in *Sticho*.

Tum Babylonica peristromata confutae tepetia
Adexit minimum bonae rei.

And in Pseud. he calls them,
Alexandria belluata conchyliata peristromata.

Marial lib. viii. Epig. xxviii.

Non ego præterierim Babylonica picta superbè
Texta Semiramidæ quæ variantur acu.

For Semiramis reigned at Babylon. And Cowley,
David. iii.

The room with golden tap'stry glitter'd bright,
At once to please, and to confound the sight.
Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands.

But purple coverlets or counterpoints seem to
have been anciently most in use, especially among
great persons. Homer, II. ix.

Εἶναι δ' ἐν κλισμαῖσι τέκνησι τε πορφύρεοισι.

And Virgil, Georg. ii. ver. 306.

—Et sarrano indormiat ostro.

That is, Tyrian purple. Thus too Stat. The-
baid. i.

—Pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
Emunire toros.—

And Plato the comedian, in *Athen. ii.* says, they
lie in κλισίαι διαφανέστεραι καὶ σφραμαὶ πορφύρεαι-
ται, &c.

Ver. 1030. Some accuse Lucretius of immodesty in this passage; but I, says Creech, discover a great deal of art. For he would never have treated of dreams of this nature, unless the explanation of them had been absolutely necessary, in order to the natural introduction and connection of the subsequent disputation of lust, and of love.

Ver. 1034. "Quasi transactis omnibus rebus," says Lucretius; that is, τὰν Ἀφροδίτῃς τιλίσσας, as I, says Faber, know an excellent author, who is very skilful in these matters, expresses himself. But Theocritus expresses it otherwise,

Ἐπαύχθη τὰ μέγιστα. Idyl. ii.

Ver. 1036. Here Creech has omitted fourteen verses of his author, which these fifteen supply. In them the poet gives us a lively image of all manner of concupiscence, and explains the whole affair of lustful love, as well in regard to the mind as to the body. Beautiful images, says he, move the mind; the mind brings the seed from all the members of the body into the genitals, which parts swell to an erection, and after that the action is consummated.

Ver. 1039. Lucretius says,

Ex homine humanum semen ciet una hominis
vis:

Creech interprets the last words, "una hominis vis," to mean either the image of a beautiful body moving the mind, or the mind itself bringing the seed from all the parts of the body.

Ver. 1040. Lucretius,

Quod simulatque suis ejectum sedibus exit,
Per membra, atque artus decedit corpore toto
In loca, &c.

Upon which Faber observes, that the word *toto* is not used without reason, but means an entire body, that has not lost any of its members; for it often happens, that mutilated parents get mutilated children; which is confirmed by many indisputable examples: therefore the seed comes from all the members. It is certain too that Tertullian was of the same opinion, when he said, that in the fury of the act, when the seed is ejected, something seems to go out even from the very soul. "Denique, ut adhuc verecundia magis periclitetur quam probatione, in illo ipso ultimo voluptatis aestu, quo genitale virus expellitur, nonne aliquid de animâ quoque sentimus exire." Tertull. de Animâ. All this is true, says Creech; but Lucretius meant something else, which others may better conjecture than I express.

Ver. 1048. This and the two following verses run thus in the original?

Namque omnes plerumque cadunt in vulnus, et
illam

Emicat in partem sanguis, unde icimur ictu:
Et, si conminus est, hostem ruber occupat humor.

These verses, Lambinus, Faber, &c. expunge; yet they seem to carry a meaning very proper to the matter in hand, and not to be unworthy of Lucretius. Lambinus confesses, that he could not see any connection between them and the foregoing verses, and therefore was for rejecting them: And this is the point I am going to examine. The verses that precede them, run thus:

Inritata tument loca femine, sitque voluntas
Ejicere id, quo se contendit dira libido;

Idque petit corpus mens, unde 't saucia amore:
Namque omnes, &c.

Which I thus interpret: Those parts being enraged by the seed, swell; and thence arises a desire of ejecting the seed on that part to which the raging lust is striving to attain: and the mind tends to that body from which she received her wound of love. "Namque omnes," &c. For all men, for the most part, fall upon their wound; and the blood gushes with violence towards the part from whence we are wounded; and if the murderer be near us, the red liquor will spout upon him. What follows, makes the connection appear yet more plain:

Sic igitur veneris qui telis accipit ictum,
Unde feritur, eo tendit.

That is to say, in like manner, he who is wounded by the darts of Venus, tends to the place from whence he was struck. But Nardius gives another interpretation to the last of these verses, and says, the poet speaks of a dead body that bleeds afresh if the murderer approach it; of which I the rather disapprove, because even he himself will not allow the fact to be true; but that the wounded fall upon the side on which they are wounded, is not only confirmed by experience, but a natural reason may be given, why, in all probability, it cannot be otherwise: for all things bend, and incline to fall on the side on which is their imbecility, and whatever is supported by a certain force, when that force comes to be impaired, from whatever cause it happens to be so, must of necessity incline to the side on which is its weakness; and when the weak part gives way, it drags along with it into ruin the parts that are annexed to it, and which, together with it, make the whole. This we may observe daily of buildings, and of cripples. Now, the wounded part must grow weak, not so much by reason of the dissolution of its texture, as because of the loss of blood and animal spirits, which Hippocrates himself, lib. de Aliment. allows to be the causes of strength; therefore wounded animals must naturally fall on the side on which they receive their wound. "Corruit in vulnus," says Virgil of Pallas, whom Turnus slew. *Æn.* x. ver 488. And this I presume sufficient to justify the retaining these verses, notwithstanding the censure of those learned interpreters who have absolutely rejected them, since it proves them to have a visible and natural connection, not only with what went before, but likewise with what follows, which Dryden has thus rendered:

So likewise he who feels the fiery dart
Of strong desire transfix his am'rous heart;
Whether some beauteous boy's alluring face,
Or lovelier maid, with unresisted grace,
From her each part the winged arrow sends,
And whence he first was struck, he thither tends:
Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the sprightly seed.

For, stung with inward rage, he flings around,
And strives t' avenge the smart on that which gave the wound.

Ver. 1057. Some copies read *frigida*, others *servida cura*: Creech, in this place, takes notice of neither. Faber is absolutely for *servida*, and says, every man will approve that reading, who can truly say from his heart, "Nunc scio quid sit amor——" The care that is caused by love, is hot, it glows, it burns: *μαλαρόν βίλος, πορροίνα βίλιμνα, πορρὸ πάσσα βίλισσαι*. Creech also, in his Latin edition, is of the same opinion, and says, he too will approve of it, who observes, that Lucretius is explaining the rise and increase, or progress of love: First, A drop of it distills upon the heart, thence proceeds a vehement desire, which is nourished by the images that are continually presenting themselves to the wounded lover, insomuch, that though the object of his flame be absent, yet her name is always sounding in his ears. But Dryden seems to approve of *frigida cura*, as we may judge by his translation of this passage:

For fierce desire does all his mind employ,
And ardent love assures approaching joy.
Such is the nature of that pleasing smart,
Whose burning drops distil upon the heart:
The fever of the soul shot from the fair,
And the cold ague of succeeding care.
If absent, her idea still appears,
And her sweet name is chiming in your ears.

Ver. 1063. In all the Latin authors, says Faber, numerous as they are, there is not, in my opinion, any thing that equally ought, or deserves to be read, as the following verses. And yet there have been some men heretofore, and at this day many of the same sort are to be found, who strenuously contend, that they ought, if possible, to be concealed from the eyes of mankind, as abounding with manifest abominable impurities. Hard fate of our poet! whose so useful counsels, whose so salutary advices have been thus ill received, and met with so prosperous success: For though he cry out with all his might,

Sirenas, hilarem navigantium pœnam,
Blandasque mortes, gaudiumque crudele,
Effugete, ô miseri, tortumque ab litore funem
Rumpite;——

Though he prove, by many arguments, that lust incontinence, and debauchery, are the directest roads that lead to inevitable ruin and perdition, and that we ought therefore to have in abomination, and to avoid and fly from, more than we would from the jaws of devouring serpents and wild beasts, those infamous prostitutes, who lead by the nose their inconsiderate admirers: though he shows, that estates, reputation, and the health and welfare, both of the mind and body, are ruined that way, notwithstanding all this, I say, there are some so superciliously tender of their own and other's modesty, as to exclaim against, and as to give us warning to avoid these obscene expres-

sions, these bawdy verses, that are not fit to be read, nor worthy to be remembered. I, for my part, confess, that I discover in this disputation nothing of impurity, nothing obscene, nothing unfit to be read, or unworthy to remember: and if any thing of such nature appear to others, the reader is in fault, not the poet. If nothing of this kind may be read, physicians must leave off to study nature, and anatomies must no longer be exposed to view. At least, this I think I may affirm for a truth not to be controverted, that, if what Lucretius has here written must be deemed impure and obscene, yet expressions, far more impure and obscene, may be found in a certain book which no man will dare to blame. I know it will be objected, that that holy writer, whom it is no matter to name in this place, handled that subject, even though it be of a most filthy nature, so plainly, and with such open broadness, that he might, by the perspicuous turpitude of the description, create the greater abhorrence of that vice, and render it the more detestable. I own it; nor was I ever of another opinion. But to what end, or in what design did Lucretius write in this manner? Was it that he might instruct in the art of playing the bawd, and thus make his fortune by the vilest commerce? Other poets have, indeed, in many ages, followed that trade, and found their account by it; and perhaps too some do so at this day: But the integrity of his life, the severity of his manners, and the many most salutary precepts that are scattered here and there throughout this whole poem, leave us no room to suspect any such base design in Lucretius. Let us see at one view the wholesome advice he gives us in the affair of love.

*Sed fugitare decet simulacra et pabula amoris,
Abstergere sibi, atque aliò convertere mentem,
Nam certa et pura est fanis magis inde voluptas,
Quam miseris: Etenim potiundi tempore in ipso
Fluctuat incertis erroribus ardor amantùm;
Nec reperire malum id possunt quæ machina vin-*

*cat.
Usque adeo incerti tabescunt vulnere cæco.
Adde quod absumunt vires, pereuntque labore:
Adde quod alterius sub nutu degitur atas.
Labitur interea res, et vademonia fiunt;
Languet officio, atque agrotat fama vacillans.
Si nescis, etiam medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus argat:
Aut quod conscius ipse animus se forte remordet,
Desidiòse agere ætatem, lustrisque perire;
Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit,
Quod cupido affixum cordi vivescit ut ignis:
Uti sit, ut melius multo vigilare sit ante,
Quæ docuit ratione, cavereque ne inlaqueris.*

Of which the English reader will not be displeased to see Dryden's interpretation.

But strive those pleasing phantoms to remove,
And shun th' ærial images of love,
That feed the flame—
For on one object 'tis not safe to stay;
Force then the tide of thought some other way:

TRANS. II.

For purer joys in purer health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.
When love its utmost vigour does employ,
Ev'n then 'tis but a restless wand'ring joy.
All ways they try, successful all they prove,
To cure the secret sore of ling'ring love.
Besides—

They waste their strength in the venereal strife,
And to a woman's will enslave their life.
Th' estate runs out, and mortgages are made;
All offices of friendship are decay'd;
Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd;
And in the fountain where the sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.
For guilty conscience does the mirror bring,
And sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting:
And various thoughts within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long mis-spent luxurious life.
Perhaps the fickle fair one proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word that pains his mind,
And leaves a rankling jealousy behind.
Therefore, far better is it to prevent,
Than flatter the disease, and late repent:
Because to shun th' allurements is not hard
To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd:
But wondrous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle through the streights, and break th'
involving net. Dryd.

Is this the language of a man, who intended to corrupt his readers, or rather of one who designed usefully to instruct and advise them: Thus Faber, concerning the poet's intention in this discourse of love. Creech, too, subscribes to his opinion, and adds, that the poet has in this place been as careful of his diction, and that it is at least as pure and correct as in any other part of the whole poem; and so plain and significant likewise, as not to need an interpreter.

Ver. 1065. Dryden has rendered this passage otherwise; and, indeed, more close to the sense of Lucretius than our translator.

—When one molests thy mind,
Discharge thy loins on all the leaky kind:
For that's a wiser way than to restrain
Within thy swelling nerves that horde of pain:
For every hour some deadlier symptom shows,
And by delay the gathering venom grows,
When kindly applications are not us'd:
The scorpion love must on the wound be bruin'd,
On that one object 'tis not safe to stay,
But force the tide of thought some other way:
The squander'd spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common glebe of nature sow.

Ver. 1075. Dryden.

Nor knows the lover in that wild excess,
With hands or eyes, what first he would possess;
But strains at all, and fast'ning where he strains,
Too closely presses with his frantic pains.
With biting kisses hurts the twining fair;
Which shows his joys imperfect, unsincere;
For, stung with inward rage, he flings around,
And strives to avenge the smart on that which
gave the wound.

A. I.

Ver. 1078. Dryden, in *All for Love*:

But when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and tumultuous sighs,
I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiss.

Ver. 1087. Dryden.

For ardent hope still flatters anxious grief,
And sends him to his foe to seek relief:
Which still the nature of the thing denies,
For love, and love alone, of all our joys,
By full possession does but fan the fire;
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.

And, to the same purpose, in the *Tragedy of All for Love*, he says finely,
There's no satiety of love in thee!
Enjoy'd thou still art new: perpetual spring
Is in thy arms: the ripen'd fruit but falls,
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,
And I grow rich by giving.

And in *Amphitryo*.

Your fruits of love are like eternal spring
In happy times, where some are in the bud,
Some green, and rip'ning some, while others fall.

Ver. 1089. Here the poet teaches how the appetites of hunger and thirst come to be satisfied, though that of love can never be so. Meat and drink, says he, go down into the stomach, where they fill certain places, whose emptiness excited the desire of them. And

Hence thirst and hunger may be satisfy'd:
But this repletion is to love deny'd.
Form, feature, colour, whatsoe'er delight
Provokes the lover's endless appetite,
These fill no space, nor can we thence remove
With lips, or hands, or all our instruments of love.
In our deluded grasp we nothing find,
But thin aerial shapes that fleet before the mind.
As he, who in a dream with drought is curs'd,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirst,
Runs to imagin'd lakes his heat to steep;
And vainly swills, and labours in his sleep:
So love with phantoms cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly seeing never satisfies:
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they strain,
But wander o'er the lovely limbs in vain.

Ver. 1099. Dryden.

And when the youthful pair more closely join,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in
thighs they twine:
Just in the raging foam of full desire,
When both press on, both murmur, both expire:
They gripe, they squeeze, their humid tongues
they dart,
As each would force their way to t'other's heart.
In vain: they only cruise about the coast;
For bodies cannot pierce, and be in bodies lost:
As sure they strive to be, when both engage
In that tumultuous momentary rage.
So tangled in the nets of love they lie,
Till man dissolves in that excess of joy:

Then when the gather'd bag has burst its way,
And ebbing tides the slacken'd nerves betray,
A pause ensues; and nature nods a while,
Till with recruited rage new spirits boil,
And then the self-same violence returns:
With flames renew'd, th' erected furnace burns:
Again they in each other would be lost,
But still by adamant bars are crost.
All ways they try, successless all they prove,
To cure the secret fore of ling'ring love.

Ver. 1113. Here the poet enumerates the many inconveniences that are the inseparable attendants of love; which, at best, is a wretched slavery, obnoxious to suspicions, and fantastical fancies: In a word, an uneasy passion, which all but downright madmen will avoid.

[*They waste their strength, &c.*] This is most certainly true, if we may give credit to some physicians, mentioned by Dr. Brown in his *Pseudodox Epidemic* lib. iii. c. 9. and who, though they agree in the generally received opinion, that the seed is only a more perfect concoction and preparation of the blood; yet assert, that it receives so great a quantity of spirits by that preparation, that to lose but one drachm of it weakens a man as much as the loss of sixty ounces of blood. And hence persons addicted to venery are generally pale: whence Juvenal, Sat. i. ver. 41.

Accipiat sanè mercedem sanguinis, et sic
Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem.

Where *sanguis* is taken for the seed itself; and in that sense too, Plautus likewise uses it. "Apage à me istas forores, quæ hominum sorbent sanguinem."

Ver. 1117, 1118. "Lucret. Pulchra in pedibus Sicyonia ridet." Sicyon was a city of Peloponnesus, whose inhabitants are often represented by Cicero to be very effeminate; and lib. i. de Oratore, he particularly mentions their shoes. "Si mihi calceos Sicyonis attulisset, non uterer, quamvis essent habiles, et apti ad pedes, quia non essent viriles." Athenæus, lib. iv. and Lucian in Rhetore, mention them likewise. See also Julius Pol-lux.

Ver. 1118. Lucret.

—Teriturque Thalassina vestis
Assidue, et Veneris sudorem exercita potat,
Which Dryden has rendered more fully than our translator,

And the blue coat that with embroidery shines,
Is drunk with sweat of their o'erlabour'd loins.
Moreover, the colour which the Romans called Thalassinus, was a Cerulean, and had a cast of green. See above, ver. 75.

Ver. 1119. Lucretius.

Et bene parva patrum sunt anademata, mitra,
Interdum in pallam ac Meliteniâ, Cæaque ver-
tunt.

The *anadema* was an ornament that women wore on their heads, made of ribbands, and almost like a coronet. The *mitra* was a cap which women likewise wore; it was set with pearls, and tied

under their chin with ribbands and chains. Virg. *Æn.* iv. ver. 216.

Mæoniâ mentum mitra crinemque madentem Subnexus.—

Melitenſia and *Cea*, were garments ſo called from the iſlands *Melita* and *Cea*, whence they were brought. *Melita* lay in the African Sea, between Sicily and Africa. *Hefychius* *Μελίτια ὁρμα τῖνα διαφραγὴ ἐν Μελίτις τῆς νήσου*. Cicero in 2 cont. Verr. often mentions the *Melitenſian* garments: And in 4 cont. Verr. he ſays, that *Melita*, the town where *Verres* was born, “*Textrinum per biennium ad muliebrem veſtem conficiendam fu- iſſe.*” And of all the artiſans of *Melira* *Diodorus Siculus* chiefly commends τὴν ὁρμὰ πικνυῖσθαι τῇ εἰ λαιτῆρσι τῇ μαλακότητι δια ποιεῖσθαι. *Cea* was an iſland in the *Ægean Sea* of which *Pliny*, lib. iv. cap. 9. ſays, “*Ex hac profectam deliciorem feminis veſtem auctor eſt Varro. Propert.*” lib. i. Eleg. 2.

Et tenues Cæa veſte movere finus:

Ver. 1123. The cuſtom of the ancients, both Greeks and Latins, to adorn their heads with chaplets of flowers, and to anoint themſelves with fragrant ointments, when they ſet down to drink and be merry, is frequently mentioned in the authors of theſe days. See Book iii. ver. 896. It is thought by ſome, that this cuſtom came originally from the Hebrews: They ground their conjecture on *Ezekial*, chap. xxiii. where *Samaria* and *Jeruſalem* are deſcribed under the metaphor of whores: Incenſe and oil are mentioned ver. 41.; and in ver. 42. it is ſaid, that their lovers put beautiful ornaments on their heads: Which *Fortunatus Scacchus*, in his *Myrothecium*, lib. i. cap. 20. underſtands in this ſenſe of garlands of flowers, and of ointments: Moreover, they arrived at length to an exceſs of curioſity in regard to their ointments, that was indeed wonderful: For *Athenæus*, lib. xv. cap. 11. reports out of an old poet, that they grew ſo nice as to require ſeveral ſorts of ointments for one ſingle uſion, namely, Egyptian for the feet and thighs, Phœnician for the cheeks and breasts, Syſymbrian for the arms, Amaracine for the eyebrows and hair, and Serpylline for the neck and knees; but, above all the reſt, we may obſerve, that the ancients made uſe of one ſort of oil, or ointment, of great value and ſingular excellency: it was called *oleum ſuſinum*, and made of lilies, which, in the Phrygian tongue, are called *θεῖα*, but chiefly of that ſort of lily which the Greeks call *χελίον*, and to which, it is believed, alluſion is made, Cantic. iv. ver. 13. where the church ſays of Chriſt, his lips are like lilies; which would ſeem a ſtrange compariſon, according to the common acceptance of that flower; I mean, if we ſhould underſtand in that place the white lily; eſpecially ſince the beauty of the lips conſiſts in being red: And therefore our Saviour, deſcribing his ſpouſe the church, according to that notion of a beautiful lip, ſays, “*Thy lips are like a thread of ſcarlet.*” Cantic. iv. 3. Wherefore we may conclude,

that there were ſeveral ſorts of lilies: And *Pliny* deſcribes the lily that is called *χελίον*, to be of a ruddy colour: “*Eſt et rubens lilium quod Græci χελίον vocant,*” ſays the author in his *Natural Hiſt.* lib. xxi. cap. 5. and which, as *Athenæus*, lib. ii. cap. 2. ſays was the ſame with *θεῖα*. And of this ſort of lily was made that admirable *oleum ſuſinum*, mentioned by the ſame *Pliny*, lib. xiii. cap. 1. *Scacchus*, in the book before cited, chap. xxvii. takes this to be the ſame oil which the prophet calls the oil of gladneſs; but that critic might better have called it the figure of this, which, as he himſelf ſays, ſignifies the high grace of the hypoſtatical union. Beſides, what is ſomewhat ſtrange, we may obſerve that the learned *Cordus* makes no mention of this *oleum ſuſinum* in his *Diſpenſatorium*, though p. 301 of that book he deſcribes the *oleum lilinum*: But it is evident that he means only the oil of the white lily.

Ver. 1125. The original of this paſſage deſerves to be tranſcribed.

Nequequam: quoniam medio de fonte leporum Surgit amari aliquid, quod in iſtis floribus angat.

where; by “*in iſtis floribus,*” the poet means, ſays *Cræch*, then chiefly when love reaches to lovers his vaſt delight: when he gives them to drink of his nectar: *Dryden* has tranſlated it finely:

In vain:—

For in the fountain where the ſweets are ſought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poiſons all the draught.

The two next verſes of *Lucretius*, our tranſlator has taken no notice of. They are theſe:

*Aut quod conſcius ipſe animus ſe forte remordet;
Deſidioſe agere atatem, luſtriſque petire:*

But I have interſerted them, as tranſlated by *Dryden* in four verſes.

Ver. 1135. This *Lucretius* calls “*amor proprius:*” which is, ſays *Faber*, when a man is ſo well beloved by the perſon on whom he has fixed his paſſion, that ſhe forſakes all company for his: To which the poet oppoſes, the love which he calls “*amor adverſus,*” that is to ſay, diſaſtrous love, in which a man meets with many croſſes, and above all, with a miſtreſs that neglects and ſcorns him.

Ver. 1144. But the wretch is already caught, and lies ſtruggling in the ſnare: Who will deliver and ſet him free? This our poet pretends to do in the following fifty-two verſes.

Ver. 1154. In this place, *Cræch* has omitted the three next verſes of his author, which are theſe:

*Atque alios alii inſident, veneremque ſuadent
Ut placent quoniam ſædo adſiſtantur amore:
Nec ſua reſpiciunt miſeri mala maxima ſæpe.*

Lambinus is for having them expunged, yet *Faber* will not give his conſent: On the contrary, he ſays, they are truly *Lucretian*, and carry a very good ſenſe; then he explains them as fol-

lows : Some lovers persuade their friend, who is in love with a deformed dowdy, to appease Venus, and render her propitious to him in his amours, because it is she has sent him so ugly a mistress : Meanwhile they themselves are in love with others, who are less lovely and less beautiful. Dryden too has omitted them : And, indeed, allowing of the interpretation that Faber has given them, I cannot well see what they have to do in this place. Creech, in his Latin notes, has transcribed Faber's opinion, but says nothing of his own ; however, having printed the interpretation of them in a different character, I am apt to believe he rather inclined to the opinion of Lambinus.

Ver. 1156. Lucret. *Cælia καλλιόων*. " *Cæli oculi*," are the blueish gray eyes, such as cats have ; or rather, such as owls, which have a reddish cast. These animals can see by night, and their eyes generally look very fierce. Now such eyes were never esteemed ; and therefore the lover called his mistress, who had such eyes, a little Pallas. Pallas was the goddess of wisdom, and Homer often calls her *γλαυκῶπις* which signifies, having eyes that sparkle, or that are of a fiery redness, like the eyes of a lion.

Ver. 1157. *Χαρίτων*, one of the graces, who were three in number, Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne the daughters of Jupiter and Aurore, or of Jupiter and Eurynome. They are said to be very beautiful, extremely witty, and always gay and merry.

Ver. 1159. " *Balba, loqui non quit*," *τραυλίζε*. If any stammer to that degree that she cannot speak, they say she lips ; for liping is but a slight imperfection in speaking, in comparison of stammering : The first faulters only in the pronunciation of a letter, and chiefly of *r*, as *aulola* for *aurore* : And Aristophanes, and Plutarch, tell us, Alcibiades had such an impediment. But he that stammers often murders whole syllables : Moreover, the last part of this verse, and all the next, is an addition to Lucretius.

Ver. 1163. " *Padon vero est, jam mortua tuffi*." Because a cough, when it is become a habit, or at least continues for some time, wastes the body, and brings it, as we say, to nothing but skin and bone ; therefore, that they might extenuate this fault, they called the consumptive girls *padivas*, thin or slender. Theocritus too says of the Cyparissians, that they are *padivas*, which the Scholiast interprets, *επιμήκειες*, *λιπῆες*, which signifies likewise thin and slender. Ovid had this expression of Lucretius in his mind, when he said,

Sit gracilis, macie quæ modo viva sua est.

And this of Lucilius is something like it : " *Vix vivo homine ac monogrammo*."

Ver. 1165. Ceres, the goddess of corn, of whom see Book ii. ver. 516, and Book v. ver. 16. She was always painted with large swelling breasts, and therefore the epithet *πρόβος*, well fed, is commonly given her. " *Ceres est ipsa ab Iacchō*," says Lucretius : which expression Arnobius, lib.

iii. " *contra gentes*," thus explains : " *Ceres ab Iaccho, id est, Ceres ἡ πρὸ Ἰάκχου*," that is to say, Ceres, whom Iacchus or Bacchus loved. For Bacchus was called Iacchus, from *ιαχῆ*, a clamour, because of the bawling drunken women that were in his train. But let us see how Dryden has rendered this passage :

For thus the bedlam train of lovers use
T' enhance the value, and the faults excuse :
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see
They doat on dowdies and deformity :
Ev'n what they cannot praise, they will not blame,
But veil with some extenuating name :
The fallow skin is for the swarthy put,
And love can make a flatterer of a slut :
If cat-ey'd, then a Pallas is their love :
If freckled, she's a party-colour'd dove :
If little, then she's life and soul all o'er ;
An Amazon, the large two-handed whore :
She stammers ? Oh what grace in liping lies !
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wife :
If shrill, and with a voice to drown a choir,
Sharp-witted she must be, and full of fire :
The lean consumptive wench, with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender maid :
Th' o'ergrown, a goodly Ceres is express'd,
A bed-fellow for Bacchus at the least :
Flat-nose the name of satyr never misses ;
And hanging blubber lips but pout for kisses.

Where, among many other things well worth taking notice of, we may observe, the last verse save one, " *Flat-nose*," &c. which Creech has totally omitted : " *Simula, ἰσαλῆς*, ac *Satyræ ἰδ.*" *Lucret.* For the Sileni and the Satyrs, who were the companions of Bacchus, were generally painted with flat noses. The Sileni were the oldest, and masters of the Satyrs, as we learn from Pausanias in Attic. See Casaubon, lib. de *Satyræ*, &c. See also above, ver. 589. Moreover, Cowley seems to have had this passage of Lucretius in his mind, when he said,

Colour or shape ; good limbs or face ;
Goodness or wit in all I find ;
In motion, or in speech a grace ;
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind :
If tall, the name of proper flays ;
If fair, she's pleasant as the light ;
If low, her prettiness does please ;
If black, what lover loves not night :
The fat with plenty fills my heart ;
The lean with love makes me too so ;
If strait, her body's Cupid's dart
To me ; if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Ver. 1171. This in nowise expresses the thought of Lucretius, who says,

Nemque eadem facit, et scirpus facere omnia,
turpi.

Dryden much more to the purpose,

She does no more in that for which you woe,
Than homelier women full as well can do.

Ver. 1184. This is not in Lucretius, nor do I think he would have said it. Neither has our translator any authority for ver. 1190. I take such thoughts to be unworthy of his author.

Ver. 1193. Lucretius.

Et si bello animo 'st, et non odiosa vicissim,
Prætermittet te humanis confedere rebus.

Which Faber thus explains: And unless she be downright morose and untoward, you will easily be able to discover her failings and defects: Nay, she will not so much as endeavour to conceal them from you, hoping you will not be offended at them, since they are not peculiar to one woman only, but common to the whole sex.

For common sense brings all their cheats to view,
And the false light discovers by the true:
Which a wife harlot knows, and hopes to find
A pardon for defects, that run through all the kind.

Dryd.

Ver. 1196. Here Creech had skipped over seventeen verses of Lucretius, which are supplied by these nineteen verses taken from Dryden. The poet supposes he has said enough to create in his readers a loathing of those common harlots, who prostitute themselves only for gain, and who do all they can to hinder conception. And, therefore, being now going to show how it comes to pass that children are sometimes like their fathers, sometimes like their mothers, and sometimes like both their parents; nay, that they sometimes too resemble their grandfathers, and more remote progenitors; he premises these nineteen verses, in which he teaches, that some women do it with all their heart, for the sake of the pleasure, of which they are no less sensible than the males: For, that the joys of coition are common to both sexes, the copulations of brute animals abundantly evince.

Ver. 1202. Thus too Virg. Georg. iii. ver. 242.

Omne adeo genus in terris hominumque ferarumque;

Et genus a quoreum, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
In furias, ignemque ruunt: Amor omnibus idem.

Thus ev'ry creature, and of ev'ry kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find;
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or skim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame:
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.

Dryd.

Ver. 1215. In these nineteen verses Lucretius teaches, that if, when the seed of both parents mixes and incorporates into one mass, the seed of the male prevails, the child, whether male or female, will resemble the father; and, on the contrary, that if the seed of the female prevail, the child, be it of either sex, will resemble the mother. And from this prevailing power of the seed, it most frequently happens, that the child resembles but one of its parents. But if there be an equal mixture of the seed of both parents, and

neither of them prevail, in that case the child's figure and features too are mingled; inasmuch that that common offspring may seem to favour either neither of them both, because it derives not its all from any one of them; or else it may seem to resemble both of them, because it has borrowed a part from each. But the reason, why children sometimes resemble their grandfathers, or any other of their more remote ancestors, is because the seed consists, and is composed, of many molecules, or very minute particles, which not being always all of them dissolved into atoms, neither in the first generation or descent next to them, nor in the other next to that, come afterwards in one of the succeeding generations, to discover themselves in such a manner, that what they might have done in the next, or first generation, they do only in one that is more remote. Lactantius, lib. de Opificio Dei. cap. 12. seems to be of the same opinion, and tells us besides, that the reason why the seed of the male sometimes prevails, and sometimes that of the female, is, because there is a greater quantity, sometimes of the seed of one of them, sometimes of that of the other: By which means the prevailing seed comes in a manner to surround and shut up the other. His words are as follows: "Similitudines autem in corporibus filiorum sic fieri putant. [Varro scilicet et Aristoteles] cum semina inter se permixta coalescant, si virile superaverit, patri similem provenire, seu marem, seu feminam. Si muliebres prævaluerit, progeniem cujusque sexus ad imaginem respondere matrem. Id autem prævalet è duobus, quo id fuerit uberius: alterum enim quodammodo amplectitur ac includit. Hinc plerumque fieri solet, ut unius tantum lineamenta prætendant. Si vero æqua fueris ex pari semine permixtio, figuras quoque misceri, ut soboles illa communis aut neutrum referre videatur, quia totum ex altero non habet; aut utrumque, quia partem de singulis mutuata est. Nam in corporibus animalium videmus, aut confundi parentum colores, ac fieri tertium neutri generantium similem; aut utriusque sic exprimi, ut discoloribus membris per omne corpus concors mixtura varietur." All which is so exactly the doctrine of Lucretius, that Dryden's translation of this passage of the poet shall serve to explain the sense of that father.

Now when the woman's more prevailing juice
Sucks in the man's, the mixture will produce
The mother's likeness; when the man's prevails,
His own resemblance in the seed he seals.
But when we see the new begotten race
Reflect the features of each parent's face,
Then of the father's and the mother's blood,
The justly temper'd seed is understood:
When both conspire, with equal ardour bent,
From ev'ry limb the due proportion sent,
When neither party soils, when neither's soil'd,
This gives the blendid features of the child.
Sometimes the boy the grandfire's image bears;
Sometimes the more remote progenitor he shares
Because the genial atoms of the seed
Lie long conceal'd, e'er they exert the breed

L. l. iii.

And, after sundry ages past, produce
The tardy likeness of the latent juice.
Hence families such different figures take,
And represent their ancestors in face and hair, and make.

Because of the same seed, the voice, and hair,
And shape, and face, and other members are;
And the same antic mould the likeness does prepare.

Thus oft the father's likeness does prevail
In females, and the mother's in the male.
Nor, since the seed is of a double kind,
From that whence we the most resemblance find,
We must conclude the strongest tincture sent,
And that was in conception prevalent.

Macrobius, Saturnal. lib. vii. cap. 16. defines the seed of all animals in these words: "Semen generatio est ad ejus ex quo et similitudinem pergens.

Ver. 1230. The words in Lucretius are,

Et muliebri oritur patrio de femine sæculum,
Maternoque mares existunt corpore creti.

It is not so great a paradox, says the poet, that the child should chiefly resemble in face, hair, voice, &c. either its father or its mother, according as the seed of either most prevails; as it is, that a child of the female sex should spring from the seed of the father, and a male child from that of the mother: However, he ascribes this effect to the same cause, viz. to the prevalence of the seed. But Lactantius, in the place above cited, gives another reason of it: and after having described the interior parts of the womb, and said, that the right part is the male, and the left the female, he continues, that if the seed of the male happen to fall into the left part of the womb, then indeed a male child is begot; but because it is conceived in the female part of the womb, it will have something more womanish than the manly comeliness requires; as a beautiful face, too fair a complexion, a weak shrill voice, &c. In like manner, if the seed of the female flow into the right part of the womb, then indeed a female child is begot; but because it is conceived in the male part, it will have something manly in it, more than properly belongs to the female sex; as strong limbs, a swarthy complexion, a robust voice, &c. But if the male seed happens to lodge in the right, and the female in the left, then the fruit of either is brought forth as it ought to be; inasmuch that the female offspring will have all the tenderness and beauty that are natural to their sex, and the male all the manliness and strength both of body and mind. "Disparis quoque naturæ hoc modo fieri putantur: cum forte in lævam uteri partem masculinæ stirpis semen incidit, marem quidem gigni opinatio est: sed quia fit in femininâ parte conceptus, aliquid in se habere femininum, supra quam virile decus patitur: vel formam insignem, vel nimium candorem, vel corporis levitatem, vel artus delicatos, vel staturam brevem, vel vocem gracilem, vel animum imbecillum, vel ex his plura. Item si in dextram partem semen femininâ sexûs influxerit,

feminam quidem procreari: sed quoniam in masculinâ parte-concepta sit, habere in se aliquid virilitatis, ultra quam sexus ratio permittat: aut valida membra, aut immoderatam longitudinem aut fuscum colorem, aut hispidam faciem, aut vultum indecorum, aut vocem robustam, aut animum audacem, aut ex his plura. Si vero masculinum in dexterum, feminam in sinistram pervenerit, utroque sætus rectè provenire, ut et feminis per omnia naturæ suæ decus constet et maribus, tam mente, quam corpore, robur virile fervetur. Lact. de Opif. Dei, cap. 12.

Ver. 1234. The poet being now going to dispute of the causes of barrenness, he first in these eight verses, according to his usual custom, falls foul upon the gods, and tells us, it is to no purpose to make supplications to them to give us children: because they never curse with barrenness, either the man or the woman. Nor does it deserve our admiration, that he excludes the gods from concerning themselves with the nuptial bed, since according to the doctrine of Epicurus, he places them in the intermundia, the spaces between his many worlds, where they indulge themselves in uninterrupted repose, and have no manner of concern for the affairs here below: It is in vain, therefore, to importune them with prayers, to fly to their oracles, or to have recourse to magic numbers: as if we believed that

—The vain decrees of powers above
Deny production to the act of love;
Or hinder fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren womb the matron flame;
As many think, who stain with victim's blood
The mournful altars, and with incense load,
To bless the show'ry seed with future life,
And to impregnate the well-labour'd wife.

Ver. 1242. The causes of sterility, which Lucretius in these twenty-six verses ascribes to the temperament and quality of the seed, are true, and related as modestly as the nature of the subject would permit. He tells us,

That barrenness of sexes will proceed
Either from too condens'd, or wat'ry seed:
The wat'ry juice too soon dissolves away,
And in the parts projected, will not stay.
The too condens'd, unfoul'd, unwieldy mass,
Drop short, nor carries to the destin'd place,
Nor pierces to the parts; nor though injected
home,

Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the womb:

Then he tells us, that this undue quality and difference of the seed is the reason why some women, who are barren to a first husband, have children by a second; and on the contrary, why some men, who had no children by a first wife, when they are married to another, come to have many:

For nuptials are unlike in their success:
Some men with fruitful seed some women bless:
And from some men some women fruitful are,
Just as their constitutions join or jar;

And many seeming barren wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more prolific men,
Have fill'd a family with prattling boys :
And many, not supply'd at home with joys,
Have found a friend abroad to ease their smart,
And to perform the sapless husband's part.

Ver. 1266. In these two verses he tells us, that what we eat and drink is of great moment, either to promote or hinder barrenness; because some sorts of food produce seed, while others diminish and waste it. And to this opinion of the poet our physicians subscribe.

Ver. 1268. The cause of sterility, alleged in these seventeen verses, from the wanton motions of females in the act of generation, can neither be accused of absurdity, nor of chastity. Whoever would see this passage of our poet explained at large, may consult Donatus, ad Eunuchum Terentii, Act v. Sc. 1. Martial. lib. 1. Epig. 68. et Schioppius ad Priapeia, Ep. 18.

Ver. 1285. Lastly; since love is caused by images; and since the images, that flow from beautiful persons, chiefly excite that passion, how comes it to pass that some men doat on dowdies and deformity? Take care how you say that this comes from above; for the proverb lies: No marriages are made in heaven, nor do the gods any more concern themselves about them, than men who have been long since dead. No, but it is good nature, easiness of temper, modesty, and cleanliness, that renders homely women charming; and sometimes too a long acquaintance and familiarity beget love. Epicurus to Herodotus: *ἡ εὐνοία μὲν μὴ ὀδύσῃ; ἀγαπήνῃ δὲ, εἰ τι μὴ ἰσθλὰς.*

Cupid, the god of love, so called *à cupiendo*. Some feign two of them; one honest, the other base. The honest was born of Jupiter and Venus; but some assign Mercury for his father; the base was the son of Erebus and Nox. Cupid is painted blind, and armed with two darts or arrows, one tipped with gold, the other with lead: that causes love, and this drives it away. Ovid Metam. i. ver. 568.

*Eque sagittiferâ promittit duo tela phœtrâ
Diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amor.*

*Quod facit, auratum est, et cuspide fulget a-
Quod fugat, obtusum est, et habet sub arundine
plumbum.*

Dryden, from the Knight's Tale of Chaucer, describing the Temple of Venus, says of Cupid,
Hard by his mother stood an infant love;
With wings display'd; his eyes were banded
o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a dead-
ly store.

Ver. 1293. See the note on book i. ver. 363. And thus Lucretius concludes his discourse concerning the nature of love; some whole passages of which I have purposely avoided to explain: not for the reason which some perhaps may ima-

gine; but rather, because I take the subject itself to be of such a nature, that scarce the dullest capacity needs an interpreter to understand it.

ANIMADVERSION,

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE FOURTH
BOOK OF LUCRETIVS.

IN this book are contained but very few assertions that a philosopher will approve of: For within the whole extent of philosophy, there is not a weaker, or more trifling opinion than that of Epicurus concerning images: For let it be granted, That such subtile *exuvie*, or minute membranes are continually getting loose, and flying off from the surface of things, yet, when they fly to and fro on all sides, they must of necessity mutually break and tear one another, till at length they will be so mixed and blended together, that we should not be able to see or imagine any thing, but Centaurs, Scyllas, and such like monsters.

Nevertheless we must confess, that Lucretius has to ver. 480. disputed of these spectres and images with great sharpness of wit, and elegance of style, and that he has adorned the fable with all the embellishments of art.

From thence to ver. 556. the poet treats the sceptics with the scorn, severity, and indignation, which they justly merit: for those animals ought to be contemned and suppressed: Nor would I blame his great indulgence for the senses, had he not allotted them a more extensive authority than they are well able to execute: I acknowledge the senses not to be fallacious; but am I therefore to measure and determine the magnitude of the sun, moon, and stars, by my eyes? This opinion, to say no worse of it, favours too much of rusticity.

What Lucretius urges to ver. 722. that sound, favour, and odour are corporeal, and that all sensation is made and performed by bodies, none will offer to deny, except such only as are seduced into error by the qualities and other unwarrantable opinions of brain sick Aristotle.

In the next place, as to what he asserts to ver. 832. concerning imagination, why need we give our opinion, since there are no such things as images? And his foolish assertion to ver. 859. which teaches, That our several members, which are so artfully, and with so great wisdom composed, and compacted together, were not made to the end we might use them; but that when they were already made, they laid hold of that office and function, which first offered and presented itself to each of them, deserves no other answer, than a most profound laughter and derision.

We may bear with what he advances to ver. 877. concerning hunger and thirst: but from thence to ver. 905. in which is contained the Epicurean doctrine of the motion of animals, we

discover nothing but what is weak and foolish. And since sleep, according to Lucretius, is occasioned by a dispersion of the soul, why do not we, who are endowed with a soul that is immor-

tal, wake eternally? All that he says of dreams, to ver. 1036. is downright trifling. We have given our thoughts of the rest of this book in the note on v. 1063.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

HAVING in the preface to the first volume given the public so full and ample an account of my design in publishing these notes and animadversions on this English translation of Lucretius, as likewise of the helps I made use of, and of the method I have observed in this undertaking, which I take to be the chief business of a Prefacer, I shall not long detain my reader by way of introduction to this second volume, that contains only the two last books of my author; who, having in these two books treated of a great variety of noble subjects, has afforded me a just occasion of swelling this volume to almost an equal number of sheets with the former, though computing the number of verses, it contains but little more than one third of the whole poem of Lucretius: The length, however, if I may judge of the readers satisfaction in the perusal, by my own in the compiling, will not, I hope, seem tedious to him; and I flatter myself, that I shall not weary and grow irksome to those whom it has been my principal study and design at once to instruct and divert.

When the subject of which my author was treating was naturally crabbed and abstruse, as in the two first books, in which he disputes chiefly of the nature and properties of his atoms; I thought it not convenient to dwell too long upon it; but endeavoured only to render it plain and intelligible with as much brevity as the province of an interpreter, which I had undertaken, would allow. But when he came to treat of things, which I judged would be more entertaining, as of the origin of the world; of the motion of the heavens; of the sun, moon, and stars; of the first men, and of their manners and way of life; of the first institution of kings, magistrates and laws; of the first invention of arts and sciences; of the things we call meteors, as thunder, lightning, whirlwinds, earthquakes, &c. Of the causes of rain, wind, hail, snow, and frost; of the flames that are ejected from the bowels of Mount *Ætna*; of the annual increase of the river Nile; of the *Averni*; of certain miraculous fountains; of the loadstone; and of the cause and origin of plagues and diseases; of all which, as well as of many other subjects of the like nature, Lucretius has disputed in these two last books; when he came, I say, to treat of these matters, he afforded me a wider field to enlarge and expatiate upon; and I have laid hold of the opportunity he gave me, to illustrate all those several

subjects, with the opinions of all the most celebrated, as well ancient, as modern philosophers, concerning them: In which I presume I shall not be deemed to have transgressed the bounds, which were formerly prescribed to an interpreter, who, as Ammonius allows, "*Neque benevolentia ductus conari debet, quæ perperam dicuntur consentanea facere, eaque veluti a tripode excipere, ne; quæ rectè prodita pravo sensu per odium corpore sed eorum esse incorruptus iudex, atque auctores sensum aperire imprimis, illiusque placita interpretari; tum quod alii, et ipse sentiat afferre.*" Besides, I cannot apprehend, but that it will be acceptable to the public to see at one view the different opinions of the learned men in all ages, on the above subjects; and this is what I have endeavoured to oblige my readers with in the following sheets.

I will conclude this preface with a few lines in my own vindication, and then take my leave.

I foresee that I have rendered myself liable to be carped at, and that I shall be censured by some critics, on account of some particular words, and certain ways of expression, which I have constantly observed and made use of through the whole course of this work; contrary to the generally received custom and practice of many, nay, perhaps of most of our present writers.

I need not be told, that, in matter of speech, when custom has once prevailed, we are absolutely obliged to submit to whatever it has imposed upon us; and that it is not lawful, on any pretence whatsoever, to resist the laws of that sovereign, I had almost said tyrant of languages.

Cui penes arbitrium est et jus norma loquendi.

Horat.

But on the other hand, in language, as in most things else, there is a good custom and a bad; the good ought to be the standard of propriety and correctness of speech; and the bad ought carefully to be avoided, as the corrupter of it: so that the main difficulty lies in discerning rightly between them: But how this may be done is not our present business to inquire.

Dr. Swift, in his letter to the Lord High Treasurer, with good reason complains, that our language is extremely imperfect, that its daily improvements are by no means in proportion to its daily corruptions, and that the pretenders to polish and refine it have chiefly multiplied abuses and absurdities; and so far he is certainly in the

right: but, I cannot agree with him when he goes on, and says, That in many instances it offends against every part of grammar. He seems to impute to the language itself the faults of our uncorrect writers. All languages, but more especially the modern, and ours amongst the rest, have certain idioms and properties of speech peculiar to each of them, in which nevertheless they offend against the general rules of grammar. Of this so many instances might be given, that it is needless to give any.

Modern and living languages are not to be fixed by the standard, nor ascertained by the maxims and rules of the ancient and the dead; and their chief beauties consist in frequent emancipations from the servile laws of ancient grammar. A man may write ungrammatically, and yet write very good English; according to this excellent saying of Quintilian, "*Aliud est grammaticè, aliud Latine loqui.*"

I now return to what gave occasion to these reflections, and, among several other instances that my readers may observe, will mention only one or two, in which I have varied from some other writers of these days. Phenomenon is a word that has been introduced into our language: Necessity brought it in to avoid a circumlocution: For it is originally Greek, and signifies an appearance in the heaven, or in the air. Now, some instead of phenomenon, leaving out the two final letters, make it phenomén, and say in the plural, phenomén; both which I take to be altogether absurd: Others who write phenomén in the singular number, when they have occasion to use it in the plural, say phenoménæ, which, in my opinion, is contrary to the analogy of our language; and others again, in the same number, phenoménæ's, which I almost dare pronounce to be a monster in speech: For my own part, whenever I have been obliged to use it in the plural, I have not stuck to say, phenoménons, rather than the phenoménæ, as it is the original; and this I am sure is more conformable to the analogy of our language, in which the difference between the singular and the plural number, even in the words borrowed from the learned languages, consists not in any variation of the final syllable, but in the addition of the letter *s* to the singular number. Thus, in the following words, *idea*, *anathema*, *chimera*, *compendium*, *epithalamium*,

which, together with many other, we have taken from the learned languages, and naturalized in our own, we say not in the plural, *ideæ*, *anathemata*, *chimeræ*, *compendia*, *epithalamia*, even though we have retained their original terminations in the singular, but *ideas*, *anathemas*, *chimeras*, *compendiums*, *epithalamiums*. Besides, since there is no method yet proposed, nor any rules yet agreed upon, and settled among us, for the ascertaining and fixing our language for ever, why has not every man an equal share of liberty, not only to introduce and set up a new word, if there be occasion for it, but even to use one that is already introduced, in a different manner from the rest of his contemporary writers, especially since they themselves use it differently from one another? "*Licuit, semperque licebit.*" This, I hope, is sufficient to excuse, if not to justify, my having used the word *phenoménons* in the plural number; at least it will make it appear to be an error, not of ignorance, but of judgment, and which I declare myself always ready to recant and rectify, whenever I can be better informed, and convinced by good reasons that I am in the wrong.

Again: nothing is more frequent with our present writers than the following way of expression: They greedily embrace that doctrine, be it never so erroneous. This example is taken from one of our most celebrated authors for correctness of style: nevertheless I take the word never in that place to be a barbarism in speech: It ought to be ever; be it ever so erroneous: This way of expression is an idiom of our language; partly elliptic, partly a transposition of the words; which, when placed in due order, and without any word understood, will run as follows: How erroneous soever it be. I have not room in this place to undertake the disquisition of this doubt, nor to give my reasons at large, why, whenever I have had occasion to make use of the like expression, I have dissented from most of our other writers, and employed the word *ever*, rather than *never*: But this, together with some hundreds of observations, relating to our native language, and which I have been many years digesting in my thoughts, I intend to publish in a short time, as an essay towards the correcting, improving, and ascertaining of it, under this title, *Remarks upon the English Tongue*.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE beginning of this book, to ver. 60. contains, I. The praise of Epicurus, who, because he was the first that instructed mortal men in the art of true wisdom, the poet says, ought deservedly to be reckoned among the number of the gods, rather than either Ceres, or Bacchus, or Hercules, whose inventions were less beneficial to human life, than that true and wise philosophy, which Epicurus taught. II. From ver. 59. to ver. 100. he proposes the argument of this book, and shows the connection between these subjects he is now going to handle, and those of which he has already disputed.

in the four preceding books; and being now about to treat of the first rise, and future dissolution of the world, he teaches, III. That the earth, the sea, the heavens, the stars, the sun and the moon, are mortal; and that they are not animated, nor endowed with a diving body, nor are parts of God himself, as the Stoic philosophers believed them to be: then he asserts, that neither the heavens, as the general opinion is, nor indeed any part or parts of the world, are the mansions or abodes of the gods. IV. From ver. 99. to ver. 266. That none may believe that the world was made by the gods, and is therefore immortal; he heaps up several reasons, drawn as well from the nature of the gods, as from the defectiveness and ill contrivance of this vast frame of the universe, by which he endeavours to prove, that it was not the workmanship of a Deity. V. From ver. 265. to ver. 461. he argues, that the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire, of which the world consists, are, nevertheless, generated and mortal; and, consequently, that the world itself once had a beginning, and will have an end. And he confirms and proves, by several other arguments, that this universal frame has not existed from all eternity, nor will be immortal, and remain undissolved to all futurity. VI. From ver. 460. to ver. 551. he treats of the first beginning of the world, and of each of the different parts that compose the whole, and assigns them their proper and respective seats and places, according as they are more or less heavy or light. VII. From ver. 550. to ver. 655. he proposes many difficulties concerning the motions of the heavens and of the planets; but determines nothing for certain: then he teaches, why the whole frame of the earth, which is a heavy body, hangs in the air, without being supported by any foundation: And, at length, takes the dimensions of the sun, the moon, and the stars, and pronounces them neither bigger nor less than they seem to us to be. VIII. From ver. 654. to ver. 824. he gives several reasons of the summer and winter solstices: tells what causes night: why Aurora, or the morning, precedes the sun: why the nights and days mutually overcome and chase away each other by turns: why the moon changes her face and figure; and why the sun and moon are sometimes eclipsed. IX. From ver. 823. to ver. 894. he descends from the heavens, and describes the first rise of herbs, trees, birds, beasts, and man; and tells the order in which each kind of things was produced out of the earth, one after another: to wit, first the grass, then the trees, next the birds, then beasts, and last of all man. X. From ver. 890. to ver. 979. he grants, That monsters, certain maimed and imperfect animals, were born in the beginning of the world; but asserts, that nature gave them not the power to propagate their kinds: Hence he takes occasion to deride and explode all Chimeras, Centaurs, Scyllas, and the other fabulous and monstrous productions, which the poets feign that nature brings forth; and asserts, that there never were, nor could be any such prodigies of nature, neither at the beginning of the world, nor at any time since to this day; and also, that no such things can be produced hereafter. XI. From ver. 978. to ver. 1156. the poet describes the strength of the first men, their robust constitution of body, their poorness of living, their food, wit, manners, houses, and marriages. XII. From ver. 1155. to 1223. he teaches, That, after fire was thrown down upon earth by lightning, men began to be more civilized; and, having invented how to dress meat, fared more deliciously than before. That they then first established societies, entered into leagues and alliances, shared the land among themselves, and chose kings to govern them: who were either the most strong, the most beautiful, or the most witty among them; and were elected for one or more of these three reasons: but that at length, gold being found out, the richer commanded the poorer; and, envy springing up among them, a sedition arose, the kings were deposed, republics instituted, and laws established, to secure every one in his property. XIII. From ver. 1232. to ver. 1326. he treats of the fear of the gods, and of the first rise of religion; which he ascribes merely to ignorance of the Divine Nature, and of natural causes. XIV. From ver. 1325. to the end of the book, he teaches how the several metals, gold, silver, brass, iron, and lead, came first to be discovered; mentions the first arts of war, and the weapons then used; and concludes with the invention and progress of spinning, weaving, agriculture, sailing, music, poetry, and other arts.

WHAT verse can soar on so sublime a wing,
As reaches his deserts? What muse can sing
As he requires? What poet now can raise
A stately monument of lasting praise,
Great as his vast deserts, who first did show
These useful truths; who taught us first to know
Nature's great pow'rs? 'Tis more than man can
do!

For, if we view the mighty things he show'd,
His useful truths proclaim, he was a god!
He was a god who first reform'd our souls, IO
And led us by philosophy and rules.
From cares, and fears, and melancholy night,
To joy, to peace, to ease, and show'd us light.

For now, compare what other gods bestow;
Kind Bacchus first the pleasing vine did show;
And Ceres corn; and taught us how to plough,

Yet men might still have liv'd without these two,
They might have liv'd as other nations do. 18
But what content could man, what pleasure find,
What joy in life, while passions vex'd the mind?
Therefore, that man is more a god than these,
That man who show'd us how to live at ease;
That man who taught the world delight and
peace.

His useful benefits are rais'd above
Alcides acts, the greatest son of Jove!
For, tell me how the fierce Nemæan roar [boar,
Could fright us now? How could th' Arcadian
The Cretan bull, the plague of Lerne's lakes,
The pois'nous hydra with her num'rous snakes?
How could Geryon's force, or triple face? 30
How Diomed's fiery horse, those plagues of
Thrace?

How could the birds that o'er th' Arcadian plains
With crooked talons tore th' affrighted swains,
Offend us here? Whom had the serpent struck,
Mighty in bulk, and terrible in look,
That, arm'd with scales, and in a dreadful fold,
Twin'd round the tree, and watch'd the growing
gold?

Remov'd as far as the Atlantic shore,
Deserts untrod by us and by the Moor, 39
Those others too that fell and rais'd his fame,
That gave him this diffus'd and lasting name,
And made him rise a god from Oeta's flame:
Had they still liv'd, what mischief had they done?
Whom had they torn? Whom frighted? Surely
none:

For now, ev'n now, vast troops of monsters fill
Each thick and darksome wood, and shady hill.
Yet who complains, yet who their jaws endure?
For men may shun their dens, and live secure.

But had not his philosophy began,
(What had not man endur'd, ungrateful man?) 50
And cleans'd our souls, what civil wars, what cares
Would fierce ambition raise, what pungent fears?
How pride, lust, envy, sloth, would vex the mind?
Therefore, the man who thus reform'd our souls,
That slew the monsters, not by arms, but rules,
Shall we, ungrateful we, not think a God?
Especially since he divinely show'd
What life the gods must live; and found the cause
And rise of things, and taught us nature's laws.

His steps I trace; and prove, as things begun,
By the same laws, and nature they live on, 61
And fail at last, loose all their vital ties;
But chiefly, that the soul is born, and dies:
And that those shadows which in dreams appear,
And forms of friends, and perish'd heroes bear,
Are but loose shapes, by fancy wrought in air.

Now I must teach, the world, as years prevail,
Must die; this noble frame must sink and fail;
And how at first 'twas form'd; what curious
blows [compose:

Made seed, earth, seas, sun, heav'n, and stars
What living creatures did, what never rose. 71

How leagues, and how society began;
What civiliz'd the savage creature, man. [above,
Whence sprung that mighty dread of pow'rs
That reverence, that awful fear and love,
Which first religious duties did engage;
And now secures their holy things from rage.

How tow'rd's both poles the sun's fix'd journey
bends,

And how the year his crooked walk attends:
By what just steps the wand'ring lights advance;
And what eternal measures guide the dance; 81
Lest some should think their rounds they freely
Scatt'ring their servile fires on things below, [go,
On fruits and animals, to make them grow.

Or that some god does whirl the circling sun,
And fiercely lash the fiery horses on:
For ev'n those few exalted souls, that know
The god, must live at ease, not look below,
Free from all meddling cares, from hate and
love;

If they admire, and view the world above, 90
And wonder how these glorious beings move,

They are entrapp'd, they bind their slavish chain,
And sink to their religious fears again;
And then the world with heav'nly tyrants fill,
Whose force is as unbounded as their will.
Deluded ignorants! who ne'er did see
By reason's light, what can, what cannot be:
How ev'ry thing must yield to fatal force;
What steady bounds confine their nat'ral course.

But now to prove all this; first cast an eye,
And look on all below, on all on high, 101
The solid earth, the seas, and arch'd sky,
One fatal hour (dear youth) must ruin all;
This glorious frame, that stood so long, must fall.

I know that this seems strange, and hard to
prove,
(Strong harden'd prejudice will scarce remove)
And so are all things new and unconfin'd
To sense, nor which through that can reach the
mind,

Whose notice, eye, nor hand, those only ways,
Where science enters, to the soul conveys. 110
And yet I'll sing: perchance the following fall
Will prove my words, and show 'tis reason all.
Perhaps thou soon shalt see the sinking world
With strong convulsions to confusion hurld;
When ev'ry rebel atom breaks the chain,
And all to prim'tive night return again.

But chance avert it! rather let reas'n show [true.
The world may fall, than sense should prove it

But now before I teach these truths, more sure
And certain oracles, and far more pure [ears;
Than what from trembling Pythia reach'd our
I'll first propose some cure against thy fears; 122
Lest superstition prompt thee to believe,
That sun and moon, that seas and earth must live;
Are gods eternal, and above the rage
And pow'rf'ul envy of devouring age:
And, therefore, they whose impious reasons try
(More bold than those fond fools that storm'd
the sky)

To prove the world is mortal, and may die,
That orbs can fall; the sun forsake his light, 130
And bury'd lie, like meaner things, in night,
Calling that mortal which is all-divine,
Must needs be damn'd for their profane design.

For these are so unlike the gods, the frame
So much unworthy of that glorious name,
That neither lives, nor is in animal;
That neither feels; dull things, and senseless all.
For life and sense, the mind and soul refuse 138
To join with all; their bodies must be fit for use.
As heav'n does bear no trees; no stars below;
As stones no blood, and fish no mountains know;
But each has proper place to rise and grow:
So neither souls can rise without the blood,
And nerves, and veins, and bones; for grant they
could,

Then through each single part, as arms, or head,
'Twould first be fram'd, thence o'er the other
As water into vessels pour'd will fall [spread;
First to one part, then rise and cover all.
But since 'tis certain that a proper place
Is settled for the life, and the increase 150
Of mind and soul; 'tis folly to believe
That they can rise without fit limbs, or live;

Or be in sitting air, or chilling seas,
Or earth, or scorching flames. Fond fancies these!
Therefore, they are not gods, their sense divine;
For they are made unfit for that design,
Since none with minds in vital union join.

Nor must we think these are the blest abodes,
The quiet mansions of the happy gods,
Their substance is so thin, so much refin'd, 160
Unknown to sense, nay, scarce perceiv'd by mind.
Now since their substance can't be touch'd by
man,

They cannot touch those other things that can;
For whatsoe'er is touch'd, that must be touch'd
again.

Therefore, the mansions of those happy pow'rs
Must all be far unlike, distinct from ours;
Of subtle natures, suitable to their own:
All which, by long discourse, I'll prove anon.

But now, to say this spacious world began, 169
By bounteous Heav'n contriv'd to pleasure man;
And, therefore, this vast frame they toil'd to raise,
And fit for us, should meet with equal praise;
Or be esteem'd eternal, all secure
From ruin, or the teeth of time endure;
And that 'tis impious to design to prove
What was contriv'd by the wife pow'rs above,
And fix'd eternal for the man they love.
That this can die, that this to fate can bow,
And with bold reason strive to overthrow,

And make that mortal they design'd not so. 180
'Tis fond: For what could man return again?
What profit to the gods for all their pain, [rest,
That they should work for him? Why break their
In which they liv'd before, secure and blest?

What coming joy, what pleasure could they view,
To leave their former life, and seek a new?
For they delight in new, whose former state
Was made unhappy by some treach'rous fate:
But why should they, who liv'd in perfect ease,
Who ne'er saw any thing but what did please,
Be tickled thus with love of novelties? 191
Perhaps they lay obscure, and hid in night,
Till things began, and day produc'd the light.

Besides, what harm, had the sun idly ran,
Nor warm'd the mud, nor kindled it to man,
What harm to us, if we had ne'er began?
True: those that are in being once, should strive
As long as pleasure will invite to live;
But they, who ne'er had tasted joys, nor seen
What hurt to them, suppose they ne'er had been?

Besides: whence had the gods their notice,
whence their mind, 201
Those fit ideas of the human kind?
What image of the work they then design'd?
How did they understand the pow'r of seed?
That they, by change of order, things could breed;
Unless kind nature's pow'rs at first did show
A model of the frame, and taught them how to
know?

For seeds of bodies from eternal strove, [move,
And us'd by stroke, or their own weight to
All sorts of union try'd, all sorts of blows, 210
To see if any way would things compose:
And so, no wonder they at least were hurl'd
Into the decent order of this world;

And still such motions, still such ways pursue,
As may supply decaying things by new.

For were I ignorant how beings rise,
How things begin; yet reasons from the skies,
From ev'ry thing deduc'd, will plainly prove,
This world ne'er fram'd by the wise power's
above; 219

So foolish the design, contriv'd so ill!
For first; those tracts of air what creatures fill?
Why beasts in ev'ry grove, and shady hill?
Vast pools take part, and the impetuous tide,
Whole spreading waves the distant shores divide;
Two parts in three the torrid zone does burn,
Or frigid chill, and all to deserts turn.

And all the other fields, what would they breed,
If let alone, but briars, thorns, and weed?
These are their proper fruits, this nature would,
Did not laborious mortals toil for food; 330
And tear, and plough, and force them to be good.
Did not they turn the clods with crooked share,
By frequent torments forcing them to bear;
No tender fruits, none of their own accord
Would rise to feed proud man, their fancy'd lord.

Nay, often too, when man with pains and toil,
Has plough'd, and overcome th' unwilling soil;
When flow'rs put forth, and budding branches
shoot,

Look gay, and promise the much long'd-for fruit,
The scorching sun, with his two busy beams, 240
Burns up, or clouds destroy the fruits with streams.
Or chill'd by too much snow they soon decay,
Or storms blow them and all our hopes away.

But farther; why should parent nature breed
Such hurtful animals? why cherish, feed
Destructive beasts? Why should such monsters
grow,

Did the kind gods dispose of things below?
Why plagues to all the seasons of the year belong?
And why should hasty death destroy the young?

A man, when first he leaves his prim'tive night,
Breaks from his mother's womb to view the light:
Like a poor carcass, tumbled by the flood,
He falls all naked and besmear'd with blood,

An infant, weak, and destitute of food
With tender cries the pitying air he fills;

A fit preface for all his coming ills: [ease;
While beasts are born, and grow with greater
No need of f-unding rattles them to please;

No need of tattling nurseries busy care [wear
They want no change of garments, but can
The same at any season of the year. 261

They need no arms, no garrison, or town,
No stately castles to defend their own,
Nature supplies their wants; whate'er they crave
She gives them, and preserves the life she gave.

But now, since air, and water, earth, and fire
Are bodies all produc'd, and all expire;
Since these are such, these that compose this frame,
The nature of the whole must be the same: 269
For those, whose parts the strokes of fate controul,
If those are made, and die, so must the whole.
Now, since the members of the world we view,
Are chang'd, consum'd, and all produc'd anew;
It follows then, for which our proofs contend,
That this vast frame began, and so must end.

But lest you think I poorly beg the cause;
And that it disagrees with nature's laws,
That water, air, that earth, and fire should cease,
And fail; that they can die, and can increase;
Consider; earth when parch'd with busy beams,
And trodden much, flies up in dusky streams:
And little clouds of thick'ning dust arise, 281
Dispers'd by winds through all the lower skies:
And gentle rivers too, with wanton play,
That kiss their rocky banks, and glide away,
Take somewhat still from the ungentle stone,
Soften the parts, and make them like their own.

And by what thing another's fed, and grows,
That thing some portion of its own must lose.
Now, since all spring from earth, and since we call,
And justly too, the earth, the source of all; 291
Since all, when cruel death dissolves, return
To earth again, and she's both womb and urn:
The earth is chang'd, some parts must sometimes
cease,

And sometimes new come on, and she increase.
Besides, that seas and rivers waste and die,
And still increase by constant new supply,
What need of proofs? This streams themselves
do show,

And in soft murmurs bubble as they flow.
But lest the mass of water prove too great, 300
The sun drinks some to quench his nat'ral heat:
And some the winds brush off; with wanton play,
They dip their wings, and bear some parts away.
Some passes through the earth, diffus'd all o'er,
And leaves its salt behind in every pore;
For all returns, through narrow channels spread,
And joins where'er the fountain shows her head:
And thence sweet streams in fair meanders play,
And through the valleys cut their liquid way;
And herbs, and flow'rs on ev'ry side bestow, 310
The fields all smile with flow'rs where'er they
flow.

But more; the air, through all the mighty
frame, [same;
Is chang'd each hour, we breathe not twice the
Because, as all things waste, the parts must fly
To the vast sea of air; they mount on high,
And softly wander in the lower sky. }
Now, did not this the wasting things repair,
All had been long ago dissolv'd, all air.
Therefore, since all things waste their vital
chain

Dissolv'd; how can the frame of air remain?
It rises from, and makes up things again. 321
Besides, the sun, that constant spring of light,
Still cuts the heav'ns with streams of shining white;
And the decaying old with new supplies:
For ev'ry portion of the beam that flies,
Is but short-liv'd, it just appears, and dies. }
And thus 'tis prov'd.

For, when an envious cloud stops up the stream,
The constant stream of light, and breaks the beam,
The lower part is lost, and dismal shade [vey'd.
O'er spreads the earth where'er the cloud's con-
Therefore, there must be constant streams of rays,
Since ev'ry portion of the beam decays. 332
Nor should we see, but all lie blind in night,
Unless new streams flow'd from the spring of light.

So from our lights, our meaner fires below,
Our lamps, or brighter torches, streams do flow,
And drives away the night: they still supply
New flames, as swiftly as the former die, }
New beams still tremble in the lower sky. 340
No space is free, but a continu'd ray
Still keeps a constant, though a feeble day;
So fast, ev'n hydra-like, the fruitful fires
Beget a new beam as the old expires.
So sun and moon, with many a num'rous birth,
Bring forth new rays, and send them down to
earth,

Which die as fast: lest some fond fools believe,
That these are free from fate, that these must live.

Ev'n strongest towns and rocks, all feel the rage
Of pow'ful time: ev'n temples waste by age: 350
Nor can the gods themselves prolong their date,
Change nature's laws, or get reprieve from fate:
Ev'n tombs grow old, and waste, by years o'er-
thrown,

Mens graves before, but now become their own.
How oft the hardest rock dissolves, nor bears
The strength but of a few, though pow'ful years!
Now if that rock, for infinite ages past,
Stood still secure, if it was free from waste; }
Why should it fail, why now dissolve at last?

Lastly, look round, view that vast tract of sky,
In whose embrace our earth and waters lie. 361
Whence all things rise, to which they all return,
As some discourse; the same both womb and urn.
'Tis surely mortal all: for that which breeds
That which gives birth to other things, or feeds,
Must lose some parts; and when these things do
cease,

It gets some new again, and must increase.

But grant the world eternal, grant it knew
No infancy; and grant it never new;
Why then no wars our poets songs employ, 370
Before the siege of Thebes, or that of Troy?
Why former heroes fell without a name?
Why not their battles told by lasting fame?
But 'tis as I declare; and thoughtful man,
Not long ago, and all the world began:
And, therefore, arts that lay but rude before, }
Are polish'd now, we now increase the store,
We perfect all the old, and find out more.
Shipping's improv'd; we add new oars and wings;
And music now is found, and speaking strings.
These truths, this rise of things we lately know;
Great Epicurus liv'd not long ago: 382
By my assistance young philosophy
In Latin words now first begins to cry.

But if you think successive worlds, the same
They now appear, but earthquakes shook the
frame,

Or fire destroy'd, or floods swept all away;
Grant only this, and you the cause betray: }
This strongly proves the world will once decay:
For what can sicken thus, can waste and fall, 390
And perish all, if stronger strokes prevail.
For thus, since we can feel the same disease,
Same harms that other per'ishing things do seize, }
We think that we shall die as well as these.

Besides, whate'er's immortal, must be so,
Because 'tis solid 'bove the pow'r of blow;

Whose parts no wedge divides, which know no
And such are seeds as I explain'd before: [pore:
Or else because, like empty space, 'tis such 399
As is secure from stroke, and free from touch:
Or else, because it can admit no bound,
'Tis infinite, and knows no place beyond,
To which the seeds may sink. This makes the all
Eternal; there's no place where seeds may fall,
And breed confusion here. No space does lie
Without the whole to which the parts may fly,
And leave the mighty all to waste and die. }
But now the world's not solid, ev'ry mass
Contains between the seeds some empty space:
Nor is't like void; for thousand things, if hurl'd
With mighty force, can strike and break the world.
Seeds rushing on, may bear some parts away, 412
Like vi'lent streams, and so the world decay.
Besides, there's space beyond, to which the tie
Of union loos'd, the scatter'd parts may fly: }
'Therefore, these heav'n's and earth can waste
and die;

And, therefore, once began; for what can fail,
And waste: o'er what the strokes of fate prevail,
Must be unable to endure the rage
Of infinite past time, and pow'r of age. 420

But, lastly; since th' elements at jars,
Still fight, are still engag'd in civil wars,
Cannot their battles cease, their wars be done,
And all the other parts submit to one?
The fire prevail, and with destructive beams
Dry seas, the thirsty sun drink up the streams?
Which now he seems to try, but all in vain;
For rivers still bring new supplies amain;
So fast, so great, as if design'd to raise
A flood, and o'er the centre spread the seas: 430
But that's in vain; the waters still decay,
The winds brush off and bear some parts away;
The sun drinks some; the stars take some for food,
And seem to threaten more a drought than flood.
Thus they still fight, with equal force maintain
The war; now conquer, and now yield again.

Yet fire, as stories go, did once prevail,
And once the water too was spread o'er all.
The fire prevail'd, when the sun's furious horse,
Disdaining Phaëton's young feeble force, 440 }
Ran through the sky in an unusual course;
And, falling near the earth, burnt all below,
Till angry Jove did dreadful thunder throw, }
And quench'd the hot-brain'd fiery youth in Po.
But Phœbus gather'd up the scatter'd ray,
And brought to heav'n again the falling day.
The horses too that ran through heav'n's wide
plain,

He caught, and harness'd to the coach again.
They ever since, in due obedience, drew 449
The flaming car. This Greece reports as true,
Yet 'tis absurd: but all may yield to flame,
If great supplies of rapid matters came
From the vast mass: for then those seeds must fail,
And sink again, or fire must ruin all. [stand

Seas once prevail'd, nor could the towns with-
The raging waves: they spread o'er all the land.
But when the num'rous seeds, the mighty mass
Supply'd, were turn'd from this into another
place,

The water ceas'd, and the continual rain:
And rivers ran within their banks again. 460

Now I will sing, how moving seeds were hurl'd,
How tofs'd to order, how they fram'd the world:
How sun and moon began; what steady force
Mark'd out their walk; what makes them keep
their course:

For sure unthinking seeds did ne'er dispose
Themselves by counsel, nor their order chose:
Nor any compacts made, how each should move,
But from eternal, through the vacuum strove,
By their own weight, or by eternal blows,
All motions try'd, to find the best of those, 470
All unions too: if, by their various play,
They could compose new beings any way:
Thus long they whirl'd, most sorts of motion past,
Most sorts of union too, they join'd at last
In such convenient order, whence began
The sea, the heav'n, and earth, and beasts, and
man:

But yet no glittering sun, no twinkling star,
No heav'n, no roaring sea, no earth, no air, }
Nor any thing like these did then appear, }
But a vast heap; and from this mighty mass 480
Each part retir'd, and took its proper place:
Agreeing seeds combin'd; each atom ran,
And fought his like, and so the frame began:
From disagreeing seeds the world did rise,
Because their various motion, weight, and size,
And figure, would not let them all combine,
And lie together: nor friendly motions join:
Thus skies, and thus the sun first rais'd his head,
Thus stars, thus seas o'er proper places spread.

For first the earthly parts, a heavy mass, 490
And closely twin'd, possess'd the middle place.
Now as these heavy parts combin'd more close,
Descending still, they vex'd with constant blows
The lurking parts of sea, of stars, and skies,
And sun; and squeez'd them out, and made them
rise;

Because those seeds are subtle, more refin'd,
And round, and smooth, and of a lesser kind
Than those of earth; and so can freely pass
The subtle pores of the descending mass.
And thus the parts of heav'n did first retire, 500
And bore up with them num'rous seeds of fire:
As when the sun begins his early race,
And views the joyful earth with blushing face, }
And quass's the pearly dews, spread o'er the
grass;

From earth he draws some mists with busy beams,
From wand'ring waters some, and running
streams: [high

These thin, these subtle mists, when rais'd on
And join'd above, spread clouds o'er all the sky:
Just so the parts of heav'n did upward move,
The subtle ether, thus combin'd above: 510
And vastly wide, and spread o'er ev'ry place,
Contains the rest within her kind embrace:
Thus heav'n: then rose the moon, and stars, and
sun;

Which through the sky with constant motions run:
Because their seeds were all too light to lie
In earth, nor light enough to rise on high, }
And pass the utmost limits of the sky;

But, plac'd between them both, the midst controul,

Certain, but moving portions of the whole :
Just as in man, some parts refuse to cease } 520
From motion, some still lie dissolv'd in ease.

These things retir'd, the heavier parts of clay }
Sunk farther down, and made an easy way }
For flowing streams, and caverns for the sea. }
And as by constant blows, the vig'rous fun
Did strike the upper parts, and press them down,
More moisture rose; and then did streams increase :
More parts were still squeez'd out, and swell'd
the seas :

More ether then, of air more parts did rise, } 530
And borne on high, there thicken'd into skies :
The mountains rais'd their heads; the humble
field

Sunk low; the stubborn stones refus'd to yield;
The rocks did proudly still their height maintain,
Nor could all sink into an equal plain.
Thus earth at first was fram'd; and thus did fall
The lowest, as the sediment of all.

Thence seas, thence air, thence ether, ev'ry
mass,

Distinct from others, took its proper place;
All fluids and all differently light, } 539
And therefore reach'd the less, or greater height.

Then liquid ether did the farthest rear,
And lies on softest beds of yielding air :
But yet its parts ne'er mix, whilst winds did blow,
And rapid storms disturb all here below,
They undisturb'd move round the steady pole;
And sun, and stars, with constant motion roll :
For that by constant turns the sky may move,
The constant motions of the waters prove.
This thing the mighty mass, the ocean flows;
For that, at settled hours, still ebbs and flows. } 550

Now learn what moves the stars, what mighty
force

Does drive them on; what laws confine their
First, if the orb is mov'd, and whirls, and draws
The sun about; then this may be the cause :
Vast tracts of air the distant skies do bound,
And with a close embrace encircle round;
The upper part of that drives down the skies
From east to west; the under makes them rise;
And so the whirl's perform'd. Thus oft a flood
Turns round a wheel, and whirls the weighty
wood. } 560

Or else the orbs may lie at rest above,
Steady and fix'd, and only stars may move;
Because the fires, confin'd to little space,
Grow fierce and wild, and seek a larger place, }
And thus through the vast heav'n begin their
race.

Or else external air, or subtle wind
May whirl them round : Or they may move to
find

Their nourishment; and run where food invites,
And kindly calls their greedy appetites. } 569
For true, what single force makes stars to rise
And set; what governs these our single skies
Is hard to tell : —

And therefore I, how stars may move, propose
A thousand ways, and numerous as those :

And what may whirl the sun, and pale-fac'd
moon,

In all the worlds; but cannot fix on one,
Although but one rules here; but which that is
'Tis hard to point; it may be that or this.

And that the heavy parts should end their race,
And rest : and earth possess the middle place, } 580
Its weight decay'd; that pow'r did weaker grow,
Because convenient things were plac'd below,
That rose with it, to which 'tis closely join'd,
By nat'ral ties, and strongest bands confin'd :
And thus it softly rests, and, hanging there,
Grows light, nor presses down the lower air.

Just as in man the neck the head sustains,
The feet the whole; yet not one part complains }
Of pressing weight; neither is vex'd with pains.
Yet other weights impos'd we straight per-
ceive, } 590

Though lighter far, contract our limbs and grieve.
[Such vast import from similar parts does spring,
When one is aptly join'd t' another thing.]

So earth was fashion'd in its proper place :
Not made, then thrust into the strange embrace
Of diff'rent air, but with the world began;
A certain part of it, as limbs of man.

Besides, the shaking earth does often move
The upper air, disturbing all above;
Which could not be, unless the strongest tie } 600
Did closely join the earth, the air, and sky.

Thin subtle souls 'cause closely join'd, do prop
The mighty weight of limbs, and bear it up.
What raise the limbs in leaping, what controul,
And guide their motion, but the subtle soul?
Which shows the weighty force of things refin'd,
When ty'd to others of a grosser kind; }
As air to earth, to our gross limbs the mind.

But farther on, the sun and moon do bear
No greater heats, nor figures than appear; } 610
Because that space, through which the rays can
fly,

The heat can reach our touch, the light our eye:
Can lessen nothing, nor contract the frame,
Nor make the fire appear a milder flame :
Now since the vig'rous rays do freely flow
As far as us, and visit all below ! }
Their fires and figures are the same they show :
Nor greater all, nor less. —

— And thus the moon,

Whether with borrow'd rays, or with her own,
She view the world, carries no larger size, } 620
No fiercer flames than those that strike our eyes.
For objects far remov'd, at distance seen,
When too much hind'ring air is plac'd between,
No certain figure show : no eye can trace
Each line, each figure of the distant face :

But since the moon presents a certain size,
A certain shape, and figure, to our eyes, }
'Tis plain that it appears as great as 'tis.

But farther on, since all our flames below,
At distance seen, do various sizes show : } 630
Now lower sink, now raise their lofty head,
And now contracted seem, now farther spread :
We may conclude the stars, when seen from far,
Or somewhat greater than the figures are, }
Or somewhat, though but little, less appear.

But more, no wonder that such vast supplies,
Such streams of rays from this small sun should
rise,

As cherish all with heat, and fill the skies.
For we may fancy this the spring of fire,
To which the vapours of the world retire; 640
There gather into streams, and thence they fall,
As from the fountain's head, and spread o'er all.
Thus have we seen a little fountain yield
Vast spreading streams, and flow o'er all the field.

Or else the sun might kindle neighb'ring air,
And raise surprising heat and fervour there.
Perchance the air is of convenient frame,
And may be kindled by a little flame;
As oft in straw and corn fierce flames prevail,
From one poor falling spark, and spread o'er all. 650

Or else the sun has secret stores of heat,
Dark, and unshining stores, but vastly great;
And these increase the warmth, these move the
sense,

And these united, make the heat intense. [bends,
How tow'rd both poles the sun's fix'd journey
And how the year his crooked walk attends,
Why from the summer's height he soon declines,
And falls to visit the cold winter signs,
And then returns. And why the nimble moon

Does drive her chariot faster than the sun; 660
And in one month through all the zodiac go,
While the grave sun's a year in walking through.
For this a thousand reasons may be shown;

But yet 'tis hard, nor safe, to fix on one.
For first, Democritus has found the cause
Perhaps, and rightly settled nature's laws;
For thus he says: Great orbs are whirl'd above,
And by that whirl the lower circles move;
And so the distant orbs that lie below, 669

Far from this spring of motion, move but slow,
Because the pow'r still lessens. Thus the sun
Is far outstripp'd by nimble stars, that run
In higher rounds; much more the lower moon.
Now since she's plac'd so low, since weak the
force,

She cannot have an equal nimble course
With stars; so these may overtake the moon,
And pass beyond her oft'ner than the sun.
Thus she may seem to move, her walk appear
Through all the signs, 'cause they return to her.

Besides, by turns a constant stream of air, 680
As fix'd and certain seasons of the year, [decline,
Might rush from either part, and make the sun
And fall from summer to the winter sign;
Or drive it up again, and bring the rays
And heat to us, and show us longer days.

And thus the moon, thus other stars may rise,
And sink again into the winter skies.
Whirl'd by these two constant streams of air. —

The clouds in storms two different ways do move,
The lower opposite to those above. 690
What wonder then the sun with vig'rous beams,
And stars are driven by two constant streams?

And day may end, and tumble down the west,
And sleepy night fly slowly up the east;
Because the sun having now perform'd his round,
And scorch'd with weary flames the utmost bound

Of finite heav'n, he there puts out the ray,
Weary'd and blunted all the tedious day
By hind'ring air, and thus the flames decay.
Or else that constant force might make it move 700
Below the earth, which whirl'd it round above.

And so the constant morning still may rise,
And with pale fires look through the lower skies;
Because the sun rolls round with constant ray,
And, rising upwards, shows approaching day;
Or else because the fires, dissolv'd at night,
There join again, and scatter vig'rous light.

Thus when the morning sun begins to rise,
Its flames lie scatter'd o'er the eastern skies,
Then gather to a ball: And this we view 710
From Ida's top; this fame reports as true.
Nor is it strange that common seeds of fire
Should to the eastern quarter still retire,

Still ev'ry day return, and make a sun;
Because a thousand other things are done
At set, and constant times, and then alone.

Thus trees, at certain times, thus shrubs do shoot
At certain times, and bud, and bear their fruit.
Thus teeth in boys begin, and thus they fall;
Thus beards in youth; at certain seasons all: 720
Thus thunder, snow, and storms, and winds appear
At fix'd and certain seasons of the year.

As things first happen'd, they continue on;
The course that chance first gave them, still they
run.

The days may longer grow, and vig'rous light
Unwillingly give place to drowsy night;
And sometimes sleepy night may longer stay,
And slowly wake before approaching day:
Because the sun might walk the constant rounds
In crooked paths, and in uneven bounds; 730
Nor into equal parts the globe divide,

Now longer here, and now on th' other side,
Until it comes, and warms with neighb'ring rays
The line, and measures equal nights and days,
The line lies just between the north and south,
And leaves an equal distance unto both,
Because the zodiac is oblique, —

Through which the sun his yearly walk does go,
And views obliquely all the world below;
Thus teach astronomers; and this confess'd 740
A fair opinion: probable at least.

Or else the air is thick, and stops the ray,
Nor gives the sun a free and easy way.
And this prolongs the tedious winter night,
The darkness slowly yields to ling'ring light.

Or else at certain seasons of the year,
The flames meet slowly in the eastern air,
And frame the sun, and make the day appear.

But more: the moon may shine with borrow'd
rays,

Her various light increasing with the day's, 750
As she the farther from the sun retires,
And with full face receives his scorching fires:
When full, oppos'd, she, climbing up the east,
Views him below fall headlong down the west.
And so her light decrease as she goes on
Through different signs, approaching near the
sun.

And thus the phases are explain'd by all
That think her shape is round, the moon a ball,

And place her circling orb below the rest;
A fair opinion, probable at least.

760

Though proper light the moon's pale face
should fill,

Yet it might show the diff'rent phases still:

Because, as that bright body rolls above,
Another dark, unseen, thick thing might move
Beneath, and stop the rays, divert the streams
Of falling light, and turn away the beams.

Or else, it like a ball, half dark, half bright,
Roll'd round its axle, may affect the sight
With diff'rent phases, and show various light.
Now turn that half, which the full light adorns,
A quarter now, now dwindle into horns. 771

And this the latter Babylonian sect
Asserts, and the Chaldean schemes reject:

As if it could not either way be done,

But powerful reasons fix'd our choice on one.

But why the moons a monthly round pursue?

Why one so long, not ev'ry day a new?

Why are they fram'd, endure, and always cease
At this set time? The cause is told with ease;
Since other things at certain times appear, 780
And only then: Thus seasons of the year.

First, Spring, and Venus' kindest pow'rs inspire
Soft wishes, melting thoughts, and gay desire;
And warm Favonius fans th' amorous fire;

Then mother Flora, to prepare the way,
Makes all the field look glorious, green, and gay;

And freely scatters with a bounteous hand
Her sweetest, fairest flowers o'er the land:

Next heat, and dusky Harvest take the place,
And soft Etesia's fan the sun-burnt face, 790

Then sweaty Autumn treads the noble vine,
And flowing bunches give immortal wine.

Next roars the strong-lung'd southern blast, and
brings

The infant thunder on his dreadful wings.

Then cold pursues, the north severely blows,

And drives before it chilling frosts, and snows.

And next deep Winter creeps, gray, wrinkled, old,
His teeth all shatter, limbs all shake with cold:

Therefore no wonder sure the moon should rise
At certain times, and that again she dies 800

At certain times; since thousand things are shown
At fix'd and constant times, and then alone.

Eclipses may be solv'd a thousand ways;

For if the moon can stop descending rays

By thrusting her dark self between, and so

Bring sudden shade, and night on all below;

Then give me reasons why there cannot be

Another thing, too dark for us to see,

And fit to stop the rays as well as she?

Or, why the circling sun, in passing by 810

Some venomous places of the neighbouring sky,

May not grow sick, and pale, and almost die?

Those past, grow well, regain his former light?

Thus sometimes make us day, and sometimes
night.

And whilst the moons their monthly courses run,
Within the reach of earth's dark shadowing cone,

If then revengeful earth can stop the light,

If she can hide the sick'ning moon in night:

Why cannot other things divert the streams, 819

The falling streams of light, and stop the beams?

TRANS. II.

Or if the moon shines with a nat'ral ray,
As through infectious air she cuts her way,
Why may not she grow sick, her flames decay?

Since I've the motions taught of stars above,
How fun, and moon, and by what cause they
move;

And how, eclips'd, they lose their gaudy light,

And spread o'er all an unexpected night,

As if they wink'd, and then with open eyes

View'd all again, and clear'd the lower skies.

Now let's descend again to new-born earth, 830

And find to what she gave the soonest birth:

What sort of beings, which of all the kinds

She first durst venture to the faithless winds.

She, first of all, green herbs, and flow'rs did
yield,

And spread a gawdy green o'er all the field.

And next the tree, with spreading branches, shoots,

But closely fix'd, and bound with steady roots.

As bristles, hairs, and plumes are first design'd

O'er limbs of beasts, and o'er the winged kind;

So new-born earth with herbs and trees began, 840

And then by various ways bore beast and man:

For Heav'n, 'tis certain, did not fashion all;

Then let the various creatures downwards fall: }

Nor seas produce an earthly animal.

And therefore parent earth does justly bear

The name of mother, since all rose from her.

She now bears animals, when soft'ning dew

Descends; when sun sends heat, she bears a thou-

sand new.

Then who can wonder now, that then she bore

Far stronger, bulky animals, and more, 850

When both were young, when both in nature's

pride;

A lusty bridegroom he, and she a buxom bride?

First, of all animals, in teeming spring,

The feather'd kind peep'd forth, and clapp'd their

wing:

As even now our tender insects strive

To break their bags, get forth, and eat and live.

Next beasts, and thoughtful man receiv'd their

birth;

For then much vital heat in mother earth,

Much moisture lay: And where fit place was

found, [ground]

There wombs were form'd, and fasten'd to t:

In these, the yet imperfect embryos lay, 861

Through these, when grown mature, they forc'd

their way, [day]

Broke forth from night, and saw the cheerful

Then nature fashion'd for the infant's use

Small breasts in earth, and fill'd with milky juice:

Such as in womens breasts she now provides

For future infants: thither nature guides

The chiefest parts of food, and there they meet

Fit ferment, there they grow both white and

sweet:

Earth gave the infants food; thin mists were

spread 870

For clothes; the grassy meadows gave a bed.

The earth, when new, produc'd no raging cold,

No heats, nor storms: These grew, as she grew old,

Therefore our parent earth deserves to bear

The name of mother, since all rose from her,

M m

Thus for a certain time mankind she bore, roar,
And beasts, that shake the wood with dreadful
And various kinds of birds; and as they flew,
The sun, with curious skill, the figures drew 879
On all their plumes: he well the art might know.
He us'd to paint the same on his fair bow.

But weary'd now, and tir'd by length of time,
The earth grows old, and weak, as women pass
their prime.

Time changes all; and as with swiftest wings }
He passes forward on, he quickly brings }
A diff'rent face, a diff'rent sight of things: }
And nature alters: this grows weak, this strong,
This dies, this newly made, is firm and young:
Thus altring age leads on the world to fate;
The earth is diff'rent from her former state; 890
And what in former times with ease she bore,
Grown feeble now, and weak, she bears no more,
And now does that she could not do before. }

Besides, the earth produc'd a num'rous train
Of monsters: Those her labour vrought in vain:
Some without hands, or feet, or mouth, or eyes;
Some shapeless lumps, nature's absurdities;
Dull, moveless things, and destitute of food,
Which could not fly the bad, nor choose the good.
A thousand such in vain arose from earth; 900
For nature, frighted at the ugly birth,
Their strength, and life to narrow bounds confin'd;
Deny'd them food, or to increase their kind:
For that one pow'r a thousand things requires;
Almost as many as its own desires:
There must be food, and feed, and organs fit
For flowing seed, whilst all the happy night
The body lies dissolv'd in soft delight: }
That male and female may their pow'rs employ, }
They must have organs fit for mutual joy. 910

But more: these years must num'rous kinds
deface;

They could not all preserve their feeble race:
For those we see remain, and bear their young,
Craft, strength, or swiftness, has preserv'd so long.
Many their profit, and their use commends;
Those species man preserves, kind man defends.
Wild beasts, and lions race, their native rage.
Preserves secure through all devouring age.
Swiftness preserves the deer, and craft the fox, }
The vigilant, faithful dog, the horse, the ox, }
We men defend; we keep the tender flocks. }
They shun wild beasts, they fly the dreadful
wood; 922

They seek for peace, and much, and easy food;
Gotten without their toil: and this we give
For the vast profits we from them receive.
But those to whom their nature gave no force,
No courage, strength, nor swiftness to the course;
Whom neither profit could, nor use commend,
Those man refus'd to feed, or to defend: 929
Thus, doom'd by chance, they liv'd an easy prey
To all, and thus their kinds did soon decay.

But never centaurs; these were never known;
That two such natures should combine in one,
Such disagreeing pow'rs; absurd and vain!
Plain nonsense! These are creatures of the brain:
Plain knows this: For horses oft enjoy
Dull growth at three years old; not so a boy;

He scarce forgets his heat, and oft at rest,
As dreams present, he seeks his nurse's breast:
Then, when the horse grows old, his limbs decay, 949

And loosen'd life begins to fly away: [growth,
The boy grows strong, he feels the pride of
A sturdy, vigorous, gay, and bearded youth:
Left you should think such monsters apt to grow,
A thoughtful man above, a horse below.

Or Scyllas, whom a num'rous train entwines
Of half sea-dogs, and barks above their lions:
Or such that live, nor grow an equal time,
And which at equal years not reach their prime;
Whom equal years not fill with youthful rage,
Nor lose their strength again at equal age; 951
Whom neither the same kinds of beauty fire,
Nor raise soft thoughts, gay wishes, warm desire;
Or those that seek and live by diff'rent food:
Thus hemlock kills a man, for goats 'tis good.

Besides, since flames will scorch the lion's breast,
And burn as well as any other beast;
How could chimeras rise, or how contain
Three kinds; a lion's head, a serpent's train,
A goat, the middle of the fancy'd frame, 960
And still with scorching nostrils breathing flame?

Then he who thinks that new-made heav'n and
Did give to such prodigious monsters birth, [earth
Yet brings no cause to prove the fancy true,
But still relies on the poor shift, 'twas new;
May fancy too that streams enrich'd the sea,
With golden waves, that jewels grew on trees:
That man of such vast force and limbs did rise,
That he could stride the ocean, whirl the skies; }
Or any thing mad fancy can devise. 970 }

For though much seed lay hid when thoughtful
man

And all the various kinds of beasts began;
Yet nothing proves, that things of diff'rent kind,
That disagreeing natures should be join'd;
Since now the grass and trees, and all that grows
And springs from earth, are never join'd like those;
But each arising from its proper cause
Remains distinct, and follows nature's laws.

Then man was hard, as hard as parent-stones;
And built on bigger, and on firmer bones. 980
The nerves that join'd their limbs were firm and
strong;

Their life was healthy, and their age was long:
Returning years still saw them in their prime:
They weary'd even the wings of measuring time:
No colds, nor heats, no strong diseases wait,
And tell sad news of coming hasty fate;
Nature not yet grew weak, nor yet began
To shrink into an inch, the larger span.
Like beasts they lay in every wood and cave,
Gath'ring the easy food that nature gave: 990
No impious ploughman yet had learn'd to tear
His parent's bowels with his crooked share;
None planted fruitful trees, none dress'd the vine,
None prun'd decaying boughs, none preserv'd the
wine;

Contented they with the poor easy store, [more:
That sun and earth bestow'd, they with'd no
Soft acorns were their first and chiefest food,
And those red apples that adorn the wood.

And make pale winter blush; such nature bore,
More num'rous then, besides a thousand more,
Which all supply'd poor man with ample store.

When thirsty, then did purling streams invite
To satisfy their eager appetite: 1003

As now in murmurs loud the headlong floods,
Invite the thirsty creatures of the woods:

And then by night they took their rest in caves,
Where little streams roll on with silent waves;
They bubble through the stones, and softly creep,
As fearful to disturb the nymphs that sleep:

The moss, spread o'er the marbles, seems to
weep. 1010

Whilst other streams no narrow bounds contain,
They break such banks, and spread o'er all the plain.

They knew no use of fire to dress their food;
No clothes, but wander'd naked in the wood:

They liv'd to shady groves and caves confin'd,
Mere shelter from the cold, the heat, and wind.

No fix'd society, no steady laws;
No public good was fought, no common cause,

But all at war, each rang'd and fought his food,
By nature taught to seek his private good. 1020

Then to renew frail man's decaying race,
Or mutual lust did prompt them to embrace;

Or else the greater vigour of the male,
Or some few treach'rous presents did prevail;

Some acorns, apples some, some pears bestow;
The thing the same, the price was less than now.

Then strong, and swift, they did the beasts pursue;
Their arms were stones and clubs; and some they

slew.
And some they fled: from those they fear'd to fight
They ran, and ow'd their safety to their flight.

When drowsy night came on, they naked lay, 1031
Spread o'er the ground like bears, and rough as they:

Their sleep was sound, they wak'd not all the
night, [fright,

Nor wander'd here and there whilst shades af-
Nor view'd the east with longing eyes for light:

But all dissolv'd in sweetest slumbers lay,
Till the bright sun awoke and broke the day.

For since they had beheld, e'er since their birth,
The day and night by turns spread o'er the earth;

They never fear'd the sun should lose his light,
And all lie bury'd in eternal night. 1041

The most they dreaded was the furious beast;
For he, in dead of night did oft molest,

And lengthen into death their slumb'ring rest.
Sometimes they left their caves by night and fled,

Rous'd from their softest sleep, all pale, half dead,
While boars and lions came, and seiz'd their bed.

Yet fewer dy'd than now: for singly then
Each caught within the limits of his den, 1049

While the beast tore the living, trembling food,
And revell'd in full draughts of reeking blood,

With dreadful cries he fill'd each wood and cave,
To see his limbs go down a living grave.

Others that 'scap'd with life, but wounded,
groan'd,

Holding their hands on the corrupting wound,
While trembling echoes did restore the sound.

Not skil'd in herbs, and now grown desperate,
With horrid cries they call'd on ling'ring fate,

Till worms increas'd; and eating through the clay,
Made passage for the soul to fly away. 1060

But then no armies fell at once, no plain
Grew red, no rivers swell'd with thousands slain:

None plough'd the floods, none shipwreck'd made
their graves

In seas, none drank cold death among the waves,
But oft the furious ocean rag'd in vain:

No mischief done, the waves grew mild again:
No ships were found, nor could the treach'rous

smile [toil.
Of smooth-fac'd waves tempt one poor man to

Then want, now surfeits bring a hasty death;
Our bellies swell to much they stop our breath.

Then pois'nous herbs, when pluck'd by chance,
did kill; 1071

Now poison's grown an art, improv'd by skill.
But when they built their huts, when fire began,

And skins of murder'd beasts gave clothes to man;
When one to one confin'd in chaste embrace,

Enjoy'd sweet love, and saw a num'rous race:
Then man grew soft, the temper of his mind

Was chang'd from rough to mild, from fierce to
kind;

For, us'd to fire, his limbs refus'd to bear
The piercing sharpness of the open air; 1080

And lust enfeebled him; besides the child,
Soft'n'd by parent's love, grew tame and mild.

Then neighbours, by degrees familiar grown,
Made leagues and bonds, and each secur'd his

own:
And then by signs and broken words agreed,
That they would keep, preserve, defend and feed

Defenceless infants, and the women too,
As nat'ral pity prompted them to do.

Though this fix'd not an universal peace,
Yet many kept their faith, and liv'd at ease; 1090

Or else, almost as soon as it began,
The race had fall'n, this age ne'er seen a man.

Kind nature pow'r of framing sounds affords
To man: and then convenience taught us words:

As infants now, for want of words, devise
Expressive signs; they speak with hands and eyes;

Their speaking hand the want of words supplies;
All know their pow'rs; they are by nature shown:

Thus tender calves with naked front will run,
And fiercely push before their horns are grown.

Young lions show their teeth, prepare their paws;
The bears young cubs unsheath their crooked

claws, [jaws.
While yet their nails are young, and soft their

The birds straight use their wings, on them rely;
And soon as dangers press, they strive to fly.

Besides, that one the names of things contriv'd,
And that from him their knowledge all deriv'd,

'Tis fond to think: for how could that man tell
The names of things, or list a syllable,

And not another man do so as well? 1110

Nay more: if others us'd not words as soon,
How was their use, and how the profit known?

Or how could he instruct another's mind?
How make them understand what was design'd?

For his being single, neither force nor wit,
Could conquer many men, nor they submit

To learn his words, and practise what was fit.

How he persuade those so unfit to hear?
Or how could savage they with patience bear
Strange sounds and words still rattling in their
ear. 1120

But now, since organs fit, since voice and tongue,
By nature's gift bestow'd, to man belong,
What wonder is it then that man should frame,
And give each diff'rent thing a diff'rent name?
Since beasts themselves do make a diff'rent noise,
Oppress'd by pains and fears, or fill'd with joys
This plain example shows: when dogs begin
To bend their backs, and show their teeth, and
grin,

When hollow murmurs show deep rage within;
Their voice is diff'rent when they bark aloud,
And with strong roarings fright the trembling
crowd; 1131

Or when they lick their whelps with tender
tongue,

Or when they play, and wanton with their young,
Now seem to bite, but never chop their jaws,
Now spurning, but with tender fearful claws;
Then flatt'ring, soft and tender is their voice,
Far diff'rent from that grating, howling noise,
They make when shut alone, or creeping low,
Whine, as they strive to shun the coming blow.

The horse with diff'rent noises fills the air, 1140
When hot and young, he neighs upon his mare,
Rous'd by strong love: or when by fierce alarms,
He snorts, and bears his rider on to arms.

Thus birds, as hawks, or those that cut the flood,
Make diff'rent noises as they eat their food;
Or when they fiercely fight; or when pursue
The trembling prey: each passion has a new.

Sometimes at change of air they change their
voice; [noise,

Thus daws, and om'nous crows, with various
Affright the farmers, and fill all the plain, 1150
Now calling for rough winds, and now for rain.
Therefore, since beasts and birds, though dumb,
commence

As various voices as their various sense;
How easy was it then for man to frame,
And give each diff'rent thing a diff'rent name?

Now for the rise of fire: swift thunder thrown
From broken sulph'rous clouds, first brought it
down.

For many things take fire when lightning flies,
And sulph'rous vapours fill the lower skies:
And trees, when shaken by a southern blast, 1160
Grow warm, then hot, and so take fire at last;
Their branches mingling with a rude embrace,
Burst into flames —

And thus our fires might rise from either cause.

The sun first taught them to prepare their meat;
Because they had observ'd his quick'ning heat,
Spread o'er the hills and ev'ry shady wood,
Ripen'd the fruits, and made them fit for food.
Hence various methods they did still pursue,
And chang'd their former life to take a new. 1170

The wiser and the wittier left the field;
And towns for safety did begin to build;
By nature, kings. —

Then cattle too was shar'd, and steady bounds
Mark'd out to ev'ry man his proper grounds:

Each had his proper share, each what was fit,
According to his beauty, strength, or wit:
For beauty then and strength had most command;
Those had the greatest share in beasts and land;
But when once gold was found, the pow'rful
ore 1180

Saw light, and men gap'd after glitt'ring store;
Then wit and beauty were esteem'd no more.
But wealth enjoy'd their honour, seiz'd their place,
The wife and beauteous bow to fortune's ass.

But if men would live up to reason's rules,
They would not scrape and cringe to wealthy fools
For 'tis the greatest wealth to live content
With little: such the greatest joy resent:
And bounteous fortune still affords supply,
Sufficient for a thrifty luxury. 1190

But wealth and pow'r men often strive to gain,
As that could bring them ease; or make a chain
To fix unsteady fortune: all in vain!

For often when they climb the tedious way,
And now in reach of top where honours lay;
Quick strokes from envy or from thunder thrown,
Tumble the bold, aspiring wretches down.

They find a grave, who strove to reach a crown.
And thus 'tis better, than proud sceptres sway,
To live a quiet subject and obey. 1200

These former kings now murder'd, they o'er-
thrown,

The glory of the sceptre and the crown
Decreas'd: The diadem, that sign of state,
Now wept in drops of blood the wearer's fate;
Spurn'd by the common feet: who fear'd no
more:

'Tis sweet to spurn the things we fear'd before.

Thus monarchy was lost. —

That sun once set, a thousand little stars
Gave a dim light to jealousies and wars:
While each among the many sought the throne,
And thought no head, like his, deserv'd the
crown. 1211

This made them seek for laws, this led their choice
To rulers: pow'r was giv'n by public voice:
For men, worn out, and tir'd by constant strife,
At last began to wish an easy life;

And so submitted of their own accord
To rigid laws, and their elected lord.

For when each single man, led on by rage,
Grew bloody in revenge, and strove t' engage
His enemy, 'twas an unpleasant age. 1220

Hence men grew weary of continual wars,
Which sour'd the sweet of life with constant fear;
Because dissulative wrong can spread o'er all;
No state secure; nay, oft the wrongs recoil,
With double force on the contrivers fall.
Nor can those men expect to live at ease,
Who violate the common bond of peace.

Though now they lie conceal'd from man and
God,

They still must fear 'twill some time come a-
broad;

Since some diseas'd, and some by night be-
tray 1230

The wicked actions they have done by day;
Though hid in night; scarce hell so deep as
they.

Now sing, my muse, for that's my next design,

Why all do bow to somewhat as divine?
Why ev'ry nation has its proper shrine?
Why all do temples build, why altars raise?
And why all sacrifice on sacred days?
How this diffus'd, this lasting fame was spread
Of pow'r's above? Whence came that awful dread,
That parent of religion through the rout, 1240
Which forces them to bow, and grow devout?

This is an easy task: For new-born man,
Just sprung from earth, when first this frame began,
Divine and glorious forms descending came,
And struck his mind by day, by night the same:
But then increas'd, their working fancies show'd
Great limbs and strength, and fit to make a god:
And these they thought had sense, because they
shook

As fancy told, their limbs, and proudly spoke;
Their words were all majestic, as their look.

Eternal too, because a new supply, 1251
A constant stream, where'er they turn'd their
eye,

Of forms came in, and show'd the deity.
Nor could they think such mighty things could
fail,

Or pow'rful blows on so much strength prevail.

And happy too, because no fear destroys,
Nor dread of sudden death corrupts their joys.

Besides, in dreams they often seem'd to do
A thousand various things, and wonders show:
Yet never weary they, but vig'rous still; 1260
Their strength as much unbounded as their will.

Besides, they saw the heav'n's in order roll
Their various motions round the steady pole:
The seasons of the year by constant laws
Run round, but knowing not the nat'ral cause:
They therefore thought, that gods must rule
above,

Poor shift! and all at their devotion move.

In heav'n they plac'd their seat, their stately
throne,

For there the sun, the stars, and various moon,
And day, and night, their constant courses run:
And hail, and rain, and, through a broken
cloud, 1271

Swift lightning flies, and thunder roars aloud.

Unhappy man, who taught, the gods engage

In these; that they are subject unto rage:

A curse to theirs, to ours, and future age!

What grief they brought themselves, to us what
fears?

To poor posterity what sighs, what tears?

Alas! what piety? Alas! 'Tis none,

To bend all cover'd to a senseless stone,

Lie prostrate, or to visit ev'ry shrine, 1280

Or, with spread arms, invoke the pow'r's divine

Before their temples, while the altar flows

With blood of beasts, and we make vows on vows.

But sure 'tis piety to view the whole,

And search all nature with a quiet soul.

For when we view the heav'n's, and how the sun,

And moon, and stars their constant courses run;

Then doubts, that lay oppress'd with other cares,

Begin to raise their head, and bring new fears.

We doubt: What, are there gods, that rule a-
bove, 1190

At whose direction the bright stars do move?

For ignorance in causes troubles man;

And hence we doubt, if e'er the world began,

If e'er shall end: how long the orbs shall roll;

How long the stars run round their steady pole;

Or if preserv'd by gods, can stand the rage,

And pow'rful envy of devouring age.

What mind's unshaken and what soul not aw'd,

And who not thinks the angry gods abroad,

Whose limbs not shrink, when dreadful thunder
hurl'd 1300

From broken clouds, shakes the affrighted world?

What, do not cities, do not nations fear,

And think their dismal dissolution near?

Why, do not tyrants then, and mighty lords,

Recal their wicked deeds, and boasting words;

And fear, that now revenge is surely come?

Do they not tremble at approaching doom?

Besides, when winds grow high, when storms
increase,

And scatter warlike navies through the seas;

When men, for battle arm'd, must now engage

A stronger foe, and fight the water's rage; 1311

Does not the trembling gen'ral prostrate fall,

And beg a calm o' th' gods, or prosperous gale?

In vain: the storms drive on; no off'ring saves:

All, shipwreck'd, drink cold death among the
waves:

And hence we fancy unseen pow'r's in things

Whose force and will such strange confusion
brings,

And spurns, and overthrows our greatest kings.

Besides, when earthquakes shake this mighty
ball,

And tott'ring cities fall, or seem to fall; 1320

What then if men, defenceless men, despise

Their own weak selves, and look with anxious
eyes

For present help, and pity from the skies?

What wonder, if they think some pow'r's con-
troul,

And gods, with mighty force, do rule the whole?

But farther; pow'rful gold first rais'd his head,

And brass, and silver, and ignoble lead,

When shady woods, on lofty mountains grown,

Felt scorching fires; whether from thunder thrown,

Or else by man's design the flames arose, 1330

Who burnt the neighb'ring woods to fright their
foes:

Or else, delighted all with fruitful grounds,

They fought more meadows, and enlarg'd their
bounds:

Or, greedy to increase their store of food,

And take the beasts, they fir'd the flesh'ring wood:

For thus men hunted, whilst no nets were found,

Nor forests trembled at the barking hound;

Whatever 'twas that gave these flames their birth,

Which burnt the tow'ring trees, and scorch'd the
earth,

Hot streams of silver, gold, and lead, and
brass, 1340

As nature gave a hollow proper place,

Descended down, and form'd a glut'ring mass.

M m ij

This when unhappy mortals chanc'd to spy,
 And the gay colour pleas'd their childish eye;
 They dug the certain cause of misery. }
 And then observing that it show'd the frame,
 And figure of the hollow whence it came; [ceive
 They thought, these, melted, would with ease re-
 Whatever shapes the artist pleas'd to give: 1349
 Or drawn to breadth, or take the keenest edge;
 And so the hook be fram'd, or subtle wedge,
 Or other instruments, all apt, and good
 To cut, or cleave, or scrape, or hollow wood;
 But gold they try'd in vain; the metal broke,
 Or the soft edge was turn'd at ev'ry stroke:
 This they condemn'd, the blunted gold despis'd,
 And feeble silver; brass alone was priz'd.
 But now the feeble, and the useless ore
 Gets all the honour: Brass is priz'd no more.
 Thus time does change the dignity of things: 1360
 For some he bears away with swiftest wings,
 And hurls into contempt; brings others forth,
 And gets them new, and still preserves their
 worth.
 Whilst cruelty was not improv'd by art,
 And rage not furnish'd yet with sword nor dart;
 With fists, or boughs, or stones, the warriors
 fought;
 These were the only weapons nature taught:
 But when flames burnt the trees, and scorch'd the
 ground,
 Then brass appear'd, and iron fit to wound.
 Brass first was us'd, because the softer ore, 1370
 And earth's cold veins contain'd a greater store:
 Thus brass did plough, and brazen trumpets
 found,
 Their weapons brass, and brass gave ev'ry wound:
 Thus arm'd, they strait invade their neighbours
 field,
 And take his beasts: to arm'd the naked yield:
 At last, they, melting down the rigid mass,
 Made iron swords, and then despis'd the brass.
 They then began to plough with iron shares,
 And iron weapons only serv'd in wars.
 Thus men first learn'd to ride a single horse:
 And whilst their steady left hands rul'd the
 course, 1380
 Their stronger right hands fought: before they
 knew,
 Or brought to wars, a chariot drawn by two;
 Then four were join'd, and then the armed cars,
 And castled elephants were brought to wars;
 The Moors first taught them to endure the blows,
 And break the ranks, and order of the foes.
 Thus rage invented still new arms for fight:
 New dreadful weapons still, and fit to fright;
 Some train'd the furious bull, and some the boar;
 Before the Parthian ranks did lions roar, 1391
 With armed guides sent out to scour the plain,
 And fight their foes; but these designs were
 vain:
 Because when hot in fight they fiercely fall
 On either side, and, common foes to all,
 Confus'dly enemies, or friends engage,
 Shaking their dreadful heads, and fir'd with rage:
 The horses, frightened with the dreadful roar,
 Ran o'er the plain, and would obey no more:

The beasts leap'd on their friends, and tore their
 face, 1400
 Or seiz'd behind, and with a rude embrace,
 They bore their wond'ring frighted friends to
 ground;
 Whilst teeth and cruel paws did doubly wound.
 The bulls grew wild, and with destructive force
 They tos'd, or trod the men, or gor'd the
 horse:
 Whole ranks and troops fell by the furious boar;
 Their arms, yet whole, blust' d with their master's
 gore:
 For though the horses turn'd, though oft did rear,
 And stand aloft, and paw'd the yielding air;
 Yet all in vain they strove to shun the wound,
 Their nerves all cut, they struck the shaking
 ground: 1411
 Thus what seem'd tame at home, grew wild again,
 And fierce, when scouring o'er the warlike plain:
 Their rage was fir'd by tumult, wounds, and
 noise,
 Refus'd to hear their former master's voice,
 But fled, much mischief done, as furious bulls,
 When the weak axe descends, nor breaks their
 skulls;
 They start, and fright the priest, and bell'wing
 loud,
 Run frantic round, and gore the pious crowd.
 'Tis safer far to say that this was done 1420
 In some of all the worlds, than fix on one:
 Yet I can scarce believe but that they knew,
 Before their sad experience prov'd it true,
 The ills of these; but that the weaker side
 The various methods of confusion try'd,
 Nor hoping to subdue, but bring fierce woes
 And grief, and pain upon the stronger foes.
 But more: The garments, by the ancients worn,
 Were sew'd with tender twigs, or pin'd with
 thorn,
 Before they learn'd to weave: the wheel, the
 round; 1430
 Whilst rigid iron lay within the ground,
 Were all unknown; those things did first begin
 When that appear'd; and men learn'd first to
 spin:
 Because the wits of men are finer far,
 And fitter to invent than womens are;
 Till laugh'd and jeer'd at by the ruder swains,
 They taught the women, and manur'd the
 plains, }
 And harden'd all their limbs with rougher pains }
 Nature first taught them how to plant and
 sow, 1439
 For they observ'd that falling seeds did grow;
 They saw them fix'd, and bound to steady roots,
 Then rise, and spread, and promise noble fruits:
 Then some began to graft; and till the field,
 And found the trees a better burden yield,
 When dress'd with care, and in a richer soil;
 The fruits increas'd, and did reward their toil:
 They forc'd the cumb'ring wood to narrow
 bounds,
 Enlarging still their corn, and pasture grounds:
 The tyrant wood, that all the plains did fill,
 Was now confin'd unto the barren hill: 1450

And left the vales to olive, corn, and vine,
Through which smooth streams in fair meanders
twine;

Now kifs the tender roots with wanton play,
Now flow again, enriching all their way;
Such beauteous pride did all the vallies shew,
So taking pretty as our gardens now,
Where fruitful trees in decent order grow.

Through all the woods they heard the charm-
ing noise

Of chirping birds; and try'd to frame their voice,
And imitate: The birds instructed man, 1460

And taught them songs, before their art began:
And while soft ev'ning gales blew o'er the plains,
And shook the founding reeds, they taught the
swains:

And thus the pipe was fram'd, and tuncful reed;
And whilst the tender flocks securely feed,
The harmless shepherds tun'd the pipes to love,
And Amaryllis sounds in ev'ry grove.

Thus time, and thus sagacious men produce
A thousand things, or for delight, or use.

These charm'd the swains, and these were wont
to please 1470

When feasts were done; for then all seek for ease:
Then underneath a loving myrtle's shade,
Close by a purling stream supinely laid,
When spring with gaudy flow'rs the earth has
spread,

And sweetest roses grow around their head;
Envy'd by wealth and pow'r, with small expence,
They oft enjoy'd the vast delight of sense:
Then laughing, merry jests, and country play,
And tales began; as, once upon a day!

Then pleasant songs they sung, and wanton grown,
Each pluck'd and bound his flow'rs, and made a
crown, 1481

And with uneven steps they danc'd around;
Their heavy leaps still shook the trembling ground:
While all the idle crowd, that flock'd to view,
Laugh much, because the tricks seem strange and
new:

And thus they pass'd the day in gay delight;
And watch'd and fed their tender flocks by night.
No need of sleep: that want the fongs supply:
The noise chas'd Morpheus from their willing
eye.

These now our wantons use; with toil and
pain, 1490

They learn to dance in measure: all in vain:
For these can reap no joy, no more content,
Than what those earth-born swains did first resent.
For while we know no better, but possess
A present good, it does extremely please;

The later good our various thoughts employs;

And we contemn the gulf of former joys.

Thus man despis'd their ancient easy food,
Their acorns, and their apples of the wood:
When clothes were found, and other coverings
spread, 1500

They scorn'd their skins of beasts, and grassy b-
d;
The skins of beasts; which sure the first that
found,

Not long enjoy'd, but by a treach'rous wound

He fell: so highly then, the now despis'd,

Contemn'd, neglected skins of beasts were priz'd.

Thus men did fight for skins: Those rais'd their
cares;

But gold and purple now are cause of wars:

The fault is ours; for they could only find

Those skins, as clothes against the cold and wind:

But now what harm, if none go proudly dress'd

In cloth of gold, or an embroider'd vest: 1511

Since meaner garments yield as much defence

'Gainst wind and cold, as much preserve the
sense.

Then wretched man's endeavours are in vain;

They fruitlessly consume their years in pain,

Not knowing how to use, or how to measure

Their boundless wish, nor height of real plea-
sure:

This drives them on into a sea of cares,

And the destructive rage, and storms of wars.

The sun, still running round his yearly
race, 1520

Show'd all the seasons turn'd by constant cause,

By certain order rul'd, and steady laws:

Some liv'd in castles then, some built a town,

And land divided, each enjoy'd his own;

Then mighty ships, driv'n by the lab'ring
wind,

Flew o'er the seas, and distant nations join'd;

Whilst leagues and bonds the neighb'ring towns
combin'd:

Then letters found; and the poetic rage

First told the noble actions of the age:

But all beyond lies hid in dismal night, 1530

And only seen by searching reason's light.

Thus ships, thus clothes, thus wine, and oil
began;

And towns, the comforts and support of man;

But better'd all, to due perfection brought

By searching wits, from long experience taught.

Thus time, and thus sagacious men produce

A thousand things, or for delight, or use:

For one thing known does vig'rous light im-
part

For farther search, and leads to height or art.

NOTES ON BOOK V.

LUCRETIVS begins this book with the praise of
Epicurus, and not only makes him equal to the
gods, but even proclaims him a god; because,

says he, his divine discoveries have been more
beneficial to mankind, than the inventions of
Ceres, or of Bacchus, or than the many glorious

exploits of Hercules : since men might have lived happily enough without them. But true wisdom, which Epicurus first discovered and taught, is of the greatest utility to mankind, because it chases away all uncares from the mind, and instructs us aright in the nature of all things, and concerning the immortal gods.

Ver. 10. Lactantius, lib. iii. cap. 14. "de falsa sapientiâ:" and many others, pretend from this expression of Lucretius, that he did not mean Epicurus, but one of the more ancient philosophers, as Pythagoras, or Socrates, or Thales, or some other of the seven sages : But they are evidently mistaken, as appears by verse sixty of this book, where he says,

Cujus ego ingressus vestigia——

His steps I trace——

And Cicero certainly had his thoughts on this passage, when in Tuscul. 4. he says : "Quæ quidem cogitans soleo sapere mirari nonnullorum insolentium philosophorum, qui Naturæ cognitionem admirantur, ejusque inventori et principi gratias exultantes agunt, eumque venerantur ut Deum ; liberatos enim se per eos dicunt gravissimis Dominis." When I reflect on these things, I often wonder at the insolence of some philosophers who admire the knowledge of nature, and give thanks with transport of mind to the inventor and first author of natural philosophy ; owning that he has delivered them from most tyrannous lords. Thus our grateful poet confesses to whom he owes his knowledge in the Nature of Things : And indeed, if Epicurus did deliver the minds of men from cares, and fears, and superstition, he justly deserved to be revered preferably to any of the heathen gods. The words of this passage run thus in the original,

Qui primus vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ
Nunc appellatur sapientiâ——

For wisdom was the name which the Epicureans, who were a sort of men not burdened with too much modesty, gave only to their own philosophy. Horat. lib. i. Od. 33.

Pareus Deorum cultor, et infrequens
Infantis dum sapientiæ
Consultos erro——

But the other philosophers were content to call their doctrine by the name of the love of wisdom : for so the word philosophy signifies.

Ver. 15. The son of Jupiter and Semele : He is said to have been the first that planted vines, and made wine of the grapes : For which reason the poets made him the god of wine : He travelled over the whole earth, conquered the Indies, and was the first who triumphed, which he did, riding upon an elephant. The chief badges and emblems of his power were tygers and the thyrsus : The tygers were harnessed to his car ; and thus he was wont to be carried about. Virg. Æneid. vi. v. 804.

Nec qui pampineis victor juga flectit habenis;
Liber, agens cælo Nisæ de vertici tigres.

Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tygers drawn, triumphant in his car,
From Nisæ's top descending to the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.

The thyrsus, was a spear or javelin, wrapped about with vine branches and ivy ; whose point ended in the shape of a cone : Bacchus, and the mad drunken women, his companions, who were called Bacchæ, always carried a thyrsus in their hands : Moreover, Lucretius in this place, calls Bacchus by the name of Liber :

Namque Ceres fertur fruges, Liberque liquoris
Vitigeni laticem mortalibus instituisse.

Virg. Georg. i. v. 5.

——Vos, O clarissima mundi
Lumina, labentem cælo quæ ducitis annum,
Liber et alma Ceres ; vestro si munere tellus
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit aristâ,
Poculaque inventis Acheloiâ miscuit uvis.

Upon which the interpreters say, that the poet calls Liber and Ceres the lights of the world, either because they were esteemed to be the inventors of, and to preside over the harvest and the vintage, which are the chief parts or seasons of the year, and the chief ornaments of the world, since they supply mankind with meat and drink : or because by them he means the sun and moon. And indeed Prætextaus. in Macrobius Saturnal. lib. i. cap. 18. evidently proves, that not only Liber and Dionysius, which is another of the names of Bacchus ; but that Jupiter, and Mars, and Mercury, and Hercules too, were the sun ; who was called Liber, says he, "quod liberè vagetur." He adds, likewise, that Ceres was the moon, and that some derive her name "à creando," because she conduces very much to the production of things. Bacchus was called Liber, either because he made free, and restored to liberty the country of Æthiopia, where he was born, as we learn from Plur. in Quæst. Cent. or because wine delivers the mind from cares, inspires with courage, and occasions a liberty or freedom of speech. Thus Horace, Carm. lib. iii. Od. 21. speaking to a cask of wine :

Tu lene tormentum ingenio ad moves
Plæumque duro : tu sapientium
Curas, et arcanum jocosum
Consilium retegis Lyæo.
Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,
Viretque et addis cornua pauperi,
Pott te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.

Of Bacchus see more, Book ii. v. 616. and Book iv. v. 1165.

Ver. 16. Ceres.] She was daughter of Saturn and Ops, and mother of Proserpine. She was believed to be the first that sowed corn, and found out the art of using it. Virgil, Georgic i. v. 147.

Prima Ceres ferro mortales vertere terram
Instituit.

For which reason they made her the goddess of corn; and hence too, as Varro, Cicero, and Arnobius, witness, she was called Ceres, as it were Geres, because, to use the very words of Arnobius, lib. iii. "Salutarium feminum fruges gerat." See more, Book II. v. 616. and Book IV. v. 1165.

Ver. 18. Diodorus Siculus, Book III., says, That the inhabitants on the coast of the Gulf of Arabia, and of the countries of Troglodytia and South Ethiopia, know not the use of corn or wine; but that some of them live upon fish and snails, others upon roots, others upon the leaves, seeds, and fruits of trees, and others upon locusts. Mela witnesses, that the Troglodytes live in dens, and feed upon serpents: some of which, says Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. xxxi. cap. 2. are twenty cubits in length. And Faber, in his note on this passage of our author, says, that scarce the sixth part of mankind do yet know what wheat is. Therefore we may well, says Lucretius, live without corn and wine, but not without wisdom: "Sapientia enim," says Cicero, lib. i. de Fin., "est una quæ morositiam pellat ex animis, quæ nos exhorrescere metu non sinat, quæ præceptrici in tranquillitate vivi potest, omnium cupiditatum ardore restincto." For wisdom only it is that drives away sorrow and uneasiness from the mind, that suffers us not to stand aghast with fear; and by whose advice we may extinguish the flame of all inordinate desires, and lives in tranquillity, and exempt from all manner of passion.

Ver. 19. Lucretius:

At bene non poterat sine puro pectore vivi.

Where by *puro pectore* the poet means a mind undisturbed by ignorance, and not obnoxious to errors; a heart sincere, and free from all anxiety: for, as Horace says,

Sincrum est nisi vas, quod cunque infundis,
accipit.

In like manner, without sincerity of heart and purity of mind, it is impossible to lead a happy life, or to pass our days in tranquillity: And Cicero teaches us, that the only way to acquire this purity of mind is by the help of wisdom, which, by delivering us from all terrors and desires, and from the temerity of all false opinions, is the surest guide to pleasure. "Mentem autem puram ut habeas, adhibenda est sapientia, quæ, et terroribus cupiditatusque detractis, et omnium falsarum opinionum temeritate direpta, certissimam se nobis ducem præbeat ad voluptatem," 1. de Fin.

Ver. 24. In these twenty-four verses the poet enumerates some of the labours of Hercules, which, he tells us, fall as far short of the discoveries of wisdom, made by Epicurus, as the soul is more excellent than the body: For Hercules did indeed deliver men from monsters, that were destructive to the body; but Epicurus, who first instructed men in the art of wisdom, delivered

their minds from all vain anxieties, and restless desires: He chafed from our souls the terrors at which we were startled and stood aghast, and dissipated the darkness of errors which clouded the happiness of life.

Ver. 25. Hercules: he was called Alcides from his grandfather Alcaeus, who was father of Amphitryo of Thebes: For Hercules was the son of Jupiter, by Alcmena the wife of Amphitryo. Now, before either Hercules or Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ, were born, Juno, who knew that the fates had decreed, that whether of them came into the world last, should serve the other, contrived the matter so, that Hercules was born after Eurystheus, who, at her instigation, commanded Hercules to go upon many dangerous exploits; but he proved successful in all of them, therefore was called Hercules, from *ἥρως*, Juno, and *κλέος*, glory, because she was the cause of all his renown, though fore against her will. Virgil. Æn. 8. v. 291.

—ut duros mille labores

Rege sub Eurystheo, fati Junonis iniquæ
Pertulerit.

Ver. 26. That is the Nemæan lion. "Nemæus magnus hiatus leonis," says Lucretius. This is the fifth of the labours of Hercules, according to the order in which the chief of them, which are thirty-four in number, are enumerated. Now there haunted in the Nemæan wood, near Cleone, a city of Achaia, in the country of Peloponnesus, a vast and terrible lion, that did a world of mischief: Hercules not being able to kill him, either with his club or with his darts, laid hold of him, and tore him to pieces with his nails; then took his skin, which neither stone nor iron could penetrate, and wore it on his shoulders, as a badge of honour. Diod. Sicul. lib. iii. Plaut. in Pers. Virg. Æn. 8. This gave occasion to the institution of the Nemæan games, which were celebrated every third year, in honour of Hercules. But some, particularly Statius, will have this solemnity to have been first instituted to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, son of Lycurgus, and who was killed by an adder.

Ver. 27. This was his seventh labour; for Lucretius does not observe the order, and mentions only the chief of them. He speaks here of the dreadful boar that haunted upon the mountain Erymanthus in Arcadia, and laid waste all the country round. Hercules took him, and carried him to Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ.

Ver. 28. This was his ninth labour. A bull that infested the country about Crete: Hercules brought him alive likewise to Eurystheus. Some say this bull was sent into Crete by Neptune, whom Minos, king of Crete, had offended: others, that it was the same bull which brought Europa, the mother of Minos, into Crete; and others, that it was the bull, for love of which, Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos, run mad.

Ibid. This was his third labour. It was a serpent that lived both upon land and in the water, and was called Hydra, from *ὑδρῶς*, water. It kept

for the most part in the lake Lerna, between Mycenæ and Argos; and was dreadful for having seven heads; and Virgil says, fifty, if, as many believe, it be the same Hydra that Æneas saw when he descended into hell;

*Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
Savior intus habet sedem.*—Æn. vi. ver. 576.

and others an hundred; and no sooner was one of them cut off than two sprouted out in its place; but Hercules killed him at length, by searing the wounds as fast as he cut off each of his heads.

Ver. 30. This was the sixteenth labour of Hercules. Geryon was a king of Spain, said to have three bodies, either because he governed three islands of Spain, the Greater and Lesser Balears, now called Majorca and Minorca; and Ebusus, now Ivica: or because he and his two brothers, who were united in the strictest ties of friendship, were all slain by Hercules, who took away their herds of cattle, and brought them into Italy. Pausan. lib. i. and Diodor. lib. 4. Virg. Æn. 8. ver. 201.

—Nam maximus ulcor,
Tergemini nece Geryonis, spoliisque superbus,
Alcides aderat; Taurosq; hac victor agebat
Ingentes; vallemq; boves amnemq; tenebant.

Ver. 31. This was the sixth labour. Diomedes was a king of Thrace, who, to make his horses the more fierce and wild, fed them, as the above-cited Diodorus says, not with oats and barley, but with human flesh. Hercules took him, and gave him to his own horses to eat.

Ver. 32. This was the eighth labour. These birds were called Stymphalides, from Stymphalus, the name of a town, mountain, and lake, in Arcadia, where these birds haunted: they were of the size of cranes; in shape, like the bird called Ibis, which we generally interpret a snipe; and had beaks so hard, that they would enter into iron: These Hercules killed with his darts, as Pausanias and Catullus testify; but Diodorus Siculus, lib. 4. says, he frighted them out of the country with a great brass rattle.

Ver. 34. The fourteenth labour. Hesperus, the brother of Atlas, had three daughters, Ægle, Arethusa, and Hesperethusa, who are said to have had gardens planted with trees that bore golden fruit. These gardens were guarded by a vigilant dragon, whom Hercules slew by the command of Eurystheus, and took away the apples. Besides the dragon, Virgil adds a priestess, and a temple, perhaps of Venus, to whom the apples were consecrated.

*Hinc mihi Massylæ gentis monstrata Sacerdos,
Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque draconi
Quæ dabat, et sacros servabat in arbore ramos.*

Æneid. iv. ver. 483.

And the same poet, according to the common opinion, describes the situation of the gardens to be in the Mauritania Tingitana, now the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, about the town of Lixa, in the extreme western part of Africa: According to some, they were in the continent; according

to others, in an island. Others place these gardens of the Hesperides in the quite opposite parts of Africa, that is to say, in the very east of Africa, and on the eastern shore of the Syrtes Major, near Cyrenaica: but this error is fully confuted by Salmastius to Solinus. Moreover, some will have it, that the apples of these gardens were only sheep, whose fleeces are very valuable, and which the Greeks call *μήλα*, as well as they do *mala*, apples. Others believe them to have been what we call citrons or lemons, and that Hercules first brought them from thence into Greece. They likewise believe the gardens to have been the Fortunate Islands, now the Canaries, which lie below Lixus indeed, but very near to Mount Atlas, and not far from the shore. Lastly, Others will have them to be the islands which the ancients called Hesperides and Gorgades, or Gorgones, now the islands of Cape Verd: but these lie more to the south, at a great distance from Atlas, towards the mouths of the river Niger, and at least an hundred and fifty leagues distant from them. And these last believe the dragon to be the tortuous sea that divided the gardens from the continent. Milton, describing the garden of Eden, gives it trees,

—Whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable: Hesperian fables true;
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.

Ver. 38. The west of Mauritania, which is washed by the Atlantic Ocean, so called from Mount Atlas, which, under several names, extends itself even to Egypt; and dividing all Africa into north and south, that is to say, Mauritania from the Inner Libya, ends in the Western Ocean. For which reason, the ancient poets comprehended all the people that lay to the south of Atlas, under the name of Ethiopians, and distinguished them by Oriental and Occidental. The Spaniards call all this extent of mountains, *Montes Claros*. Atlas, brother of Prometheus, son of Japetus, and king of Mauritania, being admonished by Themis, that he was in danger of being killed by a certain son of Jupiter, would, for that reason, receive no stranger into his house: and having denied the rights of hospitality to Perseus, the son of Jupiter by Danaë, daughter of Acrisius, king of the Argives, this Perseus, by showing him Medusa's head, changed him into this mountain, which bears his name. This fable is related at large by Ovid. Metam. iv. ver. 621. et seq. Now Atlas was very skilful in astrology, which gave occasion to the fiction of supporting heaven on his shoulders. And Virgil describes the mountain as still retaining the figure of a man, Æneid. iv. ver. 246. where speaking of Mercury, he says,

—Jamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri, cælum qui vertice fulcit:
Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris
Piniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbrī:
Nix humeros infusa tegit: tum flumina mento
Præcipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.

Thus translated by Dryden.

—And flying thence he spies
Atlas, whose brawny back supports the skies :
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his shoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin :
A beard of ice on his large breast depends.

Ver. 39.

Quo neque noster adit quisquam, nec barbarus
audet. *Lucret.*

i. e. Whither none of us Romans go, nor any foreigners dare to go: For the ancients, as well Greeks as Latins, called all that were not of their own country barbarians. But I think our translator can hardly justify this expression, untrod by the Moor, since the Moors are the people that inhabit the country of which Lucretius is speaking. Be that as it will, Cicero asserts for certain, that even in his days, there was no sailing practised any farther than from the mouths of the Euxine Sea, to the Columns of Hercules: i. e. than Abayle, now Ceuta, on the African coast, and Calpe, now Gibraltar, on the coast of Spain. For Hercules, after he had laid waste the garden of the Hesperides, fixed two pillars on the mountains Abayle and Calpe, as the bounds of his travels: which two mountains were before contiguous; but he is said to have parted them. and by that means letting in the ocean, to have opened the sea of Cadiz, now called the Straits of Gibraltar.

Ver. 40. For many other notable exploits are recorded of Hercules. He killed Bulyris, the son of Neptune and Libya, an Egyptian tyrant, of such incredible strength, that he could draw an ox about at his pleasure; and who, as well as Democles of Thrace, fed his horses with human flesh. And Antæus, the son of Neptune and Terra, a giant sixty-four cubits high; who, as often as he was faint or weary, if he but touched the earth, recovered his full strength again. And Augeas the king of Elis, who refused to give him what he had agreed for cleansing his stables of the filth they had gathered in thirty years. And Eryx, the son of Venus, with whom he fought at the Cæstus, or Hurl-bats: besides, he slew several of the centaurs, &c. and was of signal service to the gods, in their wars with the giants, who durst attack their heaven; for the earth had pronounced an oracle, at Phlægra, a town in Thrace, and the place of the battle, that the giants could not be destroyed, without the help of two heroes or demigods: Upon which the gods made choice of Hercules and Bacchus; and by their assistance got the victory: Thus Apollodorus. And hence we see the vainness of the fables, in teaching that the same Hercules who flourished about the age of Theseus and Eurytheus, was already among the gods in the time of the giants war.

Ver. 42. Lucretius says nothing of the death of Hercules, nor his rising a god from Oeta's flame; but since our translator has thought fit to take notice of it, it will not be improper for us to explain it. Deianira, growing jealous of her husband Hercules, who, she heard, was fallen in love with

Iole, sent him a garment that had been dipped in the poisonous blood of the Centaur Nessus; and which, she had been informed, had a virtue to make any one that wore it in love with her. Hercules had no sooner put it on, than all his limbs began to burn to that degree, by the force of the poisonous dye, that unable to resist the violence of the torment, he tore up trees by the roots, and built himself a pile upon the mountain Oeta in Thessaly, then having set fire to it, threw himself into the flames: and being thus purged from all the filth he had contracted here below, he was believed to go directly to heaven; and thus, as Creech says,

—He rose a god from Oeta's flame.

Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, B. ii.

As when Alcides, from Cæthalia crown'd
With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore,
Through pain, up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic sea, &c.

Ver. 55. Epicurus, in his writings, treated not only of physics, but ethics likewise. The first by the care of Laertius have escaped, most of them, from the rage of time: but of his ethics, the little that remains, is in his three epistles to Herodotus, Menæceus and Pythocles.

Ver. 57. Faber says, that Lucretius here speaks of the treatise that Epicurus composed *περί βίαιης*, of holiness.

Ver. 60. In these forty verses the poet gives us the argument of this book, in which he will endeavour to prove, that the world had once a beginning, and will one day have an end. Then he will describe the rise of the world, and of animals; will teach what animals were actually produced; and what the vainness of the poets, and the superstition of the generality of men have feigned and believed. He will tell how names come to be given to things, and how mutual society arose from speech; and whence first proceeded religion, and the fear of the gods. Lastly, He will explain the motion of the heavens, the courses and revolutions of the sun, the moon and other planets and stars, and will demonstrate, that they are whirled about by the force of nature only, without the help or assistance of Providence: For unless he can make out such a motion of the heavens, and prove it to be merely natural, he owns he shall not be able to take away all belief of Providence: For, as he observes in the first book, ver. 84.

Long time man lay oppress'd with slavish fear;
Religion's tyranny did domineer:
And, being plac'd in heaven, look'd proudly down,
And frighted abject spirits with her frown.

Ver. 64. Which the ignorant vulgar mistake for souls separated from the body; but Epicurus has shewn them their error, by proving that the soul dies with the body. See Gaserellus, in his Collection, de *Talismanni*.

Ver. 70. The atoms, which Lucretius held with Epicurus to be the principles of all things.

Ver. 71. He means chimæras, scyllas, centaurs, hermaphrodites, &c.

Ver. 77. Lucret.

Fana, lacus, lucos, aras, simulacraque divum.

The temples, lakes, groves, altars, and images of the gods.

Ver. 81. Lucretius says, "natura gubernans," and means what he calls afterwards, "fortuna gubernans," ver. 108, which our translator there calls chance: And indeed Lucretius means nothing else in this place. Pliny, it is true, calls nature the parent and maker of all things. And Seneca, lib. iv. de Benef. makes her the god by whom all things are made and governed. "Quid enim," says he, "aliud est natura, quam Deus, et divina ratio toti mundo ac partibus inferta?" But Lucretius was of another opinion, and makes her other than God, and means in effect nothing more by ruling nature, than the power and motion of the atoms, that fortuitously and without design huddled and joined themselves together into this frame of the world.

The motions of the planets may well be compared to a dance, from the regular measures of them.

Ver. 85. Epicurus himself to Herodotus: Τὴ ἡ δὲ δύναμις ποῖς ταῦτα μὴ περὶ αὐτῶν, ἀλλὰ ἀλλοτρίοτος διαφέρει, καὶ ἐν τῇ πάσῃ μακροθύμῳ ὡς ἐκ μὴ τῶτο προχέσθαι, ὅπασα περὶ τῶν μετιόντων αἰτιολογία μάταια ἔσται.

Ver. 86. The horses of the sun are said to be four in number: Pyroëis, so called from πῦρ, fire; Eous, from εὖς, the morning; Æthon, from αἶθερ, I burn, or I heat; and Phlegon, from φλέγω, I burn. Lucretius mentions them not, but owes this verse to his translator.

Ver. 87. This and the twelve following verses are repeated in Book vi. ver. 51. and seq. And in Book i. ver. 78. and Book ii. ver. 666, he teaches almost the same doctrine.

Ver. 90. Horace, the Epicurean, manifestly drew from this fountain, when he said:

Nil admirari prope res est una, numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum:
Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti spectent.

Explain that passage of Horace by this of Lucretius, and you will be more in the right than the other interpreters. Moreover, this is exactly the doctrine of Socrates; and therefore this saying, The things that are above us are nothing to us, which is commonly ascribed to Socrates by others, is by Tertullian ascribed to Epicurus: "Sed Epicurus qui dixerat, quæ super nos nihil ad nos, cum et ipse cælum aspicere desiderat, solis orbem pedalem apprehendit," &c. lib. ii. ad Nationes.

Ver. 94. In the second book, he calls them, "Dominos superbos," proud, imperious lords. And Velleius, in Cicero, lib. i. de Nat. Deor. says the same thing: "Dum Deum rerum auctorem

facitis, imposuistis in cervicibus nostris Dominum sempiternum, quem dies et noctes timerimus. Quis enim non timeat omnia providentem, et cogitantem, et animadvertentem, et omnia ad se pertinere putantem, curiosum et plenum negotii Deum?" By making God the author of all things, you set over us an eternal Lord, of whom we must day and night stand in awe. For who cannot but dread a God, who oversees all, provides for all, thinks of all, takes notice of all, and believes that all belongs to him, in short, a meddling, inquisitive, and never idle God?

Ver. 100. In these nineteen verses, he at length falls upon his subject; which, he says, is a noble one indeed, but intricate, and to which he shall find it difficult to gain belief; for men do not easily give credit to what they are unwilling to believe; and who would willingly regard the ruin of the world, of which he cannot be a witness without his own destruction? The poet himself seems to commiserate so great a misfortune:

— tria talia, texta

Una dies dabit exitio— ver. 95.

Which he did certainly dread, when he said,

Quod procul à nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

Ver. 103

All-ruling chance, avert it far from us.

Moreover, upon the words of Lucretius cited above, "Tria, talia," &c. Faber observes, that Ovid pays him a compliment in his own coin:

Carmina sublimis tunc sent peritura Lucreti
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

Ver. 104. This is denied by Aristotle, lib. i. de Cælo, and by Plato in Timæus, though they disagree in the manner of it: For Plato says the world had a beginning, and that God created it; but denies it will ever have an end; not that it is immortal in its own nature, but because it would be unworthy of the wisdom of God, whose workmanship it is, to dissolve so glorious a frame, or to suffer it to be dissolved: But Aristotle holds, that whatever has had a beginning, may, and will have an end; but that the heavens never were created, and will never be dissolved: Nor ought Aristotle alone to boast that he asserted a world uncreated and eternal; for before him Xenophanes, Parmenides, Melissus, Philolaus, Ocellus, Aristotle, the Chaldeans, and others, taught the same doctrine. In like manner, not Epicurus alone of all the ancient philosophers gave the world a beginning, for Empedocles, Heraclitus, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, Archelaus, Diogenes, Leucippus, Democritus, the Brachmans, the Egyptians, and others, were of the same opinion, to which Pliny too subscribes, in these words: "Numen esse mundum credi par est, æternum, immensum; neque genitum, teque interitum unquam." Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 1. Thus Epicurus agreed with us, that the world had a beginning; but he erred in teaching that God was not the creator of it: And we know for certain, that, "in principle

pio creavit Deus cœlum et terram." And both Epicurus, and the other philosophers with him, were mistaken, when they taught, that the world was not created out of nothing, but made of a pre-existing matter. Lucan, in *Pharsal. lib. i. ver. 73.* describes the future dissolution of the world, in the following verses:

—Sic cum, compage solutâ,
Sæcula tot mundi suprema coegerit hora,
Antiquum repetens iterum chaos, omnia mistis
Sydera syderibus concurrent; ignea pontum
Altra petent; tellus extendere littora nolet,
Excutietque fretum: fratri contraria Phœbe
Ibit, et obliquum bigas agitans per orbem
Indignata diem poscet sibi: totaque discors
Machina divulsi turbabit fœdera mundi.

Which May has not amiss interpreted in the following verses:

So when this knot of nature is dissolv'd,
And the world's ages in one hour involv'd
In their old chaos; seas with skies shall join,
And stars, with stars confounded, lose their shine.
The earth no longer shall extend its shore,
To keep the ocean out: the moon no more
Follow the sun; but, scornful her old way,
Cross him, and claim the guidance of the day:
The falling world's now jarring frame, no peace,
No league shall hold, &c.

Ver. 109. For all men give most credit to those things which they see or touch, and sight is the chief inlet of knowledge: Therefore, Milton, complaining of his being blind, says finely,

—Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n and morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me, from the cheerful ways of man
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd;
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

Ver. 119. But because the folly of the Stoics, the ignorance of others, and the superstition of the generality of men had opposed many objections to this opinion, Lucretius removes them all, and first, in thirty-nine verses, confutes the Stoics, who held, that the sun, the sea, the earth, in short, the universe, being animated by a spirit infused through the whole, is God. Thus Manilius, *lib. i. ver. 238.*

Hoc opus immensi constructum corpore mundi,
Membræque naturæ diversâ condita formâ
Aeris, atque ignis, terræ, pelagique jacentis
Vis animæ divina regit, sacroque meatu
Conspirat Deus, et tacitâ ratione gubernat.

Which Creech thus renders:

To this vast frame in which four parts conspire,
Of diff'rent form, air, water, earth, and fire,

United God, the world's almighty soul,
By secret methods, rules and guides the whole;
By unseen passes he himself conveys
Through all the mass, and ev'ry part obeys.

But these men the poet despises, and treats them and their foolish doctrine with the utmost contempt and indignation.

Ver. 121. See the note upon ver. 758, Book i. from whence this and the foregoing verse are repeated. And to what is there said on them, I will here add some farther particulars concerning the oracle of Apollo, who was called Pythius, from his killing the python, a huge serpent, which had its name *ἀπὸ τοῦ πυθός*, because he was engendered of the putrefaction of the earth, and sprung from the filth that the flood of Deucalion had left behind it. Ovid *Metam. i. ver. 438.*

—Te quoque, maxime Python,
Tum genuit; populisque novis, incognite serpens,
Terror eras: tantum spatii de monte tenebas:
Hunc Deus arciteneus,
Mille gravem telis, exhaustâ pene pharetrâ,
Perdidit, effuso per vulnera nigra veneno.

Now the person, or prophets, who, instead of Apollo, pronounced the oracle, and gave answer to those that came to consult the god, was a maid, and the first that performed it was Phemonœ, the daughter of Apollo. The oracle was delivered from a place in the temple, called the Adytum, which was the most secret and retired part of it, and into which none but the prophets was permitted to enter; and, according to the description Strabo gives of it, it was a deep and crooked cave, with a mouth or entrance, but indifferently large, and out of which the answer of the god was thought to ascend, and inspire the prophets. Over the mouth of this cave stood the tripod, upon which, when the prophets got up, she was immediately transported with a spirit of divination, and then gave the answer, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse. Du Choul, in his treatise de la Religion des anciens Romains, gives us the form of the tripod, with a crow sitting on it, as a bird sacred to Apollo, and with a harp and laurel at the feet of it. To which we may add, that in Constantine's oration, ad Sacrorum Cœtum, in Eusebius there is mention made, cap. xviii. of a serpent also twining about the tripod, and of a diadem with which the prophets was adorned. Lee, in the tragedy of Mithridates, describes the agony of the Pythian, when, inspired by the god, she was about to pronounce the oracle.

—At Delphi, when the glorious fury
Kindles the blood of the prophetic maid,
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
Draws ev'ry nerve, thin as a spider's thread,
And beats the skin out like expanded gold.

And Dryden, in *Œdipus*, makes the old Tiresias say,

Now the god shakes me! he comes! he comes!

—I feel him now

Like a strong spirit, charm'd into a tree,
That leaps, and moves the wood without a wind :
The roused god, as all this while he lay
Entomb'd alive, starts, and dilates himself :
He struggles, and he tears my aged trunk
With holy fury ; my old arteries burst ;
My rival'd skin, —
Like parchment, crackles at the hallow'd fire :
I shall be young again, &c.

To both of whom Virgil showed the way, in his description of the convulsive rage of the Cumæan Sybil. *Æneid. vi.*

Ver. 124. Pythagoras, Plato, Trismegistus, and many others of the ancient philosophers, imagined the world to be endowed with a rational soul, and to partake of the nature of the God that made it. They were induced to this belief, by considering the admirable order and connection of all the parts of the universe, which, they were persuaded, could not be sustained but by a soul intrinsically informing, ordering, disposing, and connecting them. This soul Plato, indeed, did not believe to be God himself, but the work of the supreme God ; but Pythagoras and Thales, as we learn from Minutius Felix, asserted it to be God himself : To this opinion the Hermetic philosophers seem likewise to subscribe, and explain it in this manner : They tell us, that the Divine Spirit, which produced the world out of the first water, being infused, as by a continual inspiration, into all the works of nature, and largely diffused through them, by a certain secret and continual act, moving the whole, and every individual part of it, according to its kind, is the soul of the world. Plato, and the old academics, as we find their opinion delivered by Cicero, in *Acad. Quest. lib. i.* say thus of it : The several parts of the world, and all things contained in them, are kept together by a sensitive nature, which is endowed likewise with perfect reason : It is also sempiternal ; because there is nothing more strong, by the power or force of which it can be dissolved. And this nature is the power which is called the soul of the world. Plutarch, de *Placitis Philosoph. lib. iv. cap. 1.* teaches, that Heraclitus affirmed the soul of the world to be an exhalation of the humid parts of it. Varro, on the contrary, would have it to be fire, but means, perhaps, the same thing with Chalcidius in the *Timæus*, where he calls Vesta the soul of the universal body ; or with Pliny, who asserts the sun to be the soul of this world : “ *Hunc mundi totius esse animam, ac plane mentem, hunc principale naturæ regimen, ac numen credere decet,*” says he, *lib. ii. cap. 6.* But the Stoics went yet farther, and held, that every one of the celestial bodies that have motion, is to be esteemed in the number of the gods ; and this opinion they grounded on the constancy they had observed in the revolutions of the heavens, and in the courses of the stars, whence they concluded their motion to be voluntary, and, consequently, that they are gods. Thus the Stoic Lucilius, in Cicero, says, “ *Hanc igitur in stellis constantiam, hanc tantam*

in tam variis casibus, in æternitate convenientiam temporum, non possum intelligere, sine mente, ratione, consilio : Quæ cum in sideribus esse videamus, non possumus ea ipsa in deorum numero non ponere.” De *Natur. Deor. lib. iii.* And a little higher, he says, “ *Restat ut motus astrorum sit voluntarius : quæ qui videat, non indocte solum, verum etiam impie faciet, si deos esse neget.*” But Lactantius retorts their very argument upon these philosophers, and says, that the constant and fixed revolutions and courses of the celestial bodies, are an evident argument that they are not gods ; for, if they were, they would not be determined to, nor prescribed any certain motions, but, like animals upon earth, whose will is free, would move wherever they list. “ *Quid, quod argumentum illud, quo colligitur universa cœlestia deos esse, in contrarium valet ? Nam si deos esse idcirco opinatur, quia certos et rationabiles cursus habent, errant : ex hoc enim apparet deos non esse, quod exorbitare illis, à præstitutis itineribus non licet. Cæterum si dii essent, huc atque illuc passim sine ullâ necessitate ferrentur, sicut animantes in terrâ ; quorum quia liberæ sunt voluntates, huc atque illuc vegantur, ut libuit ; et quò quemque mens duxerit, eò ferunt.*” De *Orig. Error. cap. 5.* Now the reason why Lucretius lashes the authors of these opinions, and treats them with so much scorn and indignation, is, because their belief of the soul of the world, presses hard his impious hypothesis, concerning the Divine Providence : For, release but the soul from that union, which these philosophers have thus foolishly assigned, and then to hold a soul of the world, and an all-ruling Providence will be all one and the same thing.

Ver. 128. The giants, who fought against the gods at Phlegra, and attempted to scale heaven, by heaping one on another the hills of that country, and of Thessalia. Virgil, *Georg. iii. ver. 281.* See likewise the note on Book i. ver. 243. To which I add, that Phlegra was so called ἀρὶ τῷ πλῆγῳ, to burn, perhaps, because of the giants being destroyed there chiefly by lightning ; or, as others, from baths of hot water that arise thereabouts. Eustathius says, it was likewise called *Pallene* ; and that the wickedness of the inhabitants gave occasion to the fable of the giant's fight. Now, what Lucretius here says, is this : Lest you should think that all those, who by their arguments endeavour to prove the world to be mortal, equally deserve to be punished for their impiety, as were the impious giants of old, who, in their way, did likewise all they could to destroy heaven, and durst to wage war with the gods. Whoever desires to be fully instructed concerning giants, may consult the learned Callistion, who has treated of them at large. I will only add, that the ancient heathens drew the occasion of this, and of many of their other fables, from the Mosaiical history, which they wretchedly profaned and depraved by their childish fictions : And that too the rather, if it be true what Bouldue, a French capuchin, in a treatise printed not long ago, and intituled, *De Ecclesiâ ante legem,*

tells us, in lib. i. cap. 9. that the names Raphaim, Emin, Zuzin, and others, as he says, commonly in scripture taken for giants, ought not to be expounded in that sense. Then he affirms, that the title of giant was anciently a name of honour, by which they distinguished such persons as in those days were restorers of piety; and that the assemblies of giants, were colleges of instruction, in that age of the world. Thus he endeavours to prove, that Nimrod was, in that sense, a giant, a man instructed by God himself; and this he would make good out of Methodius. But these assertions of his, and the curious proofs he alleges from their Hebrew titles, are new and daring flights of fancy.

Ver. 130. That the heavens are immutable and incorruptible, nay, even immaterial, and consequently no ways obnoxious to the catastrophe which Lucretius here asserts has always been the vulgar opinion, as well as the belief of Aristotle, Xenophanes, Averroes, Cicero, and indeed of most of the philosophers. And though experience itself of the visible mutations that sometimes happen in them, for example, the new star that appeared in Cassiopeia, in 1573, and vanished the year following, are abundantly sufficient to convince them, by natural reason, of the erroneousness of that opinion; yet some men are so given up, even to the most reprobate sense of Aristotle, that not the Divine Authority itself can draw them from it, as in this point particularly, Suarez, and many others, are so far from believing the heavens to be corruptible and mutable, that they will allow them to be changed only accidentally, as they call it, and not substantially, at the last day: Upon which Maldon, on St. Matthew says very well, that he had rather believe Christ, who affirms it, than Aristotle, who denies it.

Ver. 134. In these twenty-four verses, he says, that it is so far from being true, that what he is about to teach of the future dissolution of the world, will derogate from the power and divinity of the immortal gods, that, on the contrary, it will evince their dignity, and the excellence of their nature, because it will help us to distinguish between what is endowed with a divine body, and what is not: for what can be more disrespectful and injurious to the gods, than to declare aloud that the heavens, the earth, the sea, the sun, the moon, and the stars, are endowed with their immortality, eternity, and divine understanding, as they most manifestly do who hold them to be immortal? Especially, since they are incapable even of being animated with the breath of life: For a soul can no more be in them, than a tree in the air, a cloud in the sea, or a fish upon dry ground. And as every thing has a proper place assigned it, to be produced and live in, so neither can the soul be produced or exist without a body. This opinion is both impious and repugnant to true reason; but since we have already fully answered, in the third book, all the Epicurean objections against the immortality of the soul, we will not trouble our reader with the repetition of them. Besides, the drift of Lucre-

tius is, to prove, that heaven, earth, sea, &c. are mortal, and consequently will be dissolved, and perish.

Ver. 136. *Neither*] None, not one of them: we generally say neither of them, when we speak but of two.

Ver. 140. You will find this and the following eleven verses, Book iii. ver. 755.

Ver. 144. This and the four following verses are rejected by Faber, who imagines, they were by mistake brought to this place, together with the five preceding verses, from the third book, where we find them all together; but his supposition is without reason; for they seem to be a part of this argument, and as much to the purpose as the other verses of it. For, says the poet, if even in our bodies, which are composed of veins, nerves, blood, &c. there be certain and appointed places, where the mind and soul are born, and exist apart by themselves, it is in vain for any one to pretend that there is a mind and a soul in the heavens, the earth, the sea, and other bodies that have no organs whatever.

Ver. 156. To this purpose, Velleius, in Cicero, lib. i. De Nat. Deor. says, "Qui mundum ipsum animantem sapientemque esse dixerunt, nullo modo animi naturam intelligentes viderunt, in quam naturam cadere possit." They who said that the world is an animal, and endowed with understanding, did not in the least know the nature of the mind, nor into what nature it can be infused.

Ver. 158. Since the gods are immortal and eternal, they must of necessity have abodes that are so too; therefore, all men place the gods in the heavens, which, for that reason, say they, can never be destroyed. To this the poet answers, in these eleven verses, that this is only the invention of poets, or of the ignorant vulgar: For the nature of the gods is too subtle to touch such thick bodies as the heavens; and therefore we must not believe them to be the mansions of the gods. Nay, says he, no part of the universe is, or can be their abodes; for whatever has an abode, or is in any place, both touches and is touched; for place, and the thing placed, as they call them, are bodies; and body can both touch and be touched; but the gods neither touch nor are touched. They are not touched, because their nature is so subtle that it is wholly imperceptible to our senses, and therefore we ought to believe, that their abodes are answerable to their nature, and far different from ours, that is, from those that are commonly assigned to the gods; that is to say, that they are of so subtle a nature as renders them wholly imperceptible likewise to our senses. But all the parts of the world are perceivable to our senses; therefore none of them can be the abode of the gods. And since the gods are not touched, it necessarily follows, that they do not touch:

Tangere enim non quit, quod tangi non licet ipsum. *Lucret.*

For nothing can touch but what may be touched

again. Therefore you must look out for some other mansions for the gods than those you have hitherto assigned them.

Nardius takes occasion, from this argument, to prove, that Lucretius contradicts his own doctrine, and that even, according to his own assertions, there can be no gods. He argues to this purpose: If the gods, says he, of Lucretius are no where, then Lucretius has no gods; for they must certainly be nothing at all; or they must be the void: This is evident from his own principles; for Book i. ver. 550, he says,

Two sorts of beings reason's eye descri'd,
And prov'd before their difference vastly wide:
Body and void, which never could agree
In any one essential property;
For body, as 'tis matter, is from place
Distinct; and void from body, as 'tis space.

Therefore, whatever is, is either place, or a thing placed.

—And to afford a place,
Is the peculiar gift of empty space.

Book i. ver. 490.

Thus, if the gods are not bodies, they are empty space, and altogether nothing, as was said before. That they are not bodies, Lucretius himself cannot deny: What can neither touch, nor be touched, is not body: The gods of Lucretius neither are touched, nor touch; therefore they are not bodies; for nothing but body can be touched or touch. He has confirmed the minor proposition in this argument:

Now since their substance can't be touch'd by
man,
They cannot touch these other things that can;
For whatsoever is touch'd, that must be touch'd
again.

The supine idleness and inaction of his gods, made him aware how he placed them among bodies. And Book i. ver. 486, he says,

—Whatever is, a power must own,
Or fit to act, or to be acted on;
Or be a place, in which such things are done;
Now body only suffers, and acts—

And yet he allows them a body, but so subtle as not to fall under the perception of sense. Perhaps he will say, with Epicurus, that his gods have not a body, but as it were a body: And thus he will set up a third nature, in contradiction of his own doctrine, when he taught, that

A third different nature in vain is sought,
And ne'er can be found out by sense or thought.

Book i. ver. 491.

Certainly he will not pretend that his gods are conjuncts, or events of concrete bodies. What then can they be, but a mere fiction, an empty word to soothe the credulous ears of unthinking men? And since he is contriving some most tenuous abode for them, what can be more tenuous than the void, which is wholly destitute of body:

But he is officiously about to invent something more subtle, and not unlike their own nature, that is to say, nothing.

Ver. 167. The same difference of tenuity as there is between us and the gods, there ought to be likewise between their abodes and ours: and thus, by suitable to their own, he means, that the seats and mansions of the gods, consist of the same principles as the gods themselves.

Ver. 169. But, say they, the gods made this world, and decreed it to be eternal. To which Lucretius answers in thirty-two verses. Did they make it for their own sake, or out of love to man? Whoever says for their own, may as well pretend, that to be adored and worshipped by men is of advantage, and adds to the happy state of a god, who is entirely blessed, and wants nothing: And if any one say for the sake of man, let him tell me what trouble it would have been to us if we never had had a being, not to have a being?

To make good his assertion in this place, Lucretius chiefly labours to prove, that the gods did not make the world for the benefit of man. Therefore, says he, there is no reason why any of us should, as in gratitude for so great a favour, extol this mighty work, believe it eternal, and that it will be immortal: For of what advantage could our acknowledgements be to the gods, that that consideration only should induce them to make the world for the sake of us, or for our benefit? Besides, what new thing was there to allure the gods, who enjoy the most perfect tranquillity, to change, either for their own sake or ours, their former life of happy and uninterrupted repose, and to take upon themselves the care of man, and of all created beings, they, who, till then, lived in undisturbed delights and happiness? Farther, what could it have been the worse for us, if we had never been created? For he, who has once tasted the sweets of life, with good reason desires to live on: but they who never had a being, how can they be in love with the pleasures of living? Moreover, how could the gods fabricate the world for the sake of man: of man, I say, of whom they had no previous notice, no model to work by? For nothing can be made without an idea. And whence had the gods first their idea of creating the world? Whence had they their innate notions of the world, by which they might see in their mind what they purposed and resolved to make? For since the world was to be created of atoms, the gods could by no other means come to the knowledge of the power of those atoms, nor of what they would be able to effect by the change of their sites, orders, and positions; unless nature, by creating the world from the fortuitous coalition of atoms, had afforded them a specimen of it, and unless they had experimented by the very rise of things, how great was the efficacy of the atoms. Thus, so far is it from being true, that the gods make this world for the sake of man, that indeed they had no hand in the creation of it, but by the guidance of nature, it was made by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms.

Thus Lucretius begins his impiety anew, and

endeavours to raise a dust, and blind mens understandings. And, to secure his former opinion, pretends objections intermixed with scoffs, against all those, who, upon sober principles, and a strict search into the order and disposition of things, were forced to confess this frame to be the contrivance of some intelligent Being, and the product of wisdom itself. And here, agreeable to the Epicurean principles, he supposes interest to be the cause of all good nature, and the only spring of action, and then peremptorily demands what suitable returns man could make the gods for all their labour, or what additional happiness they could receive? Where he makes another wild supposition, which will never be granted, viz. That to create or dispose, is toil and trouble to Omnipotence; for such I have proved every eternal and self-existent to be. Now, let us look a little on the immoderate praises he bestows on his Epicurus, and ask him, what rewards could posterity give him for his philosophy, how could he receive any benefit from their praises and commendations? What then, was his god Epicurus a fool, who lost his own ease, opposed himself to so many philosophers, and laboured to write almost infinite volumes, when he had no motive to engage himself in all this trouble? No, Lucretius highly esteems him for the benefits he bestowed on mankind; and thus answers himself, whilst he allows single benevolence to be a strong motive to action: And this is allowed by general consent, he being hated, who looks only on his own interest, and makes that the measure of all his designs. And that the Deity is benevolent in the highest degree, is as evident as that it is a perfection to be so; for it is already proved, that infinite perfection is a necessary consequence of self-existence. But when he endeavours to prove, that to be is no good to man: what but laughter can be returned to such an idle opposition of common sense? For if to be continued in being is so great a good, and so desirable, as all mens wishes and endeavours sufficiently evince, then surely to bestow that being, is at least an equal blessing. And to answer his impudent question, How the Deity could have his knowledge? It is sufficient to return, That his method of knowing is not to be measured by ours, that he is Omniscient, that being a perfection, needs not any external impulse from images.

Ver. 185. Cicero, lib. ii. de Nat. Deor. speaks to the same purpose in these words: "Quid autem erat, quod concupisceret Deus mundum signis et luminibus, tanquam Ædilis, ornare? Si, ut Deus ipse melius habitaret, antea, videlicet tempore infinito, in tenebris, tanquam in gurgustio habitaverat? Post autem, variatæ ne eum delectari putamus, quod cœlum et terras exornatas videmus? Quæ ista potest esse oblectatio Deo? quæ si esset, non eâ tam diu carere potuisset." Why was it that God was so desirous to adorn this world with luminaries and constellations, like the gawdy cockack of a herald? Was it that he might live himself the better? And had he lived till then, that is to say, an infinite space of time, in the dark, as in a cabin? Or do we imagine, that

at length he took delight in novelties, and, therefore, clothed the heavens and the earth in all that glorious array in which we now behold them? What delight can that be to God? Were it any, he would not have been so long without it.

Ver. 201. The notice, or knowledge of all things, proceeds from the images of things that offer themselves to the mind. Besides, the gods do nothing inconsiderately; but foresee whatever they resolve to do. Now, no images of things could come into the Divine Mind, since the things themselves did not yet exist. It is idle, therefore, to pretend, that the gods created the heavens, the earth, the animals, and all things. This argument is contained in fifteen verses.

Ver. 208. In these eight verses, the poet delivers the opinion of Epicurus concerning the creation of the world, which he denied to be the work of the gods; but taught; that all things are effected by nature, or rather by chance and fortune, that is, by a fortuitous concourse of atoms: For he would not allow fortune or chance to be any thing, that, of itself, tempered and disposed the atoms to work these effects we now behold, but that the atoms themselves are that very chance: so far as, as without any premeditation, they meet, and mutually cleave to one another; and thus make all concrete things, just as it happens, without any preconceived design. And thus, as Dryden finely expresses this opinion of Epicurus,

The various atoms interfering dance
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance.

Lucretius, too, explains it in the same words, as here, book i. ver. 1021. and in this book, ver. 470. he repeats these verses again.

Ver. 216. To prove the world not to have been made by the gods, the poet, in these thirty-four verses, brings some arguments from the ill-contrived frame, disposition, and make of it. The work of an all-wise artist, says he, ought to be perfect in all points; not like the earth with mountains, woods, lakes, &c. hideous and dreadful to behold. Some parts of it should not be chilled with perpetual frost, nor others parched with continual heat: it should produce fruits of all sorts, rather than thorns, briars, and other useless, nay, noxious plants. It should be disturbed with no storms nor tempests: It should breed no wild beasts, nor other animals that are dangerous and destructive to man; nor should various diseases attend the various seasons of the year, and shorten our days: but all things should have been made pleasant and beautiful, accommodated only to the ease and pleasure of man: and thus it would indeed have been a work worthy of a wise and bounteous God.

Thus our presumptuous and daring poet takes upon him to find fault with the contrivance itself, and, like that proud king of Arragon, could, no doubt, have mended the design. And here, though it is unreasonable to demand a particular cause and motive for every contrivance, since we are not of the cabinet-council of Nature, nor assisted at her project, yet his exceptions (no doubt the

best his labouring wit could invent) are so weak, so often answered, and so easily (on principles grounded on certain history, and infallible record) to be accounted for, that there is no need to frame a particular answer, nor reason to fear, that any, the meanest reader, can ever be surpris'd with such trifles.

Ver. 221. In these six verses is contained his first argument, in which he proves, that far the greatest part of the earth is useless to man; forasmuch as it consists partly of mountains, woods, and rocks; and that the sea and vast lakes take up another part of it: as also because a third portion of it is uninhabitable by reason of the violent heat of the sun; and a fourth on account of its being extremely cold; that is to say, under the torrid zone, and under the two frigid zones. How then can it be pretended, that this earth, which abounds with so many defects and inconveniences, was created by the gods for the sake of man?

Ibid. Lucretius.

— Quantum cœli tegit impetus ingens,
Inde avidam partem montes, &c.

Which our translator has not rightly, or at least, has doubtfully rendered. For what Lucretius says is this: That as much of the world as the heavens surround or cover, by which he means the orb of the earth, is partly taken up by mountains, &c. and therefore is of no use to man. But Creech seems to make him complain, that no creatures are produced in the air, as well as in the water, and on dry ground. His mistake proceeded from not enough considering what the poet means by "Cœli impetus ingens;" the violent whirl of the heavens. Cicero, de Naturâ Deorum, lib. ii. "Cum autem impetum cœli admirabili cum celeritate moveri, vertique videamus," &c.

Ver. 226. The astronomers divided the heavens, according to latitude, into five parts, each of which the Greeks called *Zônai*, and the Latins *Cingulum, Fœcia, Plaga*. Cicero calls the zones, *Macula*, and *Oræ*; the zone, that is in the midst, between the two tropics, beyond which the sun never passes, is called the torrid zone. Polybius divides this zone into two, parted by the equator; but in this opinion he is not followed by any. The two zones that are extended, the one from the right of the torrid zone, towards the ætic or north pole, and the other from the left of the torrid zone, towards the antarctic or south pole, are called the temperate zones. The other two, included within the polar circles, are called the frigid zones. Thales is believed to have been the inventor of them; but Possidonius, as cited by Strabo, ascribes the invention, though without reason, to Parmenides. These zones are described by Virgil, Georg. i. ver. 233.

Quinque tenent cœlum Zonæ: quarum una corusco
Semper sole rubens, et torrida semper ab igni:
Quam circum extremæ dextrâ lævæque trahuntur,
Ceruleâ glacie concretæ, atque imbris atris.
Has inter medianque, duæ mortalibus ægris
Munere concessæ Divûm.—

Five girdles bind the skies: the torrid zone
Glow with the passing and repassing sun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heav'n,
To frosts and snows, and bitter blasts are given.
Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign'd
Two habitable seats for human kind. Dryden.

And the same astronomers likewise assigned five zones on earth, to answer to those of the heavens: and of these Ovid takes notice, Metam. i. ver. 45.

Utque duæ dextrâ cœlum, totidumque sinistra
Parte secant Zonæ, quinta est ardentior illis:
Sic onus inclusum numero distinxit eodem
Cura Dei; totidemque plagæ tellure premuntur:
Quarum quæ media est, non est habitabilis æstu;
Nix tegit alta duas: totidem inter utramque locavit,

Temperiem dedit, missâ cum frigore flammâ.

Which the same Dryden thus interprets:

And as five zones th' ethereal region bind,
Five correspondent are to earth assign'd.
The sun, with rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone.
The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt th' extremes two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of heat and cold.

Nor was it amiss observed by these astronomers, that the parts of the earth answered to the opposite parts of the heavens, and partake of their qualities: though so great has been the wisdom of God in tempering all things, that even directly beneath the sun, and where the heats are most violent, both men and cattle may live a pleasant and easy life: but of this the ancients were ignorant.

Ver. 227. In these nine verses is contained his second argument, in which he observes, that the other parts of the earth that are cultivated, will not produce the fruits, unless the ground be tilled by men with great toil and labour: but if the earth were created by the gods, for the service of man, why does it not bear them fruits of its own accord?

Ver. 236. These eight verses contain the third argument, and say, that even when we expect to reap the fruits of our labours in the tillage of the earth, we are often deceived in our hopes, either by rains or droughts, by storms, blights, &c. which is finely expressed by Sir R. Blackmore:

The verdant walks their charming aspect lose,
And shrivell'd fruit drops from the wither'd boughs:

Flow'rs in their virgin blushes smother'd die,
And round the trees their scatter'd beauties lie.
Infection taints the air; sick nature fades;
And sudden autumn all the fields invades;
So when the plains their flow'ry pomp display,
Sooth'd by the spring's sweet breath and cheering ray;

If Boreas then, designing envious war,
Musters his swift-wing'd legions in the air;

And, bent on sure destruction, marches forth
With the cold forces of the snowy north.
Th' op'ning buds, and sprouting herbs, and all
The tender first-born of the spring must fall;
The blighted trees their blooming honours shed,
And on their blasted hopes the mournful gard'-
ners tread.

Ver. 244. In these six verses is contained the fourth argument, in which the poet observes, that noxious animals are produced and fed, as well on dry ground as in the sea: that the seasons of the year bring diseases; that untimely death snatches many away: To which evils they ought not to be subject, if all things were created for their sake.

Ver. 250. In these sixteen verses he brings his fifth argument. If the gods, says he, had made the world, the condition of man would have been better than that of other animals; yet we plainly see it is much worse: and, to weigh the matter aright, nature seems a kind parent to them, and a cross step-mother to us. Why, says Epicurus, in Lætantius, lib. iii. cap. 5. did God make man whom he loved, obnoxious to so many evils? Why did he make him frail and mortal? "Cur ergo Deus omnibus malis hominem, quem diligebat, obicit? Cur mortalem, fragilemque constituit?" Man, indeed, comes into the world naked, helpless, and unarmed: but nature has given him the advantage of hands, which are called the organ of organs. Besides, let us suppose that a great estate were given gratuitously, and for no previous consideration, to a man that were lame, mutilated, infirm and diseased, would it not be unjust to call the donor to account for the infirmity of the object of his liberality, and to blame him that he gave no more?

Ver. 255. Pliny, lib. vii. speaking of the imbecility of human nature, says, "Hominem tantum nudum, et in nudâ humo natali die obicit ad vagitus statim et ploratus, nullumque tot animalium pronius ad lachrymas, atque has protinus vitæ principio." Nature produces man only naked, nor of the great number of animals is any more prone to tears, and that too in the very moment of his birth. But let us hear Dryden's translation of this passage.

Thus, like a sailor by the tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
Helpless of all that human wants require:
Expos'd upon unhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth;
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room,
Too sure prefaces of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd:
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
No nurse to reconcile them to their food.
With broken words; nor winter blasts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor for their safety citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war.

Unlabour'd earth her bounteous treasure grants,
And nature's lavish hands supply their common wants.

Ver. 258. Martial. lib. xiv. Epig. 54.

Si quis plorator collo tibi vernula pendet,
Hæc quatiat tenerâ garrula sistrâ manu.

Hence we may observe, that the rattles which our nurses use to quiet their froward children, are not of modern date; especially if the *crepitaculum*, which is the word our poet here uses, be the same with the *sistrum*, that the Egyptians used in the service of the goddess Isis, as, by the description Apuleius, Metam. lib. xi. gives of it, it seems to be: "Dexterâ quidem ferebat," says he, "areum crepitaculum, cujus per angustam laminam in modum baltei recurvatam, trajectæ mediæ paucæ virgulæ crispante brachio tergeminos jactus reddebant angustum sonorem." And the figure of Isis, holding a *sistrum* in her hand, which Hieronymus Bosius, de Sistro, p. 22. gives us, from some ancient coins of Adrian, represents it to be very much of the same form with our common rattles.

Ver. 266. Having solved the objections which the weakness of the Stoics, and the superstition of the vulgar had raised against his opinion; he now, in these ten verses argues to this purpose. The nature of the whole is the same with that of its parts; and since we see that the parts of the world, the earth, sea, air, and fire, are continually changed, sometimes diminished, sometimes renewed, it must be confessed, that the whole mass is equally and alike mortal.

Ver. 268. *This frame*. i. e. Of the earth, which is composed of the four elements, that are called by Manilius, lib. i. ver. 137. "Quatuor mundi artus;" the four limbs or members of the world; as they are likewise by Lucretius, ver. 272. of this book.

Ver. 276. Here the poet demonstrates at large, in seventy-three verses, that the chief parts, and largest members of the world, earth, water, air, and fire, are produced, and die. And first, in these twenty verses he begins with the earth: many of whose particles, says he, are borne aloft, and compose the air: the rivers wash off many more, and roll them into the sea. Then, in sixteen verses, he says, that new water is produced every day; but part of it is changed into air by the force of the sun: and in the subterranean passages, another part of it condenses, and puts on the form of earth. Then in ten verses he says, that no man will pretend, that the air which receives all the particles that are continually flowing to it from all things, and that repairs and renews all those things, is eternal and immortal. And lastly, in twenty-seven verses, he asserts, that we ought to conclude the like also of fire, since the rays of the sun, who is the sole fountain and source of all light and fire, flow out from his orb and perish every moment. And, therefore, we must be forced to allow, that the sun himself is repaired, as we supply a lamp with oil to keep the flame alive.

Ver. 280. Here the poet proves, 1 That the earth wastes away, and is renewed: for, says he,

N n ij

the sun, by continually shining upon it, bakes and dries it up: it wears with being trampled on: the force of the winds blows some of it into the air: rains dissolve it: rivers wash it away: it is wafted by its own productions, and again renewed by them. For, as the earth is the great mother of all things, so too she is their common sepulchre. The earth therefore decays, and is renewed.

Ver. 284. Our translator is not so much obliged to his author for this thought, as to Cowley, who, in the first book of his *Davidicis*, says,

— The stream, with wanton play,
Kisses the smiling banks, and glides away.

Ver. 296. In these sixteen verses the poet proves, 2dly, That the water wastes away, and is again repaired: for the sea, the rivers, and the fountains, are continually supplied with new waters; and the reason why the sea does not overflow, is, because the winds brushing over the surface of its waves, take away some part of its flood, and because the heat of the sun commonly licks up its waters. Besides, some parts of the waters of the sea dives beneath into the pores and channels of the earth, where, leaving behind its bitterness and salt, it gropes out its blind passage to a second birth; and starting up in fountains, creeps from them into rivers, and from the rivers works its way, and returns again into the sea, gliding backwards and forwards with a never-ceasing course.

Ver. 305. Lucretius himself gives the reason of this, book ii. ver. 451.

For when salt streams through winding caverns pass,

They rise up sweet, and bubble o'er the grass;
Because those pungent parts they roll'd before,
Now stay behind, and lodge in every pore.

Ver. 308. *Mæander* is a great river of the Lesser Asia, flowing from the fountain *Aulocrene*, in the Greater Phrygia. It divides *Caria* from *Ionia*; and, at the city *Hieraclea*, falls into the *Myrtoan* sea, which is a part of the *Ægean*, and now called *Mare di Mandria*. This river is now the *Madre*, and flows in so many windings, that it often seems to run back toward its head. *Ovid. Metam. lib. ix. ver. 449.*

*Hic tibi, dum sequitur patriæ curvaminaripæ,
Filia Mæandri, toties redeuntis eodem,
Cognita Cyanæ, &c.*—

Whence, not only all turnings and windings are metaphorically called meanders: but likewise all crafty and wily counsels: in which last sense, *Cicero* in *Piso*, uses the word *meander*; and *Prudentius*, in the hymn, *ante Somn.*

O tortuose serpens,
Qui mille per Mæandros,
Fraudesque flexuosas,
Agitas quæta corda.

Dion Prusæus says, that this river makes no less than six hundred windings towards the spring where first it rises. Thus,

Its wanton tide in wreathing volumes flows,
Still forming reedy islands as it goes:
And in meanders to the neighb'ring main,
The liquid serpent draws its silver train.

Sir Richard Blackmore.

Moreover, the four verses that conclude this argument, are paraphrastically rendered; and the two last of them seem to be imitated from these of Cowley:

Th' innocent stream, as it in silence goes,
Fresh honours, and a sudden spring bestows,
On both its banks to ev'ry tree and flow'r.

Ver. 312. In these ten verses, he proves, 3dly, Of the air, that it sometimes wastes, and then again increases: for the air is changed every moment: because, whatever flows from bodies, is carried into the vast tract of air. But minute corpuscles are continually flowing from all things, and are conveyed into the air, where they fly to and fro without ceasing. Now, unless the air constantly restored these corpuscles to the bodies from whence they came, all things would by this time have been wasted to nothing, and totally destroyed. Therefore, bodies are perpetually changed into air, and the air returns again into bodies.

Ver. 315. This seems a bold metaphor; and yet has the authority of Lucretius; "Aeris in magnum fertur Mare:" and he of *Ennius*, who, in *Festus*, says, "Crassa pulvis oritur; omne per. volat cæli Fretum." And our Cowley not only calls the air a trackless ocean; but the sea the low sky: for which, he tells us, he has the authority of the scripture itself: *Genes. i. ver. 6.* "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." The passage of Cowley, of which I am speaking, is in that incomparable *Pindaric* ode, which he calls the *Muse*; and the rather deserves to be transcribed, because he reclaims the authority of our poet, to justify one part of his allegory:

Where never fish did fly,
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky,
Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
Row through the trackless ocean of the air, &c.

Ver. 322. In these twenty-seven verses he proves, 4thly, That fire perishes, and is again renewed: Of this he brings an instance of the sun, whose first light, says he, totally perishes, and a new light is created in its place: This truth we know by experience, as often as any mist interposes between the sun's orb and us. He farther teaches, that the like happens in our lamps and candles, in lightning, in the moon, and in the other planets; of all which the first light dies, and a new light is continually substituted in its room: Therefore light, in which there is always some fire, dies, and is renewed in all luminous bodies, and consequently the fire itself must perish, and be renewed likewise. And, indeed, as to our lights, which are supplied and fed with something fat and humid, as oil, no man disputes but that they are continually changed. But *Aristotle*, lib. ii. *Meteor.* denies that the light of the sun is like

our terrestrial lights; and will have it to be always one and the same, as being never fed with humidity; for otherwise a new sun would rise every day, and be daily new, which is both false and absurd. Lucretius, indeed, in this place, does not pretend to say, that the sun or the stars are of a fiery nature, or that they are fire; but is satisfied that light, which always contains some fire, perishes and is renewed daily. He will prove by and by, whether the sun be fire or not; and according to the doctrine of Epicurus, will teach, that the celestial bodies, that is to say, the stars, are either fire, or consist of fire; which he has likewise often insinuated elsewhere.

Ver. 328. Sir Richard Blackmore, describing a storm:

A sudden storm did from the south arise,
And horrid black begun to hang the skies:
Low-bellying clouds soon intercept the light,
And o'er the sailors spread a noon-day night.

Ver. 343. See the note on verse twenty-eight of this book.

Ver. 349. In these eleven verses he confirms the preceding arguments. The things that seem most solid, feel the strength of time, and moulder away. Who does not every day see towers, temples, and the images of the gods falling to decay, and dropping to the ground? The deities themselves cannot support them. Even rocks crumble with age, and come tumbling piecemeal down from the mountains. Who then will pretend, that things which are unable to resist the injuries of a finite time, have existed from all eternity?

Ver. 351. For some are of opinion, that the ancients believed, that not only man and all created things, as well animate as inanimate beings, but that even the gods themselves were subject to fate. And the words of Lucretius, in this place, are,

Nec sanctum numen fati protollere fines
Possit, neque adversus naturæ federa niti.

But if the decrees of fate were unalterable, how came Venus to fear, that the mind of Jupiter would change, in regard to the Trojans? Virgil, *Æn. i. ver. 241.*

—Quæ te, genitor, sententia vertit?

Hoc equidem occasum Trojæ, tristesque ruinas
Solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens.

Fate therefore seems to have been nothing else, than an immutable series of things and events, existing in the mind, or in the decrees of Jupiter, and which, for that reason, he alone knew, and alone revealed to the gods by his own mouth, and to men by oracles. Thus the fortune-telling harpy, *Æn. iii. ver. 251.*

Quæ Phæbo pater omnipotens, mihi Phæbus
Apollo

Prædixit.—

To which I add, that the ancients did indeed hold fate to be unalterable; and unavoidable; "Fata viam invenient:" but in such a manner nevertheless, that they believed, 1. That the event of fate,

though it could not be wholly prevented, might nevertheless be somewhat retarded: Thus Juno, *Æn. vii. ver. 315.*

Non dabitur, esto, regnis prohibere Latinis:

At trahere, atque moras tantis licet addere rebus.

II. That the event often depended on certain conditions, which being eluded, fate was eluded likewise. III. That the declaration of any fate whatever, whether by Jupiter himself, or by the oracles, might be ambiguous: whence it happened, that the gods, as well as men, often struggled against adverse fates. And this it was that Venus feared, that Jupiter had not spoken sincerely of the future happiness of *Æneas*; because, if he had, she knew that it was unalterable, and must of necessity happen. For as Dryden, in *Palemon* and *Arcite*, says after Chaucer,

The pow'r that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what he foresees,
Call'd providence, or chance, or fatal sway,
Comes with resistless force, and finds, or makes
its way.

Ver. 353. Juvenal, *Satyr. x. ver. 142.* to the same purpose, says,

—Patriam tamen obruit olim

Gloria paucorum, et laudis titulique cupido
Hæsi in fax cinerum custodibus, ad quæ
Discutienda valent steriles mala robora fides:
Quandoquidem data sunt ipsi quoque fata sepulchris.

Which Dryden has finely paraphrased:

Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
These long inscriptions crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gawdy monument,
Would crack the marble titles and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse:
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Moreover, that the graves of men should come to be their own graves, is a thought added to Lucretius by his translator.

Ver. 360. In these eight verses he confutes those who hold that all things proceed from ether, or heaven, and are resolved again into heaven, and yet assert, that heaven itself is immortal and eternal. For whatever is changed into other things, and is repaired and renewed by those things, when they are dissolved, must be born, and mortal.

Ver. 363. He means the poets, who feigned that *Cælus* was the most ancient of all the gods, and that he married his sister *Terra*, the earth, whence he was believed to be the father of all things.

Ver. 368. In these seventeen verses, he asserts, that the world is new because the most ancient of all histories reach not farther than the *Theban*, or *Trojan* wars, and certainly, if the world, far from being eternal, were much older than we know it to be, we should have had some records

of a much older date: and farther, because all the arts are but of late invention, since mention is made of the founders of all of them. And if the world had had no beginning, all arts, but especially those useful to life, would have existed from all time. Macrobius, on the dream of Scipio, book ii. chap. 10. argues to the same purpose, in these words: "Quis non hinc existimet mundum quandoque cepisse, nec longam retro huius ætatem, cum abhinc ultra retro duo annorum millia de excellenti rerum gestarum memoria ne Græcia quidem extat historia? Nam supra nunc, à quo Semiramis secundum quosdam creditur procreata, nihil præclarum in libris relatam est: Si enim ab initio, imò ante initium fuit mundus, ut philosophi volunt, cur per innumerabilem seriem sæculorum, non fuerat cultus, quo nunc utimur, inventus? Non literarum usus, quo solo memoriæ fultur æternitas? Cur denique multarum rerum experientia ad aliquas gentes recenti ætate pervenit? Ut ecce: Galli vitem, vel cultum oleæ, Roma jam adolescente, didicerunt: alie verò gentes adhuc multa nesciunt, quæ nobis inventa placuerunt. Hæc omnia videntur æternitati rerum repugnare, dum opinari nos faciunt, certo mundi principio paulatim singula quæque cepisse." Who can believe but that the world had a beginning, and that not too long ago, since, of what happened above two thousand years past, we have no history, not even of any great actions: For before Ninus, who, according to some, was father of Semiramis, nothing memorable is recorded in our books. And if the world was from the beginning, or, as philosophers say, before the beginning, why, during a succession of innumerable ages, was not the method and way of life which we now follow invented? Why not even the use of letters, which alone secures and eternizes the memory of things? And why have some nations had but a late knowledge of many things? For instance, the Gauls, who knew not to till the vine, nor the olive, till Rome was in her age of adolescence. And other nations are still ignorant of many arts and inventions, that have long been in use, and of great advantage to us. All which seems to contradict the eternity of things, and gives us great ground to believe, that all things began by degrees, after the world had its beginning.

Ver. 371. Which, says Macrobius, was before the siege of Troy. However, it could be but a little time before, because it is certain, that some leaders were at the destruction of Troy, whose fathers had been at the siege of Thebes. *Faber*. There were several cities called by the name of Thebes, but Lucretius speaks of that in Boeotia, which, as *Isidorus* says, was built by Cadmus, and of the war between the two brothers, Eteocles and Polyneices, the sons of Oedipus, by his own mother Jocasta. Of the Trojan war, see book i. ver. 519.

Ver. 372. Horace seems to give the reason of this, when he says, that in the ages in which those heroes lived, there wanted poets to record their fame;

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte; carent quia vate sacro.

And therefore Cowley excellently well says:

Not winds to voyagers at sea,
Nor show'rs to earth more necessary be,
Than verse to virtue, which can do
The midwife's office; and the nurse's too:
It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay;
And when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid,
That never will decay,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And nought behind it flay.

And Dryden in like manner:

For ev'n when death dissolves our mortal frame,
The soul returns to heaven, from whence it
came;
Earth keeps the body; verse preserves the fame.

Ver. 374. It is not strange that arts are new, that they are but lately improved and refined, that is to say, sailing, poetry, music, &c. since the world itself is but of late standing, and was not from eternity, as the Stoics and Aristotle erroneously believed.

Ver. 383. Lucretius has several times already been telling us this of himself; but more particularly, book i. ver. 933. and at the beginning of the fourth book.

Ver. 385. To these arguments some philosophers give this answer. The same arts flourished heretofore that do now; but sometimes fire destroyed mankind, sometimes deluges swept them away, or earthquakes swallowed them up; and hence those arts seem to be new. The poet retorts this answer upon them, in these ten verses, and says that no man of sound judgment will pretend that the world, whose parts are sometimes consumed by fire, sometimes overwhelmed with waters, and sometimes shaken and swallowed up by earthquakes, can be eternal. For the reason why we believe a man to be mortal, is, because he is subject to, and attacked by those diseases, which having seized upon others with greater violence, have swept them away. But Aristotle, on the contrary, says that there is no fear of the world's being dissolved; nay more, that the deluges and conflagrations of the earth conduce to the safety of the whole universe: for he held the world to be eternal; which doctrine of his is not only repugnant to the Christian faith, but likewise to the opinion of almost all the philosophers.

Ver. 387. The poet alludes to the known stories of Phaëthon, who is fabled to have set the world on fire; and of the flood, that happened in the days of Deucalion. The first of them may be seen at large in Ovid. *Metam.* lib. ii. and the other in the same author, lib. i. See likewise below, ver. 440. and ver. 435.

Ver. 395. In these twenty-one verses he brings the same argument against the immortality of the

world, which, book iii. ver. 776. he brought against the immortality of the soul; consult the notes upon that place. Nothing, says he, is eternal, or immortal, except bodies perfectly solid, as the atoms; except the void, and the *τὸ πᾶν*, universe. But the world is not a body perfectly solid; nor is it void or empty space; nor since there are infinite worlds, can it be pretended, that it is the universe.

Ver. 406. As if, for the dissolution of any thing, it were requisite, that it should go from place to place, or that bodies should come from some exterior place, and strike it with so great violence, as to dissolve the thing itself.

Ver. 416. In these five verses he draws, from the arguments he has brought already, this conclusion; that since the world will have an end, it had a beginning; and has not existed from all eternity: for what is mortal, must of necessity have been born.

To make this disputation of our author more easy to be understood, it will not be improper to observe, that there are two sorts of eternity; from the present time backwards, and from the present forwards; which the schoolmen call "*æternitas à parte ante*, and *æternitas à parte post*." These two make up the whole circle of eternity, which the present now cuts as a diameter. Boetius de Consolat. Philosoph. lib. v. defines eternity, "*interminabilis vitæ tota simul et perfecta possessio*." The whole and perfect possession at once, of a being with beginning or ending. And this definition is followed by Thomas Aquinas, and all the schoolmen, who therefore call eternity *nunc sunt*, a standing now, to distinguish it from that now, which is a difference of time, and always flowing.

Ver. 421. In these forty verses he brings another argument from the continual fighting of the elements, which are the four chief parts of the world: For, says he, since fire engages with water, and sometimes the flame, sometimes the flood prevails, what should hinder, but that this contention will at last end in the destruction of the whole world: And that great conflagrations and deluges have happened, the stories of Phaëthon and Deucalion sufficiently evince: for then the earth was destroyed by fire, and overwhelmed with water; and though the poets foolishly fable, that the fire, and the deluge, broke out and ceased at the intervention of the gods, yet they were indeed only the effects of natural causes.

Ver. 435. Milton describes admirably well this fighting of the elements, and perhaps took the hint from Lucretius.

For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions
 fierce,
 Strive here for mastery; and to battle bring
 Their embryon atoms: They around the flag
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light-arm'd, or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or
 slow,
 Swarm populous; unnumber'd as the sands

Of Barca, or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levy'd to side with warring winds and poise
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,

He rules a moment, &c.

Which a late author has happily imitated:

The heavier seeds rush on in num'rous swarms,
 And crush their lighter foes with pond'rous arms:
 The lighter strait command with equal pride,
 And on mad whirlwinds in wild triumph ride:
 None long submits to a superior pow'r;
 Each yields, and, in his turn, is conqueror.

Ver. 440. *Phaëthon*.] He was the son of Clymene and Sol, the sun: And with much importunity obtained of his father, to drive his chariot for one day; but not being able to guide the horses, they went out of the road of their daily course and set fire to the world. Jupiter struck him with his thunder, and he fell into the river Eridanus. The fable is related at large by Ovid. Metam. 2. Plato, in his *Timæus*, explains the meaning of this fable, in words to this effect: What is commonly reported among us, says he, that in times long since past, Phaëthon, the son of Sol, having obtained permission to drive his father's chariot, and mistaking the right road, set fire to the earth, and that he was struck down, and killed with lightning, is said only figuratively, or by way of fable; but signifies the mutation or decay, as well of earthly things, as of those that are in the heavens, and are moved with the heavens: As also that destruction, which in a long interval of time, is made of all bodies that are on the earth, by the violent assaults of the element of fire. And thus too Aristotle, lib. 4. de Mundo.

Ver. 444. *Po*.] The Greeks called it *Ἡριδανός*, the Latins, *Padus*, now the *Po*, a river of Italy, that rises in the Alps, at the foot of the mountain Vefulus, now Monte Viso, and dividing the Cisalpine Gaul, which is now a part of Italy, into the Transpaduan and Cispaduan Gauls, discharges itself, at several mouths, in the Adriatick sea. Virgil calls it the king of rivers, because it is the largest river of Italy. Georg. i. v. 481.

*Proluit infans contorquens vortice sylvas
 Fluviorum rex Eridanus*——

And G. 4. v. 372, he describes it at the spring from whence it flows:

*Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
 Eridanus: quo non alius per pinguia culta
 In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

There *Po* first issues from his dark abodes,
 And awful in his cradle, rules the floods:
 Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
 And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears:
 With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
 And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Ver. 445. Of *Phæbus*, see B. I. v. 816.

Ver. 447. The horses of the sun, of which we have spoken above, v. 86.

N n iiij

Ver. 431. What Lucretius here says, is this: The old Greek poets report this for truth, though indeed it is but an idle fiction: Not but that it is possible that fire may destroy all things, if an immense quantity of corpuscles, of a fiery matter, were brought down upon the earth, out of the infinite space: for in that case, unless the power and force of that igneous matter be weakened, repressed and kept under by some means or another all things will be burnt, and perish with too much heat.

Ver. 455. Here the poet alludes to the fabulous flood of Deucalion, which, no doubt took its rise from the true flood of Noah, related in the Mosai- cal history, of which it cannot be questioned, but some copies were got among the heathens; and as they drew the occasion of many of their fables from those sacred writings, so too they wretchedly profaned them by their foolish fictions: but none has suffered more in passing through their hands, than this flood of Noah: which having furnished matter of speculation to many of our Christian philosophers, who have puzzled their brains to give a rational and intelligible account of it; I presume it will not be taken amiss, that I here make a short digression, to give our translator's opinion concerning that deluge: He observes, in the first place, that the author of the theory of the earth, pleads for a universal flood, it being inconsistent with the demonstrated nature of a fluid, that water should stand up in heaps, fifteen cubits above the tops of the highest mountains: This, says Creech, I am willing to admit, though there is no reason why Omnipotence might not be immediately concerned in it; since the author of the theory himself confesses, that the forty days rain cannot, according to his hypothesis be explained by any natural cause that he can discover. In the next place, that author compares the height of the mountains, and the depth of the sea; and having, as to both, made allowable suppositions, though the course of the largest river, even the Nile itself, will not prove its head to be above three feet higher than its mouth, he infers that eight oceans will be little enough to make an universal deluge: The waters above the firmament are exploded, the rain would afford but the hundredth part of such a mass of water, unless the showers were continual, and over the face of the whole earth, and the drops came down ninety times faster than usually they do: Though a man would be apt to think from the expressions in Genesis, "The windows of heaven were opened," that there was something very extraordinary in this rain, and that all those required conditions were observed. The caverns of the earth, if they threw out all the water they contained, would afford but little, in comparison of the great store that was required: And if the whole middle region of the air had been condensed, still there had not been enough; because air, being turned into water, fills only the hundredth part of the space which it formerly possessed. Though all the other ways by which some have endeavoured to explain the flood, were demon-

strably insufficient, yet this last, which gives an account of it from so natural and easy a cause of the condensation of the air, deserved to be considered a little more: But it is the art of a disputer, to touch that least which presses most on the opinion he would advance. For it being allowed that air, by natural causes, may be changed into water; and a vacuum being explained, it necessarily follows, that as much air as rises fifteen cubits higher than the tops of the mountains, is sufficient to make such a deluge, as is described to have been in Noah's time: Because where there is no vacuum, there can be no contraction into a less space: and every particle of matter, whatever form or schematism it puts on, must, in all conditions, be equally extended, and therefore take up the same room. But suppose a vacuum, or, as it happens in our imperfect condensations, that a hundred cubical feet of air would make but one foot of water; yet sure the region is large enough to make amends for this disproportion. Now, since nature is sufficient for condensation, and since its powers may be considerably invigorated for the execution of the Almighty's wrath, why must it be thought so difficult to explain a deluge! And why should an excellent wit waste itself in fashioning a new world, only to bring that about, which the old one would permit easily to be done? It is above the province of philosophy to make a world: let that be supposed to have been formed as it is revealed; it is enough for us to search by what laws it is preserved; and a system, erected on this foundation, will be agreeable both to reason and religion. It is above the province of philosophy likewise, to assign a natural cause of a supernatural effect: But the prying minds of some men will, with their short-lined plannets, be founding into the unfathomable depths of the divine dispensations: How much better they, who, firmly believing that, there was such a flood as that of Noah, described to us in holy writ, ascribe it merely to Omnipotence?

Commanded by whose breath, th' obsequious main

Stood still, and gather'd up its flowing train:

Th' Almighty did the sea divide,
And, as he rends the hills, he split the tide:
Benumb'd with fear, the waves erected stood,

O'er-looking all the distant flood:
Mountains of craggy billows did arise,
And rocks of stiffen'd waters reach'd the skies;
Remoter waves came rolling on to see

The strange transforming mystery:

But they approaching near,
Where the high crystal ridges did appear,
Felt the divine contagion's force;

Mov'd slothfully awhile, and then quite stop'd
their course.

Sir R. Blackmore.

Ver. 461. In these twenty-nine verses the poet, being about to explain how the world began, excludes the gods and Providence from having any hand in it; and ascribes the whole work to matter, from whence proceeded chaos

a rude and undigested heap of particles, which being driven to and fro, at length came together, like with like, and thence arose the heaven, the earth, the sun, the stars, and whatever else this world contains. This doctrine of Epicurus is delivered by Plutarch. de Placit. Philosoph. lib. 1. c. 4. in these words: 'Ο τοίνυν κόσμος συνίστηται συγκλασμένων ἰχθύων, ἰχθυοειδῶν τὸν τροχὸν τῆτον, ὅν' Ἀτόμων σωμάτων, ἀπρονοήτων, καὶ τυχαίαν ἔχόντων κίνησιν, συνεχῶς τι, καὶ τάχιστα κινημένων εἰς τὸ αὐτὸ πολλὰ σώματα συνθεσθῆναι, καὶ διὰ τούτου συγκλίνας ἔχοντα καὶ σχημάτων καὶ μεγεθῶν.

Ver. 477. Macrobius, Saturnal. lib. vi. cap. 2. compares this passage of Lucretius with the following verses of Virgil, in Silenus, v. 31.

Namque caneat uti magnum per inane coacta
Semine, terrarumque, animæque, marisque fuifcent,

Et liquidi simul ignis: ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea Ponto
Cœperit, et rerum paullatim fovere formas:
Jamque novum ut terræ stupeant lucescere solem;
Altius atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres:
Incipiant sylvæ cum primum surgere, cumque
Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

Which is thus interpreted by Dryden:

He fung the secret seeds of nature's frame:
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void; and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball!
The tender soil, then stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas:
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose,
And a new sun to the new world arose:
And mists, condens'd to clouds, obscure the sky;
And clouds, dissolv'd, the thirly ground supply:
The rising trees the lofty mountains grace;
The lofty mountains feed the savage race,
Yet few, and strangers in the unpeopled place.

Ver. 480. The poet here teaches, that so long as the atoms were jumbled confusedly one among another, neither earth, nor heaven, nor stars, had yet a being: But when the chief parts of the world began to disjoin, and get clear from each other, then the heaven shone with splendour, the dry ground appeared, the waters were gathered into one, &c. Thus Lucretius will have all things to have begun by little and little, not only by reason of the sundry impediments of the course of the atoms, but also because of their different figures: Whence, says he, it is evident, that the world has not existed from all eternity. He is now going to dispute, separately, of the first rise of each part of it.

Ver. 490, 491. In these thirty-two verses, he discourses of the rise of the earth, of the heaven, and of the sun, moon, and stars. And since the confused and unfashioned mass of matter must have been brought into order by motion, and since all motion proceeds from weight, the poet is in the right to inquire what the heaviest atoms

must do. Now Epicurus believed, that the atoms, being embroiled, and confused in a heap together, did, by their innate motion, roll and tumble up and down, among one another, till at length all the more dense atoms jumbled towards the middle, and all the more rare, being extruded and squeezed away by the thicker, flew towards the circumference. Moreover, that of these thicker atoms the body of the earth was compacted, and that it contained within its bulk some seeds of water, which had not been able to disentangle themselves, and get away, at the same time with the others: But that some of those that had disentangled themselves, did, by reason of their various degrees of tenuity, retire to several distances; thus some of them slipt not far from the mass of earth, and made the air; that others mounted yet more aloft, and composed the sky; and that the fiery corpuscles, that were extruded with the rest, getting clear of all of them, combined into those bodies that shine in the sky, and are called stars. Lastly, That the lesser, round, smooth corpuscles were so determined, limited, and confined to that motion towards the circumference, that was made by elision, or by expression from the more dense corpuscles, that, so far as they went not out of the mass by parallel ways, they did, in the very progression, variously encounter one another, and mutually repelled the violence they received: which violence at length ceasing, those that were got farthest, or most remote from the centre, became entangled with one another, and mutually compressing each other, and holding fast together, did, by that means, create a certain species of the walls of the world: And whatever corpuscles came to them there, were turned back, and repressed from them in such a manner, that still new supplies coming up, the whole ethereal or celestial region was aptly made and fabricated by them.

This perhaps will be better understood by the comparison Lucretius himself uses to explain it, when he shows that this might very well happen, in like manner as when vapours and exhalations steam out of the earth and water, and being carried aloft, are there condensed, and grow into one body of clouds, so as to make, as it were, a ceiling, under which the air, that remains visible to us, is contained. See Plutarch de Placit. Philosoph. lib. 1. c. 4.

Ver. 491. Though Epicurus and Lucretius placed the earth in the midst of the world, yet they denied the earth to have any centre, or middle place, as we have seen, Book i. ver. 1071, & seqq. Thus too Manilius, speaking of the earth, lib. 1. ver. 167. places it in the midst of the universe:

Imaque de cunctis mediam tenet undique sedem;
Idcircoque manet stabilis, quia totus ab illâ
Tantundem refugit mundus, scitque cadendo
Undique, ne caderet: medium totius et imum
est:

Istaque contractis consistunt corpora plagis,
Et concurrendo prohibent in longius ire.

Lowest of all, and in the midst it lies,
Compas'd by seas, and cover'd by the skies:
The place does fix it, for, still rising higher,
The other elements equally retire,
And that, by falling, stops its farther fall,
And hangs the midst and lowest of them all:
Its parts to no one point press jointly down,
And meet, and stop each other from moving on.

Creech.

See the note on Book ii. ver. 562.

Ver. 502. Dryden, in one of his descriptions of the morning, has expressed this thought of Lucretius:

—The sun arose, with beams so bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous light:

He, with his tepid rays, the rose renews,
And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dew.

Palam. et Arc.

Ver. 513. Having made the earth, as the foundation of the whole world, and the sky the walls of it, as he himself calls it, he, in these nine verses, places the sun and moon, which are of a middle nature, between the sky and the air, as being composed of principles lighter than those of the air, and heavier than those of the sky, in the very confines of the air and sky, where, he tells us, they are in perpetual motion, as the lungs and hearts in animals. He takes no notice of the other planets or stars, though his translator does. But let us hear the best of poets, and a Christian philosopher, describing this part of the creation. He speaks in the person of an angel:

—I saw the rising birth

Of nature from the unapparent deep;
I saw, when, at God's word, this formless mass,
The world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd: flood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till, at his second bidding, darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And the ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular and turn'd to stars:
Each had his place appointed, each his course.
Thus God the heav'n created, thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss: but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass; but downwards

purg'd

The black, tartareous, cold, infernal drugs,
Adverse to life, then founded, then conglob'd
Like things: to like; the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And earth, self-balance'd, on her centre hung.

Milton.

Ver. 522, 523. But the work is not yet perfect: we have hitherto neither fire, air, nor wa-

ter. He tells us, therefore, in these fifteen verses, first, That that feculent mass, that sunk together to the bottom, being pressed on all sides by the beams of the sun, and the heat of the sky, contracted itself: Thence exhaled the sea like sweat; but the lighter particles, mounting higher, composed the elements of fire and air. In the next place, that some of the particles of this mass being more hard and stiff than the others, they did not all subside alike, and hence the hollow places to receive the sea, and the channels for the rivers; and hence too the level of the plains, and the turpidness of the mountains:

—The mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters; thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, up roll'd,
As globes on dust, conglobing from the dry;
Part rise in crystal walls, or ridge direct;

—As armies, at the call

Of trumpet,—
Troop to their standard; so the wat'ry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;
If sleep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft ebbing: nor with flood them rock or hill;
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide,
With serpent error wand'ring found their way,
And on the wat'ry ooze deep channels wore,
Within whose banks the rivers now—
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.

Milton.

Ver. 523. Lucret.

Succidit et falso suffudit gurgite fossas.

Plutarch. de Placit. Philosoph. lib. iii. καὶ αὖτε τὸ πᾶν ἑστῶς ἐκείλκε τὰς ὑποκειμένης τῶντος. And the same author, lib. i. cap. 4. de Placit. Philosoph. expresses this opinion of Lucretius more at large: Of those bodies, says he, which sunk down, and settled below, was made the earth; that part of it which was most subtle, and of a thinner form and consistence, gathered round together, and engendered the element of water, which, being of a liquid and flowing nature, ran downwards to hollow places, that lay low, and were capable to receive and hold it.

Ver. 529. The firmament, the celestial spheres, the heavens. They were called ether, ἀὴρ τὸ αἶν Σίαν, from their being in perpetual motion.

Ver. 537. That he may the better explain the motions of the stars, he previously teaches, in these fourteen verses, that the most resplendent and liquid ether, having mounted higher than the inconstant and turbulent air, is wholly undisturbed by any manner of storms, and rolls in a constant and like motion; which motion of the ether is not in the least incredible, since the Euxine sea does the like, and is continually flowing into the Propontic, without changing its course.

"Lucr. inde ether ignifer ipse." For the ancients believed the stars to be either very fire, or

of a fiery nature, and therefore called the ether *ignifer*, fire-bearing; as they did likewise *signifer*, or *stellifer*, that bears the signs, or stars. Or else the poet, in this place, describes the region of elementary virtue, which lies next under the heaven, as Manilius sings, in these excellent verses:

Ignis in ætheræas volucer se sustulit auras,
Sommaque complexus stellantis culmina cæli,
Flammæ vallo naturæ mœnia fecit.

Lib. i. ver. 144.

Upward the flame on active pinions fled,
To heav'n's high arch it rais'd its shining head;
There stopp'd, as weary grown, and round the
frame,
For nature's bulwark rais'd a wall of flame.

Greecb.

Ver. 545. The point of the axle-tree, on which astronomers imagine the heaven to be turned. There are two poles, the north pole, known by a star called *polus arcticus*, and the south, called *antarcticus*, which is invisible to us. The word pole, comes from *πολεύς*, to turn. They are likewise called *cardines cæli*, the hinges of the heaven; because it being hung upon them, like a door on its hinges, is rolled and turned about.

Ver. 547. Here our translator has mistaken the sense of his author, who speaks not of the flux and reflux of the ocean, but of the course of the Euxine sea. For how can that motion of the ocean be alleged as a parallel instance to confirm the one, regular, and constant motion of the spheres? The words in the original, are as follows:

Nam modicè fluere, atque uno posse ethera nîsu,
Significat ponti mare, certo quod fluit æstu,
Unum labendi conservans usque tenorem.

Now, what led our translator into his error, was, in all appearance, his having followed the reading of this passage in the first edition of Lambinus, in which we read *magnum*, instead of *ponti*: "Significat magnum mare," &c. but that critic corrected it in his subsequent editions, and reads, "ponti mare." Fayus, however, retains the other lection, and ridiculously pretends to justify it: But certainly, whatever that interpreter alleges to the contrary, the constant course of the celestial circles, is better proved by the constant motion of the Euxine sea into the Bosphorus of Thrace, thence into the Propontis, the Hellespont, &c. without any reflux, than by the ebbing and flowing of the ocean. This is so obvious, that to assert the contrary, as Fayus does, seems next to an absurdity.

Ver. 551. Lucretius, when he disputes of the heavens, of the motions of the spheres, and of those things which the Greeks call *πύρρινæ*, meteors, never affirms any thing for certain: This was the constant custom of the Epicureans, who thought they discharged admirably well the part of natural philosophers, if they assigned only any possible causes of the celestial motions. Our poet does the like in these twenty-eight verses. If, says he, the whole orb be moved, then there may

be two airs, one that may press from above, and drive it down to the west; and another, that may be said to bear and lift it up from beneath. If the orb be motionless, then some rapid particles of the sky, struggling to get into the empty space, and not able to force their way, and break through the strong walls of the world, are whirled about, and drag the stars with them; or some external air rushes in, and turns them about; or, lastly, The stars move forward of themselves, in search of proper food to keep alive their fires.

Cleanthus, in Cicero de Naturâ Deorum, lib. ii. alleging reasons to evince the belief of a Deity, urges, for the last and most weighty, "æqualitatem motus et conversionis," &c. The equality of the motion and conversion of the heavens, sun, moon, and stars; and their distinction in variety, beauty, and order. The very sight of which, says he, sufficiently declares them not to be fortuitous or casual. For what can be more evidently perspicuous, when we behold and contemplate the heavens, than that there is a God, by whose excellent providence they are governed? Thus Cicero, who, from the bare suggestion of nature, discovered the truth of what our obdurate poet, by arguments drawn from the contemplation of nature, endeavours to disprove.

OF THE FIXED STARS.

Lucretius, treating in this place of the stars, and their motions, affords us an opportunity to say something of those glorious and splendid bodies: The astronomers distinguish them into two sorts, the fixed stars and the erratic, which last are likewise called the planets: Of these we will give a short account by and by, when our author comes to treat of the sun, moon, &c. and will here confine our inquiries only to the first sort, which are called the fixed stars, because they always observe, at least to us they seem to do so, the same invariable distance from one another, and from the ecliptic: Hence the sphere, in which they are believed to be placed, is termed, *ἀστέρα, inerrans*, because of the inviolable order observed in their intervals or distances from one another. The chief things to be considered of them, not as they are reduced into signs and constellations, with which we shall not meddle, but shall take notice of them only as they are distinct and several mundane bodies, disseminated and dispersed through the immense space of the ethereal region, which we call heaven. The chief things, I say, that deserve our observation, are,

I. Their substance, concerning which the ancients differ in opinion: Zoroaster held them to be of a fiery substance, and so too did the Stoics: The Egyptian philosophers, as Diogenes, Laertius, in Procræ, has recorded their opinion, believed, *τὰς ἀστέρας πυρ εἶναι, καὶ τῇ τῶν αἰθέρος τὰ ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γίνεσθαι*, that the stars are fire, and that by their contemplation all things are produced on the earth. In Orpheus, the sun, moon, and stars, are called, *Ἡφαίστου μέλη*, the members of Vulcan. Thales held the stars to be both of an earthy and

fiery substance. Empedocles maintained them to be fiery, and to consist of that very fire which the ether contained in itself, and struck out at its first secretion. The opinion of Anaxagoras deserves to be mentioned, for no other reason, than because it is extravagantly ridiculous; for he affirmed, that the ambient ether, being of a fiery nature, does, by the impetuous swiftness of its motion, whiff up stones from the earth, and that they being set on fire, become stars, and are carried from east to west. Diogenes would have them to be of the nature of pumice stones set on fire, and that they are as the breathing holes, and nostrils of the world, by which it draws in its breath. Xenophanes, that they are clouds set on fire in the manner of coals, and that they are extinguished by day, and at night rekindled. Heraclides and the Pythagoreans believed each star to be a particular world by itself, existing in the infinite ethereal space, and containing an earth, an air, and a sky; and this opinion is found in the works of Orpheus: For his followers affirmed the stars to be so many distinct and individual worlds. Plato held them to consist chiefly of a fiery nature, but such as to admit the mixture of other elements, as it were, in the nature of a cement to compact and hold them together. Aristotle and his followers, assert them to be of the same substance with the heavens, but only more condensed; and that they are simple bodies, without the mixture of any elements. Pliny, and many others, believe them to be composed of the same nature as exhalations or vapours, and consequently to consist of a substance partly aqueous, partly aerial. Of all these opinions, the most probable is, that the stars are fiery bodies. This was the sentiment of the ancient Christian church, which, in Hymn. Feria secunda ad Vesper. of which Hymn, St. Ambrose is said to be the author, sings as follows:

Immensæ cœli conditor,
Qui mixta ne confundent
Aquæ fluentia dividens,
Cœlum dedisti limitem,
Firmans locum cœlestibus,
Simulque terræ rivulis,
Ut unda flammæ temperet;
Terræ solum nec dissipent, &c.

Where we find the reason why the waters are placed above the heavens, viz. to restrain and temper the excessive fervour of the sun and stars. And again, in Hymn. Fer. quarta ad Vesper. the same church sings:

Cœli Deus sanctissime,
Qui lucidum centrum poli
Candore pingis igneo.

And of the same opinion are most of the fathers, not only of the Latin, but of the Greek church likewise. Cyrillus, Hierosolym. Cæsareus, Theodoretus, D. Chrysostom, Gregor. Nyssen, Procopius, and Anastasius Sinaita, all of them positively assert the stars to be of a fiery nature; and with them agree Tertullian, St. Ambrose, St. Augus-

tine, Arnobius, Lactantius, Anselmus, Alcuinus, Beda, &c. Besides, many of the eminent modern philosophers and astronomers concur in the same opinion. Induced, therefore, by all these authorities, we may reasonably conclude, that the stars are compound, not simple bodies, that they are composed of elementary matter, formed into fiery globes; that they consist of solid and liquid, as this terraqueous globe of ours; and consequently, that they are subject to alteration and corruption.

II. Their light; whether it be innate, and the gift of the Almighty at their creation; or mutual, and borrowed from the sun; which last is the opinion of Metrodorus, in Plutarch, de Placit. Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 17. and with him agree many of the modern, both philosophers and astronomers; and it is the belief of some at this day. The first opinion, however, seems to be the most probable; and Macrobius, in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 19. asserts the truth of it, in these words: "Omnes stellæ (scil. fixæ) lumine lucere suo, quod illæ supra solem in ipso purissimo æthere sunt; in quo omne quicquid est, lux naturalis et sua est." And this agrees with what we said before touching their fiery nature: For there can be no fire without light. And, indeed, it seems highly improbable, that the sun can illuminate the fixed stars, since, as Bulialdus, in Astronom. Philolæic. lib. i. cap. 11. observes, the sun's diameter, if it could be beheld from Saturn only, would appear too little, and afford too weak a light sufficiently to illustrate even that planet, much less, therefore, can it impart its light to the fixed stars, that are removed to so great a distance beyond it. For this reason, some believe each of the fixed stars to be the head and chief part of a distinct mundane system; as the sun is the head and chief part of our visible system: And, as the sun has several planets, constituted and carried about him, so likewise every one of the fixed stars has other mundane bodies, like planets disposed and moving around them; though they are invisible to us, by reason of their great distance from our earth. And, according to this opinion, Galilæo, Dialog. iii. System. Cosmic. makes no scruple to assert, that each of the fixed stars is a sun, exactly of the same nature with, and perfectly resembling this of ours; that it serves besides to illuminate the innumerable other planetary and lunar bodies, within their respective systems; and, consequently, is endowed with innate and original light. Several other of our modern astronomers are of the same opinion; among them Ricciolus, who, Almagest. nov. lib. vi. cap. 2. has these words: "Mihi longe probabilior horum (scil. Bruni, Galilæi, Renati des Cartes, et Reithæi) opinio videtur, quia magis convenit officio numini majestati, ut non unicam stellarum à se ipsa lucentem, sed plurimam stellarum solis accenderet: Nec alium sui luminis fontem agnoscerent, quam omnium luminum patrem Deum."

III. Their colour; which visibly differs according to the variety of their light, as it is blended

and attempered by the different constitution of the matter, or substance, of which they are composed: for some appear to be of a ruddy, others of a leaden hue; some of a gold colour, others of a silver white, others pallid, &c. whence some have pretended to form a judgment of their several natures, and accordingly have ranged them under the several planets, of whose qualities they imagined them chiefly to partake; having regard to the proportion of resemblance they bear in their colours to those of the planets.

IV. Their scintillation; which particularly distinguishes them from the planets, which have no such vibration, or twinkling of light; as generally is observed, more or less in all the fixed stars, at one time more than at another; and most when the wind is easterly, as Schickardus in *Astroscop.* observes. Aristotle ascribes the cause of their scintillation to their remoteness from our sight; which remoteness is the reason that our eyes reach them but weakly, and with a trembling altitude. To this opinion, Pontanus, in *Urania*, lib. ii. assents, when he says,

*Scilicet atra illis regio, sedesque repostæ,
Quo postquam advenit defesso lumine visus,
Defessus tremiit ipse, tamen tremere ipsa videntur.*

But this reason is not convincing; since, if it were true, the planets, Jupiter, and Saturn, should, by reason of their great distance, in some measure affect our sight with such a trembling or scintillation; and this we know they never do, even in their greatest altitude. Others ascribe the cause to refraction, and imagine this scintillation to arise from the unequal surface of the fluctuating air, or medium through which the light passes; in like manner, as stones in the bottom of a river seem to have a tremulous kind of motion, which, nevertheless, is only the curled and uneven undulation of the surface of the water. But if this reason were true, we should not only in the fixed stars, but in the planets, nay, even in the moon, discover such a scintillation. Gassendus, with more probability, conceives it to proceed from their native and primigenial light, which, like that of the sun, sparkles, and ejaculates such quick during rays, that our infirmer sight cannot look on them without trembling: To this we may add their impetuous and whirling motion about their own axis, by which there is caused a more sudden and quicker variation in those fulgid objects than the eye can pursue. But Sheinernus, in his *Mathematical Disquisitions*, positively dissents from this opinion. The scintillation of the stars, says he, is not their proper revolution or convolution, not any interior exsuffating commotion; no tremulous revivifying of the sun-beams, proceeding from their first or second motions; no unquiet or unequal ejaculation of their proper rays; no trembling of the wearied sight; not any, nor all of these, but only the intercision of their several species falling upon the eye; which intercision is caused by the unquiet intercurfation of vapours variously affected. Hevelius, though he allow of their circumgyration about their own axis, yet he admits it only as an assisting, not as

the sole cause of their scintillation; which he imputes rather to a constant evibration of lucid matter, or a continual expiration of fiery vapours from those celestial bodies; even, says he, as we perceive those fulgurations and ebullitions in the body of the sun, which, the grosser they are, and in the greater plenty they are ejected, so much the greater and more visible scintillation they cause. These are the several opinions concerning the scintillation of the stars.

V. Their number; which, according to the computation of Ptolemy, including only those that are most remarkable and visible, and as they are reduced to the six commonly received degrees of magnitude, amounts to only 1022. And Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 4. reckons them to be 1600. But if we reflect on the number of all the stars in the firmament, as we regard them by the help of a telescope, which discovers many more than the bare eye can do, we may affirm them to exceed the number of human calculation. Jordano Bruno says their number is infinite. Ricciolus, speaking of the number of the stars, argues thus: That if the constellation of Orion take up in the heavens the space of 500 square degrees, as by experience we know it does, and if every square space, whose side is but two degrees, contains no less than 500 stars, as Galilæo, by the assistance of a telescope, observed that it does, there will be found in the whole constellation of Orion, at least 62,500 stars, though the bare eye cannot discover in the whole above 63. According to which proportion, if the rest of the constellations were examined, and if the difference of the number of stars, that appear by the telescope, over and above those discerned by the bare eye, were computed, it would amount to above 1000000 stars, beside those in the Milky Way. Nay, says Ricciolus, *Almagest. Nov. tom. i. lib. 6. p. 413.* if any man should reckon them above 2000000, the number would not seem to me improbable, "*Mihi quidem nihil inopinabile finxerit.*" Some of the rabbins of the Jews will not allow the whole number of stars to amount to above 12000: but the Cabalists admit of no less than 29000 myriads, which number Schickardus believes too exorbitant; and imagines, that the whole extent of the heavens is not capable of receiving above 26712 myriads, even though they were placed contiguous to one another; but as to this particular of the number of the stars, we ought to agree with Schottus, who, in *Prelus. in Firmament. Itiner. Ecclastic. Kircheri, in Schol. 1.* says, That it is an arrogance indeed intolerable, to believe that our sight, how strengthened and assisted soever by the help of telescopes, can discover all the stars in the expanse of heaven; and an extreme piece of folly, to pretend to include them within the bounds of any definite number; that being the work of the Almighty only, who alone numbers the multitude of the stars, and calls them all by their names.

VI. Their figure, which is apparently spherical or round: and yet Plutarch de Placit. Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 14. relates the different opinions of the ancients, even as to this particular. Cleanther

held them to be pyramidal, and that they end in a sharp cone. Anaximenes would have them to be like studs or nails fixed in the chrystalline firmament, like jewels in a ring. Others imagined them to be flat, and, as it were, fiery and lucid plates, as so many flat pictures, not of any thickness or profundity. Scheinerus, and Antonius Maria de Reitha, will have them to be of divers figures or faces, of a poly-angular shape; and such indeed the larger sort of telescopes represent them. Kepler, in *Epit. Astronom.* p. 498. describes them like so many lucid points or sparks, casting forth on all sides their rays of light: insomuch, that we are to take their figure to be only physically spherical, not mathematically so: for, though in the first acceptation, they may be said to be round bodies; yet, according to the later, their surface may be found to be uneven, and to consist of many angles or sides.

VII. Their magnitude, of which divers calculations have been made by many eminent astronomers, but to no purpose: for so great a diversity of opinions has arisen from them, partly, because authors cannot agree as to the distances of the stars from the earth, which is the supposed centre of the world; and partly, because of the different estimates of their apparent diameters, that have been made by the eye, by Tycho Brahe, and other more ancient astronomers; and by telescopes by the moderns: insomuch, that we ought ingenuously to acknowledge with Schickardus, that, "veras illarum magnitudines vere ignoramus," we are indeed ignorant of their true magnitude.

VIII. Their place and distance from the earth, or rather from the sun, which is a question so hard to resolve, that Pliny long ago pronounced it to be no less than a piece of madness to inquire into it: and Ricciolus, *Almagest. Nov. lib. vi. cap. 7.* treating of this subject, has thought fit, in the front of his discourse, to lay it down as an undeniable truth, that men cannot, by any certain and evident observation, come to the true knowledge of the parallax and distance of the fixed stars. For it is not known, whether the stars are all in the same spherical surface, equally distant from the centre of the world; or whether they are placed at unequal distances, that is to say, some higher, some lower, as the old Stoics held them to be, supposing the difference of their lustre, and of their apparent magnitude, to proceed from the diversity of their situation, according as they are more or less distant from our sight. Thus Manilius, giving the reason why some of the stars in Orion appear more obscure than the others, says, Non quod clara minus, sed quod magis alta recedunt.

And this hypothesis has so great an appearance of truth, that the learned astronomers, Tycho Brahe, Galilæo, and Kepler, readily embrace it. And thus we may reasonably suppose, that their distances are as various as those of the planets, and that it is scarce possible to discover their true distance, because our short and feeble sight, being

unable to distinguish their various intervals, judges them to be all placed in the same concave spherical surface.

IX. Their proper motion, which is two-fold: First, That of circumrotation about their own centre, around which they are whirled with wonderful celerity; which, as we said before, is in part the reason of their scintillation: and this motion is called "motus vertiginis." Secondly, Their motion of revolution, from west to east: "secundum ductum Eclipticæ," in which they are observed to move so very slowly, that they run not through one degree in the ecliptic sooner than in the space of seventy-one years, nineteen days, and twelve hours, within a trifle: and they complete not the whole circle of 360 degrees, in less than 25,579 years, which is the "Annus magnus Platonicus;" though the ancients computed it to amount to 36,000 years: And this great Platonic year, which consists of 25,579 syderal years, is equal to 25,580 equinoctial years. And thus I have given a short account of the most remarkable observations touching the fixed stars.

Ver. 571. The skies and stars that we see move continually; and he calls them single, because the Epicureans held a multitude of worlds to be in the all, or universe, and all of them like this of ours, or even of a greater extent.

Ver. 579. But since Lucretius so often mentions the great weight of the earth, it may well be inquired, why it hangs without motion in the air, and does not rather press downwards, and fall precipitately into the infinite void? To this the poet answers in these seventeen verses, that though it have so happened that the air only is circumsured around the earth, yet because both air and earth are bound by natural and kindred ties, and from their very beginning are parts of the same whole, the earth is no burden to the air; but having, in a manner, laid aside all its weight and compression, it only sticks fast, and cleaves naturally to it. But it would not be so, if this earth had been brought out of another world; for, in that case, it would press heavy upon this air with its weight; even as our bodies feel a little weight that is not a part of them, though neither the head nor the other members are burdensome to one another, because they are mutually congenial, and bound to one another by a general and common band. Epicurus to Herodotus, says, *ὅτι γὰρ τὰ ἀέρι προχέουσαι, ὡς εὐσυν.* See the note on book ii. ver. 562.

Ver. 584. Aristotle will not allow that the earth is therefore suspended in the middle of the air, because it is congenial, and, as it were, of a piece with it, as Epicurus believed; but says the reason is, because it is the heaviest of all the elements. And Plato, in Phædon, will have the equability of the earth itself, to be the cause of its station in the middle of the universe: According to whose opinion, Ovid. *Metam. i. ver. 12.* says,

Et circumfuso pendebat in æthere tellus
Ponderibus librata suis —

And our Milton in like manner:

The earth, self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.

Ver. 592. This and the following verse we have inserted to fill up a lacuna, which Creech having totally omitted this verse of his author,

Usque adeo magni refert cui quæ adiaceat res,
had left in all the former editions of this book.

Ver. 598. In these four verses, he brings another argument of the connection of the earth and air: because, says he, the thunder that causes violent motions in the air, makes the earth tremble, which it could not do, but that they are of a piece.

Here our translator seems to have imperfectly rendered the sense of his author, whose words are,

*Præterea grandi Tonitru concussa repente
Terra, supra quæ se sunt, concutit omnia motu,
Quod facere haud ullâ posset ratione, nisi esset
Partibus æriis mundi cœloque revincta.*

i. e. Besides, the earth, whenever it is shaken on a sudden, by a violent thunder, makes every thing that is upon it shake and tremble, which it could by no means do, unless, &c. Compare this with Creech's translation, and see his error.

Ver. 602. But because it may seem wonderful that so subtle a body, as the air, should support a mass so vastly thick as the earth; he adds in these seven verses, that the soul, which is a most subtle substance, sustains our ponderous body: nay, not only that, but even lifts it up, and makes it leap from the ground.

Ver. 604. Where we must understand the word things; an *clipsis* too frequently used by Creech, though hardly allowable in our language, which hates all grammatical figures, and loves to speak plain. What, without a substantive, is always in the singular number: What raises, what controuls. "Sed hoc obiter."

Ver. 609. Epicurus, in the tenth book of Laertius, speaking of the magnitude of the sun and stars, says, that in as much as it relates to us to judge of it, their magnitude is the same that it appears to be: and that as to the thing itself, it is somewhat bigger, or somewhat less, or else exactly the same that it seems: inasmuch that our eyes lie very little, if they do at all. The poet, in these twenty-seven verses, asserts the same thing, and endeavours to prove his assertion by an argument taken from sense. As we retire from any fire, so long as we are within such a distance of it, that we can perceive its light and heat, the fire seems no less than it does when we are near it: but we feel the heat, and perceive the light of the sun: therefore, the sun is of the same magnitude it seems to be. Then he adds of the moon, that we distinctly see the outmost verge and face of it: and yet we should see it but confusedly, if it were so far off that its distance took away any of its magnitude. Lastly, He says of the stars, that they are not much larger, nor much less, but rather just as big as they seem: for even the fires that we see here below at a distance from one another, either by day or by night, present to our eyes the like variety of sizes. Epicurus writes the same doctrine to Pythocles.

Thus, neither Epicurus nor Lucretius after him, affirmed any thing for certain concerning the magnitude of the sun, moon, and stars: And indeed so many, and so various are the opinions both of the ancients and moderns, of this matter, that it is impossible to ground any probable belief upon them. However, I will give some of their opinions, but rather for curiosity than instruction. I. Heraclitus held the sun to be a foot broad: II. Anaxagoras, many times as big as the country of Peloponnesus. III. Animaxander, as big as the earth. IV. Empedocles, a vast mass of fire, even bigger than the moon. V. Archelaus, the biggest of all the celestial lights. VI. Plato, never to be conceived nor found out. VII. Cicero, immense. VIII. The Egyptians, and after them Macrobius, eight times as big as the earth. IX. Others, whose opinion Cicero, Tattius, and Philoponus mention, but conceal their names, above eighteen times as big as the earth. X. Eratosthenes, seven and twenty times as big as the earth. XI. Cleomedes, near three hundred times as big as the earth. XII. Aristarchus, above two hundred and fifty-four times as big as the earth. XIII. Hipparchus, a thousand and fifty times as big as the earth. XIV. Plutarch says there were some who held the sun to be a thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight times as big as the earth. XV. Posidonius, fifty-nine thousand three hundred and nineteen times as big as the earth. What certainty then can be grounded on so many different opinions? And Archimedes owned, it was next to impossible to take the diameter of the sun, because neither the sight, nor the hands, nor the organs, by which the observation is perceived, are sufficient to demonstrate it exactly; and therefore no credit ought to be given to them. This makes Lactantius say, "Dementiam esse disquirere, aut scire velle, Sol utrumque tantus, quantus videtur, an multis partibus major sit quam omnis hæc terra." That it is a folly to inquire, or be desirous to know, whether the sun be as big as he seems to be, or many times bigger than the whole earth. And the same uncertainty there is likewise concerning the magnitude of the moon, and of the other planets and stars.

But the more modern, both philosophers and astronomers, though their opinions be indeed various, as to the magnitude of this glorious luminary, yet having grounded them on more probable methods of observation, have at least come nearer the truth than the ancients, and not left us so much in the dark, nor in so great uncertainty concerning it. It is most certain, that we form a right judgment of the magnitude of an object, by the distance of one part of it from another, and by the distance of the whole from us: for the distance of it being first considered, we find that the rays from all parts of the object cause an impression on the retina in the extremities of more or less distant fibres. Therefore, the farther distant those extremities, so impressed are from each other, the greater we judge the object to be; and in like manner on the contrary: inasmuch, that it is first, necessary to know the distance of an object, be-

fore we can attain to the true knowledge of its magnitude: And, therefore, whenever we are mistaken in the distance, we must necessarily be deceived in the magnitude likewise: and consequently, as often as we judge an object to be farther from us than it really is, we imagine it to be bigger than it is; because, the farther distant an object is, the less will be the space between the incident points of the rays that make the impression on the retina: And on the contrary, as often as we judge the object to be nearer us than indeed it is, we fancy it to be less than really it is, because the space between the points of the rays, &c. is larger. Hence we see the reason why it is so difficult to come by the true knowledge of the sun's magnitude: for the distance of the sun from

the equator is so hard to be discovered, that, if we may believe Pliny, to endeavour to find it out, "penè dementis otii est," is an employment fit for none but madmen. Ricciolus likewise confesses, that the sublimity of the sun has exceeded and baffled hitherto the search and investigation of all astronomers. However, he himself says, in *Almagest. lib. iii. cap. xi.* That the true magnitude of the sun may be known from its true semidiameter; for that being doubled, gives its true diameter, whence its other species of magnitude are derived, according to the rule of proportion. This method has been observed by many of the most learned and judicious astronomers, whose opinion concerning the sun's magnitude, may be seen at one view in the following table.

The true Magnitude of the Sun compared with the Earth.

The Sun's	True diameter.	Circumference.	Area of its greatest circle.	Convex superficies.	Solidity.
contains					
according to the following authors.	Simple diam. of the earth.	Simple diam. of the earth	Square diam. of the earth.	Square diam. of the earth.	Solidity of the earth.
Ptolomæus, Maurolycus, Clavius, and Barocius.	5 2-5	17 2-7	24 0	134 0	166 3-8
Aristarchus } more than } less than	6 1-3 7 1-6	20 1-7 22 3-7	30 2-3 38 0	127 0 155 0	254 1-17 368 1-11
Albategnius	5 7-10	18 5-7	26 0	168 0	186 0
Copernicus	5 27-60	16 1-2	22 0	91 0	161 1-7
Tycho and Blancanus	5 14-75	16 2-7	22 0	85 0	140 0
Longomontanus	5 807-1000	18 1-14	26 0	95 0	196 0
Keplerus	15 0	47 1-18	176 0	706 0	3375 0
Lansbergius	7 17-30	24 0	46 0	176 0	434 0
Bullialdus	7 0	22 2-7	39 0	156 0	343 0
Wendelinus	64 0	200 96-100	3216 0	12864 0	262144 0
Kircherus	5	16 0	21 0	83 0	140 0
Rheita	10 0	31 4-10	78 0	314 0	1000 0
Ricciolus	33 5-6	106 15-100	885 0	30056 0	38600 0

OF THE SUN.

THIS glorious luminary is in Hebrew called *Chamab*, or *Shemso*, from his heat, or *Adon Schemen*, i. e. Dominus Sol. By the Phœnicians, *Baal Shemaim*, i. e. Dominus Cœli. In Chaldee, *Shemso*. In Arabic, *El Shemo*. By the Greeks, *Ἥλιος* and *ῥῆς*, quasi *ῥῆς τῆς βίης*, i. e. lux vitæ, whence the Latin *Phœbus*, called likewise *Titan*, *Apollo*, *Cor Cali*, *Oculus Jovis*, and *Ὀφθαλμὸς Ἀδελφός*, i. e. oculus ætheris. The Egyptians called the sun, *Potiris*, which in their language signifies the Holy God; and *Opyris*, from his vital and kindly heat: as, on the contrary, *Typhon*, and *Seth*, from his violent and destructive fervour; and by them called likewise *Horus*. By the Persians *Mithra*, i. e. Dominus or Dynesta. By the ancient Arabs, *Urotalt*, i. e. Lucis Deus; and *Defares*, or *Dai-Ufar*, i. e. Deus perlustrans, as Sebedius de Diis German. interprets those names. By the Syrians, according to Macrobius, the sun was called *Adad*, or, as Scaliger and Selden would rather have it, *Abad*, or *Elhad*, i. e. Unus: or as Pontanus in his notes on Macrobius, *Badad*, i. e. Solus Unicus. Heraclitus, as Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 20. calls the sun the fountain of all celestial light and heat. Most of the ancients, as Democritus, Metrodorus, Pythagoras, Plato, &c. and of the moderns likewise, as Kepler, Scheinerus, Rheitz, Bullialdus, Kircher, Ricciolus, &c. imagine the sun to be a real fiery body, consisting of true proper elementary fire, partly liquid, partly solid; the liquid is as it were an ocean of light, and moves with flaming billows and fiery ebullitions. This is manifest to those who regard that most glorious luminary by the help of a telescope. The solid parts are like the land in our terraqueous globe, divided into continents, islands, mountains, and rocks, as if it were to restrain the vehement motion of the exultating solar ocean, and by the frequent allusions to repel, dissipate and break the impetuous force of it; to the end it may with greater efficacy impart its all-productive virtue to the bodies on which it bestows light and influence.

It is likewise probable, that within the solar globe, as in this earth of ours, there are vast caverns and receptacles of fire, that break out of the sun's ignivomous mountains, in like manner as subterranean fires are ejected out of the mountains *Ætna*, *Hecle*, and *Vesuvius*. Besides, the solid parts of the sun, within whose bowels is contained the fluid and liquid fire, like metal in a furnace, are thoroughly ignified, in the same manner as the bricks of the roofs and sides of furnaces are made red hot, and look of the same colour as the fiery mass of melted matter within them.

It is farther supposed, that the solid parts of the sun consist of a matter abstinent and incombustible, and far better able to resist the voracity of fire than this earth of ours. Nay, supposing that some parts of the sun here and there should be consumed, and whole mountains be levelled and wasted, yet there is no necessity from thence,

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that the globe of the sun should be totally destroyed, no more than is this earth by the frequent accidents of such kinds of ruins and decays. Moreover, the splendour, as well of the fluid, as solid fire of the solar globe, is evidently far more bright than our fire or flame here below: the end for which it was made necessarily requiring it should be so; since it may reasonably be conjectured to be created for the fountain of light, if not of the whole world, at least of the planetary system.

It is likewise observed, that as well this liquid sea of fire, as that which breaks out of the caverns and mountains, constantly exhales fuliginous vapours, not black and sooty, like the smoke of our fire, but bright and clear; and that these exhalations, condensing in the ambient æther, do in a manner overcast the sun, as clouds overshadow the earth. From all which, and from the evidence of frequent observations, lately made by the help of the telescope, is manifest, the mistake of Aristotle and his followers; who imagine the sun to be an unalterable substance; whereas, indeed, he is subject to divers changes and alterations; which not only the generation and production, but the dissolution and corruption likewise of several phenomena in the body of the sun, altogether unknown to the ancients, clearly demonstrate. Among which the most remarkable are those, which late astronomers call the *Macula solares*, and the *Facula solares*.

The *Maculae*, or spots, are, they tell us, certain cloudy obscurities appearing upon the disk of the sun; and supposed by some to be a fuliginous obscure matter or exhalation, sometimes closely compacted into one, sometimes dispersed and dissipated into several parcels, and issuing from its fervent fiery body, by force of its extreme heat. But whether they are in the sun itself, or some space distant from it, is not certain. However, it is from several observations most probable, that they are in the very body of the sun, or at least not far from the surface of it. They are very irregular in their shapes and figures, as well in regard to their form as size; and some of them are more durable than others. And those that have the longest duration, are held to be the solid parts of the sun; and it is believed that the reason why they discover themselves in various figures, and of different magnitudes, is because of the vertiginous motion of the sun about his own axle, representing them to our sight in divers situations.

The *Facula solares* are held to be partly massy globes of fire, that burst out of the ignivomous solar mountains; and which, by reason of their brightness, shine amidst the maculae, or fuliginous cloudy vapours, and sometimes disappear in a short space of time, sometimes continue long visible; and partly effervescences of the exultating solar ocean; which, by reason of the excessive innate fervour of the globe of the sun, boils up into mighty waves, like so many mountains of light, that scatter and disperse the darker maculae, and discover, as it were a fiery ocean, fluctuating and agitated with flaming billows of excessive splendour.

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dour. But Scheinerus in *disquisit. Mathem.* defines them thus: "Faculae sunt areolae in sole lucidores reliquo ejusdem corpore," i. e. The faculae are certain small plats, or quarters in the sun, brighter than the rest of his body. Galileo in Letter iii. delle Macchie Solari, describes them as follows: In the face of the sun, says he, there appear certain marks, brighter than the rest, and which observe the same motion as the maculae: Nor can it be doubted but that they are inherent in the very body of the sun; because it is not credible, that there can be any substance more resplendent than that of the sun itself.

Lastly, This observation of the sun's spots and lights has given occasion to astronomers to remark, that the sun, besides his motion of revolution, diurnal and annual, according to the hypothesis of the immobility of the earth, has likewise a motion from east to west about his own axle; which conversion is finished, according to some, in the space of twenty-seven days, or thereabouts; according to Kepler and others, in twenty-four hours; but others assign it a much more wonderful celerity, particularly Otto de Guericke, who affirms the vertiginous course of the sun to be completed in a moments space. All which considered, together with what we said before of the sun's magnitude, we may well say with Lucretius:

Nam licet hinc mundi patefactum totius unum
Largissimum fontem, scatere, atque erumpere flumen

Ex omni mundo, quò sic elementa vaporis
Undique conveniunt, et sic congestus eorum
Confluit, ex uno capite hic ut profluat ardor.

And conclude with the same poet, That it is no wonder the sun dispenses so much light and heat to the earth.

As to the figure of the sun, Epicurus affirmed nothing for certain concerning that neither, but only said, that the various opinions of several men, of the different figure of the sun, might for any thing he knew to the contrary, be all of them true. Meanwhile it is certain that the opinions differed concerning the figure of the sun likewise: For, I. The Pythagoreans, Platonics, Peripatetics, and Stoics, held the sun to be globous. II. Anaximenes believed it to be flat, and broad like a leaf, or plate of iron, or other metal. III. Others to be in shape like a dish or platter. IV. Heraclitus would have the sun crooked, and bending like the keel of a boat. They gave likewise the same different figures to the moon and stars. The figure of the sun is now universally held to be globous.

Ver. 619. Some hold the moon to have no light but what she borrows from the sun; but others will have her shine with no light but her own. Lucretius does not decide this controversy, but only proposes each opinion. It is most probable, and generally believed, however, that the moon borrows her light from the sun. This opinion is grounded on the opacity of that planet, which indeed proves the moon to be altogether

deprived of any innate or proper light of her own. And this opacity is demonstrably proved; because in her total eclipses, she wholly loses her lustre; which, on the contrary, if she had any of her own, would rather, in the greatest darkness, become more visible and conspicuous; whence it is rationally concluded, that all the light she has, is from the sun, and that the moon, as she is an opaque, so too she is a dense body, fitted, and apt to receive and reflect the light of the sun. Macrobius giving the reason, why the moon, when she shines, does not impart any warmth, as well as the sun, but only reflects the light like a looking glass, ascribes it to her having no light of her own, as the sun has, but only a mutational light, and borrowed from the sun; which her being placed beneath the sun, evidently evinces. His words are these: "Lunam, quæ luce propria caret, et de sole mutatur, necesse est fonti luminis sui esse subjectam. Hæc enim ratio facit lunam non habere lumen proprium, cæteras omnes stellas lucere suo, quod illa: supra solem locata, in ipso purissimo æthero sunt, in quo omne, quicquid est, lux naturalis et sua est. — Luna vero, quia sola ipsa sub sole est, et caducorum jam regioni luce sua carenti proxima, lucem nisi de superposito sole, cui resplendet, habere non potuit. — Luna speculi instar, lumen, quo illustratur emittit; et sit acceptæ luci penetrabilis adeo, ut eam de se rursus emitrat, nullum tamen ad nos perferentem sensum caloris, quia lucis radius, cum ad nos de origine sua, id est, de sole pervenit, naturam secum ignis, de quo nascitur, devehit; cum vero in lunæ corpus infunditur, et inde resplendet, solam refundit claritudinem, non calorem; nam et speculum, cum splendorem de se vi oppositi eminus ignis emittit, solam ignis similitudinem carentem sensu caloris ostendit," &c. In *Somn. Scip.* lib. i. cap. 19. and Cicero, lib. ii. de *Naturâ Deor.* is of the same opinion. And Festus, in voce *Mulus*, observes, that the moon is said to be drawn by mules, in regard to her borrowed light; because, as mules are not generated out of their own kind, but of a horse, so the moon is said to shine, not with her own, but *notto lumine*, as Lucretius in this place, and after him Catullus, expresses it, with a bastard light, which she derives from the sun. And Milton, speaking of the sun, calls him

—————Great palace of all light!

To him, as to their fountain, others stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light;
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns.

—————Less bright the moon,
His mirror: with full face borrowing her light
From him, &c.

Ver 629. In these seven verses, he speaks of the magnitude of the other stars and planets; of which we have already spoken at large, ver. 551.

Ver. 636. But it seems almost impossible, that so much heat and light, as are diffused through the whole sky, immense as it is, should flow from so small a body as the sun, if it be no bigger than it appears to be. To satisfy this difficulty, Lu-

Lucretius teaches, in nine verses, that we may imagine the sun to be as the perpetual source of light and heat; because the seeds of light and heat continually flow from all parts of the universe into the body of the sun, as into a great fountain; so that we feel and perceive the heat and light, not of the sun only, but of the whole world. To which he adds, in ten verses, that perhaps the air, near the sun, is set a-fire by his beams; and that many fiery particles, invisible to us, are hovering about his orb; and thence may proceed so great a profusion of light and heat. Thus Lucretius, in a thing so doubtful, dares pronounce nothing for certain.

Ver. 652. The original has, *cæcis fervoribus*, that is to say, invisible to us: For as Passeratius notes, *cæcus* signifies not only what does not see, but also whatever is not seen. "*Cæcurn non tantum quod non videt, sed etiam quicquid non videtur.*" In Propert. lib. ii. Eleg. 27.

Ver. 655. In order to explain the annual course of the sun, and the monthly course of the moon, through the twelve signs of the zodiac, he first proposes, in twenty-five verses, the opinion of Democritus, who taught, that the lower spheres are rolled and whirled around by the highest orb, called the *primum mobile*, either swifter or more slow, according to the distance of each sphere from that highest orb. Thus the sun moves swifter than the moon; because the sun is higher, and therefore the signs more seldom overtake, and pass by him, than they do by her. Nor is it then strange, that the moon runs through all the signs in one month, which the sun goes through but in twelve.

The two first of these verses are transcribed, word for word, from Cowley, David. i. p. 19. of the folio edition. The original runs thus:

Nec ratio solis simplex, nec certa patefcit,
Quo pacto æstivis è partibus Ægocerotis,
Brumales adeat flexus, atque inde revertens
Canceris ad metas vertit se ad solstitiales.

Which our translator has rendered in the two verses, that follow these of Cowley.

The south and north pole, which are two points about which the heavens are rolled; so called from *πολις*, I turn, whence the Latins called them *vertices*. The north pole is always visible to us, and to the French, Italians, &c. The south is never seen by us, but by those whom we call Antipodes. See above, ver. 545.

Ver. 656. Cowley calls the walk of the sun crooked, by reason of the obliquity of the zodiac, through which he makes his annual revolution. See the note on ver. 661.

Ver. 658. The signs, in matter of astrology, are asterisms, or configurations of fixed stars: which are imaginary forms, devised by astrologers, the better to comprehend and distinguish those stars from one another. Thus one asterism is called the Bear, another the Dragon, &c. to the number of forty-eight in all, according to the ancient astrologers; besides a few lately invented by the discoverers of the south pole. It is not a-

greed who first reduced the stars into asterisms, or constellations; nor is it an easy task to reconcile the different morphoses or figures in the several spheres of the Chaldeans, Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, Arabians, Indians, Chineses, and Tartars; of whose opinions in this matter, the various difference may be seen in the description of Abu Mather, commonly called Albumazar, in Aben Ezra de Decanis Signorum, published by Scaliger, in his notes on Manilius; of all which Salmasius, in Præfat. ad Diatrib. de Antiq. Astrolog. believes those of the Greeks, which are most commonly used amongst us, to be of latest date. As to the names of the stars, it is scarce doubted, but that Adam first imposed them; though all those appellations, except some few preserved in scripture are since utterly lost. Yet most of the names we now use, are above two thousand years standing, as appears by Hesiod and Homer. They were not, however, all named at one and the same time; for some are of late denomination, particularly that which Conon, Antinous, and others call Coma Berenices. Some report Astræus to be the first who gave names to the stars; whom for that reason

—————Fama parentem
Tradidit Astrorum—————

As Aratus says in Germanicus; and others ascribe it to Mercury. To give the several names of the signs and constellations, would engage me in too tedious a task; I will therefore confine myself to the two Lucretius here mentions, which are Ægoceros and Cancer.

Ægoceros, by the Greeks, called *Ἀγρίαιος*, from *ἀγρῖς*, a goat, and *αἰγας*, a horn, and *Ἀγρίαιος* by the Latins Capricornus; Hircus Æquoris, by Asclepiadius, and Vomanus, Pelagi Procella, by Vitalis: and thus Horace,

—————Tyrannus
Hesperiae Capricornus undæ.

The poets fabled, that Ægoceros was born of the goat Amalthea, and placed by Jupiter among the stars, in memory of that god's having been nourished with the same milk. Some say that this was made a constellation in honour of Ægipan, the son of Jupiter by the Olenian goat; but others, with more reason, that Ægipan was foster-brother to Jupiter, and son of Æga, the wife of Pan, from whence he had his name. And Bassus in Germanic. from the authority of Epimenides, writes, that Ægipan assisted Jupiter in his wars against the Titans, and helped him to put on his armour; for which reason he was honoured with this celestial dignity: he was represented half goat, half fish, the reason of which, says the Scholiast on Aratus, was, because having found on the sea shore, the shell of a murex or purple-fish, he wound it as if it had been a horn, and so struck a panic fear into the Titans, whence he came to be figured with a tail like a sea monster. The sun entering into this sign, makes the winter solstice. Cancer, by the Greeks called *Καρκίνος*, a Crab, is said to have been killed by Hercules for biting him by

the foot, when he encountered the serpent Hydra, and to have been made a constellation at the entreaty of Juno. This sign is in that part of the heaven, which the sun reaches about the middle of June, and then makes our greatest heats, longest days, and summer solstice. Moreover, these two signs, Cancer and Capricornus, are celebrated by the Chaldaic, Pythagorean, and Platonic philosophers, the first of them for being the gate by which souls descend into human bodies; the last for being that by which they re-ascend into heaven, whence they call Cancer, *Porta hominum*, and Capricornus, *Porta deorum*. Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 12. says, that the natural philosophers called these two signs, *Portas Solis*, the gates of the sun; and then having given the reason of it, he adds: "Per has portas animæ de celo in terras meare, et de terris in cælum remeare creduntur; ideo hominum una, altera deorum vocatur: hominum Cancer, quia per hunc in inferiora descensus est. Capricornus Deorum, quia per illum animæ in propriæ immortalitatis sedem, et in Deorum numerum revertuntur." See likewise, Cæsl. Rhodig. Antiq. Lect. lib. xv. cap. 23. and Kircher in Œdip. Ægypt. tom. ii. p. 535.

Ver. 660. Homer and Ovid make the moon to be drawn in a chariot by two horses, one black, the other white; of which Bassus in Germanic. gives this reason, because, says he, she sometimes is seen by day, as well as in the night. Others will have her to be drawn by oxen; and therefore Nonnus in Dionys. lib. xii. calls her.

—Βοῦν ἰλαίστρα Σιλήνην.

Of both which we have express representations in the Roman coins; and particularly in those of the empress Julia Domna. See Tristram in his Commentar. tom. ii. p. 129. She is likewise said to be drawn by mules, of which we have spoken above, ver. 619. Claudian, lib. iii. de laudibus Stiliconis, makes her to be drawn by stags in regard of the swiftness of her motion; and so too she is represented in several consular and imperial coins, that may be seen in Ursinus, Golzius, and Goriæus.

Ver. 661. 662. The zodiac is called by Ptolemy *Κύκλος τῶν Ζωδίων*, the circle of animals, because it is divided into twelve signs, all of which resemble, either men or some other living creatures, that are described and marked in the zodiac at equal distances from one another. By the Latins it is called *signifer*, and by the Greeks *Σημειοφόρος*. It is described to be a circle, or rather a zone, obliquely passing from east to west, by the equinoctial and solstitial points, and parted in the midst by the ecliptic, which divides it into two parts, the one northern, the other southern, both which are terminated by the circumferences of two imaginary circles, less than one of the great circles, and is far distant from the ecliptic, as is the greatest latitude of any planet from thence. The invention of this circle is by some ascribed to Pythagoras, by others to Cænepides the Chian, and by others to Anaximander the Milesian. See Plutarch. de Placit. Philosoph.

and Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 8. Manilius, lib. i. ver. 675. speaking of the zodiac, says,

Nec visus aciemque fugit, tantumque notari
Mente potest, sicut cernuntur mente priores;
Sed nitet ingenti stellatus baltheus orbe,
Insignemque facit cælato lumine mundum.

Which Creech renders as follows:

It is not hid, nor is it hard to find,
Like others, open only to the mind:
For like a belt, with studs of stars, the skies
It girds, and graces; and invites the eyes.

And Scaliger, in his note on that passage, farther observes, that it has this in common with the Galaxy or Milky Way, that both of them are not, like all the other circles of the sphere, *ἀόρατοι*, perceivable only to reason, but that they are both of them visible to the sight likewise, which none of the others are. Yet Manilius seems to speak poetically, making the zodiac a visible circle, because the twelve signs moving in it are visible; but properly speaking, as it is taken for a fascia or zone only, it is no otherwise perceptible than by reason; and therefore Geminus in Isagog. rightly says, that of all the circles in the heavens, only the *Via Lactea*, is perceivable by sense, the others being no otherwise discernible than by the eye of reason. Moreover, concerning the zodiac, there are these five things that chiefly deserve to be known. I. It is divided into 360 parts or degrees; each sign into 30 degrees; one of which degrees, or thereabouts, the sun makes or completes every day, by his primary or own proper motion, proceeding or going forward from the west to east; and thus in about the space of a year he runs through the twelve signs; meanwhile by his secondary or common motion, which the Latins call *raptus*, a whirl, proceeding from east to west, he makes the compass of the whole earth in the space of four and twenty hours. II. The order and names of the signs are contained in these verses:

Sunt Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo,
Libraque, Scorpis, Arcitenens, Caper, Amphora,
Pisces.

Which being most of them animals, the circle was from thence called Zodiac, from the Greek word *ζῷον*, which signifies an animal, as we hinted before. III. Aries answers to the month of March, about the tenth of which month the sun is said to enter into that sign, and to run through all of it by about the tenth of April, at which time he enters into Taurus: and in like manner of all the rest. IV. It is called oblique, because it is not at an equal distance from each pole: but being carried cross the torrid zone, it reaches both the tropics, and twice divides the circle of the equator. In the first degree of Cancer it touches the north tropic, which is thence called the tropic of Cancer: It touches the south tropic in the first degree of Capricorn, whence that tropic has the name of the tropic of Capricorn. It cuts the equator in the first degree of Aries, and in the first degree

of Libra. V. When the sun comes to the tropic of Cancer, about the tenth of June, then is our height of summer, or summer solstice: when about the tenth of December, he reaches the tropic of Capricorn, then is our depth of winter, or the winter solstice. These tropics have their name from *ῥίσις*, I turn, because when the sun has reached to either of them, he turns his course back again towards the other. Moreover, when the sun reaches to the section of Aries, which he does about the tenth of March, then is the vernal equinox; when he comes to the section of Libra, about the twelfth of September, then is the autumnal equinox.

Ver. 662. To the same purpose Cowley:

—The self same sun

At once does flow and swiftly run:
Swiftly his daily journey goes,
But treads his annual with a statelier pace;
And does three hundred rounds inclose
Within one yearly circles space,
At once with double course in the same sphere,
He runs the day and walks the year.

Ver. 665. Of him see Book III. ver. 356. and ver. 1044. and Book IV. ver. 335.

Ver. 680. In these thirteen verses he introduces two several airs, waiting on the sun and moon: by one of which they are shoved down from Cancer to Capricorn; and by the other heaved up again from Capricorn to Cancer, and this at fixed and certain times: And that it may not seem incredible, he bids us look on the different racks of clouds, which several winds drives several ways.

Besides these and the foregoing opinions, there was a third which Cicero, lib. iii. de Nat. Deor. ascribes to Cleanthes, who, as if the sun followed his food, would have the humidity that arises from the earth and from the sea to be the cause of the summer and winter solstices. For the words of Cicero are these. "Quid enim? Non eisdem vobis placit omnem ignem pastu indegere, nec permanere ullo modo posse nisi alatur? Ali autem Solem, Lunam, et reliqua Astra, aquis alia dulcibus, alia marinis? eamque causam Cleanthes affert, cur se sol referat, nec longius progrediatur solstitiali orbe, itemque; brumali, nè longius discedat á cibo?" For are not you of opinion that all fire requires food, and can in no wise subsist, unless it be nourished? Nay, that the sun, the moon, and other stars are fed, some with fresh, others with sea water? And does not Cleanthes allege, that the cause of the sun's returning from the summer and winter solstice, and his going no farther is, that he may not straggle too far away from his meat?

Ver. 686. This and the following verse run thus in the original;

Et ratione pari lunam stellisque putandum 'st,
Quæ volvunt magnos in magnis orbibus annos,
Aëribus posse alternois à partibus ire.

Where we may observe, that our interpreter has totally omitted the second of those verses, in

which the poet seems to allude to the periods of the stars, and the revolutions of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars.

Ver. 689. This many, nevertheless, deny, though it be certain, says Faber, that there is scarce any tempest of thunder and lightning, but this happens.

Ver. 693. In these nine verses he tells us that night succeeds the day, either because the sun, being fatigued with the length of his journey (for the setting sun seems faint and weary), is extinguished: Or else because he is whirled with the same force beneath the earth by night, as above the earth by day. Epicurus in the epistle to Pythocles contends, that the rising and setting of the sun may be made, κατ' ὑμψαίνεσθαι τὸ πῦρ γῆς, καὶ πάλιν ἐπιπύρεσθαι, or κατ' ἀναψῆναι, τὸ κατὰ θάλασσαν.

Ver. 702. In these twenty-three verses he teaches, that the splendor, which we call the morning, and which before the rising of the sun adorns the heavens, is occasioned because the sun, returning from west to east, pours forth his rays before he appears himself: or else it happens, because the seeds of fire, that were dispersed abroad in his journey the day before, flow together in the eastern sky, and illustrate the earth with a fainty and glimmering light, before they have formed and kindled up anew the globe of the sun: And if this constancy of the seeds flowing together to one place seem incredible, let it be considered, that no less a constancy may be observed in several other things. Thus plants shoot forth their buds at a fixed and certain season of the year: Thus children breed their teeth at a certain age, &c.

This last opinion, ridiculous as it is, was nevertheless embraced by Epicurus and his followers: who as Cleomedes, lib. ii. c. 1. witnesses, held that a new sun arose daily, and was daily extinguished; and Servius upon the first Georgic, says, they did not pretend, that the sun continued his course through the other hemisphere: but that the orb of a new sun was always made in the east; or at least, that the old sun was repaired and lighted up anew. For Epicurus did not so much hold the quotidian creation of a new sun, as the daily renovation of the old: To which opinion Horace, in Carmine Seculari, seems to allude,

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
Nasceris.

And Gassendus explains this opinion of Epicurus in these words: Since the ocean compasses the earth, the sun may be extinguished by its waters in the west, and return all along through the waves by the north into the east, and rise from thence rekindled. Thus Gassendus; by which nevertheless he but little mends the matter. Epicurus however was not the author of this ridiculous opinion: For Xenophanes the Colophonian held, that the moon and stars were certain clouds set on fire, and that they were extinguished every day and rekindled at night: and that on the con-

rary the sun was extinguished every night, and rekindled every morning; or to express it in the words of Minutius Felix, "Congregatis ignium feminebus solis alius atque alios semper splendere." Of the same opinion likewise was Heraclitus, whose saying was *ἥλιος νῆος ἐφ' ἡμέρας* whence the proverb in Plato, "Heraclito sole citius extingui." And from them Epicurus received by succession, "Hæreditatem stultitiæ," as Lactantius calls it, this inheritance of folly. And yet Pomponius Mela, de situ Orbis, lib. v. cap. 6. relates, that the rising sun, when beheld from mount Ida, looks different from what it does when regarded from any other place in the whole earth: For, says he, soon after midnight, many small bodies of fire are seen dispersed and scattered in the east: and as the day comes on, they are seen to join by degrees closer and closer together, till being collected into fewer bodies, all of them, from the first to the last, are kindled into flames; and these flames, joining into one, contract themselves into a round figure, and come to be a vast globe of fire, that seems annexed to the earth; then it decreases by degrees, but still continuing its globous form; and the more it lessens, it grows the more bright and fulgid: at length it disperses the shades of night, and being made a sun, rises with the day. "Orientum solem Idæus aliter quam in aliis terris solet, afficit. Orientantur namque ex summo vertice ejus spectantibus penè à mediâ nocte sparsi ignes passim micare, & ut lux appropinquat, ita coire et se conjungere videntur, donec magis magisque collecti, pauciores deinde, ex unâ ad postremam flammâ ardeant: et cum dici clara lux, et incendio similis affulsit, cogit se, ac rotundat, et fit ingens globus: diu is queque grandis, et terris annexus apparet: deinde paulatim decrefcens: et quantum decrefcit, eo clarior: fugat novissimè noctem, et cum die, jam sol factus, attollitur. Pompon. Mela, lib. v. de situ orbis, cap. 6." This too is confirmed by Diodorus Siculus, whose account of this matter we will give below, v. 711.

Ver. 708. Lucret.

—Roræam Matuta per oras
Ætheris auroram deferat, et lumina pandit.

Matuta, as Cicero tells us, was the goddess Ino, whom the Greeks called Leucothea, and the Latins, Matuta; the daughter of Caducus. "Ino dea dicitur, quæ Leucothea à Græcis, à nobis Matuta dicitur; cum sit Caduci filia." De Nat. Deor. Lib. iii. And Milton,

To resalute the world with sacred light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews embalm'd
The earth: and now the smiling morn begins
Her rosy progress.—

Ver. 711. There are two mountains of this name: one in Crete, the other in Phrygia, which last in one chain of mountains runs through the whole country of Troas: The northern part of it reaches to the shore of the Propontic; the west to the Hellespont, the south to the gulf of Adramyctum in the Ægean sea, and the east look

over the place where stood the city of Troy: and in this part of it Paris gave his judgment of the three goddesses. This was the highest part of all the mountain, and that of which Lucretius speaks: Strabo calls the top of it Gargarus. Of the sun rising, beheld from this mountain Diodorus Siculus, lib. xvii. p. 491. Gives the following account.

"Ἰδιον δὲ τι τὰ παράδοξον συμβαίνει γίνεσθαι περὶ τοῦ τοῦ ὄρους, κατὰ τὴν τῷ Κυνὸς ἰσχυρὰν ἐστὶ ἀκρὰς τῆς κορυφῆς διὰ τὴν νημερίαν τῷ περιχρόνῳ Ἄλφει ὑπερπέτῃ γίνεσθαι τὴν ἀκρὰν τῆς τῶν ἀνέμων πνεύσης ἐρᾶσθαι δὲ τὸν ἥλιον εἶναι τὰς νυκτὸς ὄσας ἐκσπύλλουσα τὰς ἀκτῖνας ἐν ἐν κυκλωθεῖν χημάϊ συνεμμένον. ἀλλὰ τὴν φλόγα κατὰ πολλὰς τότε ἔχουσα διασπαρμένῃ, ὥστε δοκεῖ σπυρὰ πλέων διαγίνεσθαι τῷ τῆς γῆς ὀρίζοντος. Μετ' ὀλίγου δὲ συνάγεται ταύτῃ πρὸς ἑνὴν μίγνυν, ὥς ἂν ἴπῃται τριπλοῦρον διάστημα, καὶ τοῖς τῆς ἡμέρας ἡμετέρας, τὸ φαινόμενον τῷ ἥλιῳ μίγνυν σπληνέον τῇ τῆς ἡμέρας διάθεσιν καὶ σκευιάζει, which is as much as to say: A singular and wonderful thing happens in this mountain: For, about the rising of the Dog-star, there is so great a calmness of the circumfused air on the top of the mountain, that the highest part of it is above the least breath of wind: and even while it is yet night, the sun is seen to rise, not in a globous and circular figure, but in a flame dispersed here and there in such a manner, that many fires seem to touch the horizon; but all of them in a short space of time contract themselves into one magnitude, which takes up the space of about three hundred feet, and at length the day appearing, the complete magnitude of the sun appears likewise, and shines with its accustomed daily light.

Ver. 725. It has always been accounted a wonderful thing that the days and nights lengthen and shorten so regularly in the course of the year, that the alternate changes of the length and shortness of both of them are exactly varied by turns both in summer and winter. Of this the poet assigns three causes: I. It may happen, says he, because the sun makes his rounds above and below the earth more swiftly at some times than at others, inasmuch as the ways or places through which he travels are longer or shorter. This is contained in seventeen verses, in which he likewise describes the unequal segments of the diurnal and nocturnal circles in the oblique position of the sphere; but from this rule he excepts the equator, which in every obliquity is divided from the horizon into two equal parts; and this is the reason that the sun, being twice within the year placed in the equator, makes two equinoxes in all countries whatever. II. Then he adds, in four verses, another reason, and says, that there may perhaps be certain places in the sky where the sun finds more or less resistance, and this may retard or hasten his course. III. He says it may happen, because those fires that either compose or kindle the sun, may, at certain seasons of the year, assemble and meet more slowly in the eastern sky than they do at others.

The first of these is the true and genuine reason; for the inequality of the days and nights

proceeds from the oblique position and cite of the zodiac; whence it comes to pass, that they who have a perpetual equinox, that is to say, those that live under the equator, never have the least inequality, but a constant equality of days and nights, because they inhabit under a straight and direct sphere; but those that live towards either of the poles have their days and nights longer or shorter according as they are more remote from the pole, or nearer advanced to it. But such as live in the most oblique sphere, that is to say, under either of the poles, have six months of continual light, and by turns as many of continual night and darkness; therefore it is no wonder what Pliny, lib. iv. cap. 12. says of them, that they, "ferere matutinis, meridie metere, occidentis sole fatus arborum decerpere, noctibus in specus condis," &c. sow in the morning, reap at noon, gather the fruits of the trees at sunset, hide themselves in caverns at night, &c. And thus we know,

Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles
Hyberni: vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obset.

Virg. Georg. ii. ver. 481.

What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
And stops the lazy waggon of the night.

As Cowley expresses it.

Ver. 733. In this and the following six verses, Lucretius describes the equinoctial circle, which, by the Greeks is called, *ἰσημερινός*, by the Latins, "æquidialis, æquinoctialis, aquator," and "cingulum mundi," and by mariners it is commonly called the *line*. It is one of the greatest circles of the sphere; its poles are the same with the poles of the world; from either of which it is equally distant, and divides the celestial globe into the northern and southern hemisphere. Christoph. Clavius in Sacrobosc. describes it by an imaginary line, drawn from the centre of the world, and extended to the first point, either of Aries or Libra, and thence carried about by the diurnal revolution of the *primum mobile*. Of this equinoctial circle, these things chiefly deserve to be observed: I. That it parts as well the terrestrial as the celestial globe, and is divided into 360 degrees, as every other greater or lesser circle is, because of the easy division of this number into a moiety, a third, a fourth, fifth, sixth, or eighth; its sixth, for example, being sixty, which number admits of many more divisions without any fractions. II. The sun, being posited in the equinoctial, makes the days and nights even, and then the equinoctial divides the sphere into the northern and southern hemispheres, whose poles are the poles of the world. III. Fifteen degrees of this circle rise hourly on one part, and as many set every hour on the other; so that one degree of it rises every four minutes of an hour. For which reason the equinoctial is said to be the measure of the *primum mobile*. IV. This circle shows the equinoctial points, which happen twice every year; I. About the eleventh of March, when the sun enters into the first degree of Aries;

2. About the thirteenth of September, when he enters into the first degree of Libra. V. It divides the zodiac into two moieties, the southern and the northern, and thence the signs are distinguished into those of the north and south. VI. It is the measure of time, and shows what declination the stars, or the parts of the ecliptic have, either northern or southern. VII. Lastly, In this circle are observed the ascensions and descensions of the zodiacal signs.

Ver. 735. That is, between the north and south poles; Lucretius says, "Medio cursu flatus aquilonis et austris," which are indeed two winds, the first of which blows from the north, the last from the south, and which are commonly taken by poets for the north and south points, or poles of the world.

Ver. 736. Lucr. "Distinct æquato cælum discrimine metas;" where by *metas* he means the two tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, which are the utmost bounds of the sun's revolution, and which he never passes. They were called tropics from the Greek word *τροπή*, which signifies conversion, or turning, because the sun, when he comes at those circles, turns back again towards the equator, nor ever goes beyond those bounds, either to the north or south: Hence the Egyptians, as Clemens Alexandrinus, lib. v. Stromat. observes, hieroglyphically described the tropics under the figure of two dogs, as if they were guards deputed by nature to keep in and restrain the sun from running beyond his bounds. The first among the Greeks who found out these tropics is said to be Thales, the Milesian; who likewise wrote a particular treatise of them, as Eudemus in Laërtius witnesses. The tropic of Cancer is called *τροπικὸς ὁρατός*, i. e. "Tropicus æstivus," from the heat of summer, which we in this northern hemisphere enjoy, when the sun is nearest to that circle, which is thus described: A smaller circle, parallel to the equator, whose distance from thence is equal to the sun's greatest declination, or the obliquity of the zodiac, which it touches in the first point of Cancer. Its office, on one side, is to terminate the torrid zone, and, on the other, the northern temperate zone, and to make the summer solstice and longest day northward, and the winter solstice or shortest day southward. The tropic of Capricorn is likewise described: a smaller circle, parallel to the equator, whose distance from thence is equal to the sun's greatest declination, and touches the ecliptic in the first point of Capricorn; on one side, bounding the torrid southern zone, on the other, the southern temperate zone, making the winter solstice or shortest day northward, and the summer solstice, and the longest day southward. Moreover, the solstices were so called, because the days do then increase and shorten so very slowly, that they can scarce be perceived to do either, insomuch that "quasi sistatur sol." The reason of which cannot be better given, than in the words of Julius Scaliger, in Problemat. Gelian. "Is circulus, quem sol quoties signat, non est circulus, sed magis quædam spiræ. Neque enim

revolutionis finis eodem committitur, unde initium habuerat: Major enim distantia est à puncto, unde digressus est, ad punctum, ad quem horæ viginti quatuor cum perduxere; ubi propior sit iis signis, quæ propius ad æquinoctium accedunt, propter obliquitatem. Itaque cum tendit ad solstitia, propter lineæ prope rectitudinem, vix variat; inde solstitia dicta." Which is as much as to say: That circle which the sun describes by his daily motion, is not properly a circle, but rather a spiral line: For the end of its revolution does not terminate in the point, whence it began. For its distance from the point, from whence the sun set forward, to that to which he arrives by his daily course of twenty-four hours, is greater when he approaches nearest to those signs that are next the equinoctial, by reason of the obliquity of his course: But when he draws near to the solstitial points, there appears scarce any variation of his course, because the line is then almost straight and direct; whence it is called the solstice. Moreover, Macrobius, lib. i. cap. 21. tells us, that the Egyptians represented the statue of the sun with his head shaved on one side, and having long hair on the other, to intimate, by the first, the time of the winter solstice, "cum velut abrafis incrementis, angustâ manente extantâ, ad minimum diei sol pervenerit spatium;" by the latter, his summer solstice, or his full grown splendour, to which he arrives by degrees, emerging again from those straits and dens which were his abode in the winter tropic, into the summer hemisphere: "ex quibus latebris vel angustis rursus emergens, ad æstivum hemisphærium tanquam enascens in augmenta porrigitur;" as the same author expresses it in the place above cited. See above, ver. 658.

Ver. 737. Of this, see above, ver. 661.

Ver. 742. These four verses contain a second cause or reason of the increase and decrease of the days and nights: But this is indeed a weak argument; for how can the air's being more or less thick make the sun rise later or sooner?

Ver. 746. In these three verses, he alleges a third reason, which is of equal force with the last; as if the days or nights were longer or shorter, because the seeds of light flow, and meet together, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, to repair the decayed splendour of the sun. But by subjoining this third cause, the poet seems to observe, what is likewise generally taken notice of, that not only the day and the night, but that the morning and the evening twilight are sometimes shorter than they are at others: For, in an oblique sphere, the duration, as well of the twilight before sun-rising, as of the twilight after sun-set, is unequal throughout the year, being longer in the summer, and shorter in the winter; because, since the twilight either begins in the morning, or ends in the evening, when the sun is eighteen degrees, perpendicularly taken, below the horizon, the bows of the compass, or circuit of the sun, who, with those degrees either rises in the morning, or goes down in the evening, are larger in summer, and less in winter. Besides, this in-

quality is the greater the more distant we are from the equator. And yet we may not believe that the evening twilight is longest about the summer solstice and shortest about the winter; for indeed it is rather somewhat shortest of all before the vernal, and after the autumnal equinoxes. But it might seem tedious to pursue these matters farther.

Ver. 749. Here the poet inquires into the causes, why the moon changes herself into so many shapes: For as Ovid Metam. xv. ver. 196. says,

Nec par, aut eadem nocturnæ forma Dianæ
Esse potest unquam; semperque hodierna se-
quente,

Si crescit, minor est; major, si contrahit orbem.

Which Dryden thus translates,

Not equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning horns:
For ev'ry day she wanes, her face is less,
But gath'ring into globe, she fattens at increase.

Dryden.

Now Lucretius tells us, in these twelve verses, that if she receive her light from the sun, if she be a globous body, and lastly, if she make her rounds below the sun, then they explain aright her various and manifold phases, who say, that the moon changes her face according to the different light she receives from the sun, as she approaches nearer to him, or retires farther from him. This too is the opinion of almost all the mathematicians, and of all the poets, especially of Manilius, lib. ii. ver. 96.

Tu quoque fraternis reddis sic oribus ora,
Atque iterum ex iisdem repetis, quantumque re-
liquit,

Aut dedit ille, refert; et sydus sydere constas.

Which Creech thus renders:

For as the moon in deepest darkness mourns,
Then rays receives, and points her borrow'd horns;
Then turns her face, and with a smile invites,
The full effusions of her brother's lights.

Ver. 755. For when the moon is at full, she goes, as it were, backwards under the earth towards the sun, and comes up to him: whence it is that she decreases by degrees, till being in conjunction with him, she become invisible to us.

Ver. 756. He means that part of the heavens which is concealed from us beneath the earth.

Ver. 757. The different changes or variations of the moon, which the ancient Greeks called *phases*, and from them the Latins, *phasæ*, or *apparitiones*. The names of these phases or appearances, especially of the four chief and most remarkable are these. The first, reckoning her changes as she increases, is *Μηνόμορνος*, i. e. *corniculata*, horned, or having horns: The new moon, which happens when she is about sixty degrees distant from the sun. This phasis is by the Turks and Arabs called *Nalka*, a horse shoe, because the moon then resembles the figure of one. The second, *Δισκοειδής*,

i. e. *bifecta*, or *dimidiata*, the half moon, when she is ninety degrees distant from the sun. The third, *Ἀμφικυρπός*, i. e. *gibbosa*, or *dimidio orbe major*; which happens at 120 degrees distant from the sun; and the fourth and last, *Πανοικνύς*, i. e. *Totilunus*, when full, and in opposition to the sun, or at the distance of 180 degrees: and from this last, in a contrary order, are reckoned her decreasing changes. And these several phases she inviolably observes; nor are they the work of chance, as our poet would impiously insinuate, but the act and order of Divine Providence; as even another poet, though a heathen too, saw very well.

Nec lunam certos excedere luminis orbes;
Sed fervare modum, quo crescat, quove recedat;
Nec cadere in terram pendentia fydera cælo,
Sed dimensâ suis consumere tempora signis;
Non Causâ opus est, magni sed Numinis ordo.

Thus rendered by Creech :

That light, by just degrees, the moon adorns;
First shows, then buds, then fills her borrow'd
horns;

And that the stars in constant order roll,
Hang there, nor fall, and leave the liquid pole;
'Tis not from chance : the motion speaks aloud
The wise and steady conduct of a god.

To which I add this of Statius, Sylv. lib. iii.

Servit et astrorum velox chorus, et vaga servit
Luna, nec injustæ toties redit orbita lucis.

And of Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 6.
"Similibus dispensationibus Hebdomadam, Luna sui luminis vices sempiternâ lege variando disponit."

And since we are upon the subject of this planet, I cannot but take notice of an opinion, which is at this day asserted and maintained by several, as well philosophers as astronomers: viz. That the moon is inhabited. This belief they ground on the appearance of mountains, valleys, woods, lakes, seas, and rivers, which, by the help of the telescope, they discover in the orb of that planet. The ancients, as Cicero witnesses, embraced this opinion long ago: "Habitari," says he, "ait Xenophanes in Lunâ, eamque esse terram multarum urbium et montium. Academ. Quæst. lib. iv. The interpreter of Aratus: *εἰναι δὲ τὰ αὐτῆς οἰκασίαι ἀλλὰ τοιαύτης τῆς καὶ ὅσα ἐστὶ γῆς*. And Plutarch De Placitis Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 50. reports, That the Pythagoreans affirm the moon to be another earth, inhabited in all its parts, even as this earth of ours: and peopled with living creatures fifteen times larger than those with us: these inhabitants the ancients called Antichthonæ, because they believed them to dwell in an earth quite opposite to this of ours. And that author, in his treatise, "De facie in orbe Lunæ," says, That there are caverns in the moon, called "Penetralia Hecates;" and that the upper parts of that planet, which always regard the heavens, are the Elysian fields: That it is likewise inhabited by Genii, who not always make their abode there, but sometimes descend to earth, to punish or awe

mankind. Achilles Tatius in Iliag. reports also the like of the moon's being inhabited: so too does Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. xi. in these words: "Lunam ætheream terram Physici vocaverunt, et habitatores ejus Lunares Populos nuncuparunt: quod ita esse pluribus argumentis, quæ nunc longum est enumerare, docuerunt." See more to this purpose in Kepler's "Astronomia optica," and particularly in a posthumous treatise of his, intitled, "Somnium, sive de lunari Astrologiâ." Now, why should this opinion seem extravagant, if it be admitted, that the moon enjoys as favourable an aspect from the sun, as this earth of ours, though the days and nights there be answerable to our half months, in regard it is screened with hills and mountains, under which lie deep shades and valleys, with hollow caves and recesses, of equal benefit against the extremities of heat and cold: and being watered besides with great lakes and rivers, and consequently supplied by nature with all things necessary for the support of life? How then can it reasonably be thought, that nature has conferred all those advantages and benefits for no use and end; and that the moon is made for no other purpose, and serves only to reflect to us the light of the sun? See more in Isaac Vossius in his learned treatise, "de Naturâ et Propriet. Lucis," cap. xix.

After all, it is not agreed what kind of creatures these lunar inhabitants are: however, Kepler seems somewhat positive as to this point also. "Concludendum videtur," says he in his notes, "ad appendic. Selenograph. in Lunâ creaturas esse viventes, rationis, ad ordinata faciendâ, capaces." He affirms the same thing of the other planets, nay even of the sun itself; concerning which, in the epilogue to his fifth book, he breaks out into this expression: "Vel sensus ipsi exclamant, ignea hic habitare corpora, mentium simplicium capacia, varique solem esse *συνεὸς* *νοῦ* si non regem, at saltem regiam." Nor is this so strange as what some assert, who maintain the moon to be the paradise in which our first parents were created, and from whence, for their transgression, they were expelled, and driven down to this earth of ours. This Hieronymus Vitalis, in "Lexic. Mathemat. in voce Paradisus," endeavours to evince, as well from reason, as from the authorities of several of the fathers and schoolmen. He says indeed, that this is new and unheard-of, but not therefore to be accounted foolish and absurd: "Fateor," says he, "id novum, singulare, et hæcenus inauditum, at non per hoc temerarium, atque intolerabile dixeris." Then he urges in these express words; "modo partâ tantâ rerum notitiâ, lunæ facie Telescopio penitissimè observatâ, veterum dictis expensis, locis super hanc terram investigatis, Paradisum in Lunæ superficie collocari, ratio ipsa compellit." The reader may be farther satisfied as to this matter in that author; but it is time for us to return to Lucretius.

Ver. 761. In these six verses, he assigns another reason, and says, that if the moon do shine with unborrowed light, then we must imagine that another body, which is opacous and totally dark,

always moves with the moon, and obstructs and turns away her beams.

This is said to be the opinion of Anaximander; who, nevertheless, believed nothing like it: for, though he did perhaps say, that the moon ἴδιον ἔχει φῶς had her own light. Plut. de Placit. Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 26 & 28. (ἰδέσθαι τὴν αὐτὴν ψευδοειδῆ, τὴν ἀπὸ ἡλίου φωσφύρεσθαι. Laërtius), yet he never so much as dreamed of any other body that moved about with her, and hindered and obstructed her light.

Ver. 762. See the note above ver. 757.

Ver. 767. In these twenty-nine verses, he proposes their opinion, who held the one half of the moon's orb to be light, the other half dark. Now, says he, if you imagine this opinion to be true, imagine likewise such an orb to be turned round on its axle or centre, and it will present the different phases we behold in the moon.

This was the opinion of Berofus, a famous astronomer in the days of Antiochus Soter, as also of the Babylonians, who defended this doctrine against a sect of the Chaldean astronomers; who, as Diodorus Siculus, lib. ii. witnesses, agreed with the Greeks, that the moon shines with light that is not her own: but the Babylonians held one half of the moon's globe to be luminous, the other dark. And that both the Chaldeans and Babylonians too were very skillful in astrology, we have the testimonies of Diodor. lib. i. de Divin. Pliny lib. vii. cap. 56. and many others: Nay, Manilius, lib. i. ver. 38. teaches, That astrology was given by the gods to the kings of the Chaldeans: for it was God, says he,

Qui sua disposuit per tempora, cognita ut essent
Omnibus, et mundi facies, cœlumque supernum,
Naturæque dedit vires, se quæ ipsa reclusit,
Regales animos primum dignata movere,
Qui domuere feras gentes Orienta sub imo,
Quas fecat Euphrates, in quas et Nilus inundat.

At whose command the stars in order met,
Who times appointed when to rise and set;
That Heav'n's great secrets might lie hid no more,
And man, instructed, gratefully adore:
Nature disclos'd herself, and from her springs
Pure streams deriv'd, o'erflow'd the minds of
kings;

Kings next to Heav'n, who o'er the east did sway,
Where swift Euphrates cuts his rapid way;
Where Nile o'erflows, and whence the whirl re-
stores

The day to us, and, passing, burns the Moors.

Greech.

Ver. 772. This and the following verse run thus in the original.

Ut Babylonica Chaldaicum doctrina refutans
Astrologorum artem contra convincere tendit.

Upon which passage, if Faber's note be true, our translator seems to be mistaken in the sense of his author: For that interpreter there says, that by "Babylonica Chaldaeorum ars," our poet here means only those Chaldeans, who followed the

hypothesis of Berofus against the vulgar astrology.

What it was, says he, Plutarch teaches, "de Placitis Philosophorum," lib. ii. where he asserts, that an eclipse of the moon is caused κατὰ τὴν πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἐκτεροφάν τῷ ἀστροῦ μέρει, i. e. by her turning towards us that part of her orb which is not fiery. Then he subjoins that the Chaldeans in this place, is the name of a particular sect, not of the whole people, as might be proved out of Herodotus. To which I add this of Laërtius, παρὰ δὲ Βαβυλωνίαις, ἢ Ἀσσυρίοις Χалδαίοις. Γουνοσο φησὶ παρὰ Ἰουδαίῳ. And with this agrees Cicero, lib. ii. de Divinat.

OF THE ORIGINAL AND PROGRESS OF ASTRONOMY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

ASTRONOMY had its name ἀπὸ τοῦ ὅρου τῶν ἀστέρων, because it teaches the laws and rules of the motions of the stars: but the words astronomy and astrology, were anciently promiscuously used one for the other: for what Plato calls astronomy, Aristotle, and others, call astrology. Thus Salmasius in Plin. Exercitat. tom. i. p. 6. says, That among the Greeks, Thales is said first ἀστρολογῆσαι, to astrologize, though he never treated of the judiciary art. In like manner, Pherecydes was called an astrologer, though he was only an astronomer: and the nautical astrology of Phocus the Samian, which some ascribe to Thales, treats only of the astronomical science. Manilius, on the contrary, calls his poem *Astronomicum*, though all of it, except the first book, treat of judiciary astrology. But, in after ages, this synonymy was discontinued: for when the apotelesmatic part, which, from the fire and aspect of the fixed stars and planets, teaches to divine their influences, as to the production of future events, came to get footing in Greece, where, anciently, only the meteorologic part of it, which teaches the motion of the stars, was known, they distinguished them, and gave to the first the name of astrology, and called the last astronomy; which is properly understood, and described to be, *The Science*, which contemplates the motion, distance, colour, light, order, place, magnitude, and the like adjuncts of the fixed stars, and of the planets, without any respect to the judiciary part.

And as this science itself, so the professors of it too, were, in like manner, doubly distinguished. Plato, in Epinomide, uses the words Ἀστρονομισταί, and Ἀστρολόγοι, in different senses. He understands, by the first of them, those who apply themselves to discover the rising and setting of the stars, in order to prognosticate concerning the seasons of the year, and the temperature of the air. By the last of them, he means those who particularly confine their studies to the theory of the planets.

The original of astronomy, says Gassendus, proceeded from admiration; "Originem ipsi ipsa fecit admiratio. Introduc. Astronom." For our forefathers, astonished at the splendour, variety and multitude of those glorious bodies, and observing their constant and regular motions, applied themselves to the study of this science, and transferred their admiration into observations, which,

in process of time, they marked down in tables or parapetras, for the instruction of posterity: and for this reason, Ricciolus, in his preface to the first tome of the New Almagest, affirms astronomy to be almost coeval with the stars themselves: And that, together with other arts divinely infused, it was reduced into experiment and practice by Adam himself, who, according to Suidas, was the parent and author of all arts and doctrines; *scilicet*, says he, *πᾶσι τῶν τεχνῶν καὶ διδασκαλῶν*. Besides, that Adam particularly instructed Seth in this astral science, and that too by writing, is the opinion of all the Jewish and Arabian doctors, and among them, particularly Geladinus Arabs, cited by Kircher in Obelisc. Paphil. p. 5. if he be the author of the book, which goes under the title of "Liber Creationis;" of which some are in doubt, even though it be commented upon as such, by Rabbi Abraham, and Rabbi Joseph Ben Uziel. But, however that be, Josephus, in the eleventh book of the Jewish Antiquities, writes, that Seth having been instructed in astronomy by Adam, and knowing that the world was twice to be destroyed, once by water, and once by fire, reduced this art to an epitome, and for the information and benefit of posterity, engraved it on two pillars, one of brick, the other of stone; the first to preserve it from the fire, the second from the deluge; which last pillar he affirms to have been remaining in his days at a place called Syrius or Seirath, which If. Vossius, lib. i. de *Ætate Mundi*, supposes to be the land that borders on Mount Ephraim, not far from Jericho.

Seth, the son of Adam, having thus engraved on two pillars, the theory of this celestial science, which he had received from his father; and astronomy being thus brought into the world, the succeeding patriarchs, who, by reason of their longevity, had the opportunity of observing many astral revolutions, cultivated and improved it: Nay, some of the Jewish doctors, particularly Rabbi Isaac Abernethi in Dissertat. de Longævitæ prim. Patr. goes so far as to affirm, that the lives of the patriarchs were, by the Divine Providence, miraculously prolonged for no other end, than that they might apply themselves to the study of this celestial science; in which the most celebrated for his knowledge is Enoch, whose books on that subject are said to be extant to this day in the territories of the queen of Sheba, as Vossius de Scientiis Mathemat. affirms; at least they are several times cited by Tertullian and Origin.

It is not certainly known to what degree of improvement this science was brought before the flood; but from the testimony of Origin, citing the above-mentioned books of Enoch, it appears, that the stars were then reduced into asterisms, under peculiar and distinct denominations, concerning which that patriarch, who was the seventh from Adam, writ many secret and mysterious things. Besides, it is evident from scripture itself, that the year was then, as it is now, computed by twelve revolutions of the moon, to one of the sun's through the zodiac; for it is said ex-

pressly in Genesis, that Noah entered into the ark the seventeenth day of the second month, and went out of it the twenty-seventh day of the second month of the year following: In the same book likewise express mention is made of the seventh and tenth months: From whence we may with good reason infer, that the patriarchs had then the knowledge of the courses of the sun and moon, with their periods, and, in all probability, of the other planets also.

After the flood, when mankind came to be scattered over the face of the whole earth, astronomy began to be studied by several nations, who, no doubt, had their first knowledge of it from Noah and his posterity; and hence arose the contest for the honour of its invention. But since it cannot be denied, that mankind dispersed themselves out of Asia into Africa, Europe, and other parts of the world, the Asiatics may justly claim to themselves the glory of it; and among them chiefly the Babylonians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians; of whom the most renowned for their skill in this science are Evahdnes, Belus, Zoroaster, and Orontes; as also Cidenas, Naburianus, Sudinus, and Seleucus the Chaldean.

From the Assyrians and Chaldeans it came to the Egyptians, being brought thither by Abraham the patriarch, as Eusebius, lib. ix. *Præparat. Evangel.* proves from the authority of Josephus, Eupolemus, Artapanus, and others, as they are cited by Alexander Polyhistor. But Eupolemus seems to infer that Abraham, before his descent into Egypt, taught it to the Phœnicians. Others however say, that Mercury first taught the Egyptians Astronomy, and indeed all other arts and sciences. This is positively asserted, not only by Samblichus, but by Plato in *Phædrus*, where he calls him *πᾶσι γνῶματόν*, and by Cicero, lib. iii. *Divinat.* Vide etiam Lactantium, lib. i. cap. 6. There are others who attribute the honour of it to the Egyptians before the Chaldeans, who, say they, were even themselves first instructed in it by the Egyptians. To make good which assertion they produce the testimonies of Diodorus Siculus, Biblioth. lib. i. and of Hyginus Fabul. 271. the first of whom says, that Babylon was a colony of the Egyptians, founded by Belus of Libya, who instituted there a college of priests, to the end they might contemplate the stars in the same manner as those of Egypt. The last, that one Evahdnes is said to have come from beyond the seas into Chaldaea, and there to have taught astronomy.

But if this science were known to the Egyptians, before it was to the Babylonians and Chaldeans, how comes it to pass, that the Egyptian observations are so much later than those of the Babylonians? For we scarce find any of the Egyptian to precede the death of Alexander the Great; than which even those of the Greeks are earlier; but the Babylonian observations were manifestly made almost two thousand years before that time. And Cicero, lib. i. de *Divinat.* ascribes it first to the Assyrians: The Assyrians, "ut ab ultimis auctoritatem repetam," says he, by reason of the plainness and large extent of

their country, which afforded them on all sides a clear and open view of heaven, observed the course and motion of the stars. And having framed a due calculation of their revolutions, they from thence made predictions of future events. And amongst the Assyrians, the Chaldeans " (non ex artis, sed ex gentis vocabulo nominati) " arrived to such a perfection of skill, that they could foretell what should happen to any one, and under what fate they were born; which art the Egyptians learned of them many ages ago. Thus Cicero,

There are others nevertheless who deny this honour both to the Chaldeans and Egyptians, assigning the invention of astronomy to the Ethiopians; of this opinion is Lucian, *περί Ἀστρονομίας*. But this assertion seems of little weight, it being contrary to the general stream of tradition, even long before Lucian's time.

The Africans too pretend to the invention of astronomy; and among them particularly the Mauritanians, who are said to have been instructed in that science by their king Atlas, the son of Libya.

Aristotle ascribes the invention of it, wholly to the Babylonians and the Egyptians: *Ἀργύστοι, καὶ Βαβυλώνιοι, παρ' οὓν πολλὰς πίσεις ἔχουσιν περὶ ἰσότητος τῶν ἄστρον*. And how the Egyptians came to be skilful in that science, Ptolomy, who was himself of Egypt, gives us this reason. *ὅτι μᾶλλον συνειπύοντο τοῖς Διδύμοις, καὶ τῷ τῷ Ἐρμῷ*. And why? *διότι διανοήτικοι τὰ καὶ συνιοῖ καὶ ἴσως ἰκανοὶ περὶ τὸ μαθήματα*. Of the Babylonians he says, *ὅτι τῇ παραθῆναι καὶ τῷ Ἐρμῷ συνειπύοντο, διὸ καὶ παρ' αὐτοῖς τὸ μαθηματικὸν καὶ παρατηρητικὸν τῶν ἀστρον συνίσταται*.

Thus from the several nations before-mentioned, astronomy seems to have been anciently divided into three different and chief sects, that is to say, the Assyrian, under which is comprehended the Babylonian and the Chaldaic, the Egyptian, and the Mauritanian or Atlantic; of which last nevertheless the Romans made no account; for among them were enumerated only these three sects, the Chaldaic, Egyptian, and Grecian. Now Eudoxus is said to have been the first, who from the Egyptians brought astronomy to his countrymen the Greeks; and Berofus to have brought into Greece the science of Genethliology from his countrymen the Chaldeans. Vitruvius, lib. ix. cap. 7. " Eorum autem inventiones, quas scriptis reliquerunt, qua solertiâ, quibusque acuminibus, et quam magni fuerint, qui ab ipsâ Chaldaeorum natione profulexerunt, ostendunt: Primusque Berofus in insulâ, et civitate Coâ confedit, ibique aperuit disciplinam." And Pliny says, that the Athenians publicly erected a statue with a golden tongue to Berofus, for his divine predictions. After him Antipater and Achinapolis were reputed famous Genethliologists. Of natural causes and effects, Thales, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, Xenophantus, and Democritus are esteemed the most eminent observers. After them, following their inventions, and observing besides the rise and setting of the stars, and the seasons of the year, Eudæmon,

Callisthus, Melo, Philippus, Hipparchus, Aratus, &c. left to posterity their astrological prognostics, in their tables, which are called *Parapegmata*; of which see Geminus and Theon in *Arati Phaenomenis*. Thus though it be certain, that the Greeks derived their knowledge in astronomy from the Chaldeans and Egyptians, yet so great was their presumption, as confidently to affirm, that the invention of it was due to them, particularly to the Rhodians, from whom they pretend that the Egyptians received it, as Diodorus Siculus reports in the story of the Heliadae. And, lastly, others of them ascribe its original to their poet Orpheus; but those opinions favour too much of the fable, and therefore we may rather subscribe to their belief, who hold, that Thales the Milesian first brought astronomy into Greece, having derived his knowledge in that science from the Egyptians.

After Thales, it was improved by Anaximander, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, Democritus, Empedocles, Eudæmon, Meton, Eudoxus, and others of the Athenian School, till the time that Alexander the Great founded the city of Alexandria in Egypt. After which the Ptolemies, his successors, having erected there an academy for all manner of studies, the Grecian astronomy made its retreat thither; and flourished under those princes in equal glory with the Egyptian. And from thence we hear of the famous names of Antylchus, Calippus, Timochares, Aristyllus, Eratosthenes, Conon, Hipparchus, Sositogenes, Theon the elder, Ptolomy, Paulus the Alexandrian, Theon the younger, surnamed likewise the Alexandrian, and his daughter, the excellent, but unfortunate, Hypatia.

It was long before astronomy was introduced into Italy, or had any professors among the Romans; for though Dion Præfixus in *Orat. 49.* affirm, that the Pythagoreans instructed the Italians in that science, and that in all probability the doctrine of Philolaus, Timæus, Archytas, and others, the fame of whose learning had invited even Plato himself to make a voyage into Italy, could not have been concealed from the curious and ingenious Romans; yet that martial people, who were more addicted to arms than arts, entertained but late and slowly too, these speculative studies: Nor to pass by the rude sketches of Numa Pompilius, does the Roman history mention any persons as considerably knowing in astronomy, before Caius Sulpicius Gallus, who was legate to Æmilius Paulus, in the war against Perses, king of Macedon, and who first among them published a treatise of eclipses. After him, we read that Lucius Taruntius, Nigidius Figulus, Varro, and Cicero, applied themselves to the study of astronomy; but to none of the Romans is that science so much indebted, as to their great dictator C. Julius Cæsar, who, as Lucan witnesses,

Media inter prælia semper
Stellarum, cælique plagis, superisque vacabat.

And who assisted by the Egyptian Sositogenes, re-

duced the Roman year to the course of the sun, which we yet retain; and writ a treatise of the stars in the Greek tongue. From him the mathematical arts, and particularly astronomy, began to flourish among the Romans; and after his example, Augustus Cæsar, who was his nephew and successor, encouraged the study of it.

Let this suffice as a brief indication of the first rise and authors of astronomy, and of the promoters of it among the ancients. It would perhaps be too tedious to continue the progress of it down to these times, and to show when, how, and by whom it has been improved, and brought to that degree of perfection to which it is now arrived.

Ver. 774. Here we see that though Lucretius, after Epicurus, believed the first opinion to be the most probable, yet he does not condemn the latter. And thus too Epicurus in Laërtius, lib. x. says, that though one reason may seem better than any of the other, for the solution of any problem whatever, yet we ought not therefore immediately to condemn all the rest that may be given, if they have any appearance of truth, even though but one of them can be true.

Ver. 776. In these twenty-seven verses he proposes the opinion of Epicurus, who held that the moon is created and dies daily, in a certain form and figure. In like manner, as he held the sun to be daily extinguished in the west, and created again in the east. And that this may be, says he, several other things demonstrate: For thus, at certain and inviolable times, the seasons of the year follow one another; the spring precedes the summer,—the summer the autumn,—the autumn the winter,—the winter the spring, &c. Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 196. describes in like manner the constant succession of the four seasons of the year, and compares them to the four ages of man's life. I omit the original for brevity's sake, and will only give Dryden's translation of it to illustrate this passage of Lucretius:

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year;
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear?

Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed,
Helpless, though fresh; and wanting to be led.
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes:
Then laughs the childish year, with flowrets crown'd,

And lavishly perfumes the fields around;
But no substantial nourishment receives;
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.
Proceeding onward, whence the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man:
This season, as in men, is most replete
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.
Autumn succeeds; a sober, tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious gray.

Last winter sweeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face:
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin; and thin is worse than bare.

Ver. 782. For Venus, the goddess of generation accompanies the vernal season; as Lucretius himself elegantly sings at the beginning of the first book; which Dryden has no less elegantly rendered in these verses.

Delight of human kind, and gods above:
Parent of Rome: propitious queen of love:
Whose vital pow'r, air, earth, and sea supplies,
And breeds what'er is born beneath the rolling skies:

For ev'ry kind by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light:
Thee, goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear;
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flow'rs is dress'd;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast,
And heav'n itself, with more serene and purer light is blest'd.

For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd;
When teeming buds, and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess:
Then savage beasts bound o'er their flighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood:

All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea,
Of all that breathes the various progeny,
Stung with delight is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flow'ry plain,
The leafy forest, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundless reign.
Through all the living regions thou dost move,
And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly seeds of love.

See book i. ver. 1.

Moreover, our translator has repeated this and the two following verses from book i. ver. 19. though his author have not.

Ver. 784. The west wind of which, book i. ver. 21. Lucretius here calls it zephyrus; which is likewise a wind that blows from the equinoctial west, contrary to the wind called *subsolanus*, which blows from the equinoctial east. It was so called from *Zanphos*, that brings life; because, when it blows, all things bud and shoot forth. This wind was feigned to be the forerunner of Venus, because it blows chiefly in the spring, with which season Venus is said to be most delighted.

Ver. 785. "Lactantius de falsa Religione, lib. i." calls her *Faula*; for which Vossius there reads *Flaura*; she was, as Verrius in the same author says, *Scortum Herculis*, the Harlot of Hercules; but according to others, she was a Roman dame, who, by her lewd practices having heaped up a

great deal of money, bequeathed her estate when she died, to the commonwealth of Rome. This is certain, that the senate made her the goddess of flowers, gardens, and meadows: "ut pudendæ rei quædam dignitas haberetur," as Lactantius in the place above cited tells us: they instituted likewise festivals in her honour, called Floralia, which is confirmed by Ovid, lib. v. Fastorum:

Convenère patres, et si benè florat annus,
Numinibus vestris annua festa vovent,

And the same poet acquaints us, that these solemnities were performed towards the latter end of April:

Incipis Aprili, transis in tempora Maii;
Alter te fugiens, cum venit, alter, abit.

These festivals therefore were instituted, "ut fruges cum arboribus, aut vitibus benè prosperè-que florescerent," says Lactantius in the same place. And in these Floralia, vile, impudent strumpets were wont to dance naked in the streets to the sound of trumpets; to which custom Juvenal alludes, sat. vi. ver. 249.

————— Dignissima prorsus
Floralis matrona cubâ, —————

Ver. 790. The Etesias are winds that blow constantly for about eleven days together in the heat of summer, and chiefly after the rise of the dog-star. Hence they are called Etesia, which is as much as to say, annual, from the Greek word *ἔτος*, a year. Thus Pliny, lib. xxxvii. cap. 18. Strabo calls them *subsolani* of which see above ver. 784. others west winds, and others east, and Lucretius in this place makes them north winds: "Etesia flabra aquilonum." See more book vi. ver. 718.

Ver. 792. "Lucr. Graditur simul Evius Evan." Bacchus was called Evius and Even, from the word *ἴωσι*, which the mad Bacchæ or Bachiades used in their orgies: Ovid. lib. iv. Metam. ver. 15.

Nycteliusque Eleleusque Parens, et Jacchus et Evan.

Ver. 793. Lucretius.

Altitonans Vulturinus, et Ausfer fulmine pollens

Vulturinus, of which Creech takes no notice, is the south-east wind, says Agell. lib. 2. cap. 22. Ausfer is the south wind, and generally blows in autumn.

Ver. 803. In these twenty-one verses he treats of the eclipses of the sun and moon: the sun, says he, is eclipsed, when the moon, or any opacous body, below his globe, interposes between that and the earth, and thus intercepts his beams, and hinders those rays of light from coming forward to the earth. The moon is eclipsed, when she happens to be in the shadow of the earth, or any other opacous body, that is interposed between her orb, and the sun: besides; why may not both the sun and the moon grow faint and sicken, nay, as it were, fall into a swoon, when they

chance to go through any places of the heavens, that are infectious to them, and destructive of their fires and light? This last was the opinion of Xenophanes.

Ver. 816. Lucretius.

Menstrua dum rigidas coni perlabitur umbras.

That is to say, while the moon, in her monthly course, passes by the rigid shadow of the earth; which shadow is of a conic figure. But some interpret *coni* to be meant of the earth itself, as if it were *menstruus*, shaped like a cone, because Aristotle, lib. 2. Meteor. says, That the earth is shaped like a timbrel, and that the lines drawn from its centre make two cones: but the poet means the lunar eclipse is made, by reason of the shadow of the earth, that stretches out in the shape of a cone.

Ver. 818. The ancient heathens were of opinion, that witches, by muttering some charms in verse, caused the eclipses of the moon; which they conceived to be, when the moon, the goddess of the earth, was brought down from her sphere by the virtue of those incantations: They believed likewise, that in these eclipses, she sickened and laboured as in an agony, and suffered a kind of death: Of this belief were even Stechorus and Pindar, as Pliny relates, lib. 2. cap. 12. Milton, though not of the same opinion, yet describes this foolish belief,

Not uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms. ———

And Læ in the tragedy of Œdipus, speaking of the moon in eclipse,

———The silver moon is all o'er blood:

A settling crimson stains her beauteous face:
Sound there, sound all our instruments of war;
Clarions, and trumpets, silver, brass, and i'r'n,
And beat a thousand drums to help her labour.

The vain heathens farther believed, That the moon being by these enchantments brought down from heaven, they were at those times in danger of losing that celestial light: and therefore they made a great noise by beating of brass vessels, by ringing of bells, sounding of trumpets, whooping, hallowing, and the like to drown the witches mutterings, that the moon not hearing them, they might be rendered ineffectual, and she suffer no hurt. Thus Medea in Ovid boasts that she could draw down the moon from heaven:

Te quoque, Luna, traho, quam Temesæa labores
Æra tuos minuunt ———

Metam. 7. ver. 207.

And Tibullus.

Cantus et è curru lunam diducere tentat,
Et Facerant, si non æra repulsa sonent.

And Statius. 6. Theb.

—Attonitis quoties divellitur astris
Solis opaca foror, præcal auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant.—

And Seneca in Hippolytus.

Et nuper rebuit, nullaque lucidis
Nubes fordidiæ vultibus obstitit:
At nos solliciti lumine turbido,
Tractam Theſſalicis carminibus rati,
Tinnitus dedimus.—

And Livy, Decad. 7. 3. speaks of it, as of an ordinary custom, in these words: "Qualis defectu Lunæ silenti nocte fieri solet, edidet clamorem." And Juvenal says pleasantly enough of a loud folding woman, that she alone was able to relieve the moon out of an eclipse:

—Jam nemo tubas atque æra fatiget,
Una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunæ.

Sat. 6. ver. 422.

And this absurd superstition was so grounded in the Pagans, that after many of them were become Christians, it was not quite rooted out: not even in St. Ambrose's time, whose reprehension of this piece of Paganism is cited by Turnebus in *Adversar.* And Maximus likewise blames it in a *homily de defectu lune*. And Bonincontrius, who lived yet several ages later, affirms, That he himself had seen this absurd custom practised upon the like occasion, by his own countrymen, the Italians. The Turks continue it to this day, as Scaliger affirms: And Plutarch in the life of Æmiliius reports, That the Romans, besides their beating of brazen vessels, sounding of trumpets, &c. were wont to reach up flaming links and torches towards heaven, to resupply, and kindle again the light of the moon, which they believed by charms to be extinguished. Delrius in Senec. *Tragœd.* says, he has read that the Indians are wont with tears and lamentations to bewail this effect or deliquium of the moon, believing the sun had then whipt her till she bled, to which they impute the cause of her dark and sanguine colour. In *Commentar. ad Hippolyt.* pag. 195. Vide etiam Turnebum in *Adversar.* lib. xxii. cap. 23 and 24. And Pincirus in *Parerg. Otii Marpurg.* lib. ii. cap. 37. Of this supposed fainting of the moon Wowerus also makes mention in his *Pægnion de Umbrâ* cap. 8. towards the end. But we may farther observe, that the Arabians believed the moon to be in the like agony, when she eclipsed the sun, as appears by a custom they observed at their new-moon. For keeping holy the day of their neomenia, or new-moon, and believing it unlucky to have the moon suffer any hurt on that day, they were wont, because she might on that day eclipse the sun, the solar eclipse happening when the moon is new, to defer the celebration of their neomenia till the next day: or at least for sixteen hours, till the sun was past the eclipse. And hence it is that the astronomers distinguish the neomenia of the Arabians, into the *cælestis*, which was the first and natural time;

and the *civilis*, which was not the true time, but the day following, and on which they celebrated their neomenia to avoid the ill luck, and improper accidents, which their superstition made them apprehend. See Nicolaus Mulerius in his *Diatribe de Anno Arabico*, in the explication of the Arabian Epochæ, or the Hegyra. Ubbo Emmius has inserted it in his chronology between the fourth and fifth books.

Ver. 824. Having explained after his manner the motions of the sun, moon, and stars, he descends from heaven to his native element, and in these ten verses tells us that he is going to describe the rise and origin of things from the earth, the common parent of all.

Ver. 834. Lucretius describes the rise of things from the new-formed earth in so lively a manner, that he seems even to have been present at their birth. And first, in these twenty-one verses he tells us that the earth first produced the grass, herbs, and flowers, then the trees, then the less perfect, and last the most excellent animals. For, says he, since we see that even now, when the whole world is decayed, and worn out to a great degree, she still produces mice, frogs, and other the like ignoble animals, what may we not reasonably believe of her, when both herself and her husband Æther, were in their blooming age?

Here we may take notice that the order which Lucretius observes in the creation of things, differs very little from that, for which we have a better authority than his: But let us here a Christian poet describe the same thing.

—Then the earth,
Desart, and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure
clad
Her universal face with pleasant green.
Then herbs of ev'ry leaf, that sudden flow'r'd,
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: And these scarce
blewn,
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth
crept
The smelling gourd, upstod the corny reed
Embattl'd in her field, and th' humble shrub,
And bush, with frizzled hair implicit: Last,
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gem'd
Their blossoms: With high woods the hills were
crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side,
With borders long the rivers.—

Ver. 847. Here the poet proves by a similitude, that all animals did in the beginning proceed from the humidity of the earth, warmed and impregnated by the heat of the sun, in like manner as we now see worms and insects generated.

Ver. 849. Lucretius foreseeing that it might be objected, that perfect and adult animals do not burst out of the earth, intimates in this place, that the sun is now grown a disabled lover, and the earth past her teeming time: and thus their vigour being exhausted, they cannot now pro-

duce horses, lions, &c. nor any of those large animals, which they did in the beginning of the world when they were both in the prime and flower of their age.

Ver. 853, 854. In these nineteen verses, he says, That first of all animals, and that too in the spring, for that was the most proper season, the birds were hatched from eggs, which, as Milton expresses it,

Bursting with kindly rapture, forth disclos'd
Their callow young: but feather'd soon, and
sledge,

They sum'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime,
With clang despis'd the ground:—

For, says our poet, they had growth and strength sufficient to go in search of their food: Then from certain little bags or bladders, which he calls wombs, and that stuck to the earth, the other animals and men themselves burst forth: while for their nourishment a proper liquor, very like milk, flowed from the veins of mother earth into their infant mouths: For we ought to believe, that the earth, when she brought forth her young, had milk no less than mothers has now a-days, when they bring forth their children. Thus the earth supplied them with food, the temperature of the air was such that they needed no garments, and the meadows, thick with grass, afforded them easy beds.

This first manner of the origin of things Lucretius explains according to the opinion of Anaximander, and of some others of the ancient philosophers, as we see in the first book of Diodorus Siculus, near the beginning, where he says, That the earth first stiffen'd and grew together, when the circumfused fire of the sun had enlightened and warmed it all around: Then, when by reason of its being thus heated, the outmost surface of it was in a manner fermented, some humidities swelled in many places, and in them there grew certain slimy stinking substances, involved in tenuous membranes: the like to which may be seen to this day in fens and marshes, where the waters stagnate, when after cold weather, the air grows hot on a sudden, and is not changed by degrees: Now those humid things which we mentioned before, being animated by the heat, received nourishment in the night by the mists that fell from above: but in the day were consolidated and hardened by the heat. Lastly, When they that grew in the wombs of the earth, had attained their due growth, the membranes being burst and broken to pieces, disclosed the forms and shapes of all kinds of animals: And such of these as had the greatest share of heat, went to the higher places, and became birds: but such of these as had retained the earthly solidity, were reckoned in the rank of reptiles, and other terrestrial animals: and those that participated most of the nature of man, ran together to the places, where human kind assembled, and which was called the place of their birth. Thus far Diodorus.

Ver. 854. It is questioned by some, whether birds, which are generally called *genus æreum*,

and in the sacred scripture itself, *volatila celi*, may be properly reckoned among terrestrial animals. Ovid, in his distribution of animals at the creation, seems not to allow them to be so.

Astra tenent cœlestes solum, formæque Deorum,
Cesserunt nitidis habitandæ piscibus undæ.
Terra feras cepit, volucres agitabilis Ær.

Metam. l. ver. 73.

Cicero observes the like disposition in the second book of the nature of the gods, and in Timæus: so too does Aristotle, as he is cited by Plutarch in 5. de Placit. Philosoph. To these may be added the belief of the ancient Greeks, and which they had from the Egyptians, that birds were produced before the earth itself was formed, to which Aristophanes in *Avibus* alludes. But Manilius more truly places them upon earth: speaking of which he says,

Hanc circum varix gentes hominum atque ferarum,

Berixque colunt volucres.—

Lib. i. ver. 236.

Apuleius agrees with Manilius, and ends the controversy in these words: "Si sedulo animadvertas, ipsæ quoque aves, terrestres animal, non aërium, perhibeantur: semper enim illis victus omnis in terrâ; ibidem pabulum, ibidem cubile, tantumque æra proximum terræ volando verberant: iterum cum illis fessa sunt remigia alarum, terra ceu portus est." That is, if you weigh the matter aright, birds may be truly affirmed to be rather a terrestrial than an aerial animal, for they have all their food from the earth; there they feed, and there they rest: when on wing, they indeed fan the air that is next the earth; but when their wings grow weary, the earth is their resting place. But as to this question, see Hieron. Magius, lib. i. Miscellan. cap. ult. Jacobus Crutæus Syllog. iii. and Kircher in his *Iter. Ecstatic. ii. Dialog. ii. cap. 5.* I will only add, that another difficulty, not much unlike the former, if either of them deserve to be called so, has puzzled the brains of Aristotle, Theophrastus, and most of the ancient Peripatetics, to wit, which were first created, birds or eggs, since neither an egg can be produced without a bird, nor a bird without an egg; for so Censorinus proposes the question, "Avesne ante, an ova generata sint, cum et ovum sine ave, et avis sine ovo gigni non possit?" de Die Natali, cap. 14. Disarius in Macrobius Saturnal. lib. vii. cap. 16. sums up the arguments on both sides, and gives the decision, of which the reader may there be informed.

Ver. 857. Milton's description of the first beasts rising out of the ground at their creation, is so lively and sublime, that it well deserves to be transcribed by way of illustration, to this passage of our poet.

—The earth obey'd, and, straight
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innum'rous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd, and full grown: out of the ground up-
rose,

As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den :
Among the trees, in pairs they rose, they walk'd :
The cattle in the fields and meadows green :
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Past'ring at once, and in broad herds up sprung
The grassy clods now calv'd; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts; then springs; as broke from
bonds,

And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth about them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mold
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness: fleec'd the flocks, and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land,
The river horse, and scaly crocodile, &c.

Paradise Lost, B. 7.

Lucretius in this place speaks not after the opinion of Epicurus only, but partly too of the Stoics, who, as Lactantius witnesses, believed, "Homines in omnibus terris & agris tanquam fungos effe generatos:" That men were born, like mushrooms in every field: and partly after the opinion of Animaxander, who, though he held that men, and all the other animals were produced of the water, yet as Plutarch de Plac. Phil. lib. v. cap. 19. says, he taught, that they were contained in thorny bags, and shut up in them, till the age of puberty, and then bursting from those prisons, they came out men and women, already able to nourish themselves: And, lastly, partly after the opinion of Archelaus, who in Lactantius, lib. ii. teaches, "homines ortos è terrâ, quæ limum similem lacti ad escam eliquaverit," that men were born of the earth, which for their nourishment oozed out a slime like milk. Others had yet other opinions concerning the original of mankind: Juvenal, Sat. 6. v. 11.

Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cæloque recenti
Vivebant homines, qui rupto robore nati,
Compositique luto, nullos habuere parentes.

In which passage that poet hints at two other ways of the creation of man: the one from trees, the other from the earth. As to the first Britannicus says, "Quum primâ illâ ætate in speluncis sylvisque more ferarum, habitarent, quumque ex arboribus vetustate cavatis, tanquam ex domicilio exirent, putabantur ex arboribus esse nati." Then alleging this verse of Virgil, *Æneid.* 8. 315.

Genſque virum truncis, & duro robore nati,
he shows in those words the probable cause of the fiction: that as they dwell in woods, so they seemed to be born of the trees: but surely he forgets himself a little, when he says "ex arboribus vetustate cavatis," having but just before said, "primâ illâ ætate," for how then could the trees have had time to decay and grow hollow? yet Autumnus commits the same oversight. The second way, mentioned by Juvenal of man's original, gives just grounds to believe, that though

many of the more learned among the Heathens had read the history of Moses, yet that they either despised, or corrupted, or opposed the instruction: witness Julian the apostate, who in a fragment of an epistle published with his other works by Petravius, page 534. &c. seqq. delivers it as the theology of the ancient Heathens, that mankind increased not from two persons, as Moses taught, but that when Jupiter created the world, drops of sacred blood fell down, out of which arose mankind, *ὡς ὅτε Ζεὺς δόσμιον τὰ πάσης, σάμαν αἵματος ἡνὶ πατρὶ, ἔξ ὧν περὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων βλάστηται γένος*: insipuously urging, that otherwise the world could not have been so soon increased, though women, as he lightly adds, had been as fruitful as swine. But what wonder is it, that men had so mean an opinion of their own original, who believed but little better of their gods? Witness Varro, who in his fragments, "Antiquitatum rerum divinarum," blaming their fabulous theology, "Mythicon genus Theologiæ," says, in this we find, That one god is born out of the head, another out of the thigh, a third from drops of blood: "In hoc enim est, ut Deus alius ex capite, alius ex femore, alius ex guttis sanguinis natus." Nor were some of the ancient philosophers less ridiculous in their opinions, concerning the reparation of mankind: To instance only in one: Every one knows, that there are in the joints of the fingers little bones, commonly called seed-bones: one of which, about half as big as a pea, is placed in the first joint of the thumb: This the Arabians call Abadara, as Bartholinus observes in his Anatomical Institutions, lib. iv. cap. ult. Now some of the wise ancients foolishly held, that out of that bone, as out of seed, mankind should at last be propagated anew. You may find likewise other opinions concerning man's original, in the learned Censorinus de Die natali, cap. iv. where he treats at large of this matter. And if you think it worth your while to see this fabulous rise of the world confuted, you may find it well done by Firmianus, lib. ii. cap. 12.

Ver. 860. Lactantius, lib. ii. de Origine Error, cap. 11, and 12, cites this verse of Lucretius, and makes this remark upon it. "Aunt certis conversionibus cæli: et astrorum motibus maturitatem quandam exitisse animalium ferendorum: itaque terram novam semen genitale retinentem folliculos ex se quosdam in uterorum similitudinem protulisse, de quibus Lucretius, lib. v.

Crescebant uteri, terræ radicibus apti,

eoſque, cum maturâſſent, naturâ cogente, ruptos animalia cætera protulisse: Deinde terram ipsam humore quodam, qui eſſet lacti ſimilis, exuberâſſe, eoſque alimento animantes eſſe nutritos." Thus too Cicero, lib. i. de Leg. et Censorinus de die Natali, cap. 2. where he tells us beſides, that Democritus too was of the ſame opinion.

Lucret. "Terræ radicibus apti:" i. e. affixed and ſticking in the earth, by their roots.

Ver. 872. But how could theſe infant animals bear the inclemencies of the ſeaſons, the parching heat, and the chilling cold: nay, how could they live, or

even be born, when the sun had baked the earth, or the cold frozen it up? To this Lucretius answers in these ten verses. That in the beginning of the world there was neither winter nor summer; but that the whole year was one calm and constant spring. And certainly the earth is justly styled a mother by all the foregoing ages, since she first brought forth birds, beasts, and then man, as the mother-piece of all her productions.

Ver. 878. This part of this, and the three following verses are added, with how much reason let the reader judge, by our interpreter to his author, who only says,

Aëriasque simul volucres variantibus formis.

Ver. 882. But why does she produce none of these things now? To this he answers in twelve verses, that the circumstance of time is changed: and the earth is now past her teeming age. And what wonder is it, that the world, being now grown cold and disabled, being sometimes tormented with too much heat, sometimes persecuted with too much cold, and fallen into the other inconveniences of long life, is at length grown fruitless and barren? Diodorus Siculus, lib. i. says, That the earth being continually baked by the heat of the sun, grew daily more and more constipated and bound up; insomuch that she could not at length produce any more of the larger kind of animals, which were then generated by the mutual commixtion of animals of the same species: To which Lucretius seems here to allude.

Ver. 884. To this purpose, Ovid. *Metam. lib. xv. ver. 235*, says finely:

*Tempus edax rerum, tuque, invidiosa vetustas,
Omnia destruitis: vitiatque dentibus ævi
Paulatim lentâ consumitis omnia morte.
Thus rendered by Dryden.*

Thy teeth, devouring time! thine, envious age!
On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat;
And then, at ling'ring meals, the morsels eat.

Ver. 894. The poet here tells us in thirty-eight verses, That since animals were at first fortuitously born, it is reasonable to believe, that in the beginning of the world, there were innumerable other animals produced of wonderful kinds and sizes: but that they did not continue long, because they were imperfect, and wanted the means of receiving their food, and the power of copulation, and engendering their kinds. For all the animals now remaining are preserved, either by their own power and industry, or by the care of men: Thus the lion is preserved by his strength, the fox by his craft, the stag by his swiftness, &c. And those that are useful to man, as dogs, cattle, horses, &c. he takes care of and defends. But why should we nourish imperfect animals, and such as would be of no use to us? Creech has omitted one verse in this argument, where the original has

Androgynum inter utrum, nec utrumque, et utrinque remotum:

And indeed it is generally held to be spurious: But whoever inserted it, seems to have had an

eye on the Androgynos in the banquet of Plato, Heinſius on the Phœnix of Claudian reads it thus: *Androgynen inter neutra, atque ab utroque remotam.*

Androgynus is derived from the Greek words, *ἀνρ*, a man, and *γυνή*, a woman, and signifies a person who has both sexes, the male and female: of which sort the poets fabled Hermaphroditus, the son of Venus and Mercury to be: Cicero, lib. de Divin. calls an hermaphrodite, "*fatale quoddam monstrum*;" a certain fatal monster.

Ver. 932. He now teaches in forty-seven verses, that nature, though she had neither skill nor experience, never brought forth such monstrous animals, as those, for which the poets have most notoriously belied her. And first, says he, in fourteen verses, Thessalia never knew a Centaur: nor can a man and a horse be conjoined in one body: their different duration of life, their food, their manners, all forbid it. We may say the like of Scyllas, and other monsters of the same nature: And they who believe the existence of a Chimæra, do not consider that the entrails of a lion, or any other animal may be roasted, and consumed by fire. Whoever therefore holds, that miraculous and monstrous animals could be produced by the earth, while she was yet young, may likewise believe the rivers of milk and gold, and the other idle fictions of the poets: but let him reflect too, that even at this day many seeds of herbs and trees are contained in the bowels of the earth, as were formerly the principles of all things: yet trees of several sorts never spring out of the earth in one tree, nor different herbs from the root of the same plant.

Centaurus.] Monsters, whose upper part was like a man, and their lower like a horse: The poets feign them to be begot by Ixion upon a cloud: thence Virgil calls them Nubigenæ, cloud-begotten. They were indeed people of Thessaly, who lived near the mountain Pelion, and were called Centaurs, from *κέντρον*, I spur, because they were the first who rid horses with spurs, and who fought on horseback. Plin. lib. 7. cap. 56. Now when the ignorant country-people in Thessalia saw men first a horseback, they imagined them and the horses to be all of a piece, and this gave rise to the fable. See B. iv. v. 733. Diodorus, lib. 5. Aristotle, 2. Phys. 8. de Hist. Animal et de generat. Anim. 4. et 5. cap. 3. deny and condemn all monstrous mixtures of this nature. And Ovid himself, that great patron of all manner of fables, even though he has given a relation of a battle between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs, yet upon better thoughts seems to renounce that credulity: when in *Trist. lib. 4. Eleg. 7.* he says,

— Credam prius ora Medusæ
Gorgonis anguinis cincta fuisse comis,
Esse canes utero sub Virginis: esse Chimæram,
A truce quæ flammis separet angue leam:
Quadrupedesque homines cum pectore pectora
junctos;

Tergeminumque virum, tergeminumque canem:
Sphyngaque et Harpyias, serpentipedesque Gigantes:
Centimanumque Gygen, semibovemque virum.

Where he seems to deny not only centaurs, but also all manner of monsters. Yet Empedocles held that there were such creatures as centaurs; and Claudius Cæsar likewise, witness Pliny, who writes, "Hippocentaurum in Thessaliâ natum eodem die interiisse; et nos principatu ejus allatum illi ex Ægypto in melle vidimus." A Hippocentaur was born in Thessalia, and died the same day: and I myself saw it, when by his command it was brought to him in honey out of Egypt. Voluterranus says, that he had seen a half dog: and others other monsters, of which Lycosthenes has made a collection in his book de Prodig. & Oment. Sometimes women have brought forth frogs, serpents, stones, and the like, that had been generated in their womb. Such productions are indeed preternatural, and the effects of disease; but not therefore to be deemed impossible, or reckoned among the number of things that cannot be. Whether the forming faculty submits and gives way to the mother's imagination, is not our business in this place to inquire, no more than it is to decide this question: whether from the execrable and unnatural copulation of a man with a brute beast, an animal of a mixed and dubious nature may not be generated. Herodorus writes, that in his days a certain woman used publicly to couple with a goat: And Pliny, lib. 7. cap. 3. witnesses, that Alcippe brought forth an elephant: and that another, in the beginning of the Marston war, was delivered of a serpent. And the same author in the place abovecited, mentions several other monstrous births.

Ver. 935. The Schoolmen call centaurs, and the like imaginary creatures, *entia rationis*; but they are rather *entia imaginationis*: fantastic creatures, that have no existence but in the imagination.

Ver. 946. *Scyllas*.] There were two of this name; one the daughter of Nisus, the other of Glaucus, says Faber, and Creech after him, but they seem to be both mistaken, for she was daughter of Phorcus, with whom Glaucus was in love. The Scylla of Nisus is said to have been changed into the monster of that name, whom we have described, book. i. ver. 740. and book iv. ver. 733. But Ovid Metam. lib. 8. ver. 148. says she was changed into a bird.

— At aura cadentem

Sustinuisse levis, ne tangeret æquora, vifa est:
Pluma fuit: plumis in avem mutata vocatur
Ciris, et à tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo.

Milton in the second book of Paradise Lost, describing Sin, whom he makes the portress of hell-gate, had certainly an eye on this fabulous monster: his words are these:

She seem'd a woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep
If ought disturbed their noise, into her womb,

And kennel there; yet there still bark'd, and howl'd,

Within unseen: Far less abhorr'd than her,
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea, that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore, &c.

Ver. 955. In like manner the poet, book iv. ver. 646 speaking of the plant which he there calls veratrum, and which our translator there calls hemlock, as he does here the plant which his author calls cicuta,

— Thus hemlock-juice prevails,
And kills a man, but fattens goats and quails.

See the note on that passage.

Ver. 958. *Chimæras*.] This ignivomous monster, that had the head of a lion, the breast of a goat, and the tail of a serpent, the poet himself sufficiently explains: and no doubt he took the description from Homer,

Πρόδι λείων, καὶ ὄπισθε δράκοντι.

See more in the note on ver. 660. book ii. To which I here add, that Bellerophon, the son of Glaucus, king of Epire, is therefore said to have killed this monster, riding on the sea-horse Pegasus, whom Neptune had lent him, because he rendered habitable a mountain of the same name in Lycia; whose top, which was wont to throw out flames, was full of lions, the foot of it stored with serpents, and the side of it proper for the pasturage of goats. Ctesias in Pliny says, that the fire of that mountain kindles with water, and is extinguished with earth, or with hay.

Ver. 968. Lucretius, book i. v. 239. has taught, why Nature could not at the beginning create men of so vast a size,

That while they wade through seas, and swelling
tides,

Th' aspiring waves should hardly touch their
sides:

Why not so strong, that they with ease might tear
The hardest rocks, and throw them through the
air?

But because things on certain seeds depend
For their beginning, &c.

Ver. 979. Here the poet describes at large the state of man, in the beginning of the world, their manners and way of life: And first in twenty-three verses he teaches, that the first men were stronger in body than men now are, by reason of the innate hardness they had inherited and contracted from their stubborn mother the earth: whence they were less subject to diseases, and much longer lived; but no man tilled the ground, for all appeased their hunger with acorns, wildings, and other fruits like these. Next he tells us in four verses, that the springs and rivers invited them by their murmurs to come and quench their thirst: Then in eleven verses, that they had no clothes, nor houses, but that shrubs, and woods, and caves sheltered them from storms and cold: And in ten verses, that they had no laws, no societies; but lived by spoil and rapine: making use of the women in

common, whom they either forced to submit to their desires by strength and violence, or gained their consent by flattery and presents, such as acorns, pears, and apples.

Lucretius does no where say, that the first men owed their origin to stones; and our translator seems rather to allude to the fabulous reparation of mankind after the deluge, from the stones, which, by command of Themis, Deucalion and Pyrrha threw behind them: Of which Ovid, *Metam. lib. i. ver. 435.*

*Inde genus durum fumus, experiensque laborum,
Et documenta damus, quâ simus origine nati.*

Ver. 991. This passage of our author, Ovid seems to imitate in his description of the Golden Age:

*Ipsa quoque immunis, rastrisque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per se dabat omnia tellus:
Contentique cibus, nullo cogente creatis,
Arbuteos fetus, montanaque fraga legebant
Cornaque, & in duris hærentia mora ruberis:
Et quæ deciderant patulâ Jovis arbore glandes.*

The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which Nature freely bred,
On wildings, and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest;
And falling acorns furish'd out a feast.

Dryden.

Ver. 995. Macrobius, lib. vi. Sat. cap. 1. observes, that Virgil has imitated this passage of Lucretius, when describing his happy countryman, he says,

*Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
Sponte tulere suâ, carpû.*

Georg. ii. ver. 500.

He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground, and laden trees afford.

Dryden.

Ver. 997. For the chief food of the first men was acorns: Whence Virgil, *Georg. i. ver. 147.*

*Prima Ceres ferro mortales vertere terram
Instituit: cum jam glandes atque arbusta sacrae
Deficerent silvæ, & victum Dodona negaret.*

Where, though the poet says, that the woods failed them, and no longer afforded them acorns, yet it is more probable, that they contemned the use of acorns, when they had discovered the art of sowing corn: Thus Juvenal, speaking in the person of the old Maribans and others, *Sat. xiv. ver. 180.*

*—Panem quæramus aratro,
Qui satis est mensis: laudant hoc numina ruris,
Quorum ope et auxilio, gratæ post munus ariste
Contingunt homines veteris fastidia quercûs.*

Ver. 998. Lucret.

*Quæ nunc hiberno tempore cernis
Arbusta Pœniceo fieri matura colore.*

Arbutum is the fruit of the tree called arbutus, the arbutus-tree, a plant frequent enough in Italy; it has the leaves like those of a bay-tree, but growing very thin, and bears a fruit as big as a middling plum, red like a cherry, or rather strawberry, because of its roughness, Pliny, lib. xv. cap. 24. calls the fruit of this tree, "*Poma inhoneora*," apples of no value: and indeed though they have a certain sweetness, they are sour withal, and unpleasant to the taste, as well as hurtful to the head and stomach. The ancients delighted much in the shade of this tree. Horat. "*Nunc viridi membra sub arbuto stratus*" Pliny calls the fruit of this tree "*unedines*, because, says he, we cannot eat above one of them, by reason of their asperity and sourness. But he is mistaken in making the unedo and the arbutum to be one and the same thing: The first of them is the fruit of the epimelis, which some interpret to be a sort of medlar-tree. But the arbutum of the Latins, and which the Greeks call *Memæylon*, is the fruit of the tree, which the Latins know by the name of Arbutus, and the Greeks by that of *comarus*. Thus Galen, lib. ii. Aliment. plainly distinguishes between the unedo and the arbutum, ascribing the first to the epimelis, the later to the comarus, or arbutus. Thus Dalecampus in lib. prim. Plin. argues that author of error.

Ver. 1008. Oldham,

Hard by, a stream did with such softness creep,
As 't were by its own murmurs hush'd asleep.

And the author of *Hudibras*,

Close by a softly murmur'ing stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.

Ver. 1009. The nymphs were fabled to dwell in caves and dens. Of them see book iv. ver. 589.

Ver. 1014. Lucret.

—Neque uti

Pellibus, & corpus spoliis vestire ferarum:

For, as the poet will teach by and by, the first coverings men wore, were the skins of wild beasts they killed in hunting.

Ver. 1026. This observation is the translator's, not his author's, who, I believe, would scarce have said so. The present Lucretius mentions, were of the greatest value in those days: therefore the price was not less than now.

Ver. 1027. These robust unpolished mortals spent all their time in hunting wild beasts, whom they pursued with stones, clubs, and such like weapons: And when they were either weary of killing them, or that night came on, they rolled themselves up in leaves and grass, and slept contented, and with a quiet mind; for they did not dread, what the Stoics foolishly believed of them, when night had involved the world in shade, that night and day would never return, because they had observed that vicissitude from the first beginning of day and night: This is contained in fifteen verses. In the thirty-one verses following, the poet goes on: But, says he, this life of theirs was vex'd

with some inquietudes: the wild beasts surpris'd them, when they were sleeping; and then a sudden death was their portion, or a tedious and painful life, by means of their festering wounds; for they knew not yet the healing virtue of simples: Famine killed many, and more the venomous herbs they ignorantly fed on. But that none may think, that all mankind was, by so many ills and mischiefs as beset them, involved in one common ruin, and totally destroyed; let it be considered, that the wild beasts devoured them only one by one, and that few died by poisonous herbs, or for want of food, in comparison of the many thousands that fall in a day in our armies: Besides, what numbers are now swallowed up in the sea; how many die by poison, how many by intemperance and luxury?

Ver. 1036. Manilius is of another opinion, lib. i. ver. 66. where, speaking of the first inventors of arts, he says:

Nam rudis ente illos, nullo discrimine vita
In speciem conversa operum ratione carbat,
Et stupescita novo pendebat lumine mundi:
Tum velut amissis moriens, tum leta renatis
Sideribus, variisque dies, incertaque noctis
Tempora, nec similes umbras jam sole regresso,
Jam propiore, suis poterat discernere causis.

Before that time life was an artless state,
Of reason void, and thoughtless in debate:
Nature lay hid in deepest night below;
None knew her wonders, and none car'd to know:
Upward men look'd, they saw the circling light,
Pleas'd with the fires, and wonder'd at the sight:
The sun, when night came on, withdrawn they
griev'd,

As dead; and joy'd next morn when he reviv'd:
But why the nights grew long or short; the day
Is chang'd, and the shades vary with the ray,
Shorter at his approach, and longer grown
At his remove, the causes were unknown.

Creecb.

And with Manilius agrees Statius, Thebaid iv. where, speaking of the primitive Arcadians, he says:

Hi lucis stupuisse vices, noctisque feruntur
Nubila, & occiduum longè Titana secuti
Desperasse diem.—

And Dracontius in Hexaëmèr.

Nec lucem remeare putat terrena propago;
Ast ubi purpureum surgentem ex aquare cernunt
Luciferum, vibrare jubar, flammæque ciere,
Et reducem super altra diem de sole rubentem;
Mox revocata sovent hesternæ in gaudia mentes,
Temporis & requiem hescentes luce diurnâ
Ceperunt sperare diem, ridere tenebras.

And the learned Selden, de Diis Syris, Syntagm. 2. confirms their opinions, and believes the original of the festivals, which the ancients instituted in honour of Adonis, to have sprung from no other ground. His words are these: "Non aliud cogitarunt, qui primum has nantias instituerunt, quam solis accessum & recessum: Quem ut amissum nunc lugebant, & renatum latius excipiebant auspiciis. Ita rudiores olim, & qui simplicior vitam degebant, prius quam ab Astronomis leges siderum didicerant."

Ver. 1053. Lucret.

Viva videns vivo sepeliri viscera busto:

Upon which Faber observes, that Dionysius Longinus blames an expression like this, in Georgias Leontinus, who calls vulturs, the living sepulchres of men, *γῆρας λυγέροι τάφοι*. However, he excuses Lucretius, though he condemns not the censur of Longinus: For, says he, Georgias was a rhetorician, in whose art such descriptions ought never to find place, though in poetry they have much of the sublime.

Ver. 1056. This verse is the translator's, not the poet's.

Ver. 1057. Lucret.

Expertes opî, ignaros, quid vulnera vellent.

i. e. They knew not yet the art of medicine, and were ignorant of the remedies, requisite to heal their wounds.

Ver. 1059. This and the following verse run thus in the original.

Donicum eos vitâ privarunt vermina saxa.

Festus says, that "vermina" signifies the wringing of the guts, when we feel a pain, as if worms were gnawing them: The Greeks call it *σχοπέρι*. But perhaps "vermina" may here signify very worms, that might be engendered in their ranking and corrupting wounds; if so, our translator is so far in the right; but how well their making a passage for the soul to fly away, agrees with the doctrine of Epicurus, the reader need not be informed.

Ver. 1061. They had yet no wars; but were wholly ignorant of the cruel arts of destroying one another: And as Ovid says, Metam. i. ver. 97.

Nondum præcípites cingebant oppida fossæ:
Non tuba directi, non æris cornua flexi,
Non galeæ, non ensis, erant: sine militis usu
Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes.

No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;

Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound:
Nor swords were forg'd: But, void of care and crime,

The soft creation slept away their time.

Ver. 1063. Thus too Ovid, Metam. i. ver. 94

Nondum cæsa fuis, peregrinum ut viseret orbem
Montibus, in liquidas pinus descenderat undas:
Nullaque mortales, præter sua littora nôrant.

The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread new oceans to explore,
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their withes to their native shore.

And Manilius, lib. i. ver. 76.

Immotusque novos pontus subduxerat orbes :
Nec vitam pelago, nec ventis credere vota
Audebant, sed quisque fati se nosse putabat.

None resign'd
Their lives to seas, or wishes to the wind ;
Confin'd their search ; they knew themselves alone,
And thought that only worthy to be known.

Ver. 1068. For, as Seneca in *Medea* says,

Audax nimium qui freta primus
Rate tam fragili perfida rupit ;
Terrasque suas post terga videre,
Animam levibus credidit austris, &c.

Which the tragedian took from Horace, *Od.*
i. 3.

Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem

Primus ; nec timuit præcipitem Africum, &c.

Thus rendered by Dryden,

Sure he who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side :
Or his at least, in hollow wood,
Who tempted first the briny flood :
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore ;
Nor Hyades, portending rain,
Nor all the tyrants of the main ;
What form of death could him affright,
Who, unconcern'd, with stedfast sight,
Could view the furies, mountain steep,
And monsters, rolling in the deep ?
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below ?
In vain did Nature's wife command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships, and men profane
Invade th' inviolable main ;
Th' eternal fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardships can restrain
Ambitious man, inur'd to pain ;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.

Ver. 1069. "*Pennuria cibi*:" want of food.
The next verse is a thought of our translator's, not of his author's.

Ver. 1073. We have hitherto seen only men, who were wild and savage, who wandered in the woods, and lived by spoil and rapine : but others now enter upon the stage, who are mild, gentle, and studious of civil life. For by this time, says the poet, in ver. 20. that temperature and calmness of the air which reigned when the world was in its infancy, remained no longer ; but sometimes piercing cold, and sometimes scorching heat, together with storms and tempests, persecuted mankind. Those hardships and inconveniences weakened them by degrees, and forced them to the

contrivance of building themselves huts and houses, to shelter their bodies from the inclemencies of the seasons. They dwelt in these new abodes, one man confined to one woman, and were blessed with a numerous offspring, whose infant smiling innocence softened the rigid sourness of their parent's temper, and changed their innate sullen roughness into calmness and affability. After this, having found out the use of fire, they became so tender, that, unable to endure any longer their primitive nakedness, they made themselves clothes of the skins of beasts ; and grew so civilized in time, that they entered into friendships and societies, inasmuch that they who were desirous to be safe themselves, found it their best way to abstain from doing injuries to others. Thus concord preserved mankind.

Ver. 1074. Diodorus Siculus, lib. i. says, that the poets feigned Hercules to be clothed with the skins of beasts, and that he is painted too in that garb, to put posterity in mind of this ancient way of dress of our first fathers.

Ver. 1081. *Lucret.*

— Puerique parentum
Blanditiis facile ingenium fregere superbum.

i. e. the children, by their harmless innocent smiles, easily softened the roughness of their parent's temper. This passage can have no other interpretation, though Creech makes it say quite the contrary.

Ver. 1083. They who endeavour to disgrace religion, usually represent it as a trick of state, and as a politic invention to keep the credulous in awe, which, however absurd and frivolous, yet is a strong argument against the Atheist, who cannot declare his opinions, unless he be a rebel, and a disturber of the commonwealth. The cause of God, and his *Cæsar* are the same, and no affront can be offered to one but it reflects on both ; and that the Epicurean principles are pernicious to societies, is evident from the account they give of the rise of them. First, then, we must imagine men springing out of the earth, as from the teeth of Cadmus his dragon ("*fratres fungorum, et tuberum*," as Bias called the Athenians, who counted it a great glory to be *Ἀθηναῖοι*), and like those too fierce and cruel ; but being softened by natural decay, and length of time, grew mild ; and weary of continual wars, made leagues and combinations for mutual defence and security ; and invested some person with power to overlook each man's actions, and to punish or reward those that broke or kept their promises. Now, if societies began thus, it is evident that they are founded on interest alone, and therefore self-preservation is the only thing that obliges subjects to duty ; and when they are strong enough to live without the protection of their prince, all the bonds to obedience are cancelled, and mutiny and rebellion will necessarily break forth ; for we all know how ambitious every man is of rule, how passionately he desires it, and how eagerly he follows it, though ten thousand difficulties attend the pur-

suit. What if he break his promise, recal his former consent, and act against the law that was founded on it? Why need he be concerned, if he has got the longest sword, and is above the fear of punishment? Will not a prospect of a certain profit lead him on to villany? And why should his conscience startle at wickedness that is attended with pleasure? Since all the Epicurean virtues are nothing but fear and interest, and the former is removed, and the latter invites. It is true, as Lucretius says, strange discoveries have been made, and Plutarch gives us very memorable instances. Plots have been defeated, but as many proved successful: and how weak that single pretence, how insufficient to secure government, is evident from the daily plots and contrivances, murders, and treasons that disturb us; though all the terrors of religion join with these fears, and endeavour to suppress them. And, therefore, these opinions are dangerous, and destructive of societies, and, as Origen says of his purgatory fires, *ὅτι ἀκρίβως τὴν τῶν τοιούτων εὐφροσύνην περιτῶσαι χρηστὴν, ἂν τῶν πολλῶν ἢ χρηστῶν πλεονέκτους διδάσκαλος παρὰ τὴν περὶ τῆς κατὰ τῶν ἀμαρτανόων κοιλίας εἰς γὰρ τὰ ὑπέρβαινα αὐτῆς ἢ χρηστῶν ἀντιπαύειν διὰ τῆς τῶν μέγας φέρει αἰωνίῳ κολάσεως καὶ συνίλλουσι ἰσὶ πόσον τῆς κακίας, καὶ τῶν ἀπ' αὐτῆς ἀμαρτανόων χύσις.* Others, though pretending to better principles than those of Epicurus, yet are altogether as faulty in stating the rise of power, and more absurd: for his opinion is agreeable to his other positions, but theirs contradict the creation they assert, and the providence they allow; I mean those that declare the people to be the spring and fountain of power, and that from their consent all the authority of the government is derived. Sure these men never considered the relation betwixt God and his creatures; and what an absolute dominion he has over those to whom he first gave, and still continues, being. But let us look on man under that circumstance, and then how naked, how divested of all power will he appear? How unable to dispose of himself, and submit to the laws of his fellow free agent? Unless he endeavours, as much as is possible, to disown the right of the Deity, and turns rebel against the authority of his being. For how can any one submit himself to another, without the express permission of him that has absolute dominion over him? And where is that permission? Is it founded on reason or scripture? Does benevolence, or self-preservation, the two proposed motives to society, speak any such thing? And does not scripture expressly oppose this opinion? Well then, all power descends from above; it is the gift of that being to whom it principally belongs, and *ἐκ τοῦ Διὸς βασιλεύει*, kings are from God, is true, both in the account of the sober heathen, and good Christian: and, therefore, every king that ever was, or is, whether he obtain the crown by succession, or election (except the Jewish), must be acknowledged absolute. Liberty and property of the subjects depend on his will, and his pleasure is law; for none can confine or limit that power which God bestows, but himself: and,

therefore, to prescribe laws to the governor, to choose or refuse him on certain conditions, is to invade the prerogative of Heaven, and rebel against the Almighty. Thus when God designed to limit the power of the Jewish monarchy, he prescribes laws himself; but since he hath not fixed any to other princes, every king, as such (for I do not respect their particular grants to the people, which they are bound to observe), is absolute.

To free this from all exception, it must be considered, that the discourse is concerning the origin of power, which is now settled in some persons, and by which communities are governed. The Epicureans act very agreeably to their impious principles, when they make fear and distrust the only motives to agreement, and the pacts which the scattered multitude agreed to be the foundation of the power of the prince; it being impossible for them, who had excluded Providence, to find any other original. But this opinion, as delivered by them, depending upon their other absurd and impious philosophy, must be weak and irrational; yet still this notion is embraced, though not upon the same motives; faction and ambition propagate that error, which was nothing else but innocent ignorance in the ancients. They considered man as single, unable to live with security or comfort, because his fellows, either out of pride, lust, or covetousness, would endeavour to rob him of his enjoyments, and his life too, if it hindered them in the prosecution of their wishes; thus they saw a necessity of government, and because it proceeded from man's natural imperfections, they thought him, that by his wisdom, or his strength, was most fitted for the defence and preservation of others, to be as it were a lord by nature, and born a sovereign. Thus Plutarch, *ὁ πρῶτος καὶ κυριώτατος νόμος τῷ σώζεσθαι δομένῳ τὸν σώζειν δυνάμενον ἀρχεῖν κατὰ φύσιν ἀποδοῦναι.* It is the first and most fundamental law, that he that is able to protect, is a king by nature to him that needs protection. Thus historians make the election of the first kings to be for their strength, their wisdom, or their beauty; and Aristotle peremptorily determines, that the barbarians are slaves by nature to the Greeks. This was innocent enough in them, but how can we be excused, who have such perfect knowledge of a creation, who hear Wisdom proclaim, that by her kings reign, who made it an article in Edward the VIth's time, and now every day in our public prayers confess, that God is the only ruler of princes? From whence it is necessarily inferred, that he only bestows the power, for if it came from the multitude, what is more evident, than that they could make what conditions they pleased, subject them to a high court of justice, and call them to account, if they act contrary to their pleasure? It being certain, and confirmed by common practice, that he that voluntarily parts from his right, may do it on what terms he thinks fit: Now, if it be certain (and demonstration proves it) that God is the alone giver of powers, if the prince be, as Plutarch and Menander say, *ἡκεῖ*

ἡμῶν θεῶν, a living image of the Deity, if, as Pliny, "qui vice Dei erga hominum genus fungeretur," and every king, whether elective or successive, rules by the same authority, as it is certain they do, because both have power, and the people can give them none; then what is more certain, than that all kings, which way soever they are enthroned, before they have made any grants to their people, are absolute? And that their pleasure is law, for otherwise there could be none, that liberty and property depend upon their will.

Nam propriæ telluris herum neq. me, neq. illum, Nec quinquam statuit natura.—

Nor does nature provide more privileges for one than another. And if the principles are true, and the inference naturally follows, as it does, because the people, that cannot bestow the power, have no right to make conditions for its exercise, and set limits how far it shall extend, and make such and such agreements for the admission of the prince; what harm is there in this innocent truth? For we discourse only of kings as they first are, without any reference to such and such particular communities, where they have been pleased to limit themselves; to grant privileges to their subjects, and settle property, and confirmed all this with oaths, and engaged their royal word, and promise before God and man for their performance.

I suppose it is granted on all hands, that the king is supreme, that upon any pretence whatsoever it is treason to resist; and so there can be no fear of punishment, no tie upon the king but his his own conscience; "sufficit quod Deum expellet ultorem;" yet though the law cannot punish, it can direct: though it is not a master, it is a guide, and such a one, as, because of his oath, he is bound to follow: For though the people cannot, he can limit himself; for being a rational creature, and intrusted with power, without any particular rules for the guidance of it; his reason is to be his director, and, therefore, according to the tempers and particular humours of the people, he may make laws, settle maxims of government, and oblige himself to make those his measures, because his reason assures him, that this is the best method for the preservation of the society, the maintenance of peace, and obtaining those ends, for which he was intrusted with this power.

And since princes must die, and government being necessary, succession is equally so; and therefore it may seem that every prince, owing his power only to the same original from which the first derived it, is at liberty to confirm such and such privileges and immunities, which his predecessors have granted; yet upon a serious view of the premised reason, no such consequence will follow; for since the predecessors have found these laws agreeable to the tempers of the people, and the only way to preserve the peace, it is evident that those are rational, and since he is to use his power, according to right reason, there is an antecedent obligation on him to assent to those laws;

and make those the measures of his government; unless some extraordinary case intervenes, which requires an alteration of those laws, and then that method of abrogating old, and making new ones is to be followed, which constant experience hath found rational. And since a prince cannot be bound by any ties but those of conscience, this opinion leaves all the obligations possible upon him.

Ver. 1093. But it may reasonably be asked, how leagues could be made, and societies established among men who perhaps indeed could think, but had not yet learnt to utter their thoughts? To this Lucretius answers, that the first men were conscious to themselves of their own powers and natural faculties; and that they uttered several sounds, as each object that they saw, or as any thing that they felt, caused in them either fear, joy, pain, grief, pleasure, &c. For nature herself compelled them to this; and therefore horses, dogs, birds, in short all animals that have breath, do the like: And thus man too at first stammered only imperfect and inarticulate sounds. But no commerce was yet established, they had no mutual communication with one another: Nor indeed could any such thing be, till names were given to things: Every man therefore perceived, that it would be useful to himself and others, to agree upon a certain name for each thing. Thus all, who were entered into one society, agreed among themselves upon the same names of things: And thus the usefulness of things by names, gave occasion for the invention of words. But for any to pretend, that one man gave names to all things, is wretchedly absurd and foolish. This disputation Lucretius has in sixty-three verses.

Scaliger, in the first book of his Poetic. chap. 1. observes, That as all our actions, so speech too is to be considered under three different heads: I. As absolutely necessary: II. As useful: III. As delightful. The first kind was that which served as a necessary means of intercourse between man and man, barely to understand one another's meaning: And such we may imagine to have been that manner of speech, which Lactantius de vero Cultu cap. 10. mentions, and which men, according to the opinion of some of the ancients, used in the beginning of the world, when, as some believed, they only gesticulated their thoughts, and spoke their meaning by signs and nods. After which, as the same author says, and before him Diodorus Siculus, lib. 1. they made essays of language, by imposing distinct nominal notes, or names upon several things, and thus by degrees they made a kind of speech. Thus too Horat. lib. 1. Sermon. 3.

*Quum propterferunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum & turpe pecus,—
Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
Nominaque invenire.*

The second sort of speech, says Scaliger, was a little more refined and polished, by being adapted and made fit for use and convenience; and by

applying, as it were, certain dimensions, prescriptions, and lineaments to the first rude sketch of language; whence proceeded a certain law and rule of speaking: The third sort was yet more polite, there having been added to the former the ornament of elegance, as its dress and apparel. Thus Scaliger, of speech in general.

Ver. 1106. Here Lucretius seems to fall foul upon the chronologer of the Holy Scripture, by denying that names were given to things by the first man: but those writings were perhaps unknown to our poet, and he chiefly disputes against the opinions of Pythagoras and Plato; man, says Iamblicus de sect. Pythagor. was created the most wise and knowing of all animals, capable to consider things, and to acquire knowledge from them; because God had imprinted and bestowed upon him the plenitude of all reason, in which are contained all the several species of things, and the significations of all their names, and of all words: Plato in Cratylus will not allow, that any one gave names to things, but that they received their names from the wisest and most learned of men, whom he calls *νομαστας*, and *νομαδιδες*, the makers and imposers of names, in the giving of which, says he, the highest wisdom manifestly appears; and Cratylus adds, that no man could do it, but they, who reflecting on the nature of things, were able to judge of them, and to accommodate, and give to each thing a name, suitable to, and expressive of, its nature; Lucretius was aware of this, and therefore inquires in these four verses, How this great knowledge came to be in the first nomenclator, and denied to the rest of mankind: how should one man, says he, be able to give names to things, and not another? The answer is ready; though it will appear of no weight to Lucretius, who will not believe the creation of one man only from whom all the rest have descended; nor, that when names were first given to things, there was yet but one man in the world: and why might not that first parent of mankind, whom God had infused with knowledge, ("Creavit Deus scientiam in animo, sensu implevit eum, & mala & bono ostendit illi, addiditq. disciplinam." Eccles. cap. 17.) Why might he not, I say, being thus instructed, impose names on things? And that too then especially, when this new created monarch, on the festival of his inauguration, called all his subject animals by their names: "appellavitque Adam nominibus suis cuncta animalia;" says the sacred chronologer, Genes. iii. Which text of holy writ, Eusebius, Preparat. Evangel. lib. xi. cap. 4. reciting, says, that Moses meant nothing else by it, than that a name was given to each thing, agreeable and suitable to its nature. And since the nature of man is prone to learn, and greedy of knowledge, why might not the rest of men, who came afterwards into the world, and conversed with that first giver of names, willingly retain them in their memory, as they received them from him? from him, I say, who, not like mute animals, could express only his own affections, his own desires; but likewise knew and expressed the nature and manners of others.

But of the original of human speech, see Laert. lib. x. Diodor. Sicul. lib. i. sub initium, & Plato in his Cratylus.

Ver. 1110. That is to say, if any one man could impose names on things, another might, at the same time, do the same thing.

Ver. 1111. In these ten verses the poet asks; how that first nomenclator could compel the rest of men to learn from him what they were to say; and to retain in their memory the words he had invented, and the names he had given to things? this argument is of little validity: for, besides, as we said before, that the nature of man is prone to learn, and desirous of knowledge, we know that children easily accustom themselves to pronounce and speak by degrees the words they hear spoken by their parents, nurses, and others that are about them. The child, who had been brought up by goats, and never in his life heard a human voice, bleated like that animal, and spoke only the language of goats. Even parrots; pies, starlings, &c. when they are taught, learn to pronounce human words articulately, merely by their own industry; and we observe them conning over by themselves, and softly muttering the lessons that have been taught them: Plutarch de Animal. Compar. makes mention of a magpie he had seen at a barber's shop at Rome, that sung no less than nine different tunes, observing the due time and measure in all of them. What wonder then, that man, a creature endowed with reason and understanding, should learn to imitate the words of his fellow-creature?

Ver. 1121. Here the poet in ver. 35. says, that it is not surprising, that any man, to whom nature had given a tongue and a voice, could, as he thought fit, and according to the various knowledge he had conceived of the great variety of things, distinguish and mark each of them by a proper name; especially since even mute animals can, and do express the different passions and affections, by different voices and sounds: for they declare and signify their pain and pleasure, and the other affections, that are subject to those two, by inarticulate indeed, but unlike and various sounds. Why then may not any man mark and denote different things by different names? but this is not what was done by the first imposer of names? for he not only expressed his own affections; but the proper nature, and genuine manners of others, by virtue of the divine gift, the knowledge which the Almighty had infused into him.

Ver. 1123. For, as Faber on this passage observes, if the names themselves gave any knowledge, *τὴν φύσιν*, of the natures and qualities of the things that are called by them; and if upon the bare pronunciation of three or four syllables, any particular notes were obtained, that indeed would deservedly claim our admiration; but since it depends only upon use, and that use upon chance, convenience, and sometimes on the temerity and ignorance of the meaner and illiterate part of mankind, Lucretius is in the right to say, that there is no wonder in it.

Ver. 1125. Sextus Empiricus, lib. xi. Pyrrhon.

Hypotyp. seems to be of opinion, that birds and brute beasts have a particular language according to their different kinds; and with him agrees Lactantius, and says, that speech is proper to man; and yet we may observe in birds and beasts a certain similitude of speech, and that too, different upon different occasions: To us, indeed, their voices seem imperfect and inarticulate; and so too perhaps do ours to them: but their voices utter words to themselves, because they understand them. "Proprius homini sermo est; tamen et illis quædam similitudo sermonis: Nam et dignoscunt invicem se vocibus; et cum irascuntur, edunt sonum jurgio similem; et cum se ex intervallo videre, gratulandi officium voce declarant: Nobis quidem voces eorum videntur inconditæ, sicut illis fortasse nostræ; sed illis, qui se intelligunt, verba sunt." Lactan. de Ira Dei. cap. vii. And the credulous ancients firmly believed, that magicians understood the languages of birds. And Porphyry assures us, that Apollonius Tyaneus could expound the notes of swallows; or, as Philostratus says, the chirping of sparrows. Tiresias likewise is renowned for his knowledge in the languages of birds. Apollon. Rhodig. lib. iii. mentions one Mopsus, who understood the languages of crows and daws. Pliny, lib. x. cap. 49. relates of Melampus, that he was instructed to interpret the tongues of birds by a serpent, that came to him, and licked his ears. But of this, even he himself seems to question the truth; nor does he give much credit to what he reports of Democritus, who said, that the blood of several birds, mixed together and corrupted, will produce a serpent, of which whoever eats, "intellecturus sit avium colloquia," will understand the discourse of birds. That the soothsayers drew their divinations from the voices of birds, as well as from their flight, is notorious. Virgil, Æn. iii. ver. 359.

Trojugena, interpret Divum, qui numina Phœbi,
Qui tripodas, Clarii lauros, qui sydera sentis,
Et volucrum linguas, et præpetis omnia pennæ:

And the birds, from whose voice they took their auguries, were called "oscines," from "os et cano," singing with the mouth: and these were crows, ravens, pies, and the like: as the others, from whose flight the divined future events, were called *propætes*, from *προπετίζω*, flying before, as vultures, eagles, &c. But besides all this, we may produce the authority of some of the Jewish doctors, who affirm Solomon to have been learned in the languages of birds: Nay, they say, that he sent a message by a certain bird, to the queen of Æthiopia; who must therefore be thought to have been as knowing in the language of birds as himself. And in the Alcoran, he is made to say, "O homines, intelligite avium eloquentiam." And from the same authority we learn, that a lapwing, or a bird called a houp, brought him the first news of the queen of Sheba: Of which notice is taken in the Prolegom. in Bibl. Polyglott. But Delrius denies, that either birds or beasts can use discourse, because they are void of reason; yet he confesses, that they have certain indications, or ex-

pressive sounds, by which they reveal and make known their affections and appetites; and which men by long observation, may come to understand. He adds, that these indications of theirs are perfectly known to the devil, and that he may instruct magicians to know them as well as himself; which, whether he ever did or not, says he, I cannot tell; but, "non est incredibile fecisse," it is not incredible but he has. Delrius Disquis. Mag. lib. ii. cap. 19.

Ver. 1149. Crows are said to prognosticate the change of weather, either to fair or foul; and to give notice of each by their different croaking. If they croak often, and with a hoarse voice, it is a sign of rain. Virg. Georg. i. ver. 381.

— Et è pastu decedens agmine magno
Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.

And ver. 388.

Tum cornix rauca pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et sola in sicca secum spatatur arena.

But if they croak not above three or four times, and with a shrill and clear voice, it betokens fair weather. Thus Virgil, in the same Georgic, ver. 410. speaking of fair weather, says, that

Tum liquidas corvi pressio ter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant: et sæpe cubilibus altis
Nescio quâ præter solum dulcedine læti.
Inter se foliis strepitant: juvat imbris æstis
Progeniem parvam, dulcesque revivere nidos.

See the note on ver. 39. book vi.

Ver. 1156. He has before made mention of fire, ver. 1073. He now teaches, in fifteen verses, that fire was either thrown down to earth by thunder; or that the trees, being rudely shaken by stormy winds, and their branches growing hot by frequent striking and dashing against one another, burst out at length into flames, and first gave fire to men, who used it to dress their meat, having observed that the heat of the sun ripened and brought their fruits to maturity, and made them more fit for their service. And thus another way of life, and change of food, invented by witty luxury, was first introduced.

Caneparius de Atramentis, cap. 13. reckons up six several ways, by which fire may be generated and kindled, viz. "propagatione, putredine, coitione, antipassi, frictione et percussione:" by propagation, corruption, coition, antipasis, or contrary revulsion, friction and percussion; which, nevertheless, he reduces to these three kinds, propagation, coition, and motion, in which the other ways are included. For corruption and revulsion to the contrary kindle fire, by compelling the dispersed heat to unite together, and therefore fall under the head of coition; as friction and percussion do under that of motion.

Ver. 1160. This, if we may believe some authors, happened often formerly in Hungary. And Lucretius has already made mention of trees taking fire by collision, book i. ver. 902. See the note on that place. Moreover, Vitruvius, lib. ii.

cap. 1. ascribes the original of our culinary fire to this accident of trees taking fire in a tempest. His words are as follow: "Ab tempestatibus et ventis densæ crebritatibus arbores agitatae, et inter se terentes ramos, ignem excitaverunt." Which the ancients having observed, took from thence the first hint of the invention of their igniaria; for their way of getting fire was by rubbing one stick against another, till being heated, they caught fire, which they fed with dry leaves, or some other matter, that was easily combustible. Virgil, *Æn. i. ver. 179.*

*Succipitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Numenta dedit.*

And these dry nourishments, says Turnebus, in his notes on Theophrastus de Igne, they called *σχέλα*, i. e. focus; or, according to the Scholiast of Apollonius, *σχοίρα*, i. e. strator; which we may compare with our tinder. The other parts, which were the sticks, they called *τερεβρον*, i. e. terebrum, and they served instead of our flint and steel. The trees, that are most subject to take fire in this manner, are said to be the fig-tree, laurel, oak, holm, tile-tree, ivy and vine; but above all the laurel. And if we may give credit to Manilius, fire may be got almost out of every thing.

*Sunt autem cunctis permixti partibus ignes;
Qui gravidas habitant fabricantes fulmina nubes;
Inpenetrant terras, Ætnamque imitantur Olympo,
Et calidas reddunt ipsis in fontibus undas:
Ac silice in durâ, viridique in cortice sedem
Inveniunt, cum sylva sibi collisa crematur,
Igibus usque adeo natura est omnis abundans.*

Lib. i. ver. 850.

Which our translator thus renders:

Fire lies in ev'ry thing; in clouds it forms
The frightful thunder, and descends in storms:
It passes through the earth, in Ætna raves,
And imitates heav'n's thunder in its caves:
In hollow vales it boils the rising floods;
In flints 'tis found, and lodges in the woods;
For, tost'd by storms, the trees in flames expire,
So warm are Nature's parts, so fill'd with fire.

Creech.

Ver. 1171. In these thirty verses, he tells us, that to provide the better for their common safety, they gave the sovereign power to one man, to whom nature had given to excel in beauty, wit, or strength; and had thus herself declared him a king. This monarch fell to building of towns and towers, to defend himself and his subjects from the insults of their enemies. He governed them as will; every thing was done that he commanded, and,

O happy mankind under such a prince!

But avarice and ambition soon corrupted and overthrew all things. And such is the condition of princes, even at this day, that whosoever values his ease and quiet, and desires to live happily, will, if he be wise, avoid the administration of public affairs; for the sovereign authority is hard to gain,

and harder to keep. Instead of pleasures, it brings cares and troubles; it is always tottering and inconstant; always attacked by ambition and envy, and often thrown down by conspiracy.

Ver. 1174. Thus too Ovid. *Metam. i. ver. 135.*

*Communemque prius, ceu lumina solis et auras,
Cautus humum longo signavit limite mensor.*

Then land-marks limited to each his right,
For all before was common as the light. *Dryd.*

Ver. 1178. It was the custom formerly in many countries to choose their kings for the beauty and majesty of their persons. This Aristotle, lib. 1. de Rep. reports to be true of the Ethiopians; who, says he, when they observe any one, who, in his looks, resembles the images of their gods, immediately conclude, that he was born to rule over others. And Xenophon in *Symph.* says, that beauty is something that nature herself has stamped with royalty. Heliogabalus, though but a boy, was chosen emperor by the Roman soldiers at first sight of him; as if he had had what Euripides calls *Εὐδὸς ἀγὼν ῥογαμίδος*, a countenance that deserved a kingdom. Thus Dryden:

—Manly majesty
Sate in his front, and darted from his eyes,
Commanding all he view'd. —

And in another place:

Eyes that confest'd him born for king's sway;
So fierce they flash'd intolerable day.

And Virgil seems to have had something like this in his thoughts, when he describes the difference of look between the lawful king of the bees, and the usurper; of which description, that this note may not stretch too long, I will omit the original, and give only Dryden's translation:

With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an open, honest face,
Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
His royal body shines with specks of gold,
And ruddy scales: for empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind:
That others look like nature in disgrace:
Gaunt are his sides, and fullen is his face.
And like their grisly prince appears his gloomy }
race.

To which I will only add, that *Σοφιστῆς*, like a god, is often used by Homer as an epithet for a beautiful person.

For as Varro Margop. says very well:

*Qui pote plus viget, pisces ut sæpe minutos
Magnu' comest; ut aves enecat accipiter.*

Thus Horace, Sat.

—Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina, humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent, &c. —

And Ovid:

Aurea sunt verè nunc sæcula; plurimus auro
Venit honos.—

And the author of Hudibras in two words,

For money is the only pow'r,

That all mankind falls down before.

Ver. 1187. Who, that reads these lines, can believe that Epicurus was an epicure: he believed that a wise man cannot be poor: because he lives content with what he has: and thinks it enough, even though it be but little: he placed indeed the chief happiness of life in pleasure; and what he meant by pleasure, let Cicero teach us: "Negat Epicurus jucundè posse vivi, nisi cum virtute vivatur: negat ullam in sapientem vim esse fortunæ: tenuem victum antefert copioso, &c." Tuscul. Quæst. lib. 3. And Lærtius tells us, that Epicurus was often inculcating into his hearers, parsimony, continency, sparingness of food, and equanimity, or easiness and content of mind in all states and conditions: whence he had often in his mouth this saying, ἡδὴ ἀπολαύσειν ἐν ταύτῃ ταύτης διόμηνται.

Thus too Dryden in the Wife of Bath's tale after Chaucer;

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind,
And happy he, who can the treasure find:
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold, and griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining and believes he's poor.

Ver. 1190. "Ventre nihil novi frugalius," says Juvenal, Sat. v. ver. 6. And it was the constant observation of the soberer heathens, that nature is content with very little: Diogenes in the life of Socrates, relates of that philosopher, that he was wont to say, That most men seemed to live only to eat; but that for his part he eat only to live. And Plato observes, that of all creatures, man is longest in digesting his food: and that nature has ordered it thus to intimate to us, that she would not have those nobler occupations, of which she has rendered us capable, and for which we were chiefly created, to be interrupted by too frequent eating. And as this is a good moral reason; so neither is the physical reason, which anatomists give us, to be contemned: for they observe, that the ileon, one of the guts, through which the meat must pass, and so called from ἐλίσσω, I involve, is six times longer than our whole body, and twisted and folded in such a manner, and withal so small, that what we eat cannot pass through it easily, and in a short time.

Ver. 1203. Diadems were used by the ancient kings as crowns are now, for the mark of royalty: they are by some said to be only white ribbons, adorned with precious stones, and which they bound about their heads. The word comes from διαδῶν, to bind about. But Pancirollus, from an epistle to St. Jerome to Fabiola, describes a diadem to be a little cap, like a half football, bound about with a white fascia or wreath. This passage of St. Jerome is in Epist. 122, *de vestitu sacerdotum*, where that father calls it *rotundum Pileolum*, a round cap; such a one as that

in which Ulysses is represented in an arched walk, called by his name. The Greeks, says he, call it *πίλεον*, and some, *galerus*: after which he adds, that this *pileolum* was tied on to the back part of the head with a ribband, in such a manner, that it could not easily slip off: "ita in occipitio vitta constructa est, ut non facile labatur ex capite." Yet indeed the *fascia* or *vitta* itself seems rather than the bonnet to have been the diadem: for Marcellinus, lib. xv. acquaints us, that Pompey was suspected of treason, for wearing the *fasciola cadina* about his leg, to hide, as he pretended, a sore: but, says he, the *fasciola candida* being generally interpreted a diadem, it created a suspicion, that he was aiming at the empire: the rather, because it was not material on what part of the body it was worn. See likewise Alexander ab Alex. Gen. dier. lib. i. cap. 28. And Britannicus says positively, it was not *corona*, but *fascia*: which agrees likewise with the etymology of the word diadem, which we gave before.

Ver. 1208. Here the poet tells us, that the monarchy being abolished, violence, oppression, and tumults began to rage anew, and the life of man returned to its primitive savageness: however, they at length thought fit to create magistrates among themselves, and to make laws, in order to punish the oppressors: and this was an instance of their prudence; for the dread of punishment keeps men in awe, and retains them within the bounds of their duty. And let none imagine they can violate the laws with impunity, even though they offend in private; for conscience herself is a babbler; and many, when raving under the violence of disease or even in their dreams, have been their own accusers, and betrayed their secret crimes.

Here we may observe, that, Lucretius, from ver. 1170. to ver. 1233. has solved the following political problems.

I. Why man, who was born free, subjected himself from the very beginning, to the obedience of kings? For no man, as Plutarch elegantly argues, is by nature born a slave.

Either for the respect and reverence they bore to some men, on account of their beauty and majestic looks: or by reason of the superior strength of some, by which they compelled the weaker to unwilling obedience and servitude: or for the excellence of their wit, which easily and justly acquired them the command over others.

II. Why did they confer the government on one man? Were there not several endowed with equal qualifications? besides, every man seems in his own eyes to be beautiful and witty enough.

Because they deemed a monarchy to be preferable to a government of many, and believed they should live more free under the dominion of one, than of many rulers.

III. Why did the beautiful, the strong, and the witty, cease at length to reign?

The invention of gold dethroned them, for when men grew rich, the sovereign authority devolved on the most wealthy.

IV. Why did the kings fall at first to building of towers and citadels?

Either because they apprehended the insults of enemies, or were jealous of their own subjects, whom they oppressed with too severe a slavery.

V. How came the kingly power, with all its marks of royalty, to be at length totally subverted and laid aside?

Because nothing resists envy; which climbs the loftiest towers, and invades the palaces of kings: nay, the favourites of fortune are chiefly exposed to her assaults.

VI. Why were laws first invented and made?

Perhaps for the sake of commerce: for man is a sociable animal, and indigent of mutual offices. Therefore, that he might not be perpetually in arms, laws were invented to establish a rule of common society, and to restrain and keep within certain bounds, the petulancy and unbridled lust of the wicked.

Ver. 1226. For, as Cicero says very truly, "sua quemque fraus, suum facinus, suum scelus, sua audacia de sanitate ac mente deturbat," Lib. i. de Finib."

Ver. 1229. That is, as Cicero, lib. i. de Finib. treating of these things, says, "nunquam confidant id fore semper occultum," let them never flatter themselves, that these enormities will lie forever buried in darkness: because many are said to have betrayed their crimes in their dreams: and others in the delirious ravings of a disease, have discovered their abominable actions, that had lain a long time concealed.

Ver. 1230. Thus Book iv. v. 1012.

Multi de magnis per somnum rebu' loquuntur,
Indicique sui facti persæpe fuere.

Some talk of state affairs, and some betray,
The plots, their treach'rous minds had fram'd by day.

Ver. 1233. Religion, says he, and the fear of the gods, began at the first birth of men: But from whence had they their knowledge of the deities? It is uncertain, whether from the images that flowed from the gods themselves, to whom Epicurus ascribed, as it were, a body and blood; or from images that arose by chance. Now those images, whatever they were, or from whence soever they came, by continually striking the minds of men, either when they were sleeping or awake, were the cause that men conjectured that some substances, like those images, and capable of understanding, did exist somewhere or other: for the images seemed to speak, and to move their members; and they believed them immortal too, because the form of the images was always the same, and their power and strength, seemed to be immense; and happy likewise, because they were never terrified at dangers, nor disturbed at the fear of death: and never grew weary, as if they enjoyed eternal rest.

Ver. 1262. In these eleven verses he farther asserts, that the ignorance of natural causes gave rise likewise to religion. For when men observed the motions of the heavens, and the vicis-

situdes of the seasons, when they perceived the hail, the snow, the winds, the thunder, the lightning, &c. and could not comprehend what should be the causes of all those wondrous effects, they concluded that God was the author of them: for to whom could they ascribe the constant and continual motion of the spheres, rather than to a wise ruler and Lord? And where could they place his abode better, or with greater reason, than in the places from whence comes the snow, the hail, the thunder, &c.? Thus argued the Epicureans; but much better the Stoics, who made use of this very argument, to assert and prove the divine Providence; which the others brought to oppose it.

Thus Manilius, lib. i. v. 475. speaking of the motions of the stars and spheres:

Nec varios obitus norunt, variosque recurfus;
Certa sed in proprias oriuntur sydera lucas;
Natelesque suos, occasumque ordine servant:

And v. 483. he adds,

At mihi tam præsens ratio non ulla videtur,
Quâ pateat mundum divine numine verti,
Atque ipsum esse Deum; nec forte coisse ma-
gistrâ,
Ut voluit credi, qui, &c.

Which our translator thus renders:

The stars still keep one course: they still pursue
Their constant track, nor vary in a new:
From one fixt point they start, their course main-
tain,

Repeat their whirl, and visit it again:
A most convincing reason, drawn from sense,
That this vast frame is rul'd by Providence;
Which, like the soul, does ev'ry whirl advance:
It must be God: nor was it made by chance,
As Epicurus dreamt, &c.

Ver. 1273. This belief of a Divine Providence, Epicurus held to be the sole cause of all the anxieties that disturb the life of man: and this opinion of his Lucretius explains in these twenty-five verses. From that belief, says he, proceeds the vain and causeless superstition of the greatest part of mankind, which is not piety to the gods. The pious man is he who looks into himself, who explores the secrets and power of nature, that he may comprehend the causes of all things, and wonder at nothing: This is he, who with an undaunted soul beholds the motions of the heavens, and all the other phenomenons of nature; because he is convinced upon certain grounds, that all things here below happen without the care and intervention of the gods: But ignorance is the parent of piety.

"Papicolam crederes Lucretium," says Creech, on this passage. Horace, Epist. vi. lib. i.

Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti spectant.

And Virgil:

Fœlix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
—strepitumque Acherontis avari
Subjecit pedibus.—

Ver. 1274. *Subject unto rage.*] Velleius in Cicero explains this opinion of Epicurus, and gives us the reason of it in these words: "Quæ enim nobis Natura informationem Deorum ipsorum dedit, eadem insculpsit in mentibus, ut eos æternos, et beatos haberemus: Quod si ita est, verè exposita est illa sententia ab Epicuro, quod æternum beatumque sit, id nec habere ipsum negotii quidquam, nec exhibere alteri, itaque neque irâ, neque gratiâ teneri; quod quæ talia essent, imbecilla essent omnia: Nihil enim agit Deus, nullis occupationibus est implicatus, nulla opera molitur; suâ sapientiâ et virtute gaudet: habet exploratum fore se semper tum in maximis, tum in æternis voluptatibus. Hunc Deum ritè beatum dixerimus, vestrum vero laboriosissimum: Nos enim beatam vitam in animi securitate, et in omni vacatione munus ponimus." De Natur. Deor. lib. 1. Upon which Lætantius says, that he is apt to believe with Possidonius in the same Cicero, that Epicurus did indeed believe, that there were no gods at all; and that what he said of the immortal deities, he said only to avoid the censure of the world: That though he indeed confessed with his mouth, that there were gods, yet he denied them in effect, by exempting them from all manner of affections, and from all employment whatever. De Irâ Dei. cap. 4.

Ver. 1279. *To bend.*] Lucret. "Vertier ad lapidem." For the Romans were wont, in their worship of the images of their gods, to turn their bodies round to the right. Plaut. in Curcul. act. i. v. 70.

All cover'd.] For the Romans likewise worshipped the images of their gods, with a veil hanging down from their head, Plaut. in Amph. "Invocat Deos immortales, ut sibi auxilium ferant manibus puris, capite operto." The reason of which ceremony, you may see at large in Plutarch, in *superstitiois*; and in the life of Marcellus. See likewise the interpreters of Minutius Felix, p. 10.

Ver. 1281. *Spread arms.*] Lucr. "Pandere palmas;" which was a custom observed likewise in their supplications to the gods: Virgil. *Æneid.* i. v. 97.

Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad fydæra palmas.

Ver. 1298. In these twenty-eight verses he says, that fear is another cause of religion: for men, being frighted at tempests, earthquakes, &c. against which they could not struggle with any strength, nor avoid them by any art or industry of their own, implored the aid and assistance of invisible powers: This was the beginning of prayers and vows; and thus

Primos in orbe Deos fecit Timor.

But what do vows avail? The wind still rages on relentless: the unpying gods are as deaf and

unmoved as the tempest: and chance alone directs and governs all things.

Ver. 1304. Thus Shakspeare in the tragedy of King Lear, describing a tempest,

—Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, and not fear. Let the great gods,
Who keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their en'mies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou, perjur'd; and thou, similar of virtue,
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert, and convenient seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life: Close pent-up guilt
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.

Ver. 1326. In these thirty-eight verses, he teaches how metals came first to be discovered, what use they put them to, and the value they set upon them. He ascribes the first discovery to the burning down of the woods: No matter how, nor why they were set a fire: but the heat of the flames melted the metals that were dispersed here and there in the veins of the earth, and made them flow into one mass. Now when men first happened to see that glittering body, they were surpris'd at its splendor, and this it was that invited them to handle it, and try what it was good for: And taking notice that the figure of each lump of it resembled, and bore a proportion with, the figure of the hole or hollow place out of which they had taken it, they concluded, that by melting those metals again, they might bring them into what form they pleased; and that they might be made so thin, as to receive an edge, and be sharpened: Thus they began to make instruments of each sort of metal; and with them fell to cutting down the woods, cleaved the timber, made beams, &c. Now because the instruments and tools they had made of gold and of silver, as being softer metals, were more subject to blunt than the others; those first men set a greater value upon brass, because it was the more useful metal. Whence the poet takes occasion to say, that those wretched misers who sit brooding over their unprofitable gold and silver, and contemn brass and iron, those more useful metals, are contrary to the dictates of nature, who teaches to set value on things according to the utility and usefulness of them.

Gold.] Cadmus, the Phœnician, is by some said to have been the first who discovered gold: Others say, that Thoas first found it, and that too in the mountain Pangæus in Thrace, now called Malaca, and Castagua: The Chæronicon Alexandrinum ascribes it to Mercury, the son of Jupiter, or to Picus, king of Italy, who, quitting his own country, went into Egypt, where, after the death of Misraim, the son of Cham, he was elected to succeed him in the royal dignity, and was, for the invention of gold, called *Orus* *Ægyptiorum*, the golden god. *Æschylus* attributes the inven-

tion of this and all other metals to Prometheus: And there are others who write, that either Æælis, whom Hyginus calls Cæacus, the son of Jupiter, or Sol, the son of Oceanus, first discovered gold, and that too in Panchaia. See Plin. lib. vii. cap. 56. and Polydore, Virgil, lib. iii. de Rer. Invent. cap. 9. Moreover, among the other metals Lucretius mentions iron, though our translator does not. The author of the Dispensary describes these mines of metals in the earth, in lines worth transcribing:

Now those profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore:
Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy mass of lumpish lead:
There, glimm'ring in their dawning beds, are seen
The more aspiring seeds of sprightly tin:
The copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks,
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks:
The silver then, with bright and burnish'd grace,
Youth, and a blooming lustre in its face,
To th' arms of those more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies:
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire,
Their love's more violent than the chemist's fire.

Ver. 1331. Here we may observe, that men waged war first of all with fire, having, before the invention of iron, brass, or arms, with which they fought afterwards, discovered the destructive force of that element.

Ver. 1340. Aristotle, in his treatise *περί θανάτου, ἀνιμ.* says, that some shepherds in Spain having set fire to certain woods, and heated the substance of the earth, the silver that was in the bowels of it, melted, and flowed together into a heap: and that a little while afterwards there happened an earthquake, which cleaved the earth, and disclosed a vast quantity of silver, that had flowed together by that means. This too is confirmed by Strabo, lib. 3. where he says, that the mines in Andalusia were discovered by this accident. So too Athenæus, lib. vi. c. 4. But of the first discoverers of metals, consult the authors mentioned, v. 1336. and Georg. Agricol. lib. i. de Metal.

Ver. 1345. Thus Ovid. Met. i. v. 138.

—Itum est in viscera terræ, [bris,
Quasque reconsiderat, Stygiisq; admovent um-
Effodiantur opes, irritamenta malorum.
Jaque nocens ferrum, ferroque nocentius aurum
Prodierat, prodiit bellum, quod pugnat utroque.

Thus Englished by Dryden:

Then greedy mortals, runnimg her store,
Dug from her entrails first the precious ore,
(Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid)
And that alluring ill to fight display'd:
Then cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold,
And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.

Milton, in the first book of Paradise Lost, speaking of Mammon:

—By him first

Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ran sack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid.

Ver. 1359. The author of the Dispensary says to the same purpose:

Gold makes a patrician of a slave;
A dwarf, an Atlas; a Therfites, brave:
It cancels all defects.

And Dryden in Amphitryo makes Jupiter say,

—When I made
This gold, I made a greater god than Jove,
And gave my own omnipotence away.

Ver. 1360. To the same purpose, Dryden

Thus ev'ry moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown:
—For former things

Are set aside, like abdicated kings.

Ver. 1364. Since it is reasonable to suppose, that the veins of iron, as well as of brass, silver, lead, &c. were melted by the heat of those burning forests, how comes it to pass, that the ancients scarce make any mention of iron, but often of brass? Because, says he, in these sixteen verses, brass was a more easy metal to work, and there was greater plenty of it: therefore the weapons and tools of husbandry that were first used, were made of brass: at length, iron came in play; a fitter metal to plough and till the stubborn and hardened earth, and more proper for the daily increasing roughness and cruelty of man.

Ver. 1366. For as Cowley says, David. 3.

These were the first rude arts that malice try'd,
Ere man the sins of too much knowledge knew,
And death, by long experience, witty grew.

Ver. 1370. Ovid. Fast. lib. iv.

Æs erat in prætio, chalybs jam massa placebat:
Eheu! perpetuo debuit illa tegi.

Ver. 1372. Hesiod. *Ἔργων, καὶ Ἡμερῶν*, lib. i. v. 149. speaking of the brazen age:

Τοῖς δ' ἦν χαλκεαὶ μὲν τύχαια, χαλκιοὶ δὲ τὸ οἶ-

χοι,
Χαλκῷ δ' ἐργάζοντο, μέλας δ' ἔχ' ἔσκε σιδηρός.

And Eustathius on Iliad i. v. 236. *χαλκὸν δὲ τὸν σιδηρὸν λέγει διὰ τὴν πάλαι χρῆσιν τοῦ χαλκοῦ* &c. to which I add this of Athenæus, lib. vi. cap. 4. *Ἰσοῦ τὰ αὐτὰ καὶ Φανίας, ἐν τῷ περὶ τῶν ἐν Σικελίᾳ τυράννων ὡς χαλκῶν ὄντων τῶν παλαιῶν ἀναθημάτων, καὶ τριπόδων, καὶ λιθῶν, καὶ ἰγχειρίδων ὧν ἐφ' ἑνὸς καὶ ἐπιτηγρόφθαι φασί.*

Οἰήσασθαι μὲν, ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἐν Ἰλίοις εὐρεῖ πύργῳ
ἦν, ὅτι καλλιχόμῳ μαρναμένῳ ἀμφ' Ἑλλήν,
Καὶ μὲν Ἀθηνορείδης ἐφόρει κρείων Ἑλικῶν, &c.

Ver. 1380. Having made mention of wars in the preceding verse, he takes occasion to explain in forty-eight verses, those savage, which we call warlike, arts of the first men, who improved in cruelty, and grew daily more and more ingenious

to destroy. At first they fought on horseback, and a horse is a tame and gentle animal: then they joined two horses to a chariot, then four, and armed their chariots with iron bills and scythes. After this, wild beasts were brought to the wars, elephants by the Africans, lions by the Parthians, then bulls, boars, &c. But Lucretius himself does not believe all this: only having met with these relations in some histories, he mentions them, and mingles truths with fables. And yet, says he, they are not altogether incredible: For what has not witty rage and cruelty invented? And what kind of assistance and relief will men not embrace and refuse, who labour under oppression and despair?

Sophocles ascribes the first invention of the bridle, and of riding on horseback, to Neptune: Lyfias, the orator, to the Amazons: and others, to others: But Virgil absolutely to the Lapithæ, a people of Thessalia, that inhabited the mountains Pindus and Othrys, and were next neighbours to the Centaurs. Georg. iii. v. 115.

Fræna Pelethronii Lapithæ, gyroſque dedere,
Impoſiti doſo: atque equitem docuere ſub armis
Inſultare ſolo, et grefſus glomerare ſuperbos.

Thus rendered by Dryden:

— The Lapithæ add the ſtate
Of bits and bridles; taught the ſteed to bound,
To run the ring, and trace the mazy ground;
To ſtop, to fly, the rules of war to know,
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.

Ver. 1383. The first invention of chariots is by Æschylus ascribed to Prometheus, by Cicero to Minerva, by the Trezenians to Hippolytus, and by Virgil to Erichonius:

Primus Erichonius currus et quatuor ausus
Jungere equos, rapidisque rotis inſiſtere victor.

Georg. iii. v. 113.

Bold Erichonius was the first that join'd
Four horses, for the rapid race design'd,
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding fate. Dryd.

But whether the poet means that Erichonius, who was king of the Athenians, the son of Vulcan and Tellus, who is said to have been snake-footed, *anguipes*, and, to conceal that deformity, to have first invented a chariot; or that other Erichonius, the Phrygian, who was the son of Dardanus, grandson of Jupiter, and one of the ancestors of Æneas, is uncertain. Pliny says the Phrygians first drove a chariot with two horses, and Erichonius one with four: "Bigas primum junxit Phrygum Natio, quadrigas Erichonius." Nat. Hist. lib. vii. cap. 56. Eusebius in Chronic. makes Trochilus, the Argive, who was son of Callithea, the priestess of Juno, to be the first inventor of chariots; and with him agrees Tertullian de Spectac. However, he is erroneously called Orsilochnus by Hyginus, who nevertheless is followed in his error by Corippus in Panegy. i. as we find by these verses, which Scaliger on Eusebius cites:

Orsilochnus referunt primas junxisse quadrigas,
Et currus armasse novos, Pelopemque secundum
In foci venisse necem. —

But Dempster, in his edition of Corippus, instead of *Orsilochnus* reads *Cecropidem*, by which he means Erichonius, who was the fourth king of Athens from Cecrops, who founded that city: Others again will have it to have been CEnomaus, the king of Elis: But Theon, the Scholiast of Aratus says plainly, that the constellation of Heniochus, which the Latins called *auriga*, the Charioteer, is, *αἰθρῶν ἢ Βελλεροφοντῆ, ἢ Τροχίλῳ*, the representation either of Bellerophon or of Trochilus, the first inventor of the *quadriga*. Moreover, as to the manner of joining these four horses in a chariot, the ancients, as they differed from us, so they differed among themselves likewise: For some chariots had two poles, one between each pair of horses; for the horses went "æquatâ fronte," all a-breast: so that all the horses were *ζυγιοί*, i. e. *jugales*, yoked and harnessed to the poles: Afterwards Clythenes, the Sycionian, changed that manner, and made chariots with one pole only; so that the two middle horses only were *jugales*; the other two that were outmost to the right and left, had only reins, and the other necessary harness and traces, and were therefore called *συναρῆγοι*, i. e. *funales*; and these were more at liberty than those called *jugales*. Of the *funales*, Suetonius, in the life of Tiberius, gives us a remarkable example in these words, "Tiberius, pubescens Actiaco triumpho, curram Augusti comitatus est finisliore funali equo, cum Marcellus, Octavie filius, dexteriore veheretur." Which passage of that historian Alexander ab Alexandro undertakes to explain, but is mistaken in it: for he says, that the *equi funales* are so called à *funalibus*, i. e. à *facibus triumphalibus*, &c. from the triumphal torches, which their riders carried in their hands: But of this see Salmassius in his Plinian Exercitationes, Tom. ii. pag. 899, where he treats of these matters at large. The several figures of the *currus quadrijuges* may be seen in the consular and imperial coins, which we find represented in Ursinus, Golizius, and in Panvinus de Ludis Circensibus: but above all see Schefferus, who not long ago published a treatise upon this subject, intitled, *de re vehiculari Veterum*. Tertullian in his book de Spectaculis, acquaints us, That Romulus was the first who brought the *quadriga*, or chariot with four horses, in use among the Romans: Pliny makes mention of *currus sexjuges*, chariots drawn by six horses, and says, that the first of them among the Romans was in the time of Augustus, to whom the senate decreed a chariot with six horses, as a triumphal honour, of which nevertheless the modesty of that prince would not permit him to accept.

Ver. 1384. *The armed cars.*] Of them, see book iii. ver. 615.

Ver. 1385. *Castled elephants.*] Because they carried towers on their backs. Lucretius calls them *Lucas Boves*: and Faber says, that *Lucas* is there put for *Lucanus*, as we find *Campas* for *Campanus*

in Plautus : Then he adds, that elephants were so called, because the first time the Romans had seen any, was in the war against Pyrrhus, and at *Lucanus*, now called *Lugano*, a town in the Milanese, Pliny, lib. viii. cap. 6. "Elephantas Italia primum vidit Pyrrhi Regis bello, & boves Lucas appellavit in Lucanis vifas; anno urbis 472." This confirms the opinion of Faber : But Varro, lib. vi. de *Lingua Latinâ*, has this Passage : "Lucas Elephas, cur ita sit dicta duobus modis invenio scriptum : Nam in C. Aëlii Commentario à Lybicus Lucas, & in Virgini Commentario à Lucanis Lucas, ab eo quod nostri maximam quadrupedem; quam ipsi habebant, vocarent bovem; & in Lucanis Pyrrhi bello primum vidissent apud hostes Elephantas, id est, quadrupedes cornutas, (nam quæ dentes multi dicunt sunt cornua) Lucam bovem appellasse : Ego arbitror potius Lucas à luce, quod longe relucebant; propter inauratos regios clypeos quibus eorum tum ornatae erant turres." But this reason of Varro's seems but weak : And it is certain, that Pyrrhus first made use of them in Lucania, and afterwards Hannibal in Africa, against the Romans. Lucretius calls them likewise *Anguimans*, snake-handed : for the *proboscis* of the elephant is called a hand, in Cicero ii. de *Naturâ Deorum* : but that hand is, like a serpent, voluble and pliable. *Milton.*

—Th' unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might and
wreath'd
His lithe proboscis.—

Ver. 1386. The Africans, but more particularly the Carthaginians, who, as I said before, under their leader Hannibal, fought against the Romans.

Ver. 1390. Here the poet teaches, that in their wars, they likewise made use of bulls, boars, and lions, to help them to fight their battles, but that these untractable beasts often did them more hurt than good; for when the armies were engaged in heat of action, these savage animals raged not on the enemy alone, but turned back upon their own masters, and, tearing them to pieces, put all into disorder. See the note on book iii. ver. 614.

Ver. 1391. The Parthians were a people of Asia, who long enjoyed the empire of the East. The country they inhabited was called Parthia, and lay between Media to the west, and Asia to the east; and between Persia to the south, and Hyrcania to the north: It was called Parthia, says Stephanus, from these people, who were originally Scythians, and fled out of Scythia to the Medes, who called all fugitives Parthi, and Parthiæ, and thus the country where they settled was from them called Parthia. It has now several names. Mercator calls it Arach: Alphonse Hadrianus, Jexdi; and Niger, Corassau: For, consisting of divers provinces, it comes likewise to have sundry names. The Parthians were remarkable for their drunkenness; and from them came the proverb, "Parthi quo plus biberint, eo plus sibiunt." The more the Parthians drink, the more they are adry; nay, to be able to drink a

great deal is esteemed honourable among them : Their wine was made of the fruit of the palm-tree, and their chief food was grasshoppers. Tertullian says, they are so addicted to venery, that they mix promiscuously with their own sisters and mothers : Theft is with them unpunished : They neither built temples, nor erected statues to the gods; but worshipped their king for their deity : However they offered sacrifices in the mountains to Jupiter, and to Sol, Luna and Tellus, the sun moon and earth. They held lying to be the most heinous of all crimes.

Ver. 1412. In like manner an English poet.

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if sharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their stormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

Walsh.

Ver. 1428. In these eleven verses he tells us, that in regard to the more civilized arts, their first care was to clothe themselves, which they did at first with the skins of beasts, tagged together with thorns, not sewed, nor were the arts of spinning or of weaving yet discovered : Nor indeed was it possible they should be so, before the use of iron, without which the tools for spinning and weaving could not be made : Nor was spinning first practised by women, but by men; they being the more industrious and inventive sex : till at length the sturdy peasants reproached these male spinners for their effeminate laziness, laughed them from the distaff, and brought them to follow the more laborious occupations.

All arts are generally distinguished into two sorts : I. The illiberal, or manual : II. The liberal, or ingenuous : Of the first sort the number is almost without number : yet both kinds, though very imperfectly, are reduced each to a septenary division, and expressed in the following dithich :

Lingua, Tropus, Ratio, Numerus, Tonus, Angulus. Astra :
Rus, Nemus, Arma, Faber, Vulnere, Lana. Rates.

The first of which verses expresses the liberal sciences, viz grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy : The second, the illiberal : as agriculture, hunting, arts military and fabril, chirurgery, spinning and weaving, and arts nautical : Of the first inventors of which, see Pliny, lib. vii. cap. 56. Polydore Virgil, and Garzone in his *Piazza Universale* : And as to the different esteem and practice of these arts among the Greek and Romans, you may consult Aldus Manutius in *Quæst. per Epistol. lib. ii. cap. 9.*

Ver. 1439. In these nineteen verses the poet teaches, that Nature herself taught them to plant for they had observed that the acorns berries, &c. that dropped off the trees, produced new shoots; and this put them upon endeavouring to make them do the like : Every one according to his capacity added some improvement to the culture of the fields and gardens : And thus by degrees they arrived to the perfection in which we now admire them, by the bea-

tiful order, and regular disposition of greens, flowers, and fruits.

The antiquity of agriculture cannot certainly be contested by any other art; since the three first men in the world, were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier: Though this be an unquestionable truth, yet the ancients differed in opinion concerning the first inventor of it: but this variety of opinions might arise from the several persons that first introduced it into several countries: Varro, lib. iii. de R. R. confesses it to be the most ancient of all arts: The Egyptians said, it was first found out by Olyris, or Maneros, Josephus attributes it to Cain, as he does pasturage to Abel. Antiqu. lib. i. cap. 3. The Greeks ascribed it to Ceres, and the Italians to Saturn. Pliny, lib. xvii. cap. 9. says, that King Augeas was the first who invented manuring of ground by stercoration, and that he first instructed the Greeks in that art, as Hercules did the Italians: who nevertheless immortalized, and made a god of their King Stercutius, the son of Faunus; if he were not rather the same, as some will have him to be; with Evander, the Arcadian, who first introduced the worship of Faunus, that is to say, of Pan, or universal Nature, into Italy, and taught the Latins the art of manuring ground, for which he was honoured by the name of Stercutius. Tertullian in Apologet. calls him Sterculus or Sterculius; and Servius on Æneid. viii. Sterquilinus, whom he asserts to be the same with Pitumnus, brother of Pilemnus: By Macrobius he is called Stercutus, which he proves to be one of the names of Saturn: "Saturnum Romani etiam Stercutum vocant, quod primus stercore fecunditatem agris comparaverit." Saturnal. lib. i. cap. 7.

But as no other art can dispute antiquity with this of agriculture, so neither can any lay claim to an equal share of dignity: It is indeed, as Columella, lib. i. cap. i. calls it, "res sine dubitatione proxima & quasi consanguinea Philosophiæ," without doubt the next neighbour, and the nearest of kin to philosophy; Varro says the principles of it are the same with those that Ennius makes to be the principles of the whole universe; earth, water, air, and the sun: And Cicero de senectute, speaking of the pleasures of a husbandman, says of them, that they seem to him to approach very near to the pleasures of a philosopher, "mihi quidem ad sapientis vitam proximè videntur accedere." To be a husbandman, says our excellent Cowley, is but a retreat from the city, to be a philosopher apart from the world; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's. There is no other sort of life, that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist: the utility of it to a man's self; the usefulness, or rather necessity of it, to all the rest of mankind: Its innocence, its pleasures, its antiquity, its dignity: Under all which heads that author has treated of it in his admirable Essay of Agriculture, to which I refer the reader.

Ver. 1443. Lucretius. "Stirpes committere ramis;" by which he expresses only one of the several ways of infusion, and what we call to graft

cleft-wife. Virgil in the second Georgic teaches the several ways, by which trees are propagated, either naturally, or artificially. They may be produced three several ways by nature.

I. Of their own accord: as the broom, the withy, the poplar, the osier, &c. are.

II. By their seed that drops by chance: I say, by chance; for there is a certain way of sowing that belongs to art: the trees that grow of fortuitous seed, are the chestnut, the oak, the beech, &c.

III. By their root: for the cherry-tree, hornbeam, laurel, &c. will shoot out young trees from their roots.

The same poet teaches, that trees may be propagated seven several ways by art, and the industry of men:

I. By avulsion, that is to say, by plucking up young shoots, roots and all, from the bodies of trees, and planting them in the ground.

II. By planting the stocks, that is to say, the lowest and thickest part of the trunk, together with the roots; or by taking the stock without any root, and either cutting it into a sharp point at the lower end, or splitting it at the bottom, and then planting it; but the general way is to split it in form of a cross; and therefore Virgil calls such stocks *quadrisidas*.

Hic stirpes obruit arvo,
Quadrisidæque fudes, et acuto robore vallos.

Georg. ii. ver. 24.

III. By propagation, which is chiefly used in vines; and this is done by bending the shoots or branches in the shape of a bow, without cutting them off from the mother-tree, and laying down the top of them into the ground. The branch so bent is called *propago*, a layer. Milton describes this way of propagating the Indian fig-tree, which, says he,

In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree; a pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.

IV. By taking little trees or plants, together with the earth that covers them about the root, and transplanting them into another place.

V. By cutting off a sucker from a tree, and planting it, even though it have no root.

VI. By cutting the stem of the tree without any root to it, but in the middle, and into several pieces, and planting them: This way is chiefly practised in the propagation of the olive-tree.

VII. When a branch, or twig, of one tree is inserted into another tree, and that too of a different kind, and passes into the nature of it. This is the true grafting, which is practised in two manners: One, which the Latins call *insitio*, i. e. grafting within a cleft made in the top of the stock; which is the ordinary way now used, and properly called grafting; the other, inoculation, called likewise budding, and grafting scutcheonwise. Pliny adds a third way, which he calls *emplastratio*; which is generally confounded with inoculation.

tion; yet there seems to be this difference between these three ways of grafting: That called incision, was done by cleaving the trunk of the tree, and putting one or more twigs into the cleft. Inoculation, by making an aperture between the bark and the trunk, and including in it the graft or twig. And lastly, emplastration, by taking off part of the bark of the stock, and substituting in its place the bud of another tree, exactly of the like bigness, so as to fill up the space of the bark that is taken away. This is manifest from Pliny, lib. xvi. cap. 16, 18, &c. whence it is evident, that this art of grafting has been variously practised in different ages. And our gardeners at this day differ from the method of Virgil, who teaches to make the aperture in the very knot or joint of the stock; whereas they make it either below or above, in that part of the bark that is brightest and smoothest.

Ver. 1452. See above, ver. 308.

Ver. 1458. Music too, like all the other arts, when first invented, was rude and unpolished: nor was it more at first than an imitation of the chirping and singing of birds. Then having observed, that reeds, when shaken by a gentle gale, sent forth a whispering murmur, they made themselves pipes of reeds; with these the pensive shepherds were wont to sooth their cares, and, when the neighbourhood met to be merry, they delighted, with their uncouth airs; the whole company and themselves. In these merry assemblies they first began to laugh and jest at one another, and to trample the ground with unequal steps; and this laid the first foundation of dancing. Thus they diverted themselves, and knew no better; nor do our more artful and melodious airs delight us more, than these unharmonious artless strains of theirs did them; but new things always please, and we grow weary of the old. Thus men began to loath their acorns, and to indulge their appetites with more delicious food. Thus they despised their grassy beds, and invented easy couches and beds of down. Thus they laid aside their skins of beasts, and by degrees clothed themselves in purple. This is contained in forty-eight verses.

Ver. 1462. The western winds, says the poet, whistling among the reeds, taught them to make pipes of the stalks. But of the first invention of pipes, see Book iv. ver. 593. and Ovid. *Metam.* l. ver. 705.

Ver. 1467. Virgil, *Eciog.* i.

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.

From whence our translator took the thought; at least he had no hint of it from his author. *Amaryllis* is a fictitious name, used by the ancients in their pastoral poems, and continued down to this day. It is derived from the channels they made to convey water into their meadow grounds, or to drain them, if too wet; for such a conduit the Greeks called *ἀμάρυλλα*.

Ver. 1468. This and the following verse are repeated below, ver. 1536.

Ver. 1471. Lucret.

— Nam tum sunt omnia cordi :

Which is the reading of all the copies; but Faber says, it ought to be "otia cordi," a judicious emendation, which our translator has followed. Vossius on Catullus, p. 167. corrects this passage of our poet, and says it ought to be read, "omnia chordæ." For after men, says he, have indulged and filled themselves with eating, nothing is more delightful than music, which at that time is, τὰ πρῶτα, all things.

Ver. 1472. This, and the five following verses are repeated from book ii. ver. 31. Cowley and Anacreon:

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flow'ry beds supinely laid,
With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roses growing;
What should I do, but drink away,
The heat and troubles of the day, &c.

Compare Creech's translation of this passage with the original of Lucretius, and with these verses of Cowley, and judge from whence he took it.

Ver. 1481. Lucretius :

Tum caput, atque humeros plexis redimire corollis,
Floribus, &c.

Where the poet alludes to the luxury of his own age, when, in their feastings, they used to trim up their bowls with flowers, and to wear garlands of roses on their heads, and round their necks; and, in a manner, to wallow in them. Tibullus :

Et capite et collo mollia ferta gerat.

But of this custom see at large book iii. ver. 896.

Ver. 1489. *Morpheus.*] The sun, or rather the servant, of Somnus, the god of sleep. See book iv. ver. 1026.

Ver. 1495. To the same purpose, Dryden, in the Tragedy of *Aurenge-Zebe*, says finely :

'Tis not for nothing, that we life pursue;
It pays our hopes with something still that's new.
Each day's a mistress, unenjoy'd before;
Like travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.

Ver. 1502. Faber says, that the first garment, though but a worthless undressed skin of a beast, so pleased these earth-born men, that it was the cause of his death, who first invented and wore it.

Ver. 1506. But this fighting and murder for the skin, says the poet, in fourteen verses, may be in some measure, excused; because, before they had found out the art of weaving, skins were all the covering they had to defend their bodies from the cold. But what excuse is there for men, who destroy, and lay all things waste, with wars and rapine, that they may shine in gold, and clothe themselves in purple? This, nevertheless, they do, transported with an insatiable thirst of avarice and ambition, and because they are ignorant of that true pleasure, which Epicurus taught; and which is not to greedily after delights, as content with necessities.

Ver. 1314. For man is seldom contented with a competency, and never knows when he has enough: nor when to put a stop to what Ovid calls excellently well: "Amor sceleratus habendi." Thus Manilius begins his fourth book:

Quid tam sollicitis vitam consumimus annis,
Torquemurque metu, cæcæque cupidine rerum?
Æternisq. fenes curis, dum quaerimus, ævum
Perdimus: et nullo votorum sine beati
Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam;
Pauperiorque bonis quisque est, quo plura requi-
rat, [optat.

Nec quod habet memorat; tantum quod non habet,

Which our translator has thus rendered:

Why should our time run out in useless years
Of anxious troubles, and tormenting fears?
Why should deluding hopes disturb our ease,
Vain to pursue, yet eager to possess?
With no success, and no advantage crown'd,
Why should we still tread on th' unfinished
round?

Crown'd gray in cares, pursue the senseless strife,
And seeking how to live, consume a life?
The more we have, the meaner is our store,
The unenjoying craving wretch is poor.

Ver. 1320. Men being convinced by a long experience, that the seasons of the year return in a certain order, and that nothing is imbroiled, nothing arrives by chance, (for the atoms that at first fortuitously jumbled together, are composed in such a manner, both by the laws of their own motion, and by the power of nature, that unless some cause from without should hinder and disturb them, they will for ever observe the same motions); they at length embraced a constant and settled way of life. To this end they constituted republics, and established commerce between several nations. Then poets, the authors of history, were born: and lastly, the arts, that are subservient to life, or conducive to pleasure, were found out. For the names of the inventors of them are still preserved and known.

Ver. 1325. The nations, who are famed for the invention of navigation, are, first the Phœnicians, from whom it came to the Egyptians, and from them to the Greeks; among whom the first that sailed are said to be the Cretans. But as to the first building, and use of ships, not to mention Noah's ark, Clemens Alexandrinus ascribes the invention to Atlas, the Libyan; Æschylus, to Prometheus; and Diodorus Siculus, to Neptune: the invention likewise of sails is ascribed by the same Æschylus to Prometheus also: by Diodorus to Æolus; by Pliny and Pausanias to Dædalus and his son Icarus; by Cassiodorus, lib. 5. Variar. and by Hyginus to Isis; who, for that reason, on the reverse of some of the Roman coins, is represented, holding in her hand, a sail, swelling with the wind: it is certain that the Latins styled her Dea Pelagia, as being the president of navigation: to confirm which, we find in Gruterus, p. 312. the following inscription:

DIIS MANIBUS SAC:
SER. SULPITIO AUG. L.
ALCIMO ÆDITVO
AD ISIDEM PELAGIAM.

Of the original and first essays of navigation, Claudian in the Preface to the Rape of Proserpine:

Inventâ secuit primus qui nave profundum,
Et rudibus remis sollicitavit aquas;
Tranquillis primum trepidis se credidit undis,
Littora securo tramite summa legens.
Mox longos tentare sinus, et linquere terras,
Et leni cœpit pandere vela Noto:
Ast ubi paulatim præceps audacia crevit,
Cordaque languentem dedicicere metum;
Jam vagus erupit pelago, cœlumque secutus,
Ægeas hyemes, Ioniumque domat.

Ver. 1326. Thus too Manilius, lib. i. ver. 87.

Tum vagus in cœcum penetravit navita pontum,
Fecit et ignotis itiner commercia terris.

Which Creech thus renders:

Through seas unknown the sailor then was hurl'd;
And gainful traffic join'd the distant world.

The original of traffic is generally ascribed to the Phœnicians: some indeed, particularly Phornutus or Cornutus de Naturâ Deorum, and Cæsar, lib. 6. de Bello Gall. attribute it to Mercury, whom, for that reason Arnobius calls "Nundinarum, Mercium, Commercioꝝque mutator," lib. 3. adv. Gentes. And that merchants used to sacrifice to him as to the god of gain, and president of negotiation and commerce, is confirmed by Ovid, lib. 4. Pastor. where speaking to Mercury, he says,

Te quicunque suas proficentur vendere merces,
Thure dato, tribus ut sibi lucra rogant.

This too is confirmed by that ancient inscription, that was found at Metz, in the year 1589, and is recorded by Philippus Thomassinus de Denariis, pag. 274.

MERCURIO NEGOTIATORI
SACRUM
NUMISIUS ALBINUS
EX VOIO.

Ver. 1328. Cicero says, that the invention of letters has circumscribed, in a few literal marks, the sounds of the voice, which seemed infinite: "Sonos vocis, qui infiniti videbantur, paucis literarum notis terminavit." Tuscul. 1. Suidas calls it *ὑπερμαθητική φιλοσοφία*, the grammatical philosophy, and ascribes the invention of it to Prometheus; others to the Phœnicians: thus Lucan:

Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.

which passage, Brebœuf, the French interpreter of that poet, applying it to Cadmus, who from the Phœnicians brought most of the letters of the Greek alphabet into Greece, has rendered in these excellent verses.

C'est de lui que nous vient cet art ingénieux
De peindre la parole, et de parler aux yeux;
Et par les traits divers de figures tracées,
Donner de la couleur, et du corps aux pensées.

Which I the rather choose to take notice of, because they are finely rendered into our own language by a person of quality, and not till now made public.

He that ingenious art did first descry
Of painting words, and speaking to the eye;
And, by the various shap'es of figures wrought,
Gave colour, and a body to a thought.

But as to the first characterizers of speech, see the learned digression of Joseph Scaliger de Liter. antiqu. upon Eusebius: and Petit. in observat. lib. ii. c. 1. To which I add these anonymous verses, as they are recorded by Crinitus and Giraldus, and from them transcribed by Gerard. Joh. Vossius, lib. i. de Arte Grammat.

Primus Moyses Hebraicas exaravit literas:
Mente Phœnices sagaci condiderunt Atticas:
Quas Latini scriptitamus edidit Nicotrata:
Abraham Syras, et idem reperit Chaldaicas:
Istis arte non minore protulit Ægyptias:
Gulfilas promisit Getarum quas videmus literas.

But the origin of letters is, with greater appearance of truth, referred by others to Adam himself: for it is not highly improbable, that he, who was to transmit all learning and knowledge down to his posterity, should want the necessary conveyances and instruments for so great a work? And this opinion is confirmed by the early mention that is made of letters, even in the days of Seth, who was his son; and who no doubt received them from him. I know not of what weight it may seem, but I cannot omit to take notice, that, in the Vatican Library at Rome, there is extant, to this day, an ancient picture of Adam, with a hebrew inscription over his head; which indeed makes nothing to our present purpose: but under his feet there is another in Latin, conceived in these words:

ADAM DIVINITUS EDOCTUS, PRIMUS
SCIENTIARUM ET LITTERARUM INVENTOR. See Lomeier. de Biblioth. p. 10.

OF THE SEVERAL WAYS OF WRITING PRACTISED BY THE ANCIENTS.

HAVING given this short account of the first invention of letters, it may not be amiss in this place to give some account likewise in a short digression, how those characters of old preserved themselves from death. And indeed there is scarce any matter capable of receiving the marks of letters, that some or other of the ancients have not made use of for that purpose.

The first letters that we read of were engraved in stone: witness the two famous pillars of Enoch, one of which was yet remaining, even in the days of Josephus: and Jamblicus confesses, that he took the principles of his mystical philosophy from the pillars of Mercury. Pliny, in his Natural History, lib. 7. cap. 5. acquaints us, that the Babylonians, and the Assyrians, engraved their laws in pillars of brick, "incoctis lateribus." And we know that Moses writ his on stone: Horace

too makes mention of this sort of writing on stones:

Non incisa notis marmora publicis.

The Roman laws of the twelve tables were engraven in brass; and so too was the league made with the Latins, as Livy witnesses, Decad. i. lib. 2. And Talus, of whom was reported many ridiculous stories, was, upon no other ground, feigned by the Cretans, to be a man made of brass by Vulcan, but likewise he carried about Crete the laws that were graven in brass, and put them severely in execution.

Pausanias, in Boeotia, makes mention of all the books of Hesiod, that are intituled, "Ἐργα καὶ ἡμετέραν," written in plates of lead: which sort of plates Suetonius, in the life of Nero, calls "chartam plumbeam," leaden paper: but this custom was in use even before the days of Job: who himself, chap. 19. cries out: "Oh that my words were graven with an iron pen, and lead in the rock for ever:" which the interpreters explain, that he would have the leaden plates placed upon rocks or pillars.

They used also of old to write on leaves or plates of ivory; and hence the books were called "libri elephantini; and not as some imagine from their bigness and huge bulk. Thus Martial. lib. 14. Epigram. 5.

Languida nè tristes obscurent lumina ceræ,
Nigra tibi niveum litera pingat ebur.

Waxen table-books were very ancient: for Prætus sent a letter in one of them by Bellerophon, as Homer tells us, Iliad 6. These table-books were made of wood, covered with wax, on which they writ with an instrument of iron or brass, and therefore they were called "pugillares, à pungendo," as Aldus Manutius observes, De quæstis per Epist. lib. 2. epist. 1. Georgius Longus, de Annulis Signatoris cap. 8. describes them to be of a triangular form: but Laurentius Pignori de fervis, p. 116. says "Pugillarum forma fuit oblonga et quadrata, eminenti quâdam margine circumcirca conclusa, ut vidimus Romæ in veteri arcâ sepulchrali in hortis Cyriaci Mattheii." The same Pignori in the same book, p. 117. describes likewise the form of the Roman Graphium, or Stylus, with which they used to write in these waxen table-books. It was first made of iron: but that being dangerous to stab with, and too frequently abused in that practice, was, in after times, forbid at Rome, and publicly prohibited to be worn, as Casaubon notes on Suetonius, lib. i. cap. 82. and then styles of bone were in use: these were made sharp at one end to cut the letters, and flat at the other to deface them; whence the phrase, "stylum vertere:" this stylus was usually carried in a little case, called graphiarum, as Beroaldus observes on the same place of Suetonius. As for slates, and plates of wood, it cannot be doubted but that they were used to write upon.

Pancirolos tells us, That the Longobards, now by corruption called Lombards; at their first

coming into Italy, made leaves to write on, of thin shavings of wood, some of which he had seen and read in his days. The ancients writ likewise on the leaves of palm-trees, see Pliny, lib. xiii. cap. 11. and thence letters are called Phœnician, not from the country, but from *φαινέω*, a palm tree. Yet Guilandinus de Papyro, makes a mighty bustle to prove, that palm-leaves were never used to write upon; he believes that Phœnicea, which Pliny there uses, is not the same with *φαινέω*, and would have us read "malvarum," instead of "palmarum." It is indeed true, that they did anciently write on the leaves of mallows likewise, as appears by Iſidorus, and the following epigram of Cinna, by which that author cites:

Hæc tibi Arateis multum invigilata lucernis
Carmina, quæ ignes movimus æthereos,
Lævis in aridulo malvæ descripta libello,
Prusiæ vixi munera naviculâ.

But this was not frequent: for the leaves of mallows are too soft, to be proper for that use. The names of those who were expelled the senate at Athens, were written on leaves, though of what kind, is uncertain: but from thence the sentence against them was called *Ἐμφυλλοφύρασις*; and the names of those banished by the people, were written on shells: but at Syracuse, the names of such sentenced citizens were written on the leaves of the olive-tree; and thence it was called *Πισσαλισμός*, ἀπὸ τοῦ πσιλλῶν ἑλαίας. And the Cuman Sybil in Virgil was wont to make use of this sort of paper:

Fata canit, foliisque notas et carmina mandat.

Æn. iii. ver. 444.

Upon which Hortensius cites Varro to prove, that it was peculiar to that Sybil, to describe the oracles in the leaves of palm-trees: but Cerdanus believes it to have been the general custom of those times, and that they did not yet write on the barks of trees, or on the reed called papyrus, or on parchment.

Pliny makes mention in several places of books made of linen: these were public records, and called by some "libri lintei," by others, "linteæ inappæ, and "carbassina volumina," silken volumes: Claudian.

— Quid carmine poscat
Fatidico cultos Romani carbassus ævi.

And Symmachus Epistolar. lib. 4. "Monitus Cumanos lintea texta sumperunt:" and Pliny says the Parthians used to interweave letters in their clothes.

The ancients were likewise wont to write on the thin kind of skin, that grows between the outmost bark and the body of the tree; and the paper, which the Chinese and some Indians use to this day, seems to be made of that, or something like it: and from thence a book was called *liber*.

Having tried all these experiments, at length they fell to use paper, which they called Papyrus, from a reed of that name, that grew in the fens and marshy grounds in Egypt, and of which paper

was made: they likewise called it Charta, from a town of that name in the marshes of Egypt, where it grew. Herodotus in Terpsichore says, that even in his days the Ionians called paper, skins; because in times past they were fain to supply the want of paper with skins, which shows the error of Pliny, in saying, that neither paper nor parchment were used before the time of Eumenes; from whose city Pergamus, parchment first came, and thence was called Pergamena: but of the invention, use, and improvement of paper and parchment, see at large Melch. Guilandin. in his Treatise de Papyr. I only add, that the Diphtheræ of the Greeks were only skins of beasts: and that, in which Jupiter is feigned to keep his memorial of all things, was made of the skin of the goat, that gave him suck: and many are of opinion, that the famous golden fleece was nothing but a book, written on a sheep's skin. Diodorus the Sicilian, assures in his second book, that the annals of Persia were written on such skins: and many more authorities might be produced, if they were needful.

At length the poets, says Lucretius, began to celebrate in their hymns the noble actions of the heroes of those days; and this custom is at this time observed amongst the Indians, whose songs are the only histories they have. Lastly, the poet teaches, that all the other arts were invented and improved by the sagacity and experience of men; inasmuch that it is hard to say, which of them was first found out.

Ver. 1536. This and the following verse are repeated from above, ver. 1467.

Ver. 1538. Thus too Manilius, speaking of the invention of arts, says,

Semper enim ex aliis alias profeminat usus.

Lib. 1. ver. 99.

Which Creech paraphrases thus:

New hints from settled arts experience gains,
Instructs our labours, and rewards our pains:
Thus into many streams one spring divides,
And through the valley rolls refreshing tides.

Consonant to which is this of Columella, lib. 10.

Ipsa novas artes varia experientia rerum,
Et labor ostendit miseris; usque magister
Tradidit.—

And Theocritus in Idyl. 21. ascribes the invention of all arts to want and necessity:

Ἀστυία, Διόφρασις, μόνα τὰς τέχνας ἰγέειν,
Ἄσπερ τὸ μέγιστον ἀνάσκαλος· ὅτε γὰρ ἔδεν
Ἀνδράων ἐργάζεσθαι κακὰ παρέρχοντι μέγιστα.

To which may not improperly be applied, what Philostratus, in the life of Apollonius, as cited by Photius, reports of the temple of Hercules at Gades; where among other altars, there was one dedicated to penury and art; to intimate, that as penury stirs up art, so art drives away penury; as Hercules put to flight, and subdued monsters, the incitements of his valour. See Riccard. Brixian.

and Casaubon explaining this passage of the prologue to Persius;

Magister artis, ingenique largitor
Venter. — — —

ANIMADVERSION,

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE FIFTH
BOOK OF LUCRETIIUS.

WHAT Lucretius in this book asserts from ver. 60. to ver. 461. that the sun, the earth, the sea, in a word, the whole frame of this world has not existed from all eternity, nor will continue to all eternity, is believed in general by all pious men, and sound philosophers: but his proving this assertion by some probable, and by many strong and unquestionable arguments, that indeed seems peculiar to Lucretius only: for certainly no stronger proofs, no more cogent reasons [I always except the Holy Scriptures] are any where to be found. This makes me wonder the more, how so excellent a wit could insert those foolish verses from ver. 168 to ver. 265. in which he endeavours to evince, that God did not create the world: for he believes, that God is not generous enough, or rather is too spiteful and envious, to do any thing for the sake of man; and fancies, that whatever he does, he does for the sake of himself, of his own ease and quiet. If any man should give such a character of Epicurus, Lucretius would treat him as an impudent babler. In the next place he imagines, that neither God nor man can have any notice or knowledge of any things, but by the means of images. And who is this God? Is it not he whom the mind of man perceives, whom all nations acknowledge and adore? In the next place, who can bear with him, while he enumerates the faults, as he calls them, of the world? All of them false and foolishly invented. And were these defects in the new and infant world? Lucretius himself denies they were; and therefore is the more to blame, to impute the decays and flaws in a building, worn out with age, to the fault of the architect.

From ver. 461. to ver. 551. he describes the rise or birth of the world; and among all the physiologists, there is not a description of it more likely to be true, nor more lively and beautiful. The atoms are moved by their own weight, they meet, this makes them rebound, and according to the difference of the stroke and weight, the refraction is made into different places, where they combine and grow into bodies.

Having, as he imagines, freed the Deity from all care and trouble, and kept him in ease and quiet, while the world was making, he proceeds, and from ver. 550. to ver. 824. delineates the order: and because he does not assign any one

certain cause of the motions of the heavens, of eclipses, of day and night, with that positiveness as some others do, he seems to some to waver in his opinions: but I insist, that such a constancy as they call it, in an Epicurean physiologist, would be very ridiculous: for he pronounces that all things are made and done by chance: and that no man can determine one, to say, certain cause, of these phenomena, since they may be explained in several manners. Nor should I indeed think a man worthy of blame, who assigns several causes, while among the rest the only true and certain cause is proposed. Nor can I imagine a man could act more agreeably to his principles, or describe chance better: resolving all philosophy, all our search, and inquiry into those matters, into a naked *may be*: nay, often scarce standing within the comprehensive bounds of possibility: but to pass by all the contradictions that lie in the very principles, and beginning of his hypothesis, let us suppose these infinite atoms, moving in this infinite; and grant they could strike, and take hold, and squeeze out the lesser and more agile parts into seas, heaven, moon, stars, &c. I ask, why this mighty mass of earth as its nature requires, does not constantly descend? Why is it fixed and steady? Lucretius answers: because it lies in congenial matter, and therefore presses not: but still the question returns: why does not this congenial matter fall, since it has weight, the Epicurean property of atoms, and that other fit matter spread below it? The demand constantly returns. Besides, this matter was squeezed out of the earth by the descending heavier particles, and therefore the mass may press, and descend through it. Well then, if this earth cannot be framed, neither can any of the other elements; since, according to his description, the latter depends on the former. And since he refuses to stand to any one cause of the motion of the sun or stars, it would be endless to pursue this flying bubble, and follow him through all the mazes of conceit and fancy. Nor will I add any thing concerning what he alleges of the magnitude of the sun, moon, and stars, having said before, that that opinion is too vulgar to be regarded.

Read the rest of this book, and commiserate a man of so excellent parts, who could forget himself, and play the fool so egregiously: but it is a fate upon all who deny a Divine Providence, to reason foolishly in ethics, and absurdly in physics. Yet in the description he gives of the state of the first men, of their manners and way of life, we have a perfect image of the manners of all the present barbarous and savage nations: and in these earth-born men of Lucretius, you will easily discover the Cannibals, Brazeleins, and several others of the people of the West Indies,

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE first thirty-seven verses of this sixth and last book of Lucretius contain the praise of Athens, in which city the great Epicurus was born; together with an encomium of that philosopher. II. From ver. 37. to ver. 96. the poet explains the argument of this book, in such a manner as might reasonably be expected from an Epicurean. From thence, to ver. 431. he proceeds to dive into the very nature of the things we call meteors; and, that men might learn not to be dismayed at the thunder of angry Jupiter, he teaches, that thunder is made either by the collision, or corrosion, or disruption of clouds, when contrary winds fight against one another: or, by the force of winds, either struggling within the bowels of the clouds, or driving them with violence against each other: or, that it is only the hissing of flames, that fall from a dry cloud into a wet: or, lastly, that thunder is but the crashing noise of bodies of hail and ice, that meeting violently in the air, are dashed to pieces. As for the lightning, which the Latins called *Fulgur*, he says it is nothing but fire forced out of clouds, either by their collision, or other motion; or the seeds of flames that are driven out of clouds, by the force of winds. And then, as to the thunderbolt, that other sort of lightning which the ancients called *Fulmen*, he teaches, that it consists of a subtle and fiery nature; that it is conceived and bred in thick and high-built clouds; that being grown to maturity, it bursts out of the clouds by the force of wind, that either breaks through them, dashes them to pieces, or beats from without, with great violence against them; that it consists of atoms so subtle and minute that it is borne along the air with wondrous celerity: and that it is most frequent in the vernal and autumnal seasons: then he concludes this disputation with deriding the superstitious doctrine of the Thufians, and others, who held that thunder and lightning are not the effects of natural causes, but proceed merely from the will of the offended, angry gods, and that Jupiter himself is the darter of thunder. And because a prester or fiery whirlwind, which is indeed a sort of lightning, and all other whirlwinds are certain kinds of meteors, the poet, from ver. 431. to ver. 460. disputes, IV. concerning them; and explains the nature, causes, motions, and differences of them. V. From ver. 459. to ver. 532. he treats of clouds and of rain. Clouds he supposes to be made either of the roughness and moist dry particles of the air; or of the steams, vapours, and exhalations, that arise from the earth and waters. And as to rain, he says, it is generated, either by compression, as they term it, or by transmutation: by compression, if the force of the winds squeeze the water out of the clouds; by transmutation, if the clouds themselves are changed, and distil in falling drops of water. VI. In regard to the other meteors, as the rainbow, snow, wind, hail, and frost, he disputes briefly of them, or rather only mentions them, from ver. 531. to ver. 541. VII. From ver. 540. to ver. 609. he treats of the several sorts of earthquakes, and of the causes of them: which he ascribes, either to hollow parts of the earth, which, falling in, cause it to tremble; or to the tremulous motion of the waters, which he supposes the earth to swim in; or to subterraneous, and other winds; which either shake the earth in several parts, or drive it to and fro. VIII. From ver. 608. to ver. 646. he treats of the sea; and teaches, that the reason why it does not increase, notwithstanding the immense quantity of water that is continually flowing into it, is either because of the vastness of the sea itself, or because the heat of the sun dries up its waters; or because the winds, brushing over them, bear much of them away; or because the clouds draw much moisture from them; or, lastly, because of the dryness of the earth itself, which sucks in, and imbibes, the waters of the sea. IX. From ver. 645. to ver. 715. he inquires into the causes of the fires that are ejected out of *Ætna*; and imputes them either to the violence of the wind, or to the exultation of the waters of the sea; which, entering beneath into the cavities of the mountain, extrude and force out the seeds of flame, that are engendered and collected there, through the apertures, that are on the top of it. X. From ver. 714. to ver. 735. he treats of the annual increase of the Nile; and ascribes it either to the Etesian winds, that blow full against the stream of that river; and thus, hindering its course, cause the waters to overflow: or to heaps of sand, which the sea drives to the mouths of it, and thus chokes them up; or to the rains and snows that fall, and are melted, near the fountain of the Nile. XI. From ver. 734. to ver. 831. he disputes of the *Averni*, and other tracts of the earth, that are noxious, and even deadly, to birds, men, deer, crows, horses, &c. XII. From ver. 830. to ver. 894. he teaches, why the water of some wells and springs is hot in winter, and cold in summer. XIII. And thence to ver. 1006. he explains at large the attractive power and virtue of the loadstone. XIV. Lastly, from ver. 1006. to the end of the book, he discourses briefly of the cause and origin of plagues and diseases; and concludes his poem with an elegant description, taken from *Thucydides*, of the plague that raged in Athens, and almost laid waste and desolate the whole country of Attica, in the time of the Peloponnesian war.

ATHENS first gave us laws, and chang'd our food;

For acorns, tender fruit and corn bestow'd
On wretched man: each was a mighty good!

But then she taught us how to live at ease,
She taught the joys of life, and show'd us peace.

When Epicurus rose; when he began,
That oracle of truth, that more than man;

The fame of whose inventions still surviv'd,
And rais'd an everlasting pyramid, [wide.]

As high as heav'n the top, as earth the basis }
For he, observing some that could supply 11

Contented nature's thrifty luxury,
Happy in honours, and in wealth's embrace,

And doubly happy in a noble race,
Still groan'd at home; with cares and fears op-

Each found a sad disturber in his breast, [pres'd,
Imagin'd strait, some fault lay hid in man,

Whence this corruption of the joys began:
Because his wish is boundless, vast his mind;

The goods ran through and left no sweet behind:
Or else some ill opinion still destroys 21

The enter'ing good, and still sours all his joys.
Then he, the mighty he, by pow'ful rules,

And true philosophy reform'd our souls,
He purg'd away all vain and empty care,

And taught what man should hope, what man
should fear.

The end, at which our actions aim, he show'd,
And taught an easy way to find the good:

What we from chance, or nature's force may
fear,

And taught us how t' avoid, and how to bear,
And prov'd that man is fondly vex'd with care.

For we, as boys at night, at day do fear 32
Shadows, as vain, and senseless as those are:

Wherefore that darkness, that o'er'spreads our souls,
Day can't disperse, but those eternal rules,

Which from firm premises true reason draws,
And a deep insight into nature's laws,

And therefore I'll proceed. Since then the sky }
And all that is, or can be, fram'd on high, 40

Is mortal, once was made and once must die;
Since this is prov'd, now I'll go farther on,

And finish this so happily begun.

The various wonders of the lower air [care, }
Perplex mens doubtful thoughts with vexing }
And make the wretches bend with slavish fear: }

For ignorance of causes heaves the mind
To pow'rs above; as birds soar high, when blind.

We see effects; but when their causes lie
Beyond the ken of vulgar reason's eye, 50

We then ascribe them to the Deity.
For ev'n those few exalted souls, that know

The gods must live at ease, nor look below;
If they look up, and view the world above,

And wonder how these glorious beings move,
They are entrap'd, they bind their slavish chain,

And sink to their religious fears again;
And then the world with heav'nly tyrants fill,

Whose force is as unbounded as their will.
Deluded ignorants! who ne'er did see

By reason's light, what can, what cannot, be: 60
How all at last must yield to fatal force;

What steady bounds confine their nat'ral course:

And therefore err. If you refuse to fly
Such thoughts, unworthy of the Deity;

But think they act such things, as break their ease,
And opposite to joy and happiness;

Then thou shalt surely smart, and, fancying still
The gods are angry, fear a coming ill: [ploy;

Though no revengeful thoughts their minds em-
No thirst to punish man disturbs their joy: 70

Yet thou dost think their happy quiet age
Still vex with waking cares, and violent rage.

Nor shalt thou visit on the sacred days
Their shrines with quiet mind, or sing their praise,

Besides, the images, the forms, that rise
From their pure limbs, and strike thy reason's }

And constantly present the deities; [eyes,
Those images will still disturb thy mind,

Strike deep, and wound, and leave despair behind:
And then how sad thy life! what pungent cares

Will vex thy wretched soul? What anxious fears?
But now to chase these phantoms out of sight

By the plain magic of true reason's light;
Though I have sung a thousand things before,

My lab'ring muse must sing a thousand more:
How thunder, storm, and how swift lightning flies,

Singing with fiery wings the wounded skies!
Lest superstitious you observe the flame,

If those quick fires from lucky quarters came;
Or with sad omen fell, and how they burn 90

Through closest stones, and waste, and then re-
turn.

And you, my sweetest muse, come lead me on
I'm eager, and 'tis time that I were gone;

Come lead me on, and show the path to gain
The race, and glory too, and crown my pain.

First, then, the dreadful thunder roars aloud,
When fighting winds drive heavy cloud on cloud:

For where the heav'n is clear, the sky serene,
No dreadful thunder's heard, no lightning seen;

But where the clouds are thick, there thunders
rise; 100

The furious infant's born, and speaks, and dies.
Now clouds are not so thick, so close combin'd }

As stones; nor yet so thin, and so refin'd }
As rising mists, or subtle smoke, or wind:

For then the upper clouds, like weighty stone,
Would fall abruptly, and come tumbling down:

Or else disperse, like smoke, and ne'er enclose
The hanging drops of rain, nor hail, nor snows.

They give the crack, as o'er a theatre
Vast curtains spread, are ruffled in the air; 110

Or torn (for such a sound is often known
From thunder's crack), they give a mighty groan;

Or as spread clothes, or sheets of paper, fly
Before the wind, and rattle through the sky.

But clouds meet not directly still, but slide,
And rudely grate each others injur'd side:

And hence that buzzing noise we often hear,
That with harsh murmurs fills the lower air;

Continues long, but with a softer sound;
At length it gathers strength, and breaks the bound.

But more, the thunder, arm'd with pointed
flame, 121

May seem to shake the world, and break the frame;
When e'er a fierce, and strong, and furious wind,

In narrow, thick, and hollow clouds confin'd,

Breaks through the prison with a mighty noise,
And shoots at liberty with dreadful voice :

Nor is this strange, when one poor breath of air,
That starts from broken bladders, sounds so far.

Again : 'tis reason too that noise should rise
When violent storms rage o'er the lower skies, 130
For thousand clouds appear, rough, close combin'd,
And thick, and able to resist the wind :
Thus noise must rise, as when the woods they
wound,

The vex'd and injur'd boughs sigh forth a mourn-
ful sound.

And winds oft cut the clouds, and, passing through,
With murmur'ring found fill all the air below :

For that the winds may break the clouds, and fly
Through all resistance in the lower sky,
'Tis easy to discover, since they break,

And twist our trees : yet here there force is weak.

Besides : vast waves of clouds seem roll'd above,
And in confus'd and tumbling order move : 142
These, meeting, strike, and break, and loudly roar,
As billows dashing on the trembling shore.

Or else hot thunder falls on rain, or snow,
And dies, and hisses, as it passes through :
As when we quench a glowing mass, the fires
Fly off with noise, with noise the heat ex-
pires.

But if the cloud be dry, and thunder fall,
Rises a crackling blaze, and spreads o'er all ; 150
As when fierce fires, press'd on by winds, do seize
Our laurel groves, and waste the virgin trees ;
The leaves all crackle ; she, that fled the chase
Of Phæbus love, still flies the flames embrace.
Or else vast hills of hail, and rocks of ice,
May break ; and, tumbling, rattle through the
skies :

For when rough storms conjoin the parts of hail,
Or scatter'd ice, their weight must make them fall.

Quick lightning flies, when heavy clouds rush on,
And strike as steel and flint, or stone and stone :
For then small sparks appear, and scatter'd light
Breaks swiftly forth, and wakes the sleepy night :
The night, amaz'd, begins to haste away, 163
As if these fires were beams of coming day.

And first we see the light, and then we hear
The noises : these but slowly reach the ear ;
Because the images of things do fly
More swift than sounds, and quickly strike the eye :
One instant clears it ; for, observe, and see,
Whene'er a cruel ax does wound a tree, 170

The tree strait sighs : but if at distance shewn,
We see the stroke before we hear the groan :
So whilst the noise moves slow the winged light
Flies swiftly on, and strikes the distant sight :
Though both arose at once, that moves the eyes,
Before the slow-tongu'd thunder speaks, and dies.

But more ; a cloud seems fir'd, a tempest brings
Swift trembling flames upon his dreadful wings ;
When shut within a cloud, it scorns the bound,
And strives to break, and whirls, and tumbles
round ; 180

And, whirling, hollows out the wat'ry frame,
At last grows hot, takes fire, and, breaks in flame :
For motion causes heat : thus balls of lead,
From engines thrown, have melted as they fell :

The wind grows hot, when loos'd from cold em-
brace

Of pressing clouds, and gets a larger space ;
Strait scatters sparks of fire, which swiftly fly,
And spread quick lightnings o'er the lower sky :
Then the grave murmur comes : the light ap-
pears

Before the heavy sound can reach our ears, 190
Now this is done, when cloud lies heap'd on cloud ;
Thence lightning flies, and thunder roars aloud.
Nor must you think this false ; because the eye,
When plac'd below, sees clouds more broad than
high :

For look and see, the lab'ring winds can bear
Vast mountain-clouds, and whirl them through
the air ;

The lab'ring winds then move but slowly on,
And, as oppress'd with burdens, sigh and groan,
Or when upon a mountain's lofty head,
We see the higher clouds o'er lower spread. 200
And, though the winds all hush'd, they cease to
move,

Yet still the low are press'd by those above :
Then you may guess their bulk ; how high they
rear !

How vast these real castles built in air !
How great, how strong their hollows, where the
wind

Shut up, grows fierce, and scorns to be confin'd,
But roars through all the clouds ; as beasts dis-
dain

The den's confinement, and the slavish chain, }
And roar to get their liberty again : 209
And, seeking way, rolls round the watery frame,
And gathers num'rous seeds of subtle flame,
And these it whirls, until the shining streams
Break through the cloud, and show their feeble
beams. [life

But more, these glaring fires, these flames, may
And fall to earth through all the spacious skies,
Because the clouds hold num'rous parts of light :
For if they're dry, their colour's fiery bright :
For they must catch, and hold descending rays,
And thus look fiery red, and often blaze : 219
These, press'd by winds, to narrow place retire,
And scatter seeds that frame the glaring fire.

But farther ; lightning often seems to glide
When clouds grow rare ; for, as the winds divide,
The clouds must lose the seeds : Those show the
fire,

But without thunder silently expire.

But now what feeds the thunder's parts compels,
Their stinks, their marks, and sulph'rous odour
shows :

For these are signs of fire, not wind, or rain : }
Nay, oft they burn our towns, and men com- }
plain 230

Of heav'nly fires, and angry gods, in vain.
Now these celestial fires are fram'd above,
Of parts refin'd, and thin, and apt to move :
Too strong to be oppos'd, they scorn a bound,
And pass through closest walls, as voice and
sound : [and brass :

They fly with ease through stone, through gold,
And in one instant melt the stubborn mass :

Nay, oft the cask entire, the liquors flow,
Because the pointed flames, with secret blow,
Widen the vessel's pores in passing through :
Which yet the sun, with all his beams and rage,
And all his fires can't do within an age : 241
So quick these parts must move, so swift they run,
So much excel in force the vig'rous sun.

Now, how this force begins, how thunder flies
With that quick strength, how these fierce motions rise,

That break our strongest tow'rs, our towns infect,
Demolish houses, ruin man and beast,
That split our trees, and rage o'er all the wood,
I will explain, and make my promise good. 249

First, then, 'tis certain thunder seems to fly
From dark, thick clouds, and those built vastly high :

For when the smiling heav'n's serene and clear,
Or thinly clouded, we no thunder hear :
But now ev'n sense assures no smiles adorn,
No sky's serene, while mighty thunder's born :
But athic cloud o'er spreads heav'n's threat'ning
As if the shades of hell had left their place, [face,
And fill'd the arch'd skies : so thick the night,
So dark the horrid clouds, and so affright !

Besides ; at sea dark clouds do often fall, 260
As streams of flowing pitch, and spread o'er all,
Far from the darken'd sky ; and, swoln with rain,

And storms, they draw behind a dreadful train
Of thunder-cracks, which rage o'er all the main.

Ev'n we on earth all shake, with terror aw'd,
We seek for shelter, nor dare peep abroad.
Therefore these clouds, that spread o'er all the sky,
Must needs be thick, and all built vastly high :
For else they could not stop descending light. 269
Nor check the rays, and bring so thick a night ;
Nor such great floods, nor so much water yield,
As swell our streams, and spread o'er ev'ry field.

These winds and fires, when spread o'er all the sky,

Make thunders roar, and the wing'd lightning fly.
For I have taught before that clouds contain
A mighty store of fire, and much they gain
From the sun's heat, and the descending rays,
These when the wind has forc'd to narrow place,
And squeez'd some sparkles from the wat'ry frame,

And closely mixes with the gather'd flame, 280
It whirls, and then within the cloud retires ;
And, tumbling, forges there, and points the fires :
This, by the rapid whirl, or neighb'ring ray,
Is fir'd ; for flame is rais'd by either way.

Thus when the wind, grown hot, still whirls around,

Or when the furious flame breaks o'er the bound,
Then thunder, fit for birth, dissolves the cloud,
And shows the glaring fires, and roars aloud :
The heav'ns then crack, as if the orbs would fall,
And feeble fear, and tremblings seize on all : 290
Then show'rs, as if the air were chang'd to rain,
Fall swiftly down, and threaten floods again.
So great the thunder-storms, as if they came
From the revengeful clouds to quench the flame.

Sometimes external winds the clouds divide,
And break wide caverns in their injur'd side.
Through these the infant thunder makes its way :
These winds call forth the flames, and they obey.

And sometimes too a wind unkindled fires,
But kindles in its passage through the skies ; 300
Losing some heavy parts it us'd to bear,
Which could not swiftly cut the middle air ;
And gathering others of convenient frame, [flame:
Which join, and fly with them, and raise the
As balls of lead, when shot with mighty force,
Their stubborn, their ungente parts divorce,
And, soften'd, melt in middle of their course. }

Sometimes the fury of the stroke may raise
Quick sparks of fire, and make a mighty blaze :
For by the stroke small streams of light may spring 310

Both from the striking, and the injur'd thing :
As from cold flint and steel bright sparks appear ;
They fly the blow, and fly to open air.
And thus the clouds, if of convenient frame,
May well be kindled, and dissolve in flame :
Nor can the winds be cold, because they move
Through such vast space, still tumbling from above :
For, if not kindled by the flames they meet,
Yet sure they must come warm with mingled heat.

The thunder's force comes thus : For, while it lay 320

Confin'd in clouds, it strove to break away :
At last prevails, and flies with mighty force ;
And hence so great the strength, so swift the course !

As mighty weights from strong balistæ thrown,
Which break the walls, and shake the frighted town.

Besides, its parts are small, and quick the blows,
And therefore meets with nought that can oppose :
No stops can hinder, and no lets can stay :
The closest pores will yield an open way :
And hence it flies with such a mighty force ; 330
And hence so great the strength, so quick the course.

Besides ; all weights by nature downward go ;
But when that motion is increas'd by blow,
The swiftness, and the force must needs increase,
And break, whatever dares resist, with ease.

Lastly ; so vast a space since thunders run,
Their swiftness must increase in tumbling down :
For motions still increasing run their race,
And all by odd proportions mend their pace :
Or all the seeds direct their vi'lent course, 340
And strike one part with their united force :
Or else, as through the air they swiftly rove,
Meet parts which strike, and make them swifter move.

And when the pores receive the subtle fire,
The force flies through, the thing remains entire :
But when it strikes the substance, then the mass
Is broken : Thus it melts strong gold and brass :
Because its parts are thin, and swiftly fly,
And enter in, and soon dissolve the tie.

Now spring and autumn frequent thunders hear ; 350

They shake the rising, and the dying year :

For winter yields not heat enough; the wind
Flies cold: In summer, clouds are too refin'd:
But in these middle quarters all concur;
All causes join to make the thunder roar;
Because those seasons heat and cold engage;
Both necessary things for thunder's rage;
That parts may disagree, and raise a war,
And fires, and rapid whirls disturb the air.
For, first the spring within its limits holds 360
The coming heats, and the retiring colds:
And therefore these two parts, thus opposite,
When join'd, and mix'd, must strive, and fiercely
fight.

But then in autumn, summer's flames retreat,
And coming winter fights the flying heat.
These are the troubled seasons of the year;
The times that elements go forth to war:
What wonder, then, if frequent thunder flies,
If frequent storms disturb the lower skies;
Since, fighting, all in doubtful wars engage, 370
Here heat and flames, there cold and waters, rage?

And hence we know the nature of the flame;
And how it works, and whence the fury came:
For not by reading Thucan books inquire
The gods' design by this celestial fire;
Observe the moving flame, and then presage
The kindness of the gods, or coming rage:
Or if the clouds in lucky quarters swell;
And thunder break, and with sad omen fell:
And hence we know, how its quick forces pass 380
Through closest stones, and melt or break the
mass:

[flow,
What drives swift lightning on, what makes it
And all the harm celestial flames can do.

For if these bolts were thrown by gods above,
Or if they were the proper arms of Jove;
Why do the daring wicked still provoke,
Why still sin on, secure from thunder's stroke?
Why are not such shot through, and plac'd on
high,

As sad examples of impiety,
That men may sin no more, no more defy? 390
And why does heedless lightning blast the good,
And break his bones, or cruddle all his blood?
Why good and pious men these bolts endure?
And villains live, and see their fall secure?

Why do they throw them o'er a desert plain,
Why through the empty woods, and toil in vain?
Is it to try their strength? or else in play
The wantons sport, and throw Jove's bolts away?
Or why, the senseless rocks, they idly wound?
Why blunt their father's bolts against the ground?
Why does he suffer this? why not prepare, 401
And keep his useful arms for times of war?
Lest some gigantic, impious rebels rise,
And unprovided he should lose the skies.

Why then the heav'n is clear, no thunder flies?
What, when thick heavy clouds o'er-spread the
Does he descend to take the surer aim, [skies?
At nearer distance then, and dart the flame?
Why strike the floods? What mean such bolts
as these?

Is it to check the fury of the seas? 410
Poor weak design: The troubled waters roar,
And, vex'd by whirling flames, still rage the more.

Besides: this Jove is willing men shou'd fly
These bolts, or not: if willing, tell me why
The thunder is too subtle for our eye?
If not; why does he show the threat'ning light?
And why o'er-spread the heav'ns with clouds
and night?

And make a noise, and give us time for flight?
Besides, how can these flames at once be
thrown

To different parts? Or is it never done? 420
Does Jove at once but throw a single one?
Fond fancy! For, as rain, so lightning flies
To many parts at once, and breaks the skies.

Nay more: Why does he beat the temples
down,

Those of his fellow-gods, and of his own?
Why does he hurt, and break the sacred stone?
Why break the curious statue, spoil the grace,
And wound with fiery bolts the sacred face?

Why does he seldom strike the humble plain,
But blunt his fires on hills and rocks in vain? 430

And hence 'tis known, how fiery whirlwinds
rise,

How they descend, and cut the threat'ning skies;
For often dark and heavy clouds increase,
And pillar-like descend, and reach the seas,
While all around the troubled ocean raves,
Fierce winds still blow, and raise the boiling waves.
And all the ships, in reach of danger toss'd,
Are whirl'd with rapid turns, and wreck'd, and
lost.

This happens when the tumbling winds, that lay
Confin'd in clouds, too weak to force a way, 440

Do drive it down; for then, by slow degrees,
As if some hand, or arm above did press,

The pillar-clouds descend, and reach the seas:
When this divides, the rushing winds engage
The flood, and make the waters boil and rage:
For then the whirling winds descend, and bear
The thick, tough, heavy clouds through all the air,
But when they reach the sea, they break their
bound,

And mingle with the waves, and, whirling round,
With dreadful noise, the furious billows raise, 450
And light the waters with a mighty blaze.

Sometimes the whirling wind might whisk
the air,

And, gath'ring parts of clouds that wander there,
Might hollow out itself a wat'ry frame,
All like a prester, but without the flame:
From these, as wombs, fierce whirlwinds take
their birth,

And impiously torment their parent earth:
But since, at land, the hills must stop their way,
These storms are oft'ner seen at open sea.

Now clouds combine, and spread o'er all the
sky, 460

When little rugged parts ascend on high,
Which may be twin'd, though by a feeble tie.
These make small clouds, which driven on by wind,
To other like, and little clouds are join'd,
And these increase by more, at last they form
Thick heavy clouds, and thence proceeds a storm.

And thus the lofty hills may seem to yield
More mists and vapours than the humble field;

Because when thin and little mists arise,
Not thicken'd yet, and wander o'er the skies, 470
All too refin'd, and subtle for our eyes;
The winds do drive them to the mountain's head,
And there the thin and airy cov'rings spread;
Which, thick'ning round the top, there first appear,
And seem to rise from that, and fill the air.

But farther on; the seas give vast supplies,
From these the greatest stores of vapours rise:
For clothes grow wet, expanded near the shore,
And drops arise, and stand in ev'ry pore: 479
And therefore from the deep and spacious floods,
Great stores of mists may rise, and frame the clouds.

Besides; the earth, and rivers, urg'd by heat,
Oft breathe soft mists, and num'rous vapours sweat:
Which join, and make thick clouds, and stop the light;

And stain the glorious skies with sudden night:
For the warm vig'rous rays, with constant blows,
Still beat them on the back, and press them close.

And more: external matter gives supplies,
And seeds of clouds, which spread o'er all the skies.
For I have prov'd the mass immense, the space 490
Is infinite, and knows no lowest place:

And how the atoms through the vacuum rove,
How quick they measure space, and how they move:

Slow time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion, having no account so small.

What wonder, then, that sudden storms should rise;
And hasty night spread o'er the lower skies.
Since from the mass such vast supplies are hurl'd
Through ev'ry pore, and passage of the world;
And linger here, and join or break the chain,
And fly through the divided skies again? 501

Now sing, my muse, how rain is spread o'er all,
How wat'ry clouds are join'd, and showers fall.

First, with the clouds moist streams of vapours rise,

From ev'ry thing: and spread o'er all the skies:
And, as in man; the moisture, sweat, and blood
Grow with the limbs, increasing with the cloud.

And oft as winds do whirl them o'er the main,
The clouds, like wool, do dip themselves in rain.
To shake their fleeces o'er the earth again. 510

The rivers, lakes, and pools, when stirr'd by heat,
Breathe forth soft mists, and num'rous vapours sweat. [bin'd,

These rise, and set in clouds; and there come
Or by the ambient cold, or driving wind,
They thence descend, because the winds divide,
Or else the clouds contract their injur'd side;
Or else the upper clouds press: those below,
And squeeze the water out, and make it flow.

And when the wind makes thin the wat'ry frame,

Or rays cut through it with a vig'rous flame, 520
The rain breaks forth, the injur'd cloud appears
Like melted running wax, and drops in tears.

But when the wind with higher clouds agrees,
And their united force begins to squeeze,
When both do press the cloud, swollen big with rain,
Then storms descend, and beat the humble plain.

Then constant show'rs, when wat'ry clouds, }
that lie

On one another's back, receive supply }
From ev'ry quarter of the lower sky.
And when the thirsty earth has drunk the rain, 530
And throws it up in vapours back again.

And when the adverse sun's bright beauties flow,
And strike thick clouds, they paint the gawdy bow.

And how the other meteors rise and fall,
What stamps the figur'd snow, and moulds the hail.

And why the water's pride and beauty's lost,
When rig'rous winter binds the floods with frost,
'Tis easy to conceive, if once we know
The nature of the elements, or how
Their fighting pow'rs must work, or what they }
do. 540

And next of earthquakes. —
First, then, you must suppose the earth contains
Some seeds of winds, spread o'er its hollow }
veins;

And there, as well as here, fierce vapour reigns:
And many lakes, and pools, and spacious caves,
And secret rivers there roll boist'rous waves:
For nature's laws command, and reason's prove,
The parts below resemble those above:

These things suppos'd: when those vast courts
below

Shall fail, the upper earth must tremble too: 550

For hills must sink, and from the mighty fall
Quick tremblings must arise, and spread o'er all:
No wonder this: while carts go slowly on,
Or swifter coaches rattle o'er the stone,
Although the weight's not great, the houses feel,
And shake at ev'ry jumping of the wheel.

Or else from arched caves great stones may }
fall,

And strike the under waves, and trouble all;
Those agitate, and shake th' enclosing ball:
For when the liquor, as experience proves, 560
Is troubled, all the vessel shakes and moves.

Besides; when winds below, with mighty force
Against resisting caves direct their course,
The earth that way inclines: then first before,
Our houses nod; the higher nod the more:
The hanging beams start from the tott'ring wall,
We fly our houses, and we dread the fall.

And yet some think the world will ne'er decay;
The scatter'd seeds, dissolv'd, fly all away;
I though these few fighting winds with ease displace
The heavy earth, and turn the weighty mass. 571
For did these still rush on, no force could stay
The coming ruin: all would soon decay:
But since they press but now and then, their course
Now here, now there, now fly with mighty }
force,

And, then repell'd, return with weaker wings,
The earth oft threatens ruin, seldom brings:
Inclining only from its usual plain,
Then turns, and settles in its seat again:
And therefore houses nod, and seem to fall: 580
High, most; low, less; the lowest, least of all.

But more; the earth may shake, when winds
begin,
(Or rais'd without in air, or bred within)

To rage through hollow caves, and, whirling
round,

Endeavour still to force the narrow bound,
At last break through, and leave a gaping wound.

Thus *Ægæ*, thus Phœnician towns did fall.

The greedy earth gap'd wide, and swallow'd all :

Besides, a thousand towns, a thousand isles,

Whilst cruel eddies dimpled into smiles,

Have fall'n, all swallow'd by the greedy main,

And poor inhabitants strove for life in vain.

But if the vapour's cold, too weak the wind

To force a way, if by strong bounds confin'd,

It spreads o'er all the pores the earth contains;

And brings a thiv'ring cold through all the veins;

As when frost comes, it brings a trembling chill,

And makes our members shake against our will :

Then men begin to fear, and wisely dread,

And fly the tow'rs that nod their threat'ning head :

Or else they think the earth will fail; the ground

Will gape, and all sink through the mighty wound.

Ev'n those, who think the world must still en-

dure,

Eternal still, from fate and age secure,

Yet often, waken'd by the present fear,

Start all, and think the dissolution near;

They think the earth will sink, the world will fall ;

And ruin and confusion spread o'er all.

Now I must sing, my muse, why greedy seas

Devour the water still, yet ne'er increase;

For it seems strange, that rivers still should flow,

And run for num'rous years as much as now;

And, though they daily bring a mighty store,

The spacious ocean should increase no more,

But still be bounded with the former force :

And yet it is not strange : for these, the rain,

And all the moisture that the clouds contain,

Scarce seem a drop, compar'd to spacious seas ;

No wonder then the waves do ne'er increase.

Besides, the sun draws much ; the fiery ray

Descends, and forces many parts away :

For sense assures, that when the busy beams

Press moisten'd clouds, the vapours rise in streams :

Therefore from spacious seas the rays must bear

More wat'ry parts, and scatter through the air :

But now, though here and there few parts arise,

Yet a vast spacious mass of water flies

From the whole sea, and spreads o'er all the

And then the winds take some, with wanton

play

They dip their wings, and bear some parts

This sense declares ; for often after rain,

In one short night, if winds sweep o'er the plain,

The dirt grows hard, the ways are dry'd again.

Besides ; as winds drive on the low-hung clouds,

And make them skim the surface of the floods,

They take some drops away ; and these compose

And fall to earth, in hail, in rain, and snows.

And since the earth is rare, and full of pores,

And waves still beat against the neighb'ring

shores,

As rivers run from earth, and fill the main,

So some through secret pores return again :

These lose their salt, and through small channels

spread,

Then join where'er the fountain shows her head :

Hence streams arise, in fair meander's play,
And through the vallies cut their liquid way.

Now next, why *Ætna* burns, and why the flame

Breaks forth in whirls, and whence the fury came :

For sure 'tis fond to think that flames arise,

Directed by the angry deities,

To waste fair Sicily, and burn, and spoil

The farmer's hopes, and fruits of all his toil,

Whilst all the neighb'ring nations stood amaz'd,

Oppress'd with anxious fear, and wildly gaz'd :

The heav'n, all spread with flames, they flock'd

to view,

And wonder'd what vex'd nature meant to do.

But if you look about on ev'ry side,

Consider that the whole's immensely wide ;

Then view the arch'd skies, and see how small,

And mean a portion of the spacious all,

How little man, compar'd to earth's vast bail !

You then will find your fears and cares decrease,

Your jealousies, and admiration cease.

For who admires to see a patient sweat,

Or hear him groan, when scorch'd by fever's heat,

Or when the foot, or eye is vex'd with pains,

Or any hot disease spread o'er the veins ?

And this, because there lie vast stores of seed

In heav'n, and earth, all fit, all apt to breed

Such strange and vexing pains ; or else increase

The noxious flame, and feed the strong disease :

So you may think the mass sends great supplies,

And stores of seed through all our earth and skies,

Sufficient to raise storms, to shake the frame,

Raise *Ætna's* fires, and cover skies with flame :

For that appears, when seeds of flame combine,

As rain, and clouds, when drops of water join :

You'll say the fire's too strong, the flame too great :

A vain objection this, and fancy's cheat :

Thus he, that views a river, man, or tree,

Or else whatever 'tis he chance to see,

Straight thinks them great, because, perhaps, he

knows

No larger streams, no greater things than those :

Yet these, and all the spacious skies controul,

Are small, and nothing to the mighty whole.

Now why the flames break forth——

First, then, this *Ætna's* cave's a mighty one ;

A spacious hollow, and all arch'd with stone :

This swells with winds, which whirl and tumble

there,

(For wind is nothing else but troubled air)

When these, by whirling round the arch'd frame,

Grow hot, and from the flints strike sparks of

flame,

Then, proud, and furious too, and rising higher,

Break forth at top, in smoke, and sparks of fire :

By the same force, ev'n weighty mountains rise,

And whirling rocks cut through the wounded skies.

But more, this hollow, fiery mountain's side

The sea still washes with impetuous tide,

And, passing through the pores, the flame retires,

The pressing waters drive the yielding fires,

And force them out ; these raise large clouds of

land,

And scatter stones, and ashes o'er the land.

And thus my muse a store of causes brings ;

For here, as in a thousand other things,

Though by one single cause th' effect is done,
 Yet since 'tis hid, a thousand must be shown,
 That we may surely hit that single one.
 As when a carcass we at distance view,
 We all the various means of death must show,
 That in the number we may speak the true:
 For whether he was kill'd by strong disease,
 Or cold, or sword, though 'twas by one of these,
 We cannot tell; and thus it must be done
 In other things, a thousand others shown,
 When sense determines not our choice to one.

In summer Nile o'erflows; his waters drown
 The fruitful Egypt's fields, and his alone:
 Because the mouth of that wide river lies
 Oppos'd to north: for when th' Etesias rise
 From heavy northern clouds, and fiercely blow
 Against the streams, these stop, and rise, and flow.
 For northern winds blow full against the streams,
 Their spring is south, it boils with mid-day beams;
 Then cuts its way through sun-burnt Negroe's
 land,

And hisses, passing o'er the fiery sand.
 Or else the troubled sea that rolls to south,
 Brings heaps of sand, and chokes the rivers mouth:
 These stop the headlong floods; they strive in
 vain

To force a way, but weary'd turn again,
 And break their banks, and flow o'er all the
 plain.

Or else rain makes it swell; th' Etesias bear
 The northern vapours through the southern air:
 These thicken'd round the hill the rain compose.

Or else the sun melts Ethiopæan snows;
 These swell the river, and the water flows.

Next of th' Avens sing, and whence the name,
 And whence the rage, and hurtful nature came.
 So call'd, because the birds that cut the sky,
 If o'er those places they but chance to fly,
 By noxious streams oppress'd, fall down, and
 die:

Death meets them in the air, and strikes them
 dead;

They fall with hanging wing, and bended head;
 And strike the poisonous lake, or deadly field:
 Such vapours boiling springs near Cumæ yield.

In Athens, where Minerva's temple stands,
 There never crow, nor hoarding raven flies,
 Not, though the fat and oily sacrifice

Allure his smell, and call his willing eyes.
 Not that he fears Minerva's vain pretence,
 Or banish'd from her train for an offence;
 But 'tis the noxious vapour drives him thence.

A place, as story tells, in Syria lies,
 Which if a horse goes o'er, he groans and dies,
 As if by sudden stroke, and violent blow,
 He fell a sacrifice to gods below:

Yet these effects agree with nature's laws,
 And strict observers may discern the cause:
 Lest you should fancy these the gates of hell,
 That there the smutty gods, and manes dwell;
 And through those places draw the wand'ring
 souls,

As deer suck serpents from their lurking holes:
 But that's absurd, irrational, and vain:
 Some, understand the cause, for I'll explain.

First, seeds do lie, as I have prov'd before,
 In earth, of ev'ry shape a mighty store:
 Some, vital parts to men, prolong their breath,
 Some apt to breed disease, and hasten death:
 To other animals some parts are good:
 Some hurt, some kill, and some give wholesome
 food:

And all these different effects arise
 From different motion, figure, shape, and size. 770
 A thousand hurtful parts through ears descend,
 A thousand pass the nostrils, and offend:
 A thousand hurt the touch, a numerous store
 Disturb the eye, the taste a thousand more:
 Besides, on man, a thousand atoms wait,
 And hurtful all, and carry hasty fate:

Thus often, under trees supinely laid,
 While men enjoy the pleasure of the shade,
 Whilst those their loving branches seem to
 spread,
 To screen the sun, they noxious atoms shed, 780
 From which quick pains arise, and seize the
 head.

Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
 Grow trees, whose blossoms with their odour kill:
 And all these hurtful things from earth arise,
 Because the parents earth's vast wombs comprise
 Those different stores and kinds of poisonous seed,
 Which, slyly join'd, these hurtful natures breed:

The snuff of candles, this is often known,
 Offends the nose with stench, and makes us swoon.

Besides a thousand other things, that seize
 The soul within, oft make their way with ease,
 And shake the vital pow'rs with strong disease.

So when the belly's full, go sit, and stay,
 And wanton in hot baths, strait flies away
 Thy life, thy strength, and all thy pow'rs de-
 cay:

From charcoal deadly smells the brain engage,
 If draughts of water not prevent their rage.

To those whom fevers burn, the piercing smell
 Of vigorous wine is grievous, death, and hell. 799

Besides, observe what pains the earth contains,
 And how much poisonous sulphur fills her veins.

Lastly, whilst men pursue the hidden store,
 And dig in mines of gold, or silver ore;

What hurtful damps, what noxious vapours rise!
 The wretched miner o'er the metal dies.

What noxious parts from golden mines exhale!
 How soon they seize, and make the miners pale!

With what quick force they kill the wretched
 slaves!

How soon they bury them in precious graves!
 Therefore these noxious parts must often rear,

And scatter poison through the upper air. 811

Thus hurtful parts from the Averni rise,
 And with strong poisons fill the lower skies:

And these, as birds cut through the liquid way,
 Seize them; and then some parts of life decay:

Thus they amaz'd on the Averni fall,
 And there the poisons work, and ruin all:

For first they make them giddy; then their wing
 Grows weak; they fall into the poison's spring;
 There die; there leave their souls in deep de-
 spair,

Because the poison's fierce, and stronger there:

Or else the constant rising streams displace
The neighb'ring air, and leave an empty space :
Where, when the birds are come with nimble
force,

And still endeavour to pursue their course,
Deceiv'd they fall, they clap their wings in vain ;
For no resisting airy parts sustain,
Their weight does force them on the pois'nous
plain.

And while they helpless in the vacuum lie,
Breathe out their soul through ev'ry pore, and die.

In summer, springs are cold ; for earth con-
tains 831

Some seeds of heat within her hollow veins :
But when the heat's increase, and vig'rous ray
Forces a passage through, they fly away :
Thus as the summer comes, and rays begin
To cleave the earth, the streams grow cold within :
But cold contracts the pores to lesser space,
And binds the seeds of heat with strict embrace :
And these, squeez'd from the pores, with nimble
wings

Pass into lower wells, and warm the springs. 840

Near Ammon's shrine, as fame has loudly told,
A spring runs hot by night, by day 'tis cold :
This men admire, and think, when night has
spread

Her blackest curtains o'er our sleepy head,
The sun below does cast his vig'rous beams,
And pierces through the earth, and warms the
streams.

Aburd and vain ! For, since the furious
ray,

When, roll'd above, it makes our warmest day,
And beats the open surface of the sea, 849
Can raise but little warmth ; when roll'd below,
How pierce the earth, and heat in passing through ?
Since sense assures, that when the rays do beat,
Our houses yield us a secure retreat ;
We lie within, and scorn the summer's heat.

Then what's the cause ? 'Tis this ; a spongy
ground,

And fill'd with fiery seeds, lies all around :
This when cold nights contract, the seeds of fire,
Squeeze'd out, fly off, and to the spring retire,
And make it hot : but when the vig'rous ray
Peeps forth, and opens them an easy way, 860
They leave the cold embrace, and soon retreat
To earth again, and take their former seat :
And thus, by day, it loses all its heat.

Besides, the water grows more rare by day ;
In parts, divided by the piercing ray,
So lose their fire : as when the beams arise,
And warm the frozen streams with soft'ning
kiss,

They melt in the embrace, and lose their ice.

And some cold springs light flax, held o'er the
streams,

The flax takes fire, and scatters feeble beams : 870
A torch is kindled too : the flames appear,
And nod at ev'ry little breath of air ;
Because the water seeds of heat contains,
And many rise from earth's capacious veins,
And cut the body of the streams, and flow,
Too weak to warm the waves in passing through.

Besides, their own quick force will make them
move,

And pass the yielding waves, and join above :
As little streams, that cut their secret way,
And rise up sweet i' th' bottom of the sea ; 880
Beat off the salt, and the resisting flood
To thirsty sailors proves a mighty good :
Just so these seeds of fire might rise and flow,
And cut the yielding waves, and, passing
through,

Straight strike, and kindle oily torch, or tow ;
Because those parts are of convenient frame,
Hold seeds of fire, and fit to raise a flame :
Thus take a torch, but lately dead, and strive
To light the snuff again, and make it live,
It kindles long before it comes to touch ; 890
And sure experience shows a thousand such,
Which light at distance, ere they reach the flame ;
And thus this fountain acts ; the cause the same.

Now sing, my muse, for 'tis a weighty cause,
Explain the magnet, why it strongly draws,
And brings rough iron to its fond embrace :

This men admire ; for they have often seen
Small rings of iron, six, or eight, or ten,
Compose a subtle chain, no tie between :
But, held by this, they seem to hang in air, 900
One to another sticks, and wantons there ;
So great the loadstone's force, so strong to bear !

In order to the cause, must first be prov'd
A thousand things, a thousand doubts remov'd,
And long deductions made ; do you prepare
A strict observing mind, and list'ning ear.

First, then, from objects seen thin forms arise,
In constant subtle streams, and strike our eyes :
Thus odours fly from gums ; a gentle breeze 909
From rivers flows, and from the neighb'ring seas
Sharp salts arise, and fret the shores around ;
Thus all the air is fill'd with murmur'ing sound ;
And while we walk the strand, and pleas'd to
view

The wanton waves ; or squeeze, or mingle rue,
Or salt, or bitter tastes our tongues surprize :
So that 'tis certain subtle parts arise
From all, and wander in the lower skies ;
And never cease to flow, because the ear,
And eye, and nose still smell, and see, and hear.

Next I'll repeat what I have prov'd before, 910
No compound's perfect solid, free from pore :
For though 'tis useful to direct our eye
Through all the secrets of philosophy,
To prove that solid seeds can never join,
Unless some empty space is left between
It has its proper force in this design.

Then, first, in caves the subtle moisture creeps
Through hardest rocks, and even marble weeps :
And sweat from ev'ry lab'ring member flows,
And stubborn hair o'er all the body grows : 930
And nature drives our food with curious art
Through all the limbs, increasing ev'ry part :
Strong flames divide the rigid gold and brass ;
And to a liquid substance break the mass :
Through silver, heat, and cold ; and each disdains
And scorns a prison, though in precious chains :
This sense assures ; into a well-clos'd room
The parts of odours, sounds, and heat will come :

And often, as our sickly soldiers feel,
The moist and subtle air creeps through their
steel. 940

Therefore 'tis certain, as I prov'd before,
No compound's perfect solid, free from pore.

Besides:—

The parts that rise from things, not all alike,
Nor equally agree to what they strike;
For, first, the beauteous sun, with vig'rous ray,
Melts snow, and ice, and wax, and hardens clay:
Thus leather shrinks in fire; but gold and brass
Dissolve; flames soften all the rigid mass:
Thus water strengthens steel, grown weak by heat,
But gently softens skins, and boiling meat: 950
Leaves of wild olives yield a sweet repast
To goats; to man a rough and bitter taste:
Thus pigs fly sweetest odours; those that please
And tickle man, offend and poison these;
Yet they will roll in dung, in filth delight;
Though squeamish man can scarce endure the
sight.

Besides: We must remember,—

Since things compos'd do num'rous pores com-
prise, [size]

Those must have diff'rent shape, and diff'rent
In animals, are various organs found, 960
And each the proper objects gently wound;
One taste, another smell, another sound.
Some things through stones, or silver, gold, or
brass,

Some move through wood alone, and others glass:
And those that pass the same, not always flow
With equal ease, and cut their passage through:
And this depends on the varieties,
And difference of pores in shape and size,
Which things of diff'rent texture still comprize.

These things thus prov'd, I now will sing
the cause, 970

Explain the magnet, show thee why it draws
And brings rough iron to its fond embrace.

First, from the magnet num'rous parts arise
And swiftly move; the stone gives vast supplies:
Which, springing still in constant streams, displace
The neighb'ring air, and make an empty space:
So when the steel comes there, some parts begin
To leap on through the void, and enter in.
But since they're twin'd, the foremost parts must
bring

The latter on, and so move all the ring: 980
For parts of steel are very strictly join'd,
Scarce any compounds are so closely twin'd.

No wonder, then, that when the foremost move,
The other parts should stir, and all should move;
Which still they do, they still press farther on,
Until they reach, and join the willing stone.

The steel will move to seek the stone's em-
brace,

Or up, or down, or t'any other place,
Which way soever lies the empty space. 990
Not that the heavy steel by nature flies,
But blows without will force, and make it rise.

Besides, the air before the steel is rare,
And emptier than it was, and weaker far;
And therefore all the air that lies behind
Grown strong, and gath'ring like a subtle wind,

TRANS. II.

Must force it on, for still the ambient air
Endeavours, still contends to drive it near:

But then alone can move it, when the space
Is free, and fit to take the coming mass. 999

This fills the pores, and then with subtle gales
Drives on the steel, as winds great ships, and sails.

Besides, all compounds hold some parts of air;
For ev'ry compound is by nature rare:

This lurking air, no doubt, with nimble wing,
And constant turns, still whirls and beats the ring:
But, once determin'd forward, keeps the course
It first receiv'd, and that way bends its force.

But more than this: coy steel will sometimes
move,

And fly the striving stone, and cease to love. 1009

And thus steel filings, I have often known,
In little brazen pots held o'er the stone,
Will strive, and leap, as eager to be gone;
Because the little brazen parts, that rear,
Fill all the steel's small pores, and settle there:
And so the other rising streams, that come
From magnets, find no way, no open room,
And therefore strike: thus, flying through the
brass,

They rudely beat, and drive away the mass;
Which otherwise they'd take to their embrace. 1020

Besides, no wonder this alone should feel
The loadstone's power, and that move only steel,
For some their weight secures, as gold; and some
Their pores: they give the streams too large a
room;

And so they find an easy passage through,
And thus the substance ne'er endures the blow:
But steel, when brazen parts fill ev'ry pore,
And settle there, when it can take no more,
Is then prepar'd to take the subtle shove

The loadstone's streams can give, and fit to move.

Nor is there friendship 'twixt these two
alone; 1030

A thousand things besides, but one to one,
Agree: thus lime will fasten only stone;
Thus glue, hard boards; and we may often view
The solid table break before the glue:
Thus pure and fountain streams will mix with
wine,

But oil and heavy pitch refuse to join:
The purple's blood gives wool so deep a stain,
That we can never wash it out again;
No, pour on all the sea, 'tis all in vain. 1040

Solder ignobly weds the golden mass
To silver; proper solder lead to brass:
Besides these mention'd, there's a thousand more:
But stay; what need of such a num'rous store?
Why should I waste my time, and trouble thee?
Take all in short: of things, whose parts agree,
Whose seeds, oppos'd to pores, securely lie,
The union there is strong, and firm the tie:
Others by rings and hooks are join'd in one:
This way combine the loving steel and stone.

Now next I'll sing what causes plagues cre-
ate, 1050

What drives a pestilence, swoln big with fate,
To waste, and lay a nation desolate.

I've prov'd, that num'rous vital parts do fill
The air: so num'rous too are those that kill.

R r

These poisons, whether from the threat'ning skies,
Like clouds, they fall, or from the earth arise,
When she's grown putrid by the rains, or sweats
Such noxious vapours, press'd by scorching heats,
Infect the lower air, and hence proceed
All raging plagues; these all diseases breed. 1060

A traveller, in ev'ry place he sees,
Or hazards, or endures a new disease,
Because the air or water disagrees. }
How different is the air of Britain's isle,
From that which plays upon the wand'ring Nile?
What different air does Pontus' snows embrace,
From that which fans the sun-burnt Indian's
face?

And as mens shape or colour disagrees,
So ev'ry nation has its own disease:
The lepers are to Egypt only known, 1070
Those wretches drink of Nilus' streams alone:
Athens, the muses' seat, and chief delight,
Offends the feet; Achaia hurts the sight:
And thus in ev'ry land a new disease, }
New pains on all the other members seize,
And different air is still the cause of these.

Thus often when one country's air is blown
Into another, and forsakes its own,
It spoils the wholesome air where'er it goes,
And, like itself, makes all unfit for us. 1080

Thence plagues arise; and these descend and
pass

Into our fountains, tender corn, and grass,
Or other food, or hang within the air,
Held up by fatal wings, and threaten there:
So, while we think we live, and draw our breath,
Those parts must enter in, and follow death.
Thus plagues do often seize the lab'ring ox,
And raging rots destroy our tender flocks:
And thus the thing's the same, if winds do bear
From other countries an unusual air, 1090
And fit to raise a plague and fever here:
Or if we travel all, and suck it there.

A plague, thus rais'd, laid learned Athens
waste; [pass'd,
Through ev'ry street, through all the town it
Blasting both man and beast with pois'nous wind:
Death fled before, and ruin stalk'd behind.
From Egypt's burning sands the fever came,
More hot than those that rais'd the deadly flame:
The wind, that bore the fate, went slowly on,
And, as it went, was heard to sigh and groan.
At last the raging plague did Athens seize, 1101
The plague, and death attending the disease.
Then men did die by heaps, by heaps did fall,
And the whole city made one funeral.

First, fierce unusual heats did seize the head;
The glowing eyes, with blood-shot beams, look'd
red,

Like blazing stars, approaching fate foreshow'd:
The mouth and jaws were fill'd with clotted
blood;

The throat with ulcers: the tongue could speak
no more, 1109

But, overflow'd and drown'd in putrid gore,
Grew useless, rough, and scarce could make a
moan,

Nay scarce enjoy'd the wretched pow'r to groan

Next through the jaws, the plague did reach
the breast,

And there the heart, the seat of life, possess'd:
Then life began to fail: strange stinks did
come

From ev'ry putrid breast, as from a tomb:
A sad presage, that death prepar'd the room.

The body weak, the mind did sadly wait, 1118
And fear'd, but could not fly, approaching fate:
To these fierce pains were join'd continual care,
And sad complainings, groans, and deep despair,
Tormenting, vexing sobs, and deadly sighs,
Which rais'd convulsions, broke the vital ties }
Of mind and limbs, and so the patient dies.

Yet touch the limbs, the warmth appear'd not
great,

It seem'd but little more than nat'ral heat;
The body, red with ulcers, swollen with pains,
As when the sacred fire spreads o'er the veins.
But all within was fire; fierce flames did burn,
No clothes could be endur'd, no garments worn;
But all, as if the plague that fir'd their blood,
Destroy'd all virtue, modesty, and good, 1130
Lay naked, wishing still for cooling air,
Or ran to springs, and hop'd to find it there:
And some leapt into wells; in vain the heat,
Or still increas'd, or still remain'd as great.

In vain they drank; for when the water came
To th' burning breast, it hiss'd before the flame;
And through each mouth did streams of vapour
rise, 1139

Like clouds, and darken'd all the ambient skies.

The pains continu'd, and the body dead,
And senseless all, before the soul was fled: }
Physicians came, and saw, and shook their head.
No sleep, the pain'd and weary'd man's delight:
Their fiery eyes, like stars, wak'd all the night.

Besides, a thousand symptoms more did wait,
And told sad news of coming hasty fate:
Distracted mind, and sad and furious eyes;
Short breath, or constant, deep, and hollow sighs,
And buzzing ears; and much, and frothy sweat,
Spread o'er the neck; and spittle, thin with
heat, 1151

But salt and yellow; and the jaws, being rough,
Could hardly be thrown up with violent cough:
The nerves contracted, strength in hands did fail,
And cold crept from the feet, and spread o'er all:
And when death came at last, it chang'd the nose,
And made it sharp, and press'd the nostrils close;
Hollow'd the temples, forc'd the eye-balls in,
And chill'd and harden'd all, and stretch'd the
skin. 1159

They lay not long, but soon did life resign:
The warning was but short, eight days or nine.

If any liv'd, and escap'd the fatal day, }
And if their looseness purg'd the plague away,
Or ulcers drain'd; yet they would soon decay: }
Their weakness kill'd them; or their poison'd
blood, [flow'd.

And strength, with horrid pains, through nostrils
But those that felt no flux, the strong disease
Did oft descend, and wretched members seize:
And there it rag'd with cruel pains and smart;
Too weak to kill the whole, it took a part: 1170

Some lost their eyes, and some prolong'd their breath,

By loss of hands: so strong the fear of death!
The minds of some did dull oblivion blot;
And they their actions and themselves forgot.

And though the scatter'd bodies naked lay,
Yet beasts refus'd: the birds fled all away,
And us'd their wings to shun their easy prey:
They fled the fench: whom tyrant hunger press'd,

And forc'd to taste, he prov'd a wretched guest;
The price was life: It was a costly feast! 1180.

Few birds appear'd; no wing could serve for flight:
[night:]

The beasts scarce dar'd to trust themselves to
The plague walk'd through the woods: in ev'ry den
[men.]

They lay, and sigh'd, and groan'd, and dy'd, like
The faithful dogs did lie in ev'ry street,
And dy'd at their departing masters' feet.

Disorder'd funerals were hurry'd on;
No decent mourners, nor a friendly groan:

Neglecting others' fates, all wept their own.
No common remedy did health impart 1190

To all: physic was grown a private art:
For that which gave to one fresh vigour, ease,
And health, and strength, and conquer'd the disease;

Ev'n the same thing, with equal art apply'd,
Another took, and by the physic dy'd.

All the infected lay in deep despair,
Expecting coming death with constant fear;
Pale ghosts did walk before their eyes, and fright:
No dawning hopes broke through their dismal night, 1199

No thoughts of help: this was a grievous ill,
This sharpen'd the plague's rage; these fears did kill.

Besides, the fierce infection, quickly spread,
When one poor wretch was fall'n, to others fled:

One kill'd, the murderer did cast his eye
Around, and, if he saw a witness by,
Seiz'd him, for fear of a discovery.

Those wretches too, that greedy to live on,
Or fled, or left infected friends alone,
Strait felt their punishment, and quickly found
No flight could save, no place secure from wound: 1210

A strong infection all their walk attends;
They fall as much neglected as their friends:
Like rotten sheep, they die in wretched state;
And none to pity, or to mourn their fate.

Those whom their friends' complaints, and piteous cries,

Did force to come, and see their miseries,
Receiv'd th' infectious and the fatal breath:
An innocent murderer he that gave the death.
This kind of death was best; so men did choose
(A wretched choice!) this way their life to lose: 1220

Some rais'd their friends a pile; that office done,
Return'd, and griev'd, and then prepar'd their
A treble mischief this, and no relief: [own:]
Not one but suffer'd death, disease, or grief.

The shepherd, midst his flocks, resign'd his
breath: [death:]

Th' infected ploughman burnt, and starv'd to
By plague and famine both the deed was done:
The ploughman was too strong to yield to one:
Here dying parents on their children cast,
There children on their parents breath'd their
last: 1230

Th' infected ploughman from the country came,
They came, and brought with them additional
flame:

Men flock'd from ev'ry part, all places fill'd:
Where crowds were great, by heaps the sickness
kill'd:

Some in the streets, some near the fountains lay,
Which quench'd their flame, but wash'd their
soul away;

And some in public, half alive, half dead,
With filthy coverings o'er their members spread,
Did lie and rot; the skin, the poor remains
Of all the flesh, the starting bones contains, 1240
All cover'd o'er with ulcers, vex'd with pains.

Death now had fill'd the temples of the gods:
The priests themselves, not beasts, are th' altar's
loads:

Now no religion, now no gods were fear'd;
Greater than all the present plague appear'd:
All laws of burial lost, and all confus'd:
No solemn fires, no decent order us'd;
But, as the state of things would then permit,
Men burn'd their friends, nor look'd on just and
fit:

And want and poverty did oft engage 1250
A thousand acts of violence and rage;
Some, O imperious want! a carcass spoil,
And burn their friend upon another's pile;
And then would strive, and fight, and still defend,
And often rather die, than leave their friend:
The other lost his pile by pious theft;
A poor possession! all that fate had left.

NOTES ON BOOK VI.

LUCRETIVUS, who, throughout his whole poem, is profusely lavish in praise of Epicurus, begins this sixth and last book with the praises of Athens; which city, he declares, men ought to honour and revere, not only because humanity,

learning, religion, the tillage of the earth, the use of corn, laws, and civil societies, are believed to have taken rise there, and to have been from thence distributed amongst all the nations of the earth: [Cicero Orat. pro Flacco. "Ab Athenis R r ij]

enim humanitas, doctrina, religio, fruges, jura, leges orta, atque in omnes terras distributa putantur:] but chiefly, because it was the place that gave birth to Epicurus, who, when he observed men flowing in abundance of all things necessary to lead a happy and quiet life, and that nevertheless they wasted their days in cares, and sorrows, and anxieties, applied himself to inquire into the origin of this great evil; and at length discovered, that the vessel itself, that is, the mind of man, was the cause of this calamity: for, as whatever things we put into a sinking vessel are soon corrupted and tainted with the same offensive odour; in like manner, if the mind of man be insincere, and not sound, he will never be able so to govern himself, as may be most conducive to his own felicity: In the first place, therefore, he says, that Epicurus was the man who first purged and cleaned the minds of those whom he instructed in wisdom; to whose affections he put stops and bounds of restraint; from whose minds he expelled terror; to whom he revealed the chief good, and showed the easy and direct road that leads to the attainment of it; to whom he taught the means to obviate all evils; and, lastly, whom he proved to be tormented with vain anxieties, and to tremble, and be disquieted with causeless and empty fears. And this is what the poet says in the first thirty-seven verses of this book.

Ver. 1. *Athens.*] The most famous and ancient city of Greece, situate on the sea coast of Attica, and built by Cecrops, A. M. 2407. and from him called Cecropia: As to its name, Athens, the fables say, that a contest arising between Neptune and Minerva, which of them should give the name to that city, the gods, to compose the difference, were pleased to decree, that the city should be called by the name of either of them, who should confer the greatest benefit on mankind. The gods were assembled in judgment, and Neptune darted his trident against the earth, which opening was delivered of a horse, a warlike animal: Minerva struck her spear into the ground, and up starts an olive-tree, the emblem of peace. The gods decided it in favour of Minerva, who named the city Athenæ. from her own name, Ἀθήνη, for so the Greeks called her.

Justin. lib. ii. Cicero pro Flacc. Diodorus Sicul. lib. xiii. Plin. lib. vii. cap. 56. say, that the Athenians were the first who taught men, that seed before upon acorns, to plough the earth, and to sow corn; and that they were the first like-wise who made laws, and compelled men to quit their savage way of life, and to enter into civil societies.

Ver. 6. *Epicurus.*] Of whom, B. I. v. 28. and the beginning of B. III.

Ver. 9. This and the following verse are transcribed out of Cowley's Ode on the Death of Mrs. Phillips. A pyramid is a figure broad at bottom, and smaller and sharper by degrees upwards, till it end in a point like our spire-steeple. It is so called from πυρ, fire, because flame ascends in that figure.

Ver. 17. This and the following verse run thus in the original:

Intellexit ibi vitium vas efficere ipsum,
Omniaque illius vitio corrumpier intus.

Where by *vas*, the vessel, the poet means the mind of man: for, in like manner as a vessel, when it is once imbued with an unfavourable odour, corrupts all the liquors it receives: so men too, says the poet, because they have admitted into their minds the fear of the gods, and the dread of punishments after death, do therefore lead their lives in tormenting inquietudes, while anxious cares fluctuate in their uneasy breasts; from which cares and terrors they might deliver their minds, if they would once consider and believe that the gods are not the authors of things, and that death to them is nothing: an impious assertion, but the main drift of our poet.

Ver. 19. Dryden from Juvenal, Sat. 10.

Such is the gloomy state of mortals here,
We know not what to wish, nor what to fear;
Ev'n he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tow'r, of monstrous height,
Which, mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the weight.

Ver. 25. Lucretius here alludes to the fable of the Danaides, or daughters of Danaus; of whom book iii. ver. 1005. The allusion is clear in the original, though obscure in this translation.

Ver. 26. For Epicurus would have had men set bounds to their desires, and content themselves with what the necessities of nature required: for he said, that the things, that are neither necessary nor natural, are infinite in number, and fit only for fools.

He delivered the minds of men from fear, by proving the soul to be mortal, by taking away all belief of Providence, and overthrowing all religion: for he taught that the gods need not be feared because they cannot be angry; and that no sense remains after death. An opinion no less weak than impious.

Ver. 29. Epicurus held that all the ills, to which mortality is subject, happen from chance, or are the effects of nature: and that all the calamities that attend us, of what kind soever they be, must be ascribed to one of those two causes: all is chance or nature: there is no third to fly to: for the god of Epicurus, as Tertullian more than once observes, "pene nemo est," is next to nobody.

Ver. 32. You will find these six verses in the second book, ver. 58. See there the note upon them.

Ver. 38. Hitherto has been only the praise of Epicurus and of Athens. Now follows in 58 verses, an explication of the argument of this book. He says, that having in the preceding book treated of the beginning of all things, and of the celestial motions, he will now dispute of meteors, and of the other wondrous effects of nature, which men

who are ignorant of the causes of them, ascribe to the gods: whence proceed, religion, the vain dread of powers above, groundless fears, idle apprehensions, tormenting anxieties, &c. These are the ruin of true piety, and the reason that vain superstition reigns in the minds of deluded and mistaken man.

Ver. 42. Here our translator has wholly omitted the three following verses of his author;

Quandoquidem semel insignem conscendere cur-
rum

Vincendi spes hortata est, atque obvia cursu
Quæ fuerant sunt placato conversa furore.

And indeed Lambinus utterly rejects them: and the other interpreters read them so variously, and give them such different explanations, as evidently shows, that, upon the whole matter, they knew not well what to make of them: and for these reasons I resolved not to add them in the text of this translation.

Ver. 43. He means the meteors, thunder, lightning, storms, whirlwinds, rain, snow, hail, &c.

Ver. 47. This similitude, though it be not in the original, is so pertinently applied in this place, that Lucretius himself, were he living, would judge it worthy of him.

Ver. 48. This and the two following verses are in book i. ver. 185. and they should be repeated again below after ver. 91. of this translation, for Lucretius does so in the original, but Creech has nevertheless omitted them in that place.

Ver. 51. This, and the ten verses that follow it, are likewise repeated from book v. ver. 37.

Ver. 57. Severe and cruel gods; whom such wretches as are ignorant of the causes of things, fear and adore, as if they were the authors of them. See Book v. ver. 94.

Ver. 60. This and the two next verses are in book i. ver. 99. as well as book v. ver. 96.

Ver. 71. Horace in like manner:

Namque Deos didici securum agere ævum.
Nec si quid miri faciat Natura, Deos id
Tristes ex alto cœli demittere testor.

Ver. 78. Epicurus foolishly believed, that a god, who foresees all, protects all, and provides for all, must be indeed, a terrible and dreadful god: insomuch, that the image of such a god can never enter into the mind of man, but anxiety, fear, and terror will be the immediate effect.

Ver. 82. It is next to incredible to believe, to how great a degree wilful ignorance and dulness prevailed among the ancients: and that too, even in the midst of Athens, the chief seat of learning. Plutarch, in the Life of Nicias, tells us: that they could not discover the reason of the eclipses of the moon, but thought it a portent that foreboded some great disaster. For, says he, Anaxagoras, who first treated of the celestial phenomena, durst not discourse of them in public but only in private, and with some particular friends: for neither natural philosophers, nor those they cal-

led *Μητιορλόγους*, i. e. such as argued concerning meteors; were suffered among them: they being looked on as men, who endeavoured to limit the Divine Power, and to derogate from it, by ascribing all things to natural causes: for which reason Protagoras was banished, and Anaxagoras thrown into prison: but Pericles with much ado, procured him to be set at liberty: Socrates was taken off, merely for the name of a philosopher: for he was averse to studies of that nature. At length, the authority of Plato, as well by reason of the probity of his life, as for that he subjected natural effects, to more potent and divine causes, wiped off the scandal from those studies, and opened a way to the doctrine of the mathematics. Thus Plutarch; who, in the life of Pericles, farther teaches us, what great advantages that Athenian general gained by his acquaintance with Anaxagoras: for he there informs us, that he delivered his mind from all superstition, which strikes a terror into those, who are ignorant of the causes of the celestial meteors; and tremble at the things above, which consternation, adds the same author, the knowledge of natural causes takes away; and, instead of that frightful and disquieting superstition, inspires a secure and quiet religion, together with good hope. Thus we see to what tend the endeavours of Lucretius, in the following disputation, and how much they ought to be esteemed.

Ver. 89. This relates to the discipline of the Thuscans: of which Cicero in the second book de Divinat. "Cœlum in sex decim partes divisunt Etrusci: facile id quidem fuit, quatuor, quas nos habemus, duplicare: post idem iterum facere, ut ex eo dicerent, fulmen quâ ex parte venisset." The Thuscans divided the heaven into sixteen parts: it was indeed easy for them to do so, by doubling the four we have, and then doing the same again: that they might know by that means, from what part comes the lightning: but the same quarters were sometimes reckoned lucky, sometimes unlucky, lucky as in this of Virgil:

Subitoque fragore
Intonuit lævum. *Æn. ii. ver. 692.*

Unlucky, as in this of the same poet,

Sæpè malum hoc nobis, si mens non læva fuisset,
De cœlo tactas memini prædicere quercus:
Sæpè sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.

Eclog. i.

Thus the left side was ambiguously taken by the Romans: often as a good omen, often as a bad: and the right, in like manner, was sometimes a lucky omen, sometimes unlucky. But whence came the same part to have so different, nay, contrary a power? Was it because, in the interpretation of their auspices, they sometimes had regard to the place and site of the gods, by whom those bodings were given them, and sometimes to that of the augurs, who asked those tokens of the gods? for the right of the giver is the left of the asker or receiver: some favour this opinion, and ground their belief on the testimony of

Plutarch lib. de Quæstionibus Romanis: but Cicero suggests another reason, for lib. ii. de Divin. he says, that the Greeks and Barbarians take the omens from the right to be best, as the Romans do those from the left. Hence the Romans may, in the affair of divination, be said to speak often after their own manner, often after that of the Greeks. However, it is certain, that amongst the Romans, in "auspiciis, quæ sinistra sunt, bene eventura putantur;" the auspices on the left were thought to forebode good success: as Alexander ab Alexandro in his Gen. dier. lib. v. cap. 13. & Tiraquel. on that place prove at large; without omitting the reason of it: for they acquaint us, that in taking their "Auspicia ex cælo," their auspices or omens from heaven, which was the chief kind of all; and on which they most depended; the thunder or lightning that came from heaven, was supposed to come from the right hand of God, when it was on the left of the auspex, or sooth-sayer: as, on the contrary, when it happened on his right side, they believed it to come from the left hand of God; because, they always took it for granted, that his face was turned towards the auspex. Thus too Donatus, on the "intonuit lævum," of Virgil, which I cited before, says, "Quod dixit lævum, debet prosperum intelligi: cujus ratio hæc est; læva in aliis contraria significant in sacris autem signis idcirco prospera accipiuntur quæ læva sunt, quia sacrificantis, vel precantis latus lævum dexterum est ejus, qui postulata largitur." So likewise in the omens taken from the voices of birds, the rule was, that those on the left were always lucky; "semper cantus Oscinis, quum sinister est, secundissimus fuit," says Alexander ab Alex. in the place above cited: indeed he makes some exceptions to this doctrine, but delivers it in general to be true. And here we may observe by the way, that of the birds, from which the ancients took their auguries, some were called Oscines, and from the voices of these they drew their divinations; and others Præpetes, from the manner of whose flight, they took their omens: crows, swallows, kites, owls, and such like birds, were counted inauspicious; and others, as vultures, eagles, swans, &c. in some cases portended good luck, in others bad: but even this depended too on which side the bird was; and some birds were held to be lucky on one side, and unlucky on the other. A raven was lucky on the left, a crow on the right: "Cornix à sinistra, corvus à dextrâ, ratum facit," says Cicero, de Divin. lib. i. But which auguries did the ancient Greeks and Latins take to be left, which right? for both of them, though they spoke differently, yet meant the same thing: that is to say, the oriental omens, or those that came from the east, did to both of them seem to be the best, for this reason, because the beginning of light and motion is from that part of the heavens: and yet what the Greeks called right omens, the Romans called left. Concerning the Greeks it is manifest from Homer, Iliad. xiii. ver. 239. where Hector says, that he values not the augural birds, whether they go to the right towards the Aurora

and the sun; or to the left towards the dusky west:

"Εστ' ἰσὶ δὴ τὰς ἄστρος πρὸς ἡῶν τ' ἠδ' ἑσπέρῃ,

"Εστ' ἰσ' ἀσπιδὸς τοῦτο, πρὸς ζέφρον ἠέριον."

As to the Romans, it is evident from Varro, who, Epist. Quæst. lib. v. says, "A deorum sede cum in meridiem spectes, ad sinistram sunt partes mundi exorientes, ad dexteram occidentes: factum arbitror, ut sinistra meliora auspicia, quam dextera, esse existimetur." Festus Pompeius quotes this passage, and mentions others of the ancients of the same opinion: which Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 54. confirms in these words: "Læva, prospera existimantur, quoniam lævâ parte mundi ortus est." Now the reason of the different appellation is, because, in taking their auguries, the Greeks turned themselves towards the north, the Romans towards the south. But to inquire why they did so, would engage me into too long a digression.

Ver. 90. See below, ver. 379.

Ver. 92. The poet invokes his muse in these four verses, of which, our translator, not having fully rendered them, obliges me to give the original.

Tu mihi supremæ præscripta ad candida calcis
Currenti spatium præmonstra, callida Musa,
Calliope, requies hominum, divûmque voluptas;
Te duce ut insigni capiam cum laude coronam.

Whence we see, that, notwithstanding what some imagine, that Lucretius never finished his poem, or at least writ more books that are lost, he never proposed to himself to write above six; and that he is now hastening "ad præscripta candida supremæ calcis:" which Seneca helps us to explain: for that author, Epist. 19. teaches, That what in the Circus was in his days called Meta, the goal, the ancients called Calx, because the end of the course was often marked with chalk. Calliope was one of the muses, so called from καλλὸς, beauty, and ᾄψ, ᾄσες, a voice: she was mother of Orpheus, and president of heroic verse. See book i. ver. 932.

Ver. 93. This verse our translator seems to have been fond of: for he repeats it from book i. ver. 930. where it is placed with as little authority from Lucretius, as it is here.

Ver. 96. Lucretius begins his disputation of meteors; and first of thunders: the various motions and differences of which he explains several ways: and I, in these thirteen verses, teaches, that the noise of thunder is made by the collision of clouds, that are driven and dashed against one another by adverse winds. And if it be objected, that clouds are rare and thin bodies, and therefore very improper and unlikely to make so great a noise, the answer is, that the clouds do not equal stones and wood in density; nor on the other hand, are so rare as mist, or smoke: for then indeed they would vanish away: but they are however of a middle nature between both, and dense enough to contain hail and snow.

Diogenes Laërtius says, this was the opinion of Epicurus and Anaxagoras, and we read in Stoa

heus, that Democritus and the Stoics too were of the same belief: nor does Seneca oppose it, cap. 39. Nat. Quæst. where he says, "Quid enim non quemadmodum illarum manus plautum edunt sic illarum inter se nubium sonus potest esse magnus quia magna concurrunt?" Since even the hands clapped together make a noise, why should not the noise of clouds dashing against one another be great, seeing they are great bodies that meet, and strike one another? And to one that objected, "nubes impingi montibus nec sonum fieri," that clouds strike against mountains, but make no noise, he answers: "Non quomodocunque nubes illarum sunt, sonant, sed si apte sunt compositæ ad sonum edendum. Adversæ inter se manus collisæ non plaudunt: sed palma cum palmâ collata plautum facit," the clouds do not make a sound in what manner soever, they are dashed against one another, but only when they are composed in a due manner to make a noise: The backs of our hands struck one against another, do not make that sound of applause, as when we clap one palm against the other. This was the opinion of many of the ancients, and, if we will give credit to some of our philosophers at this day, it is next to truth.

Ver. 98. For the Epicureans denied that it ever thunders, when the sky is clear; and therefore Horace when he was about to leave that foolish wisdom, as he calls it, says,

—Namque diespiter
Igne corusco nubila dividens,
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucrumque currum.

Ver. 109. In these six verses, he explains, by a comparison, the noise that clouds make when they are dashed by winds against one another, and at the same time brings a second explication of thunder. For one single cloud driven by the wind, is sometimes rent asunder by the violence of the blast; nor shall we condemn this interpretation, if we compare the noise that a cloud so torn makes, with the rustling of curtains that are hung up in a large theatre; with that of paper when you tear it hastily, or of clothes hung abroad, and rustled by the wind.

Nardius observes, that what Lucretius in this place advances, that the noise of thunder may be made by the mutual confrication of clouds, that jostle against one another; like the noise made by sails or curtains rustling in the wind, and the like, is altogether improbable, but agrees but ill with his own doctrine. For having, ver. 102. assigned a middle consistency to the clouds, he banishes from them that dryness and solidity, which of necessity all such bodies must have, as, by their collision excite a sound, that can be perceived from far. Besides, that sort of noise, which is made in the clouds, is not like the mutual attrition of solid bodies. For then one only noise answers to one only blow; but the roar of thunder lasts, and is repeated. Nay, sometimes the cloud grumbles for a considerable space of time; and since the poet pretends, that this is done by contrary winds

that violently drive the clouds against one another; we add, that when two opposite winds, suppose the north and the south, contend with each other, no thunder, but roaring blasts only are then heard. And this last observation is strong against Lucretius; for it never thunders except when the clouds move slowly, at least not when the rack drives with violence: and, which is chiefly to be considered, the clouds grumble, and burst out in thunder, when they are not agitated by winds.

The Roman theatres were uncovered at top; and to keep off the sun or rain from the spectators, curtains were spread over them, as appears by what Lucretius himself says, book iv. ver. 75. Propertius too mentions these curtains, lib. ii. Eleg.

Nec sinuosa cavo pendebant vela theatro.

Quintus Catulus was the first who introduced the use of them, when he dedicated the capitol; and Lentulus Spinter first brought up the use of silken curtains, in the Apollinarian games. This we have from Pliny, lib. xxiii. in these words: "Vela in theatris tantum umbram secere, quod primus omnium invenit Q. Catulus, cum capitolium dedicaret. Carbasina deinde vela primus in theatrum duxisse fertur Lentulus Spinter, Apollinaribus Ludis." Of these curtains see more, book iv. ver. 75.

Ver. 115. In these six verses, he gives us a third explication of the noise of thunder. Sometimes the noise of thunder is like a crafhing, or creaking sound; and this happens when the clouds do not meet full; but as we call it, but only rudely jostle and shock the sides of one another in an oblique manner. From whence proceeds that clangour, which Lucretius calls "aridus sonus," a dry sound; and our translator, ver. 118, a harsh murmur. Thus Milton:

—The clouds,
Jostling, or push'd by winds, rude in their shock,
Tine the flant lightning, &c.

Ver. 119. Dryden in *Troilus et Cressida*, describes this sort of thunder-clap.

It comes like thunder, grumbling in a cloud
Before the dreadful break, &c.

Ver. 121. These eight verses contain the fourth explication. Wind, says he, pent up in a cloud, rages to get free. Thence proceeds a grumbling noise, till the wind having burst its passage, makes a dreadful roar. Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 43. favours this opinion, and says, "Possit spiritum nube cohibere tonare, naturâ strangulante sonum dum rixetur, edito fragore cum erumpat, ut in membrana spiritu intentâ." That wind, while it continues shut up in a cloud, may thunder; because so long as nature chokes the sound, it makes a grumbling noise, but when the wind frees its passage, and breaks out, it gives a horrid clap; as when we break a bladder, blown hard with wind. If you are disposed to laugh, see Aristophanes in *Nubibus*, Act. i. scen. 4. Moreover, this was likewise the opinion of Strato, and Diogenes, but chiefly of Leucippus, Empedocles, and Aristotle,

who allow nothing but this to be the cause of thunder. Moreover, this sort of thunder which Lucretius explains by the bursting of a blown bladder, may yet better be explained by the report of our cannon, elegantly described by Pontanus in Meteor. in these verses.

Ut cum armata manus tormento exclusit ahenò
Fumantem pilam; versatque volubile saxum,
Inclusi erumpunt ignes nigrantibus auris;
Fit tremor, horrendumque sonat; tum plurimus
antè
Sternit iter fragor, et gemitu saxa iscta resulant;
Disiectæque ruunt prostratis mœnibus arces.

And by Milton in Paradise Lost, book vi.

Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all heaven appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose
roar

Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glot, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes, &c.

Now, though these implements of mischief were wholly unknown to the ancients; yet Epicurus in Lucretius, lib. x. uses almost the same comparison, and says, that thunder may be made by wind shut up in hollow clouds, even in like manner as our vessels burst with noise, when they are heated by included fire. Moreover, Anaximander and Metrodorus seem to have been of the same opinion. For they held thunder to be a wind conceived, and enclosed within the bowels of a thick cloud; and which, breaking out with violence, makes the noise we call thunder; and that the lightning is caused by the breaking of the cloud. In like manner, added Anaximenes, who subscribed to this belief, as the sea, when dashed and broken with oars, sparkles and shines.

Ver. 129. In these six verses is contained explication fifth. We see, says the poet, some clouds, whose branchy edges resemble the boughs of trees, growing out on all sides from the body; and if winds get in among them, why should they not cause thunder? For when a rough blast of wind blows through a thick forest, the shaken branches clash against one another, and make a rattling noise.

Ver. 135. In these six verses, he gives explication sixth. The clouds, says the poet, may likewise be broken to pieces by the winds, when they beat hard upon them; and none can doubt but that winds can shatter the clouds, since we often see that they tear up the stoutest trees, and toss their broad roots into the air.

Ver. 141. Explication seventh, in these four verses. If you like not these reasons, imagine the air to be an immense sea and the clouds its waves. Let them dash against one another; and they roar no less than the vexed billows of a boisterous ocean, when they insult the shores that bound them.

Ver. 145. Some philosophers taught, that thunder was caused by the falling of stars into a wet

cloud, and their struggling with the moisture. Now Lucretius for the eighth cause of thunder, in the room of their stars, substitutes the flame of lightning, which, falling from a dry cloud into a wet, hisses like red hot iron, when plunged into the smithy. This was particularly the opinion of Anaxagoras.

Ver. 149. Explication ninth. That he may be sure to omit none of the causes of thunder; he now, in those six verses, sets the very clouds on fire; and pretends, that as laurels and other things crackle in the flames, clouds may do so too.

Ver. 152. Pliny, lib. xv. cap. ult. says that Cato distinguished between two sorts of laurel; the Delphic, and the Cyprian; this last has a short blackish leaf, turning up at the edges and indented. The other, a very large leaf, and bears very large berries, that turn from green to red; with this the victors at Delphi, and those that triumphed at Rome, were wont to be crowned. Pompeius Lænaeus added a third sort of laurel, which he called "mustas, quod mustaceis subjeceretur." Lucretius here calls it "Delphica laurus," the laurel being a tree sacred to Apollo, because, as Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. xv. cap. 30. says, many very fine laurels grew on the Mountain Parnassus; and because, as the interpreter of Hesiod says, *ἡ δὲ δελφική λαύρος ἵερὰ καὶ ἀπολλωνίῳ*. Dryden from Chaucer's Tale of the Flower and the Leaf.

The laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor, shaken, falls to ground:

From winter winds it suffers no decay:
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry mouth is May:
Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below;
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow;
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.

Because Daphne flying from Apollo, to whose love, she would not consent, was changed into a laurel. See the next note.

Ver. 153. Pliny, lib. xv. cap. 30. "Laurus manifestò abdicat ignes crepitu." The laurel, by its crackling in the flames, shows its natural detestation of fire.

This alludes to the known fable of Phœbus and Daphne, who was feigned to be the daughter of the River Peneus in Thessalia, because the banks of that stream abound with laurels. With this nymph, Phœbus fell in love, and she, refusing to yield to his desires, who would have offered violence to her, fled from him, and in her flight arriving on the banks of her father's flood, and imploring his assistance, was changed into a laurel. Her transformation is described at large by Ovid. Metam. 1. and finely translated by Dryden, as follows:

Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:
A silny rind about her body grows;
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone:
The smoothness of her skin remains alone:

Yet Phœbus loves her still, and, casting round
Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found:
The tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind,
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd:
To whom the God: because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree.
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove;
Unfading, as th' immortal powers above:
And, as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn;
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said,
And shook the shady honours of her head.

Ver. 155. In these four verses is contained the tenth and last cause of the noise of thunder. When it thunders, hail, and many little fragments of ice, fall in some places, but chiefly in the northern climates. Therefore, that noise may well be ascribed to the breaking into shivers of congealed and frozen clouds.

To this last opinion subscribes our countryman Hobbes, who holds thunder to be the breaking of a cloud, congealed to ice; and that breaks by the struggling of enclosed air. The Stoics held it to be a noise occasioned by the collision of two hollow clouds; and that the lightning proceeds from their attrition. This I hinted before; and mention it in this place again, only to say, that Des Cartes differs not much from the opinion of these philosophers: for he conceives thunder to be caused, when several flat clouds, "tabulatorum instar," says he, like so many floors, are driven with violence, the higher on those below them, and clatter one upon another; and the lightning to proceed from the nature of exhalations, that are included in the interstices, or spaces between the clouds, and which, by their falling upon one another, is crushed out, and explored with violence. But much more consonant to truth, nay, indeed true, is their opinion, who hold thunder to be a hot and dry exhalation, of a sulphurous and nitrous matter, contracted and shut up in a cold and moist cloud; whence struggling to get free, it kindles itself by the agitation, and violently breaks forth from its confinement. And according to this opinion, Cowley says finely,

Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
What motions vex it, till it roar so loud.

David. iii.

Ver. 159. Hitherto of thunder: He comes now to inquire into the causes of lightning, which may be struck out of hardened clouds, dashed against one another; in like manner as fire is out of iron, flint, or wood; for we ought to believe that some seeds of fire are lurking in the clouds, as well as in those other things, says Lucretius in these six verses.

But before we proceed any farther, it will be necessary to observe, that under the general name of thunder, three several things are comprehend-

ed: I. The noise, which the Greeks called *ἄρουρα*, the Latins, *tonitru*, in English, thunder. II. The coruscation, by the Greeks called *ἄσπερς*, by the Latins, *fulgur*, which answers to what we call the lightning. III. What the Greeks call *Καταιγίς*, the Latins *fulmen*, and we a thunderbolt. I know that the ancients, especially their poets, no less than we at this day, often confounded these three things, taking one of them for the other, though they are different, as will more plainly appear by what shall be said by and by, when I come to explain the difference between the *fulgur* and *fulmen* of the ancients. I now return to Lucretius, who held, that as in stone, iron, and wood, there are seeds of fire, which by attrition may be forced out, and struck into sparkles. So in the clouds likewise there are seeds of fire, that by the attrition of those clouds, caused by the violent force of the wind, may be struck out into lightning. For though the clouds be moist, yet fire may nevertheless be generated and produced by their attrition. This Seneca seems to confirm, Nat. Quæst. lib. ii. cap. 25 and 26, where he says, that neither is fire produced without some moisture, nor are the clouds wholly watery, but contain a part that may take fire; in like manner, as we often see the same piece of wood burning in one part, and sputtering out moisture in another: "eo modo, quo sæpe in ligno alia pars ardet, alia fudit." Nor is this opinion contradicted by Pliny, who, lib. ii. cap. 41. says, "Possit et attritu, dum in præceptis fertur, illum, quisquis est, spiritum accendi: posse et conflictu nubium elidi, ut duorum lapidum scintillantibus fulgetris." And Seneca, in the place above cited, adds the example of the wood of laurel, and of ivy, which by attrition produce fire. Thus too Democritus in Stobæus, Eclog. Phys. says, that lightning is the collision of clouds; by which collision, the corpuscles, that are the efficient causes of fire, being by various confrications, got together, and kindled in one body, are, as it were, strained through the many pores and apertures of the clouds.

Therefore, what the Latins called *fulgur*, is nothing else than light emitted from the flame of *fulmen*, and diffused through the air. Yet Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 43. Seneca, lib. ii. cap. 16. and 18. and Aristotle, lib. ii. de Meteor. cap. 9. will have the fire of *fulgur* to be more loose and rare, inasmuch as it only cleaves the cloud, and vanishes into air; but the fire of *fulmen* to be more compressed and close; because it breaks the cloud with violence, and sometimes dashes against the earth. But this seems probable only in the coruscations without thunder; but cannot be in those that are attended, "cum tonitru ac fulmine." For such coruscations break the cloud to pieces, and cannot be said to cleave it, but rather to scatter and disperse it on all sides, while the *fulmen* itself is directed to one part only. And thus the very moment that the matter of *fulmen* is kindled, the *fulgur* or coruscation is produced; but this *fulgur* is momentary, because the flame of the *fulmen* is so too; and if the *fulgur* have sometimes any duration, the flame of the *fulmen* must of necessity con-

tinue the longer. This is manifest in our cannon; which being fired in the night, a coruscation from the flame of the powder is diffused all around; whence men that stand at a distance easily guess, that they shall soon hear the report.

Ver. 162. This and the two next verses our translator has added to his author. The thought seems to be taken from Waller's sea-flight.

Ver. 165. But if thunder and lightning be both made by the same collision of the clouds, why do we see the lightning before we hear the thunder? Because, says he, in these twelve verses, light is swifter than sound: For common experience evinces, that the species of a visible thing is sooner conveyed to the eyes, than the noise it makes is to the ears. Thus Aristotle, lib. ii. Meteor. speaking of lightning, says, *γίνεται δὲ μετὰ τὴν πύρρην, καὶ ὅτερον τῆς βροντῆς, ἀλλὰ φαίνεται πρότερον διὰ τὸ τὴν ὄψιν πρότερον τῆς ἀκοῆς*. The coruscation is made after the stroke and after the thunder; but it is seen first, because the sense of seeing is swifter than that of hearing: And in the same place he brings an instance of men rowing a boat in the water, and says, that they are seen lifting up their oars the second time out of the water, by that time the noise of the first stroke is heard.

That the action of light is quicker than that of sound; and that light is therefore sooner conveyed to the eyes, than sound to the ears, is true beyond any contradiction; and the instance Lucretius brings to prove this assertion is just: for nothing is more certain, than that we see the motion of the hatchet, lifted up the second time to strike, before we hear the sound caused by the first blow, even though we are placed but at a small distance from the striker. The reason of which is, because the "materia subtilis" in lucid bodies, which is the medium by which we see, consists of particles, that are much less, and more solid than those of the air, the medium by which we hear: And consequently the motion of that subtle matter is more quick than that of the air: because more strength is requisite to overcome the resistance of a greater body, than that of a less: Besides, the greater body loses much of its motion, in conquering the resistance of the body it meets: Therefore the air, whose particles are intricate, and, like those of all other sulphureous bodies, twisted and entangled in one another; and in their magnitude far surpassing those of the subtle matter, whose very name supposes something the most minute that can be conceived; therefore, I say, the air cannot move with equal swiftness, as does the "materia subtilis," whose particles being extremely minute, and solid, and inflexible, must therefore move more nimbly, and retain their motion longer. And this is the reason that the sense of seeing is quicker than that of hearing.

Ver. 177. In these fourteen verses, he says, that if thunder be caused by the winds breaking and tearing the clouds, lightning is likewise made by the same winds, that by the swiftness of their motion grow hot, and kindle into flames, as they are agitated and whirled about in the bowels of the clouds. Thus Creech interprets this passage,

and says that Gassendus, and all that follow him, are mistaken in their interpretation of it. Now to confirm this opinion of Epicurus, we may observe, that several of the ancients seem to have been of the same sentiments: For Heraclitus, as Seneca, lib. ii. cap. 56. witnesses, held, that this fulguration is like the attempts of our fires, when they begin to kindle, and resembles the first uncertain flames, now dying, now rising again at every puff of the bellows. And we learn from Plutarch de Placit. Philosoph. lib. iii. cap. 3. that Metrodorus believed, that this coruscation is produced, when a cloud is assaulted and dashed to pieces by the wind. And these opinions are like theirs, who hold, That motion is the cause of heat: For we see many things grow hot by motion, as wheels, the axletrees on which they are hung, &c.

Ver. 183. This is no truer than what Virgil writes of the arrow of Acces,es,

Qui tamen æthereas telum contorfit in auras,
Ostentans artem pariter, arcumque sonantem:
—volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo,
Signavitque viam flammis, tenuisque recessit
Consumpta in ventos: cælo seu sæpe reflexa
Transcurrunt, crinemq. volantia sidera ducunt.

Æn. v. ver. 519.

Who, shooting, upwards, sends his shaft to show
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow:
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd, and as it flew,
A trail of foll'wing flames ascending drew;
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way,
Across the skies, as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.

Dryd.

Ver. 193. In these twenty-three verses he answers the objections of those, who pretend that the clouds, though they are broad, yet cannot be deep or thick enough to contain within their bowels, such vast hollows, as could be capable to enclose so much wind: To which he adds something of the winds grumbling within the clouds, and then bursting out into flames.

Ver. 197. For this and the following verse, our translator has no authority from his author: but has transcribed them from the Bishop of Rochester's Plague of Athens, and repeats them again almost word for word, ver. 1099. of this book. Where indeed they are better applied than here: For how come the winds, that, in the preceding verse, whirled the clouds through the air, which implies a violent and swift motion, to be able to move but slowly in this, and to groan under the weight of their burdens? Dennis speaking of a row of oaks, as he calls them, says finely,

The tempest sees their strength, and sighs, and
passes by.

Ver. 203. Sir R. Blackmore gives a lively description of these mountain-clouds in the following verses:

When on their march embattle'd clouds appear,
 What formidable gloom their faces wear!
 How wide their front! How deep and black
 their rear!
 How do their threat'ning heads each other
 throng!
 How slow the crowding legions move along!
 The winds, with all their wings, can scarcely
 bear
 Th' impending burden of th' oppressive war.

Ver. 205. Thus after our poet Virgil says of the winds,

*Mli indignantes magno cum murmure montis
 Circum claustra fremunt.* —

This way and that th' impatient captives tend,
 And, pressing for relief, the mountain rend;

Ver. 214. In these eight verses he proposes another cause of lightning, and says, that not only the seeds of fire, agitated and whirled about in the clouds, may be kindled into flames, but the clouds themselves contain many corpuscles of fire, which they receive from the sun, or from elsewhere: and this is evident from the bright and flaming colour of some clouds: Now these corpuscles, or seeds of fire, being forced out by the wind that drives and compresses the clouds together, make the lightning. Aristotle says, that several adhered to this opinion, which nevertheless he confutes, lib. ii. Meteor. Empedocles held that this fire, that catches in the clouds, is kindled by the beams of the sun: but Anaxagoras will have it descend from the highest ether, which he holds to be fire.

Ver. 222. He said in the last place, that the seeds of fire that are in the clouds, are driven out by the strength and violence of the wind: But now in these four verses, he says, that if they are not driven out in that manner, yet they must of necessity fall down, when the clouds grow thin, and break, and open of themselves: and that from thence proceeds the mild and gentle lightning, whose splendor dazzles the eyes, though no thunder invade the ear.

By this breaking, or rather rarefaction of the clouds, and the falling down of the atoms that make the lightning without any thunder or noise, the poet seems to insinuate the opinion of Clidemus, who, as Aristotle says, believed lightning not to be real fire, but only an empty species, that is to say, that the cloud, being agitated, and as it were struck and beaten in the humid part of it, brightens in like manner as the sea foams and turns white, if it be beaten with a rod. To this purpose too Anaximenes in Stobæus alleges the example of the sea turning bright when the oars cut the waves. Thus likewise Xenophanes said, that the cloud by its motion conceives the splendor that lightens: And, lastly, Anaxander favoured this opinion, when he said, that lightning is only the wind that turns bright by forcing its way through the blackness of the cloud.

Ver. 226. Hitherto the poet has treated of the corruption of lightning, which the Latins called

fulgur: he is now going to dispute concerning the *fulmen*, by which the ancients meant the lightning, that falls and does mischief upon earth, and which in English is called a thunderbolt: The French call it "Carreau de Foudre:" which answers to our denomination of it: The Greeks called it *κεραυνός*; and Aristotle defines it in these words: *τὸ δὲ ἀστράψαν ἀνὰ πύρον βαθεῖ ὡς ἄχρη τῆς γῆς διαχθεῖν, κεραυνὸς καλεῖται* i. e. the lightning, if it continues its course to, and dashes upon the earth, is called a thunderbolt; Lucretius, even in this disputation, confounds the words *fulgur* and *fulmen*, often using one for the other: and indeed they both signify lightning, and the sole difference is in the effects they produce: Our translator too does the like; nay, sometimes uses the word thunder for lightning, particularly in this verse; though thunder properly means only the noise. This distinction was necessary to be observed in order to the better understanding of the following disputation; in which the poet treats of many things relating to lightning: I. Of its nature: II. How it is generated: III. Of its motion: IV. In what seasons of the year it is most frequent: And V. he inveighs against the superstition of such as ascribe thunder to Jupiter; and against the Thuscans, who drew their auguries from thunder and lightning. This disputation continues to ver. 431; and, first, in these eighteen verses, he disputes of the nature of lightning, and teaches that it must consist of a fiery substance, because it sings and burns whatever it touches, sets fire to houses, &c. But that it pierces through walls, that it melts gold, brags, and other metals, that it draws out the liquor and leaves the vessel entire, must be ascribed to the swiftness of its motion, and the tenuity and subleness of its fire.

Ver. 227. For things that are blasted by lightning not only seem burnt, but retain a sulphurous smell.

Ver. 234. While the poet here takes notice of the wonderful effects of lightning, he observes the several sorts of it. Aristotle allows only two; one, which he calls *καταιδής*, smoky, which occasions the swarthy colour of the things it blasts: the other, *λαμπρὸς*, clear, to which he ascribes its penetration. But Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 51. adds a third sort, which he calls *siccus*, dry; whose nature, says he, is indeed wonderful, since by that vessels are exhausted of their liquors, and drawn dry, while the vessels themselves remain untouched: Since gold, and silver, and brags, are melted by it, while the bags that contain them are not so much as singed, nor even the wax which seals them in the least melted, nor the impression disordered: Nay, what is yet more strange than all this, "Marta Romanorum princeps," says he, "icta grvida, partu exanimato, ipsa citra ullum aliud incommodum vixit:" Marta, a Roman princess, was struck with lightning when she was big with child; which killed the child within her; but she received no other hurt whatever. To which we may add what Seneca says, that it melts the sword without doing any hurt to the

scabbard; and all the iron of a spear, without so much as scorching the wood: that it breaks the vessel, and hardens the wine, so that it will continue as it were in a lump, and not run away: but that this stiffness or congelation of the liquor lasts not above three days, "nec citra triduum rigor ille durat," &c. lib. ii. cap. 31. And cap. 51. of the same book, he says, "Valentiora quia resistunt, vehementius dissipat: cedentia nonnunquam sine injuriâ transit: cum lapide, ferroque, & durissimis quibusque conflagit quia viam necesse est per illa impetu querat: itaque faciat viam, quâ effugiat: teneris et rarioribus parcit, quamquam et flammis opportuna videantur. quia transitu patente minus sedit:" &c. But here since Lucretius gives us this opportunity, we will, with Nardius, propose several questions and problems, relating to thunder and lightning, and give the answers and solutions of them.

PROBLEMS CONCERNING THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

1. Why is a man debilitated, and deprived of all his strength by lightning, even before he is actually struck by it? This was the observation of Thages the Thufan, as Ammianus Marcellin. lib. xiii. witnesses.

Because the blast is quicker than the bolt: and therefore every thing is shaken and blasted, before it is struck. But that which blasts is pernicious, and collected out of the Avernî, says Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 54.

2. Why, as it is reported, is not he struck, who either first sees the lightning, or hears the thunder? Plin. loc. cit.

Because he provides for his safety by his flight: and, as Seneca says, No man ever feared lightning, without avoiding it. "Nemo unquam fulmen timuit, nisi qui effugit." Nat. Quæst. lib. ii.

3. Why does one sort of lightning pierce, another dash to pieces, and another burn? Senec. loc. citat.

This depends on the quality of the thing that is struck, and of the matter of which the lightning is composed: which matter, if it be subtle, and chance to light on a thin and unresisting body, pierces it through and through: if the matter be more dense, and meet with a more solid body, it enters it indeed, but in the penetration dashes and tears it to pieces: when the matter is bituminous, it clings to combustible bodies, and burns them:

4. Why does it lighten more without thunder, in the night, than by day? Plin. lib. ii. cap. 54.

It lightens likewise in the day time: but the coruscations are drowned by the superior light of the sun, unless they be vast indeed.

5. Why is it seen to lighten without thunder? Plin. lib. ii. cap. 54.

It does thunder, but at too great a distance to be heard; but if no object intercepts the flame, it may be seen at the most remote part of the horizon.

6. Why is man the only animal, that lightning does not always kill outright, though it strikes any other creature dead in a moment? Plin. lib. citat.

The matter of lightning may be less noxious to man than to brutes; or, perhaps, because his lungs are softer and more lax, whence coming to breathe without any forcible endeavour, without straining, more seldom, and at longer intervals, he does not so easily respire and suck in the ambient infection: Thus too it happens to the seal-fish, or sea-calf.

7. Why do all things, that are struck with thunder, always fall down and lie on the contrary part? Plin. loc. citat.

The violence of the blow tumbles them down in that manner.

8. Why is a man, who is struck with lightning, when he is awake, found with his eyes winking, or half closed; and a man struck when asleep, with his eyes broad open? Plin. loc. citat.

This observation is not always true. But when it does happen, the reason is, because the bodies, blasted by lightning, grow stiff in an instant, and continue exactly in the same site they were in before; the man awake, with eyes winking and half-shut for fear; the sleeper, awakened by the sudden noise.

9. Why was it not permitted to burn the body of a man thus slain? Plin. loc. citat.

Because, though they held that the purging fire of the funeral pile cleansed the soul of its contracted filth, yet they despaired that so great pollution would ever be admitted into their society. And this too was the reason why the Greeks burnt not the bodies of such as laid violent hands on their own persons. Servius in Æneid. iii. Quintil. Declam. x.

10. Why did they esteem it a piece of religion to bury them in the earth? Philostrat. in Heroic.

Left beasts and birds of prey should mangle and devour the body, or the ferryman of the Stygian lake refuse to waft over the wandering souls. Plin. loc. cit.

11. Why are the wounds of the thunder-struck colder than the rest of their body? Plin. ibid.

Because the heat in the other members is only suffocated: but quite consumed in the wounded: for all suffocated things long retain their heat; but such as corrupt and waste by degrees, grow stiff and cold immediately.

12. Why were men blasted by lightning never removed, but buried in the very place where they were struck, wherely it happened to be?

Because the law of Numa forbade funeral rites to be paid to a man killed with lightning; which would have been in some measure done, if the body had been removed, and carried from the place where it lay.

13. Why did they bury the body of such a man, by heaping up dirt over it?

Because they believed that to touch it would offend the gods.

14. Why were the augurs permitted to handle such bodies?

Because holiness becomes the holy. "Sacros sacra decent."

15. Why were the places that were blasted by lightning, hedged in and enclosed around?

Left a sacred thing should be trampled on unawares.

16. What means Lucan by this verse,

Inclusum Thusco veneratur cespite fulmen?

Because the place was immediately esteemed sacred.

17. For what reason was it thought so?

They believed that God seemed to consecrate it to himself.

18. What then was their opinion of a person who was killed by thunder?

They seem to have had the same opinion of him too; for Artemidorus held that a man, killed in that manner, was not polluted, but ought to be worshipped as a god.

19. Why is the money melted, and the bag untouched: and in like manner the sword, while the scabbard receives no damage? Seneca in Quæst. Nat. lib. i. Q. 31.

Because of the subtle force of the lightning, which passes through some things; though such as are dense, and resist its force, it instantly tears to pieces.

20. Why are metals melted by lightning in a moment's time, while the workmen receive no damage? Sen. loc. citat.

Because of the arfenical spirits that are in the lightning: For even the coiners of money can render metals fluid with a very small quantity of arfenic.

21. Why does the wine stay in a broken vessel? Senec. ibid.

Because it is congealed by the nital spirits.

22. Why does not that stiffness last above three days?

Because the remaining sulphurous spirits, favoured by the ambient air, at length overcome the nital.

Why is the wine hurtful, and even pernicious? Senec. lib. cit. Q. 3.

By reason of the virulence of the arfenic, that the wine has conceived; for wines will retain something of sulphur, as we know by experience in Rhenish wines.

Why is the venom of serpents taken away by lightning?

Because lightning consumes it: Thus the poison of scammony abates by the bare steam of sulphur; which, continued for some time, totally takes away its cathartic virtue.

Why are some things turned black by lightning?

Because, being burnt, they retain the sooty marks of the fire.

Why are some things discoloured?

Because there is a less portion of sulphur in the lightning, and a greater of some other combus-

tible; for fire alone gives iron a violet colour, and the soils that are put under precious stones are coloured by fire only.

To all which I add what Nardius relates of the wife of a certain apothecary at Florence, who had been blasted with lightning, but was still living in his days, and who, after that misfortune had happened to her, became, of a very cold temperament, as she had been of before, to be of a constitution so extremely hot, that she could scarce endure to wear any clothes, though ever so thin; of which he gives this reason: Because, says he, that most subtle fire consumed immediately the superfluous humidity that had been long stagnating in her members, and imprinted and left behind it some of its own fiery quality.

Ver. 244. In inquiring into the cause of thunder, it must be observed, that it never thunders but when the sky is over-cast with clouds: For unless the clouds were thick and high-built, so great a quantity of rain or hail could not fall at the same time. Therefore, in those clouds you may imagine a wind agitated and whirled about in a turbulent motion, growing hot with that motion, and forcing out of the clouds many seeds or atoms of fire: And that at length the wind itself takes fire, either by its own motion, or by those fiery particles, and breaks out with a horrid roar; and that, by that violent eruption, it so shakes and tears the parts of the clouds, that they are all shivered into hail, or dissolved into a shower of rain. This is contained in fifty-one verses.

Ver. 252. The same matter composes wind, thunder, lightning, and earthquakes, that is to say, a dry exhalation, says Aristotle, lib. ii. Meteor. cap. ult. For of this dry exhalation wind is made in the air, earthquakes within the earth; showers, tempests, thunder, and lightning in the clouds.

Ver. 256. These four verses Lucretius has before in book iv. ver. 172.

Ver. 260. Sir R. Blackmore's excellent description of a storm at sea, will illustrate this passage of Lucretius:

Now gath'ring clouds the day begin to drown;
Their threat'ning fronts through all th' horizon
frown:

Their swagging wombs low in the air depend,
Which struggling flames, and in-bred thunder
rend:

The strongest winds their breath and vigour prove,
And through the heav'ns th' unwieldy tempests
shove:

O'ercharg'd with stores of heav'ns artillery,
They groan, and pant, and labour up the sky:
Loud thunder, livid flames, and Stygian night,
Compounded horrors, all the deep affright:
Rent clouds, a medley of destruction spout;
And throw their dreadful entrails round about:
Tempests of fire, and cataracts of rain
Unnat'ral friendship make t' afflict the main:
This orb's wide frame with the convulsion shakes,
Oft opens in the storm, and often cracks:

Horror, amazement, and despair appear
In all the hideous forms that mortals fear.

Ver. 266. Suetonius says of Tiberius, that he was frightened at the noise of thunder, that he ran to hide himself in caves and cellars.

Ver. 268. It is therefore evident, that there can be no thunder except in thick and deep-bellied clouds, that the matter that composes it may be included within them: For what Pliny says to the contrary, "*Catilianis prodigiis Pompeiano ex municipio M. Herennium decurionem fereño die fulmine ictum fuisse*:" and Horace, who, *Carmin. lib. i.* speaking of Jupiter, says, that he "*plerumque per purum tonantes egit equos, volucrumque currum*:" These instances, I say, are no farther to be credited than that thunder may perhaps have sometimes been heard, and lightning seen by persons, over whose head the sky was clear: but then some other part of the horizon must have been covered with clouds, from which the thunder and lightning broke out.

Ver. 273. The poet having taught, that lightning is generated in thick and high-built clouds; he now, in these twenty-two verses, farther shows, that the fires and winds, contained within the clouds, oft produce lightning, which is followed by a roaring noise, a trembling of the earth, and a violent shower of rain. For, first, says he, The clouds contain many seeds of fire: Secondly, The wind drives and compels those clouds, as it were, into high mountains, and by that means squeeze out of the clouds those particles of fire, by whose contact, or at least by the violence of its own motion, the wind itself is kindled into flame: Thirdly, When that wind is thus kindled, the lightning grown mature, cleaves the clouds, and glares around in dreadful flashes: Lastly, The thunder roars, the earth trembles, mortals are seized with consternation and dismay, and the rain falls with such violence, as if the heavens were descending in the shower.

Ver. 287. Milton in *Paradise Regained*, Book iv.

— Either tropic now

'Gan thunder: at both ends of heav'n the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain, with lightning mix'd; water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: Dreadful was the rack
As earth and sky would mingle.—

And Sir R. Blackmore:

Heav'n's crystal battlements, to pieces dash'd,
In forms of hail were downward hurl'd:
Loud thunder roar'd, red lightning flash'd,
And universal uproar fill'd the world:
Torrents of water, floods of flame
From heav'n in fighting ruins came:
At once the hills that to the clouds aspire;
Were wash'd with rain, and scorch'd with fire.

Ver. 295. In these four verses, he says, that if the wind that is pent up in the cloud cannot break through, it may be assisted by other winds from without: and by whatever means the cloud

be opened, the flames that is ripe for birth will necessarily fall down.

Ver. 299. Lucretius adds two other ways by which lightning may be caused; the first in nine verses. For unkindled wind breaking out of a cloud may grow hot and take fire, by the swiftness of its motion, and the length of its course: Nor is this in the least incredible, since a ball of lead, driven with mighty force, will melt as it flies. Thus the poet: and though the instance he brings might be confirmed by several authorities of the ancient poets and historians, yet it ought to be reckoned among the fables of antiquity: Nevertheless, no man will deny but that many things take fire by the swiftness of their motion.

Ver. 305. This instance the poet brought before ver. 183. See the note upon it.

Ver. 308. The second, in these twelve verses. If the wind beat furiously upon any thing, the seeds of fire may flow together upon the stroke, as well out of the wind as out of the thing it strikes. Thus the wind takes fire, and lightning is made. But that such a conflux of the seeds of fire may be made in that manner, is evident from the striking of flint and iron: And the objection of the wind's being cold (though even that can by no means be granted, by reason of the swiftness of their motion), is of no weight: for the nature of iron is full as cold, yet fire will sparkle out when we strike it.

Ver. 320. Hitherto he has treated of the nature and generation of thunder, he comes now to argue of its swiftness, and violence of stroke; which, says he, may be gathered and explained from what has been said already. For wind shut up in a cloud, rages and grows hot; struggles on all sides to get out of its prison; and, therefore, where it finds a passage, it must of necessity burst out with mighty force and violence, in six verses. Besides, it consists of smooth and small particles, and therefore passes through the void and empty passages of the air, in six verses. Add to this its weight, and that too very much increased by blows, in four verses. And, lastly, in eight verses, that it falls from a great distance, and therefore every moment increases the swiftness of its motion: perhaps, too, it is helped forward by the air. And what wonder that a heavy body, bursting out with violence out of a close prison, and shoved forward by other bodies, falls impetuously, and dashes to pieces all it meets in its way?

Ver. 324. The balista was a warlike engine, which the ancients made use of in their wars to shoot darts or stones. It was called balista from βαλλω, I cast.

Ver. 326. In these six verses, he proves the swiftness of lightning, from the tenuity of the atoms of which it consists. See book ii. ver. 365. where the poet has already proved, that lightning is composed of smooth and subtle principles, which is the reason that nothing can withstand the violence of its stroke.

Ver. 332. In these four verses, the poet argues for the swiftness of lightning, and the violence of

its blow, from the descent that is natural to all heavy bodies; to which, if any external force be added, they descend with yet greater velocity: But lightning is a heavy body, and, falling from above, is impelled by the force of the wind; therefore, it is not strange, that it overturns and tears to pieces whatever opposes its passage.

Ver. 336. In these eight verses, he brings his last argument for the celerity and impetuous force of lightning, from the great distance from whence it comes: and says of it, as Virgil of Fame, that

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo,

Æn. iv. ver. 175.

— Ev'ry moment brings

New vigour to her flight, new pinions to her wings.

It was anciently observed by those who made it their study to inquire into natural things, that the motion of all moveables is the swifter, the nearer they approach to the place for which they are designed; inasmuch that they move swiftest of all when they are almost at their journey's end. Thus a stone gives a heavier blow to a plate of brass, or tin, for example, when it falls upon it from a great height, than it does when it drops from a less distance: according to the variety of which distance, experience evinces, that the effect varies likewise, and that the descending thing gains a surplussage of gravity, though not of weight. This, nevertheless, is denied by Simplicius, in his Comment upon Aristotle de Cælo, lib. i. cap. 85. where he derides this increase of gravity, and declares it a vain fiction. But we may ask him why that stone descends? Is it not by reason of its weight? And since nothing is done without cause, why does it descend swifter this moment than it did the last? Its swiftness must increase either by some external or internal cause: which last can be only a more intense gravity: the first, Lucretius ascribes; as we have seen already in the foregoing argument, to the additional and like seeds, that the descending stone meets in its passage, and that help to drive it down with greater swiftness. And, according to the doctrine of Epicurus, a more proper solution of this problem cannot be given. Others again ascribe it to a certain, I know not what, quality, that the medium through which it passes imparts to it; and that still presses it more and more: Others impute it to the natural, sympathetical, and attractive power of the centre; to which, say they, all heavy bodies, the nearer they approach, move the swifter. According to which opinion, which is indeed consonant to many other experiments in nature, Cowley sings,

And now the violent weight of eager love
Did with more haste so near in centre move.

David. iii.

And if it cannot be denied, that the air, though it be light in its own nature, does nevertheless descend, and insinuate itself into the pores of the earth, as compelled by a certain necessity so to do, by reason of the impurity it has contracted,

then this question is easy to solve; for the descending stone may be said to be borne through the air, as a boat that goes down the river with the stream; and both of them, the air as well as the stone, move the swifter when they are near the centre; for the air is there more thick and impure, and consequently has a greater propensity to tend downwards: Besides, when it is arrived on the confines, as I may say, of its journey's end, it is swallowed up, and ingulfed as by a certain violence, and imparts the same lot to its companion in the fall.

Ver. 340. For the seeds of thunder, like those of other things, wander undetermined to any certain place, but being driven by that length of violence, are determined and moved in a direct line.

Ver. 344. But lightning does not break in pieces all that it falls upon: for all rare bodies remain safe and unhurt, because the subtle fire finds a free passage through their pores: it dissolves solid bodies, as brass, gold, &c. because it strikes into their solid corpuscles, and being once entered into their pores, and not finding a passage out, it disjoins the very principles, melts metals, and reduces stones into powder.

Ver. 350. In these twenty-two verses, the poet solves the fourth question which we proposed above, in the note on ver. 226 and inquires into the reason why it thunders more frequently in the spring and autumn than either in winter or summer? [But this must be taken to be meant only of some countries of Italy.] And the reason is, says he, because, since thunder is of a fiery nature, and breaks out of thick clouds, it is then most to be expected, when the weather is warm, and not altogether free from cold: for where there is no heat, it is in vain to look for fire, and where there is too much heat, it suffers not the clouds to thicken. But in the spring, and in autumn, the cold and the heat are blended together: thence proceed clouds, winds, fire, and at length tumults and tempests in the air, and from them thunder and lightning.

In this opinion Seneca agrees with Lucretius; and so too does Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 50. where he teaches that it never thunders in winter and summer, except in as much as "mitiore hyeme, et æstate nimborum, semper quodammodo vernat, vel autumnat;" in a mild winter, and in a cloudy summer, the weather is neither violently cold, nor violently hot, but partakes in some measure of the middle temperatures of the spring, or of autumn. and he strengthens this argument, by instancing in some countries, where by reason of the extreme cold, as in Scythia, or of the violent heat, as in Egypt, it never thunders at all. But of these matters you may consult P. Gassend. in lib. 10. *Laert. de Meteorolog.*

Ver. 370. In the spring, and in autumn, heat and cold contend for mastery: in summer heat governs, and cold in winter.

Ver. 372. Here the poet insults the college of augurs and soothsayers at Rome, who pretended to teach divination, as if it had been a science: this, says he, is to know the nature of thunder, &c.

a science not to be met with in your books, that are made up of nothing but trifling and false conjectures.

Ver. 374. The books that treated of divination were composed by the Thuscans, a people of Italy, whom Tages had instructed in that art: from him these books were called Tagetici; and Macrobius says they were handed about in his days. Of this Tages, Cicero gives us the following account. "Tages quidam dicitur in agro Tarquinienſi, cum terra araretur, et fulcus altius eſſet impreſſus, extitiffe repente, et cum affatus eſſe, qui arabat. Is autem Tages, ut in libris eſt Hetruſcorum, puerili ſpecie dicitur viſus, ſed ſenili ſoiſſe prudentiâ. Ejus aſpectu cum obſtupuiſſet bubulcus, clamoremque majorem cum admiratione edidiſſet, concurſum eſſe factum, totamque brevi tempore in eam locum Hetruriam conveniſſe: cum illum plura locutum multis audientibus, qui omnia ejus verba exceperint, literiſque mandaverint: omnem autem orationem fuiſſe eam, quâ Haruſpicina Diſciplina contineretur, eam poſtea creviſſe rebus novis cognofcendis, et ad eadem illa principia referendis," lib. 2. de Divinatione. As they were ploughing in the Tarquinian field, and the ſhare ſtriking deep into the ground, one Tages is ſaid to have ſtarted on a ſudden out of the earth, and to ſpeak to the ploughman. This Tages, as we find in the Tuſcan books, is ſaid to have had the look of a boy; but the prudence and wiſdom of old age. The peafant diſmayed at the apparition, cried out aloud, and people ſtocked about him, inſomuch that in a little time the whole country of Etruria were got together in that place: then Tages ſpoke a great deal in the hearing of many perſons, who writ down all his words: the ſubject of his diſcourſe was only the doctrine of divination: which afterwards got footing in the world by new additions of knowledge, built on the principles he had taught them: Ovid. *Metam.* lib. 15. ver. 553.

— Cum Tyrrenus arator

Fatalem glebam mediis aſpexit in arvis,
Sponte ſua primum, nulloque agitante, moveri:
Sumere, mox hominis, terræque amittere formam;
Oraque venturis aperire recentia fatiſ:
Indigenæ dixere Tagen, qui primus Etruſcam
Edocuit gentem caſus aperire futuros.

See likewiſe Lucan, lib. i. ver. 530, 537, 606.

Ver. 379. *Omen.*] This word, as we find in ſome authors, ſeems not to have had originally ſo extenſive a ſignification, as we generally give it. Feſtus explains it, "Omen quaſi orimen, quod ore fiat augurium." Now auguries were drawn either from tokens given by the gods, or by men: and thoſe given by men were properly called omens: "neque ſolum Deum voces Pythagorei obſervabant; ſed etiam hominum, quæ omnia vocabant," ſays he, in lib. 1. de Divinat. Apuleius de Deo Socri. ſays, "Ita eſt apud Platonem; ne quiſquam arbitretur, omnia cum vulgo loquentium captâſſe:" and ſoon after he adds, "videmus plerique uſu venire, qui nimia omnium ſuperſtitione non ſem-

per ſuapte corde, ſed alterius verbo reguntur:" yet other authors reſtrain not the ſignification of this word to the voice, or utterance of the mouth only, but extend it to all the actions of life; making it to ſignify the ſame with the *εὐμβολα* of the Greeks, who by that word underſtood the foreboding ſigns or tokens of proſperous or im-proſperous events: thus to begin with Cæſar, we read that Auguſtus, contrary to his cuſtom, had put on his left ſhoe firſt, the day that he narrowly eſcaped being killed in a mutiny of the ſoldiers: and Lampridius recounts among the ſigns of Alexander's future empire, that the picture of the emperor Trajanus, which hung over his father Philip's genial bed, fell down upon it, while his mother was in labour of him in the temple: and this omen Feſtus and other authors call "caducum auſpicium." Spartianus, in the Life of Hadrian, ſays, that while he was ſpeaking in praiſe of Antonius, a "prætecta" [a gown worn by the children of noblemen] dropt down of its own accord, and covered his head; and that a ring, on which his figure was engraved, fell off his finger, of its own accord likewiſe: Ovid too believed in omens, when he ſaid,

Omina ſunt aliquid: modo cum decedere vellet,
Ad limen digitos reſtitit iſta Nape.

Pliny too ſpeaks of theſe remoras, theſe obſtacles, and hindering omens, which he calls "offenſiones pedum; et Plautus, auſpicia & religionem: ante auſpicium commoratum eſt;" In *Amphit.* And in another place, "an religio tibi objecta?" Of like nature is that, which was offered to Otho, going againſt Vitellius; when ſome adviſed him to deſer the expedition becauſe the bucklers were not all ready. This Tacitus relates in theſe words: "Fuere qui proſciſcenti Othoni moras religionemque non conditorum ancilium afferrent." See Suetonius likewiſe in the life of Nero, cap. 19. And Tibullus elegantly of theſe ſtumbings;

O quoties ingreſſus iter mihi triſtia dixi
Offenſum in portâ ſigna dedidiſſe pedem!

And ſuch were the omens they regarded in going to a place: but they likewiſe drew auguries from their departure; as if any one who went with an intention to go to a certain place, returned on a ſudden unexpectedly, and without executing his deſign: but this took place only in ſacrifices. Apollonius concerning the ceremonies of the gods deſi Trivia, or Diana, is thus rendered:

— Sacrificque peractis

Rufus abire pyra moneo: convertere nullus
Te retro ſtrepituſque pedum, fremituſque caninus
Cogat; nam ſacri ſi labor irritus omnis.

where he ſeems to imply, that the ſolemn mysteries were rendered of no effect by a noiſe, or any other interruption. Valerius Max. lib. iii. cap. 5. "Ne ſacrificium Alexandri aut concuſſo thuribulo, aut edito gemitu impediret:" but this was chiefly obſerved in ſacred rites; yet Pythagoras gave the like precaution by a perpetual ſymbol: *βαδίζοντας ἐν ἀπορροιαῖς μὴ μιμνῆσθαι* of which he adds

the reason : for the furies are passing along. And of greater moment, but not unlike this, is the admonishment of the author of Human Salvation : "qui aratro manum applicuit, ne respiciat : " moreover, as they named these omens, "religionem obiectam," so, on the other hand, we learn from Plautus, that when they had a mind to give a favourable interpretation to an omen, they called it, "religionem à se rejicere," and the Greeks, ἀπορίσκειν. This might be confirmed by many examples ; but we have one illustrious indeed in the person of Julius Cæsar, who, at his landing in Africa, as he leaped ashore, happened to fall down, and to avert the unlucky omen of that accident, cried out, I have thee, Africa. Suetonius : "Cum Cæsar Africæ eram appulisset, et in terram insulturnus corruisset, dixit, ut insultum ex casu omne averteret, Te neo te Africa." And the same Cæsar always discovered an undaunted greatness of soul, and his mind was so much superior to these superstitions, that we no where read that any omen whatever could deter him from any enterprise, or make him delay the execution of any design he had resolved to attempt. The same Suetonius tells us, that though the victim had escaped from the altar, he would not put off his expedition against Scipio and Juba. "Licet," says he, "immolanti aufugisset hostia, protectionem adversus Scipionem et Jubam non distulit." To which Seneca alludes in *Consolat. ad Marciam*, where he says, "tam cito dolorem vicit, quam omnia solebat." Moreover, the left parts of the body, as the left hand, the left foot, &c. are in many authors esteemed unlucky : but, on the contrary, Apuleius represents them as omens of good success : and speaking of the left hand, says : "Quartus æquitati ostendebat indicium, deformatam manum sinistram porrecta palmaria ; quæ genuina pigritia, nulla calliditate, nulla soterita prædita, videbatur æquitati magis aptior quam dextera." And Macrobius in *Saturnal. lib. i. cap. 9.* "Ideo Apollinis simulacra manu dextra Gratias portant, arcum cum sagittis sinistra ; quod ad noxam sit prior, et salutem manus promptior largiatur : " which the following passage of Catullus at once illustrates and explains :

Hæc ut dixit, amor sinistra amanti
Dextram sternuit approbationem.

After which he adds :

Nunc ab auspicio bono profecti,
Mutuis animis amant, amantur.

But these omens properly relate to the actions of human life ; and the ancients had besides some more occult and secret omens, which they took from things, from days, from names, and even from places and clothes : to things seem to relate the omens that were taken to be unlucky, as shipwrecks, and the remains of them : and those things chiefly which from some unfortunate accidents have given rise to proverbs ; as "aurum Tolofannum," and *Equus Sejanus* : "which, because they are so well known, I purposely forbear to explain. But I cannot omit a remarkable passage

in Virgil, which makes much to our purpose, and which that poet, who was deeply read in the augural and Pythagorean doctrine, has secretly veiled with this superstition. For to avoid openly to assert, that those gifts of Æneas to Dido, as being saved from the destruction of Troy, were unlucky to her, he has insinuated that they were so by circumlocution, in the following verses :

Munera præterea Iliacis erepta ruinis
Ferre jubet, pallant signis auroque rigentem,
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ, quos illa Mycenis,
Pergama cum peteret, inconcessosque Hymenæos,
Extulerat, Lædæ matris mirabile donum.

Æn. i. ver. 651.

And soon after ; ver. 683.

Dona ferens pèlago, et flammis resstantia Trojæ.

This Statius understood, and has imitated, lib. 2, *Thebaid.*

Nec mirum : nam tu insauktos, donante marito,
Ornatus Argiva geris, dirumque monile
Hermiones. Longa est series, sed nota malorum
Persequar, quæ novis tam seva potentia donis.

The belt of Pallas too strengthens this opinion : for Æneas would have spared the life of the prostrate Turnus, had not that unlucky token, which Turnus had taken from the slain Pallas, called afresh to his remembrance, and renewed his grief for the loss of his dearest friend :

Stetit acer in armis
Æneas, volvens oculos, dextramque repressit :
Et jam jamque magis cunctantem flectere sermo
Cœperat : infelix humero cum apparuit ingens
Balteus, et notis fulserunt cingula bullis
Pallantis pueri, victum quem vulnere Turnus
Straverat, atque humeris inimicum insigne gerabat,
Ille oculis postquam sævi monumenta doloris,
Exuviasque hausit : furis accensus, et ira
Terribilis : tunc hic spoliis indute meorum
Eripiare mihi ? Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœniam sceltrato ex sanguine sumit.

And Homer, in like manner, describes Achilles swelling with rage and fury, at sight of the arms that Hector had taken from Patroclus. As to the days, such as were noted for any overthrow in battle, or any the like unfortunate event, were called religious, nefastis, and atri : of all which see Augellius, lib. i. cap. 13. who there fully handles this matter ; to which I will only add this passage out of Tacitus, lib. 2. "Histor. Funestis omnis loco acceptum est, quod maximum Pontificatum adeptus Vetellius de Ceremoniis XV. Cal. Aug. edixisset, antiquis insaulto die Cremerensi Aliensiquadibus." Of names, some were omens of prosperity and diuturnity ; others of the contrary : Crassus, Valerius, Macrobius, Lucius, Lucris, were names foreboded good. Plautus in *Perf. Luc.* "Nomen atque omen quantivis est pretii : Dor. Si te eam mihi quoque Lucridem confido fore re." Furus, Hostilius, Macer, were ill names. Martial. lib. v. Epigram 22.

Quintum pro decimo, pro Crasso, regule, Macrum
Ante salutabat Rhetor Apollonius.

See likewise Festus in *Lactu Lucrino*. Nor may we omit Aul. Gellius, who, lib. i. cap. 28. says, "*Cavenda igitur non improprietas sola verbi, sed etiam pravitas animi, si quis se nunc senior Advocatus adolescenti supereffe dicat.*" Places were held to be ominous, either from their names, or for their having been polluted with dead bodies, or otherwise: Plautus in *Menæchm.* had regard to the name: "*Ne mihi Damnum in Epidamno duas.*" And Petronius, "*Epidamni Nomina querere.*" As to any thing that foreboded ill in the places themselves, we find a remarkable testimony in Tacitus, *Annal. lib. i.* where Germanicus purges by sacrifices the places where Varus had encamped with his whole army: "*Quid Tiberio,*" says he, "*haud probatum, seu cuncta Germanici in deterius trahentis, five exercitum imagine caforum insepulcorumque tardarum ad prætia, et formidolosorem hostium credebat. Neque Imperatorem auguratis et vetustissimis Cæromoniis præditum atrectare feralia debuisse.*" Of clothes or garments we have an instance in Q. Curtius, who believed them ominous, and even to portend the change of empire in Alexander, inasmuch as he affected and took delight to wear a foreign, or Persian dress: to which the judicious Tertullian seems to allude: "*Vides,*" says he, "*quasdam et capillum croco vertere pudet eas etiam nationis suæ, quod non Germania aut Gallia procreatæ sint. Ita patriam capillo transferunt. Male ac pessime sibi auspicantur flammeo capite.*" Where by "*flammeo capite,*" he means that perpetual fire, which in another place he calls "*ignem jugem.*" St. Jerome in like manner: "*Ne caput gemmis oneres, nec capillum irruces, et ei aliquid de Gehennæ ignibus auspiceris.*" This passage is in the *Epistle to Læta*, and no doubt copied after Tertullian, as many other passages in that father are.

Ver. 384. Here the poet takes away the thunder from Jupiter, and the other gods, who seem to him not to employ it so prudently as it were to be wished they did: and at the same time he overthrows the whole doctrine of the Thuscans: for, if it be not the gods who dart the thunder, there can be no divination by thunder; and if they do, why do they let the wicked escape, and often destroy the innocent? What does it avail the thunderer to launch his bolts upon uninhabited deserts? What, when he throws his unerring shafts into the middle of the sea? or upon the bare tops of mountains, which he does very often? And lastly, why is there no thunder without clouds? Why does he strike down his own temples, and those of his undergods? All this the poet has included in forty-seven verses, in which there are many things spoken satirically, and many by way of derision.

Ver. 384. The Thuscan books taught, that Jupiter gave leave to nine gods to dart thunder down upon the earth. *Plin. lib. ii. cap. 52. Arnobius, p. 122. "Diis novem Jupiter potestatem jaciendi sui fulminis permisit."*

Ver. 385. Why Jupiter is said to be the author of thunder and lightning, *Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 20.*

gives this physical reason: the fires of the three highest planets, says he, falling to the earth, bear the name of lightning: but chiefly that of the three, which is placed between the two others, that is to say of Jupiter: because, participating of the excessive cold and moisture of the circle of Saturn, which is above him, and of the immoderate heat of Mars, that is next under him, he, by that means, discharges the superfluity of either: and hence it is commonly said, that Jupiter is the darter of lightning. But Seneca, much better than our poet, and with more analogy to truth, takes not away the thunder from Jupiter, when he says, that Jupiter is not indeed the darter of thunder: but all things are ordered in such a manner, that even the things that are not made by him, are not made without cause and reason, which are his. The force and power of them is his permission: for though he makes them not now himself, he was the cause that they are made: "*Interim hoc dico, fulmina non mitti à Jove, sed eis omnia disposita, ut etiam ea, quæ ab illo non sunt, sine ratione non sunt, quæ illius est: vis eorum illius permisso est: nam et si Jupiter illa nunc non facit, fecit ut fierent: singula non adest, sed signum, et vim, et causam dedit omnibus.*" Thus Seneca, in *lib. ii. Nat. Quæst. 48.* who is mistaken only in the true name of the first Divine Cause. Horace;

Tu parum castis inimica mittes Fulmina lucis.

And according to the doctrine of the *Tagetic* books, nothing was ever blasted with fire from heaven, but what had before been stained with some pollution.

Ver. 386. Seneca proposes this question in a few words: "*Quare Jupiter, aut ferienda transit, aut innoxia ferit?*" And the last exceptions, which Lucretius brings against Providence, are drawn from that common observation; Good men are oppressed with trouble and misery, subject to all the rage and violence of the wicked; whilst the impious (well with the glories, and revel in the delights of life: This has been the subject of many solicitous disquisitions: Disputes have been multiplied; and some have been as industrious to vindicate the methods of Providence from all seeming irregularities, as others to defame them. Some have sent us to look for retribution in another world, and indeed this is an easy way of solving the difficulty, and with little pains deducible from the immortality of the soul, which I have already asserted. But because to look beyond the grave, requires a sharp and steady eye, I shall observe the reasons of the philosophers, and propose what Plutarch has excellently delivered. And here we must take notice, that only that part of the objection, which concerns the prosperity and impunity of the wicked, seems formidable and concluding; for all those men we generally call good, as their own conscience will tell them, deserve those afflictions which the most miserable have endured. And upon this the poets, orators, and historians have been very copious.

Τολμα καλεῖσθαι μήτ' ἄν εἰδὼ θεοί·
κακοὶ γὰρ ἰσχυροὶς ἱπποκρίσει μὲν.

I dare to say no gods direct this whole,
For villains prosperous distract my soul

says Aristophanes: and Diogenes resolved to be an Atheist, as Empiricus delivers, because he did not see vengeance fall presently on the perjured person, and consume him: Velleius Paterculus produces the long and quiet reign of Orestes, as a convincing proof, that the gods directed him to murder Pyrrhus; and approved the action: and Martial has contracted all the force of the argument into one Epigram.

Nullo esse Deos, inane Cælum
Affirmat Silius, probatq. quod se
Fædum, dum negat hæc, videt beatum.

Seneca in his treatise, "Cur Malis bene & Bonis male, cum sit Providentia," talks much of the privilege of sufferings, that to afflict argues care and kindness; and, in short, thinks this a great commendation of virtue.

Τῷ δ' ἀετῆρι δρώτω θεοὶ προστάειν ἔργων
Ἀθανάσιοι.

Th' immortal pow'rs have sweet near virtue
plac'd.

But this is not the way to answer the demands of an Epicurean, to satisfy his doubts, who had rather be accounted a happy servant, than a miserable son of the Deity, who would not be fond of torments, that he might shew "spectaculum Jove dignum, virum fortem cum malâ fortunâ compositionem:" who cannot think that fears and jealousies are the necessary products of irreligious opinions; but makes such the only means of obtaining happiness and perfect serenity of mind: who is most delighted with the most pleasing physic, and would think him cruel, who makes use of saws and lances, when a gentle cordial would restore the patient to his health; we must therefore look for other answers, and Plutarch presents us with enough, some of which have a peculiar force against the Epicureans; who confess man to be a free agent, and capable to be wrought on by example and precept.

First, then, quick vengeance does not blast the wicked, that they themselves might learn lenity, and not be greedy to revenge injuries to others: τίλος τῶν ἀλαδῶν τὸ ἰσοκρίνειν θεῶν it is the end of good men to be like God, says Plato: and Hierocles places the life of the soul in this imitation: Here God sets forth himself an example, and any noble and generous mind would rejoice to have the most excellent for a pattern of his actions: Lucretius followed Epicurus, because he thought him so, and the rest of his admirers make his fancied virtues the ground of their respect. This, taken by itself, I confess, is but a weak answer, since one thunderbolt would secure them from doing mischief, whilst mercy and forbearance often exasperate; and, because God holds his tongue, they think he is even such a one as themselves:

but if we consider it as a consequent of another reason, that is drawn from the goodness and kindness of the Deity, then it proves strong and satisfactory.

The second reason follows: God doth not presently punish wicked men, that they may have time to become better; and here Plutarch brings examples of such, whose age was as glorious as their youth infamous: if Miltiades, says he, had been destroyed, whilst he acted the part of a tyrant; if Cimon in his incest, or Themistocles in his debaucheries, what had become of Marathon, Erymedon and Dianium, what of the glory and liberty of the Athenians? for as the same author observes, ὅτιναι μὲν αἱ μεγάλαί φῦσαι μικρὸν ἐκτρέφονται, ὃ δὲ ἄργον δὲ ἐξυμῆσαι τὸ σφάδην ἐν αὐταῖς, καὶ δευτέριον, ἀλλ' ἐν σάκῳ διαφύγοντες πρὶν εἰς τὸ μόνιμον, καὶ κατεσκαῖος: ὅς τις ἐκ θεῶν great spirits do nothing mean, the active principles that compose them will not let them lie lazily at rest, but toss them as in a tempest, before they can come to a steady and settled temper.

Thirdly, The wicked are sometimes spared to be scourges to others, and execute just judgment on men of their own principles: this is the case of tyrants and outrageous conquerors; such was Phalaris to the Agrigentines, such Pompey and Cæsar to the Romans, when victory had made them swell beyond their due bounds; and pride and luxury fled from other countries upon the wings of their triumphing eagles: Such Alexander to the Persian softness, and, if we look abroad, ten thousand instances occur and press upon us; Cedrenus, page 334, tells us, that when a monk inquired of God, why he suffered cruel Phocas, treacherous to his emperor Mauritius, and an implacable enemy of the Christians, to obtain the empire, and enjoy power as large as his malice? a voice ἀκούσας, gave this answer to his demand, χεῖρονα ἢ ἐγὼν πρὸς τὸν κακίαν τῶν κακοποιούντων ἐν τῇ πόλει because I could find none worse to scourge the wickedness of the citizens: and Alaricus declared, ὅτι ἰδοὺ τὸ ἐκὼ πρότερον, ἀλλὰ τις καὶ ἐκείνην ὀχλὸν μοι βασιλεύον καὶ λίγων, Ἀπὸ τῶν Ῥωμαίων πύρρον πῦλον it is not of my own accord that I attempt this, but something will not let me rest, but urges me on, and cries, Go sack Rome: and this requires, that they should not be only free from punishment, but likewise enjoy wealth and power, and all the opportunities and instruments of mischief: and this answer is equal to the objection in its greatest latitude, and gives satisfaction to all those numerous little doubts, which lie in the great objection, as it was proposed.

Fourthly, The impious are not presently consumed, that the method of Providence may be more remarkable in their punishment. The history of Bessus and Ariobarzanes in Curtius is an excellent instance of this; and, amongst others, Plutarch gives us a memorable one of Belsus, who, having killed his father, and a long time concealed it, went one night to supper to some friends; whilst he was there, with his spear he pulled down a swallow's nest, and killed the

young ones, and the reason of such a strange action being demanded by the guests, his answer was, ὁ γὰρ μὴ ψάλλει καὶ μαρτυρεῖται αὐταὶ ψυχαί, καὶ καίβωσκιν ὡς ἀπικλινόντες τὸν πάσσα; do not they bear false witness against me, and cry out, that I killed my father? Which being taken notice of, and discovered to the magistrate, the truth appeared, and he was executed.

A great many other reasons are usually mentioned, but these are the principal, and suppose the liberty of the will; for if a man follow fate blindly, he is driven on, not persuaded to act: if he be an automaton, and move by wheels and springs, bound with the chain of destiny, it is evident that fate is the cause of all his miscarriages, and the man no more to be blamed for wicked actions, than a clock for irregular strikings, when the artist designs it should do so. No example can prevail on him, no promises entice, no threatenings affright him; being as unfit to rule himself, or determine his own actions, as a stone in its descent; and a piece of iron may be said to act as freely as a man, if he be led on by fate, and its motion as spontaneous, if liberty consisted in a bare absence of impediments.

Ver. 395. In these ten verses, he argues, secondly, That thunder is the effect of natural causes, and not made by the gods: for if it were, they would not be so lavish of their bolts, as to throw them into solitary deserts: Had not Jupiter better keep them in store to destroy his enemies, in time of need?

Ver. 405. The poet in these eight verses argues, thirdly, That thunder comes not by the will of the gods, but is made by the laws of nature: for otherwise, why does it never come without clouds and noise? Why does it fall alike upon the seas and earth? What crime have the waters been guilty of, that they are thus punished?

To what has been said of this already in the note on verse 68, and the example we gave verse 268, in the person of M. Herennius, the Decurion, who was killed by thunder in a clear day, we add this of Lucan. lib. i.

Emicuit caelo tacitum sine nubibus ullis
Fulmen——

And this distich, which we find in Tully, de Divinat.

Aut cum terribili percussus fulmine civis
Luce serenanti vitalia lumina liquit.

For they held that thunder, in a clear and unclouded sky, was an evincing proof of a Deity, and a certain preface of some extraordinary event: Cicero, in great indignation against the Atheists of his days, and speaking of this accident, cries out: "Necemus omnia, comburamus annales, ficta hæc esse dicamus; quidvis denique potius, quam Deos res humanos curare, fateamur?" Lib. de Divinat.

Ver. 409. Why does he throw his bolts on any thing that is not guilty of some crime? Thus Cicero, lib. ii. de Divinatione. "Quid enim pro-

ficit, cum in medium mare fulmen jacit Jupiter? Quid cum in altissimos montes? Quod plerumque fit. Quid cum in desertas solitudines? Quid cum in earum gentium oras, in quibus hæc ne observantur quidem? And, to the same purpose, Aristophanes, *Neph.* If Jupiter's bolts, says he, are aimed against the perjured, how comes it to pass, that neither Simon, Cleonymus, nor Theodorus are blasted by that celestial flame? They, who are perjured with a witness! Why does his own temple, why does Sunion, the promontory of Attica, and why do mighty oaks, rather feel the effect of the fire? No doubt, because they are all perjured.

Ver. 413. In these six verses, he, by way of dilemma, proposes two other wonderful arguments to deprive Jupiter of his thunder. Either he would have us avoid his bolts, or he would not: If he would, why is his thunder so subtle, and so swift, that we cannot perceive it coming, and get out of its way? And if we would not, why does he give us notice before hand of its coming, by overcasting the air with gloomy clouds, by the grumbling of his thunder? &c.

Ver. 419. In these five verses he argues, sixthly, That thunder must be the effect of nature, since it thunders in several places at the same time: a task too laborious for any one Jupiter. But let us hear Seneca delivering the opinion of the ancients upon this matter: They did not believe, says he, that a Jupiter, like him we worship in the capitol, darted his thunders with his hand: but they meant the mind and spirit, who is the maker, lord and ruler of this mundane system, to whom every name agrees: The Thuscans too therefore held that thunder is sent by Jupiter, because nothing is done without him. "Ne hoc quidem crediderunt, Jovem, qualem in Capitolio, & in cæteris ædibus colimus, mittere manu fulmino; sed eundem, quem nos Jovem, intelligunt, custodem rectoremque universi, animum, ac spiritum, mundani hujus operis dominum, & artificem, cui nomen omne convenit. Idem Etruscis quoque visum est: & ideo fulmine à Jove mitti dicebant, quia sine illo nihil geritur. L. ii. Q. 45.

Ver. 424. In these seven verses, he argues, seventhly, to this purpose: If thunder were directed by the will of the gods, is it credible they would beat down their own stately temples? Would they dash to pieces such elaborate statues, the very masterpieces of Polycletes? a poor mean-spirited revenge! The poet speaks this by way of ridicule.

Ver. 429. In these two verses he argues, eighthly, That it is but reasonable to believe, that thunder is produced by natural causes, since, for the most part it falls on the highest mountains. Dost thou not see, says Artabanus, the uncle of Xerxes, that God strikes with his lightning the largest animals, nor suffers them to grow insolent, and that he leaves the less unhurt? Dost thou not see that his fiery darts always throw down the most lofty edifices, and the tallest trees? For God takes delight to depress and humble the haughty. Herodotus, lib. vi. And Horace agrees with Lucretius,

—Feriant altos

Fulmina montes :

Of which Seneca gives a physical reason, and says, That the tops of the mountains, being opposite to the clouds, are exposed to stand the brunt of every thing that falls from heaven; so that they intercept the lightning in its course.

Thus Lucretius concludes his disputation concerning this amazing meteor; which made no small part of the religion of the ancient Romans, whose many superstitious opinions concerning thunder and lightning will not improperly find a place here; and therefore I promise myself, that the reader will not be displeased to see them at one view, as I find them collected by Nardius, page 452. in his 27th accurate animadversion on Lucretius.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS OPINIONS

OF THE ANCIENTS CONCERNING LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.

THE Romans derived these superstitious opinions from the Thuscans, and, soon imbibing the precepts of this new religion, they committed them to the care of certain priests: who, nevertheless, dismayed at the enormity of some lightnings, did, at the general request of the people, repair to the Thuscan augurs, from whom they had their first instructions, to be informed what those dreadful sheets of flame, and bursts of horrid thunder portended: For the Thuscans, as Diodorus Siculus, lib. vi. cap. 9. witnesses of them, having employed much time in searching into the causes of natural events, and in the study of theology, were of all men the most knowing in the interpretation of lightning: inasmuch, says he, that, even to this day, almost the whole world admire their depth of science, and apply to them to be instructed in the art of interpreting that celestial fire. Verrius, the grammarian, relates, that these Thuscan diviners were sent for to Rome, and, being disaffected to the Romans, wilfully ordered undue sacrifices, and such as were displeasing to the gods: and that, by their treacherous advice, the people of Rome were prevailed on unfortunately to remove the famous statue of Horatius Colches to a certain place, where, being surrounded by high-built houses, the sun might never shine upon it: but, their treachery being discovered, they were accused before the people, and, being convicted of the perfidy, were put to death: And upon this occasion was made this senary verse,

Malum consilium consultori pessimum est,

which was sung about by the boys in all the streets of Rome. This accident of the Thuscan augurs increased the credit of the books of the Sybils, which, according to Servius on *Æn.* 6. were kept in the temple of Apollo, as well as of those of the Marfians, and of the nymph Bygois, who had writ the art of divination, as practised by the Thuscans.

We have already spoken in the foregoing notes

of the matter, of which the ancients held lightning to consist, and of the manner of its generation, which it is needless to repeat in this place: we likewise have said already, that the Latins often confounded "fulgur" and "fulmen:" and how they came to do so, Festus teaches in these words: "Fulgere prisca pro ferire dicebant, unde fulgur dictum est; fulguratum id, quod est fulmine ictum." And they believed there was no other difference between them, than only that of more or less, which among logicians makes no difference whatever of the species: And we find a remarkable passage in Seneca, who, after an accurate disputation, concludes, by determining the difference between "fulgur" and "fulmen," as follows: "Ergo," says he, "et utramque rem ignem esse constat, et utramque rem inter se meando distare. Fulguratio est fulmen non in terras usque perlatum et rursus licet dicas, fulmen esse fulgurationem usque in terras perductam. Non ad exercendum verba hæc diutius pertracto, sed ut ista cognata esse, et ejusdem notæ, ac naturæ probem. Fulmen est quiddam plus, quam fulguratio: veritatem illud; fulguratio est pene fulmen." *Nat. Quæst.* lib. ii. cap. 21. And in *Quæst.* 57. of the same book: "Et, ut breviter dicam," says he, "quod sentio, fulmen est fulgur intentum." And lib. citat. *Quæst.* 16. "Quid ergo inter fulgurationem et fulmen interest? Dicam: Fulguratio est late ignis explicitus: Fulmen est coactus ignis, et impetu factus."

The poets, according to their custom, shadowed the nature of either under the veil of fables, which nevertheless Servius accurately explains, upon the following passage of Virgil, which I am obliged to transcribe at length, for the better understanding of what follows:

Insula Sicaniæ juxta latus Æoliumque
Erigitur Læpare, fumantibus ardua faxis.
Quam subter specus, et Cycloperum exesa caminis
Antra Ætnæ tonant, validique incedibus ictus
Audit referunt gemitum, fridantque cavernis
Stridoræ chalybum, et fornacibus ignis anhelat:
Vulcani domus et Vulcania nomine tellus.

Æn. 3. v. 416.

Which is thus rendered by Dryden:

Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle does lie
Between Sicilia's coast and Lipare;
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and deep below
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal:
Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar,
And smoking flames through fuming tunnels soar.

This passage of Virgil is explained by Servius, as follows: By Vulcan, says he, is meant fire, which is called Vulcanus, "quasi Volcanus," because it flies through the air: For fire is generated in the clouds: And for this reason too Homer says, that Vulcan was precipitated from the air upon earth, because all lightnings fall from out the air; and because it often lightens in the island Lemnos, therefore Vulcan is said to have fallen upon that island. "Vulcanus, ut diximus ignis

est, ei dictus Vulcanus, quasi Volcanus, quod per aerem volat, ignis enim nubibus nascitur. Unde etiam Homerus dicit eum de mare præcipitatum in terras, quod omne fulmen ab ære cadit : quod quia crebro in Lemnum insulam jacitur, ideo in eam dicitur Vulcanus cecidisse." Thus Servius : and this fall of Vulcan is described by Milton in the following verses :

— In Ausonian land

Mén call'd him Mulciber : and, how he fell
From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements. From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy night ;
A summer's day : and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle.—

The same Servius, on the above cited passage, teaches, that Vulcan is said to be lame, because flame, by nature, is never straight : " Claudius autem dicitur Vulcanus, quia per naturam nunquam rectus est ignis." And, what is more than all this ; Virgil says, the thunder is forged in subterranean caverns

Hic tunc ignipotens cælo descendit ab alto :
Ferro exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro, [racmon :
Brontesque, Steropesque, et nudus membra Py-
His informatum manibus jam parte polita
Fulmen erat, toto genitor quæ plurima cælo
Deiecit in terras, pars imperfecta manebat :
Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutuli tres ignis et alitis austræ.
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque,
Miscabant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.

Æn. viii. ver. 424.

Hither the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight ;
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round :
A load of pointleß thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies :
These darts for angry Jove they daily cast,
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste :
Three rays of withen rain, of fire three more ;
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts the dreadful mixture frame ;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.

Dryd.

The physiology of which is thus explained : Vulcan is said to have a forge in those places, between Mount Ætna and the island Lipare, that is to say, between fire and wind, because those two things are very proper, nay necessary for smiths : " Physiologia est. cur Vulcanus in ipsis locis officinam habere fingantur inter Ætnam et Liparum, scilicet propter ignem et ventos, quæ apta sunt fabris," says Nardius. " in prolusione de igne subterraneo." The several offices of his servants,

Brontesque, Steropesque, et nudus membra Py-
racmon.

their very names in part declare : For Brontes was so call'd. ἀνὸ τῆς βροντῆς from thunder ; Steropes, ἀνὸ τῆς στεροπῆς, from lightning ; and Py-

racmon, ἀνὸ τῆς πυρῆς καὶ τῆς ἀκμῆς, because he never stirs from the burning anvil : And Virgil himself more particularly, Georg. iv. ver. 170.

Ac veluti lentis Cyclopes fulmina massis
Cum properant : alii taurinis sollious auras
Accipiunt, redduntque : alii fridentia tingunt
Æra lacu : gemit impositis incudibus Ætna :
Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt
In numerum ; versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum.

As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,
New thunders hasten for their angry god ;
Subdu'd in fire the stubborn metal lies :
One brawny smith the pressing bellows plies,
And draws, and blows reciprocating air ;
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare :
With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row :
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they strike ; huge flakes of flame expire :
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the
fire.

Dryd.

Moreover, on the ancient marbles, thunder is figured with twelve rays, disposed into a circle ; the rays not straight, but bending into several angles, each of which ends in three sharp-pointed tangs : Such too is the figure of this Virgilian thunder ; of whose form Cerdanus thus : It generally thunders, either when it hails, or in great showers of rain, or when the air is hot and sultry ; or, lastly, when the winds blow : Now, by rain, " imber tortus," Virgil means hail ; by " aquosæ nubes," great showers of rain ; by " ignis," the heated sultry air, and by " aufer," blasts of wind ; for tempests are more frequent when aufer, the south wind, blows, than when any other.

After this, not useless, but necessary digression, it is time to return and keep close to our subject : first, then, The art and doctrine of thunder, according to Seneca, is divided into three parts : I. Investigation. II. Interpretation. III. Exoriation. The first part relates to the form ; the second to divination ; the third to the propitiation and pacification of the gods ; of whom, says he, we ought to pray for good things, and to deprecate from us all manner of evil : to pray that they would make good their promises ; to deprecate that they would remit their threats ; besides, to imprecate and draw down thunder on the heads of our enemies : which last I add to Seneca ; not to give occasion to the learned Muretus, to take in ill part the omission of it. The form I interpret to be the species and nature of the lightning, together, with whatever else can conduce to the physical and perfect knowledge of it ; in the disquisition of which, according to the Thuscans, its rise, that is to say, whether it bursts out of the earth, or breaks from the skies, deservedly claims the first to be inquired into. Now the Thuscans held that the earthly lightning darts in a straight line, the aerial obliquely. It was believed to be of great moment too, from what part of heaven the lightning came ; whither it directed its course, and where it fell. For we must not forget what Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 54. teaches, That the Thuscans

of old divided and quartered out the heavens into fifteen parts, which they called temples, as is observed by Varro de lingua Latina, lib. 3. Nor did they lay any small fires upon this circumstance; whether the thunder struck down the strongest buildings, and overturned the towers and castles of kings; or whether it was weak, and vanished inoffensive in the air. Its force and violence too was likewise considered: that is to say, whether it struck in an instant, or lingered in its flight; and, in some measure, gave warning of the blow: They likewise observed the size and magnitude of it; which they measured and determined by the events and effects it produced. Besides, by the consent of all, there are properly three sorts of lightning, which, according to Seneca, are, I. That which pierces. II. That which shakes to pieces. And, III. That which burns. According to Servius, which blasts, which burns, which cleaves; and according to Festus, which burns, which blasts, which pierces; and from hence it came to be called "trifulcum," three-forked; unless we had rather ascribe that epithet to the three kinds of lightning mentioned by Pliny, i. e. the dry, the humid, and the bright; which were so called from their effects: For the dry does not burn, but dissipate; the humid does not burn, but infuscates; and that, which they called the bright, is indeed of a wonderful nature, as we shall see by and by. I go now to that sort of lightning that infuscates, or renders swarthy the things it strikes: Now this, says Seneca, either strains, or colours, which is thus distinguished: that is said to be stained, whose colour is tarnished, not changed: that to be coloured, whose colour is changed from what it was before, as cerulean, or black, or pale, &c. They observed besides, the manner of the lightning's coming, and the number of the flashes and claps; whether even or odd, and whether alone, or with hail or rain: They had regard besides to the quality of it, whether it were resplendent and glittering, which, perhaps, is that which Suidas calls white, or swarthy and obscure: and it was of the greatest importance, whether it thundered in a clear or cloudy sky, whether in the night or by day; whether in the morning, or the evening, or at noon: And so much for the diagnostic part. We come now to the prognostic or divining.

The prognostic doctrine of lightning was, no doubt, contained in their fulgural books, and the priest, or interpreter of lightning, was called Fulgurator. The ancients ascribed to lightning and thunder a power of foreboding future events, superior to all other ominous portents: For whatever any other omens might have portended as a fixed and certain event, was all taken away, and held to be of no effect, if thunder chanced to intervene; but not on the contrary: For whatever thunder had portended was unalterable, and could not be changed by the intervention of any other omen whatever. It is not certain, who they were that did at first distinguish lightning into two sorts; "brunum et fatidicum," brute and fatidic, or fate foretelling, as they afterwards called

them; for they held, that whatever was the cause of lightning, it was always destined to forebode some future event; whether it proceeded from a fortuitous collision of the clouds, as the Latins believed, or whether the clouds suffered that collision, by the command of the Deity, that lightning might be struck out of them by that means, which was the belief of the Thufcans, who likewise held, that lightning does not portend, because it is made, but is made on purpose that it may portend something. But Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 43. says, That no doubt fortuitous lightnings do sometimes happen, which either forebode nothing at all, or at least if they do, the knowledge of what they portend comes not to us. Hence they were called brute lightnings, as coming on no design, and, as I may say, upon no errand whatever. These, says Seneca, strike the mountains, fall into the seas, and do no manner of harm: But the lightnings that are called fatidic, come from their own stars, and are destined to forebode some unavoidable event: Of these, says Cæcinnus, there are three sorts; which he calls "consiliarium, auctoritatis, and status." The "consiliarium," or counsel-giving, precedes the action, but comes after the thought; as when we are considering in our minds, whether we shall do a certain thing or not, and are persuaded to do it by a flash of lightning, or dissuaded from the attempt: That of authority comes after the action is done, and forebodes whether the event will be prosperous or unlucky: That which he calls "status," of station, is when lightning happens at a time when we are in total inaction, neither doing, nor even thinking of any thing; this either threatens, or promises, or admonishes: therefore he calls it "monitorium," monitory: He makes no mention of a fourth sort, which was called "executivum," the executive, and that inflicts punishments on transgressors; of which anon.

But before we proceed any farther, it will be necessary to know from whom these thunders were sent: The Thufcan books, as Pliny witnesses, taught, that nine gods had the privilege of darting these fiery bolts, and that there are eleven kinds of them: of which Jupiter launches but three: Of these eleven sorts the Romans had retained but two, and ascribed the diurnal to Jupiter, the nocturnal to Pluto: The first Manubia, as they called it, that is, thunder-bolt of Jupiter, gently forewarns, and is mild: this he sends at his own pleasure, whenever he will: He indeed sends a second: but by the advice of his council, which consists of twelve gods, whom he summons for that purpose. This shaft does sometimes do good; but in such a manner that the good it does is always attended with some hurt; its chastisements avail, but punish. The same Jupiter sends also a third bolt: but not without the advice and consent of the gods, whom they call "Dii Majores, Dii Valentes, et Dii Potentes," *Διοὶ μεγάλοι, Διοὶ χρεστοί, καὶ Διοὶ δυνατοί*. This bolt destroys whatever it meets; it changes and overturns the state of things, as well public as private: For fire suffers nothing to remain in

the same condition in which it finds it. Others plunder the armoury of Jupiter, (Acron in Horat.) and scarce reserving to him the red and bloody thunderbolts, they assign the white and black to Minerva.

—Scit triste Minervæ
Sydus—*Æn. viii. 265.*

Hence "Minervales Manubiz," says Servius on that passage of Virgil, by the power of which the Grecian fleet was driven on the rocks of the Mountain Caphareus, and perished there. Nor is Pallas idle,

Prima coruscanti signum dedit Ægide Virgo,
Fulmineam jaculata facem—

Place. Argonaut. 4.

And she is the more to be feared, because not content with her own, but

—Fulmine irati Jovis
Armata—*Sen. Frag. Agamemn.*

armed with the thunder of angry Jove, she threatens sore, and exterminates her enemies. This privilege Juno envies her,

Ipse Jovis rapidum jaculata è nubibus ignem,
Disjecitque rates, evertitque æquora ventis.

Æn. i. ver. 46.

For Minerva could come at the thunder, when she would, as she herself boasts in Æschines in Eumen.

Καὶ κλυτὰς ἴδμε μὲν δαίμονας θεῶν
Ἐν ᾧ κεραυνὸς ἔστι—

I alone, of all the gods, know the keys of the magazines where the thunder is kept. And Servius, "ex actio," observes, that Juno too had her thunder: Hence she upbraids Jupiter for darting her thunderbolts:

—Mea fulmina torques. *Statius.*

Thus we have three thundering gods: Mars was the fourth, and his bolts are red-hot and burning: those of Saturn, cruel and execrable, nor are Pluto's more mild: What can we expect from Vulcan and the south wind, which is said to be "pollens fulminibus," potent in thunderbolts?

The Romans, loath to weary so many gods, gave the thunder but to two: they assigned the day-lightning to Jupiter, who was called Diespiter, i. e. the father of the day: and the night-lightning to Pluto: the lightning which they called *fulmen pernoctum*, because it was uncertain whether it happened in the night, or by day, they gave sometimes to the one, sometimes to the other. Besides this, they had, I. Their *Postularia Fulmina*, which signified the breach of vows, and the profane neglect of religious sacrifices: II. *Monitoria*, by which they were taught what to avoid. III. *Pessifera*, lightnings, which portended death and banishment. IV. *Fallacia*, which were fatal under an appearance of good: these gave the consulship to persons, to whom that office would be fatal; and an inheritance to

those who were to be ruined by getting it. V. *Deprecanea*, which brought a show of danger where there was none. VI. *Peremptalia*, which utterly destroyed the threatening tokens of other lightnings. VII. *Atestata*, that confirmed the promises of former. VIII. *Atterranea*, that happened in close places. IX. *Obruta*, by which things that had been struck before, were struck again, before they had been purged by sacrifice. X. *Regalia*, which fell upon the courts of justice, or other public buildings, or places, belonging to a free city. Concerning the duration, they say, that lightnings are either, I. *Perpetua*, whose tokens belong to the whole life: nor does this sort denounce one single thing only, but embraces the whole context and series of whatever is to happen in the future age of a man. These are the lightnings that happen next after the enjoyment of a patrimonial estate, and in any new circumstance or condition of any man, or city. II. *Finita*, whose prognostications extend only to a certain day. III. *Prorogativa fulmina*, are those whose threats may be delayed to be executed, but can never be wholly averted, or taken away: and such of these as they called *Privata*, because they related only to particular persons, they held could not be delayed for more than ten years, except from the day of first marriage, or the birth-day: nor the publica, which regarded communities, and civil societies, for above thirty years, except in the dedication of towns.

Moreover: we said before, that the lightnings, which fly in a direct line, burst out of the earth: These the Thuleans called *Infera*, they are most frequent in the winter, and are held to be the most fatal and execrable; because they come from a small distance, and out of a troublous matter. The Syderial and general, which dart obliquely, and from thence are called *Obliqua Fulmina*, are not always lucky, and the most unlucky of them are those that go from west to north; thus it is of the highest importance, from whence the lightning comes, and which way it directs its course. The most lucky is that which returns towards the eastern parts of the heavens: therefore, when they come from that part of heaven, and incline the same way again, they portend the greatest felicity: we read that an omen of this sort was given to Sylla the dictator. The others in that part of the world are less prosperous, if not absolutely unlucky. They held it unlawful to interpret, or even to inquire into some: unless they were sent as indications of future events to a guest, or a parent: the lightnings that happened on the left were esteemed lucky, because the east is in the left part of the world: the coming of it was not so much regarded, as its return: whether fire rebounded from the stroke, or whether the work being perfected, or the fire consumed, the blast returned back. The Greeks in general, and some of the Latins, held the lightning on the right to presage good fortune: of this we have frequent examples in Xenophon, some in Homer, and many in the Latin poets: however they all agreed, that none portended good fortune, except those

that happened in the day; forasmuch as the nocturnal were unlucky, from whatever part of heaven they came. There is a verse of Ennius recorded by Cicero de Divinat. lib. 2. which makes to our present purpose:

Cum tonuit lævum bonè tempestate serena.

And though, as Capitolinus tells us in the life of M. Antonius Pius, the lightning was innoxious, that in a clear sky fell into the court of his palace, yet it was ominous, and a preface of death to Titus. Diodorus Siculus, and Suetonius both witness in general, that in those days lightnings were often seen in a serene and unclouded sky: but those historians have neither of them thought fit to particularize any of them.

Besides, they had great regard to the number of the flashes; and an even number seems to portend good fortune, rather than an odd; at least, it betokens neither calamity nor death: But if the lightning fell on temples or public buildings, or if men were blasted by it, in either of those cases it was judged to signify some great misfortune: To a free city it threatened a kingly power; and to others the subversion of their present state, or total destruction. And this, as Cicero in Vatin. observes, was the reason, that from the first building of the city, it was not permitted, but even held irreligious, to hold any assembly of the people, or to continue the sittings of their courts of justice, whenever it happened to thunder. And Livy, lib. v. decad. 3. relates, that Marcellus, being created consul, was removed from that office, because it had thundered when he entered upon the consular dignity: what would have been done, if a tempest of wind and hail had accompanied the thunder? Which accident was held to forebode calamity. And even at Rome, as the same Livy, lib. x. decad. 4. affirms, a tempest only did sometimes make the senate break up their assemblies: For the minds of men had already imbibed the superstitious credulity, that lightning portended future events, and gave tokens, not of particular things only, but denounced in a successive order the whole series of future fates; and that too by decrees more plain and evident, than if they had been written in the most visible characters: This Seneca teaches, Nat. Quæst. xxxii. lib. 2. Pliny too seems to have been tainted with the same superstition; for, lib. ii. cap. 53. he says in express terms, That the science of the interpretation of lightnings was improved to that degree, as was evident from innumerable, both public and private examples, that it foretold what should happen even on a fixed and certain day, and whether the lightning forboded the delay, or the total obstruction of fates, already foretold, or revealed, or gave tokens of others, that lay till then concealed: Wherefore let them be, as it has pleased nature to make them, certain to some, doubtful to others, approved by some, and condemned by others. Thus Pliny.

It now remains, that we say something of their expiations, by which they endeavoured to avert

the imminent dangers that threatened them. In the first place, the fulgural books pronounce, That a place struck with lightning ought neither to be regarded, nor trod upon: For which reason, says Ammianus Marcellinus in Jul. it was lawful to hide or bury the lightning; but a crime against the gods to uncover it. Now the lightning was then said to be buried, when an altar was erected over the place where it had fallen: And this altar had a hole in the top of it, open towards heaven; and was called *Puteal*, or *Capitium*, by Vulpianus, *Operculum*. The place itself Nigidius Figulus calls *Bidental*, because two sheep were sacrificed there; after which, says he, it was immediately deemed holy. And Augustus consecrated and dedicated to Apollo the area in the palace he had bought, because lightning had fallen in it: But *bidental* signifies sometimes the sacrifice likewise, and sometimes too the person that was struck, as in *Perseus*, *Satir. ii. ver. 27.*

Triste jaces lucis evitandumque bidental.

Moreover, to this custom of burying the lightning, Lucan alludes, lib. i.

—Disperfos fulminis ignes

Colligit, & terræ mæsto cum murmure condit.

And the ancient interpreter of Juvenal, on this verse,

Atque aliquis senior, qui publica fulgura condit,
Sat. 6.

says, that lightning is then said to be buried, when the priest has collected together the scattered fires, by which we may reasonably conjecture, that they meant, when he had collected together what was scorched by the lightning; and consecrated the place by a certain prayer, pronounced with a low voice to himself, and by heaping up earth upon it. Thus it had fared but ill with the Parthian magicians, if, as Pliny, lib. xxxvii. cap. 9. says they had tried to find, by digging for it, the gem, which is called "*ceraunia*," and some take for a real thunderbolt, because it is never found, but in places blasted with lightning, since it was not permitted even to look upon such places. Besides, we learn from Festus, that, by an old law of Numa, it was forbid to burn the body of a man, who had been killed by thunder, or to allow him the rites of funeral. Every man, who was slain by thunder, was buried in the place where he was struck; except, as Quintilian, and some other learned men observe out of Festus, the place belonged to the public. Such men had this privilege, that the priests were permitted to gather up their scattered members: This we have from Seneca, who besides, speaking of such as apprehend and tremble at the danger of thunder, has this remarkable passage: "*Non maximum ex periculis, sed speciosissimum fulmen est. Male scilicet erit actum tecum, si sensum mortis tuæ celeritas infinita prævenerit, si mors tua procurabitur, si tu nunc quoque cum expiras, non supervacue, sed alicujus magnæ rei signum es.*" lib. ii. Nat. Quæst. in calce. The earth

was heaped up, not dug into the ground, as Cornutus is of opinion, till it raised a monument high enough, to give notice of the place to passers by. Plutarch. in Symp. iv. Probl. 2. asserts, That the bodies of men blasted with lightning never putrify; for many, says he, neither burn them, nor bury them, but suffer them to lie where they were struck; and hedge in the place, that those uncorrupting carcases may remain as a spectacle of admiration: And for this reason they foolishly thought such persons to be honoured by Jupiter. But Seneca, Nat. Quæst. lib. ii. with more confidence to truth, says, that bodies, killed by thunder, crawl with worms in a few days; and adds besides, that they were buried with the lightning: Whence the saying, "Male tecum agitur, si cum fulmine conderis:" The places were hedged about, that they might not be trod on unawares; and the bodies were interred to avoid the stench of their corruption: For it is known by experience, that as well men as beasts, are for the most part suffocated by the blast of lightning, not burnt with the fire; and when the innate heat of the animal decays, the remaining moisture is prone to corruption. Yet some persons, struck with lightning, were not buried, but only covered with a white garment; as well because they believed such bodies did not putrify, as that they might be seen by the people: who, nevertheless, were not permitted to look at them, except at some distance: for none were permitted to come within the enclosure, but the priests.

I shall pass by many things relating to thunder, but cannot omit one, which Pliny mentions, lib. xxviii. cap. 25. where he says: "Fulguras Poppyfms adorare, consensu est gentium." All nations agree in adoring the thunderbolts, by pressing their lips close together, and then, by drawing in the air by force, to make such a sound as horsemen generally do, to encourage and put forward their horses; for such a noise the word "poppyfms" signifies: and this was the custom both of the Greeks and Romans in their expiatory sacrifices. Some of the learned add likewise the clapping of hands, which others nevertheless take to be only the noise that is made, by closing the palms of the hands, and hilling between the thumbs. But to proceed:

When the portents and prodigies were uncommon, or more than usually frequent, they consulted the Thufcan Fulguratores, or the Sybilline books, and the city was expiated, by public sacrifices and supplications, and by the ceremonies they called *Lectisternia*, i. e. bringing their beds, on which they lay down to ear, into the temples, where they used to feast themselves in honour of the sacred rites: as also by votive games, Livy in decad. iv. lib. 10. gives an example of the purification of the city, after the fall of lightning, in these words: "Ob ea decemviri iussi adire liberos, edidere quibus diis, et quot hostiis sacrificaretur: Et a fulminibus complura loca deformata, ad eodem Jovis ut supplicatio diem unum esset. Ludi denique votivi Q. Fulvii Conf. per dies decem magno apparatu facti." For to distinguish to

which god the sacrifice was due, was not so easily discerned by the Romans, but that they equally sacrificed sometimes to Jupiter and Pluto, when the lightning happened at a doubtful time, that is to say, either in the morning or evening twilight: and this lightning, as we said before, they called "pervorsum." Joannes Magnus, in his history, lib. iii. cap. 8. relates a ridiculous custom of the Goths and Vandals; and which is likewise confirmed by his kinsman Olaus Magnus: They tell us, that those people, when they heard the noise of thunder in the clouds, were wont to shoot arrows up into the air, to express their earnest desire to assist their own gods, whom they believed to be then engaged in battle with other gods; and that, not contented with this foolish superstition, they had mallets of an unusual weight, bound about with brags, and which they held in great veneration, on purpose that, by their help, as by the imitative thunder of Claudian, they might express the noise they heard in the heavens, and which they believed was made by mallets likewise: And they held it very meritorious to be thus present, and assist in the battles of their gods.

It remains only to speak of the lightnings, which the ancients called *Elicia*, and these were either commanded and compelled from heaven, or allured and obtained by holy rites. Pliny tells us, That lightning may either be compelled, or implored from heaven, by certain holy rites and supplications; that there was an old tradition in Etruria, that it had been obtained by holy rites, when a monster they called *Volta*, entered into the city Volsinii, after having first depopulated the country round it: And the same author, on the testimony of Piso, whom he calls an author of credit, says, That Porfenna, king of the Thuscans, drew down thunder from heaven; and that, before him, Numa had often done the like. He adds, that Tullus Hostilius, endeavouring to imitate them, and either not knowing, or for not observing the due rites, was himself struck dead by a thunderbolt. "Extat annalium memoria, sacris quibusdam et precationibus, vel cogi fulmina, vel impetrari." Verus fama Hetruræ est, impetratum; Volsinios urbem, agris depopulatam, subeunte monstro, quod vocare Voltam. Evocatam et à Porfenna suo rege, et ante eum à Numa sæpius hoc factitatum, in primo Annal. suorum tradit L. Piso, gravis Author: quod imitatum parum rite Tullum Hostilius, isum fulmine. Lucofque et aras, et sacra habemus inter quæ Statores, et Tonantes, et Feretrios, Elicium quoque accepimus Jovem" P. in lib. ii. cap. 52. He concludes with making this remark: "Varia," says he, "in hoc vitæ sententia, et pro cuiusque animo, Imperari naturæ adacis est credere: nec minus lebetis, beneficiis abrogare vires." Thus Pliny. In relation to Numa, Livy relates the matter at large, in decad. i. lib. 1. where, among many other things, he tells us, that Numa, in order to allure down thunderbolts from the divine minds, erected an altar on the Aventine hill, to Jupiter Elicius: "Ad ea (scil. ful-

mina) elicienda, ex mentibus divinis, Jovi Elicio aram in Aventino dicavit: deumque consuluit auguriis, quæ capienda essent." And that nothing might be wanting to this fable, Valerius Antias, as cited by Arnobius, advers. gent. lib. v. says, that king Numa, not having the science of procuring lightning, and, by the advice of the nymph Egeria, being desirous to know it, gave chains and fetters to twelve chaste young men, and placed them in ambuscade, near a certain water, in which Faunus and Martius Picus were wont to bathe, with orders to surprize and bind them: This they did, and extorted from them the art of alluring Jupiter, of whom Numa by this means learnt the art of drawing down thunderbolts out of heaven. The Greeks, however, will not allow this honour to be first due to Numa, but ascribe it to Prometheus; who, as Servius on the 6th Eclogue of Virgil, relates, by residing long upon the top of Mount Caucasus, discovered the art of alluring down lightning, and taught it to men; from whence the fable of his having stolen fire out of heaven. Lastly, These "elicia fulmina" were of three sorts: I. "Hospitalia," which Seneca mentions in lib. ii. Nat. Quæst. and these by sacrifices compel, or rather, to use their milder expression, invite Jupiter from heaven: But if his godship should happen to be unwilling, or in an angry mood, they invite him to their own cost: and this, says the same Seneca, was the misfortune of Tullus Hostilius, the third king of the Romans, whom we mentioned before. II. The "Auxiliaria," which were also called "Advocata," but these always came for the good of those that called them. III. The "Imprecatoria," which cannot be reckoned in the number of auxiliary lightning; for no man desires destruction, or imprecates thunderbolts on his own head. After all, Pliny, lib. xviii. cap. 2. observes out of old authors, that it was a very difficult task to allure down lightning by supplications and sacrifices. And so much for the superstition of the ancients, in regard to thunder and lightning.

Ver. 431. Hitherto the poet has been treating of thunder and lightning; and is now about to dispute of another kind of meteor, called whirlwinds: And for the better understanding of such disputation, it will be necessary, with Aristotle, lib. iii. Meteor. and with Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 48. to distinguish between the several sorts of whirlwinds, which the ancients called by several names, according to their several natures; as "ecnephas, prester and typho." For since all these things, thunder, lightning, "ecnephas, prester, and typho," and thunderbolts, are only several winds, we ought to distinguish between them. First, then, if the wind be thin and subtle, and if it be blown and scattered piecemeal here and there, it produces thunder and lightning. If it be more dense and thick, it begets the tempest, which the Greeks call *Exnephias*, i. e. a storm without rain, a hurricane, as Pliny says, lib. ii. cap. 48. But if the wind bursting out of the bowels of a cloud, meet with other winds, breaking out of other

clouds likewise, and without fire, it comes to be that sort of whirlwind, which the Greeks called *εὐρύς*, of which there are two sorts, called by the Latins "vortex and turbo." "Vortex," if it make a great and roaring noise: "Turbo," if it make none at all, or but a whistling one. But if the wind, when it breaks from the clouds, takes fire, and kindles into flame, it makes a "prester," called by the Greeks *πρεστήρ*, which signifies, inflaming, swelling, and making hot, "quasi comburens contacta, pariter et proterens," says Pliny, in the place last cited: If the wind, after it breaks from the clouds, do not take fire; but bursts out in a flame, it makes the lightning, which the Greeks call *αἰσχροίς*, a thunderbolt: And, lastly, if the wind cannot break the cloud, but forces and drags it down upon the earth, or sea, it then makes the whirlwind, which the Latins called "columna," a pillar. And of these whirlwinds the poet disputes in the following twenty-nine verses, and seems to call the "columna, vortex, and turbo," all of them certain presters: And first, in these twenty-one verses, he explains the cause of a fiery whirlwind, called a prester; which, says he, is a wind impetuously whirled about, and that takes fire by the continuance and vehemence of the agitation. If this wind burst out of the clouds, and move violently in a straight line, it kindles into lightning only; but if the cloud be so tough, that it cannot break through, but bears it down into the sea, and, there impetuously whirling round in the waves, it becomes a prester, the sure destruction of sailors.

Ver. 452. Presters are seldom felt at land, but chiefly infect the sea. There is another sort of whirlwind, which is not fiery: and this too is a wind, that turns and-whirls about with violence in a cloud, and tumbles down with that cloud upon the earth; where breaking out without being kindled into flame, it whirls and tumbles down all things where it lights: Neither is this sort of whirlwind frequent at land; for the hills hinder its descent, and break its force; but at sea the poor sailors often feel its violence.

Of this sort of whirlwind, Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 48. "Sin vero flatus repentinus depresso sinu arctius rotati nubem effregerint, sine igne, hoc est, sine fulmine, Vorticem faciunt:" which agrees with what Lucretius says of it. But whatever he says of their being most frequently felt at sea, they are very common in Florence, and in several other countries.

But before we leave this subject of whirlwinds, it will not be improper to give a short account of the cause of wind; the original of which is reckoned among the hidden secrets of nature. Aristotle will have it to proceed from the earth, and defines it to be a dry earthy exhalation: Metrodorus and Animaxander held, that it proceeds from the water: of the same opinion too is Vitruvius, who, lib. i. cap. 6. says, "Ventus est æcis fluens unda, cum incerta motus redundantia; nasciturque cum fervor offendit humorem & imperus fervoris exprimit vim spiritus flantis:" This he illustrates, by the example of *æolipila*,

windballs: and Des Cartes pretends to demonstrate the truth of this opinion in the same manner. And Salmastius, lib. de Anno Climacter. asserts the same opinion, in the very words of Vitruvius. There is a third opinion, which seems to have been more ancient than either of the former; and according to that, wind is nothing but air put in motion. Apuleius de Mund. is of this last opinion. "Nec enim," says he, "aliud est ventus, nisi multum et vehemens in unum coacti æris flumen." But this is not satisfactory; for, by not assigning the first cause of that motion, it leaves the matter in suspense, and undetermined. The most probable opinion therefore is, that wind is an earthy or watery exhalation, mixed with saline spirits, and other vapours, drawn or forced out of the earth or sea, by the power of the sun, or of subterranean fires, which being rarefied by heat, or condensed by cold, and impelled for the most part by a transverse, but sometimes by a direct motion, exagitate the earth, air, and sea. But of this subject see particularly my Lord Bacon's treatise de Ventis; Des Cartes in the place above cited; Gassendus's Animadversions on Epicurus; Fromond. in Meteor.; Kircher. in Mund. subterr.; and Isaac. Vossius, de motu Marium & Ventorum.

Ver. 460. The poet is now going to treat of the generation of clouds; which, he says, may be produced three several ways: And first, in these seven verses, he teaches, that certain rough and hooky atoms, that are flying to and fro in the air, meet and join together: These form the thin clouds first; and these thin clouds, condensing and joining with one another, make the thick and heavy clouds.

Anaximenes, Plutarch, and Seneca, held the clouds to be made of the very concretion or congelation of the air itself: The first of them indeed believed, that all things proceed from the air: And Plutarch, de Placit. Philos. l. iii. c. 4. calls the clouds *ἀέρος παύσηται*, thickenings of the air; and Epicurus in Lucretius, *ἀέρος παύσηται*, accumulations or heaps of air; but Seneca, lib. ii. c. 30. "Spissitudinem æris crassi," the thickness of gross air: for he will not allow, that clear and uncloudy air can thicken and grow into clouds; because it is too subtle, and free from vapours; by virtue of which only it can condense into clouds. Macrobius, "Aër terreni frigoris exhalatione densatus, in nubem cogitur." In Somn. Scipionis, lib. i. cap. 22.

Ver. 467. In these nine verses he observes, that clouds frequently seem to rise from the tops of high mountains: the reason of which, he says, is this; because some thin mists and watery steams, that are too subtle to be seen, are driven up thither by the wind; where joining together, and growing thick, they become visible. Moreover, our translator has omitted the two last verses of this argument, which, in the original, are as follows.

Nam loca declarat sursum ventosa patere
Res ipsa, & sensus, montes cum ascendimus altos.

And indeed they are of no great moment; and therefore I have foreborn to translate and insert them in the text of this version. What they say is only this: For, when we ascend a high mountain, the thing itself and sense demonstrate, "ventosa loca sursum patere," i. e. that the winds tend to the highest places, and reign there. This is the interpretation Creech himself gives them in his Latin edition of Lucretius.

Ver. 476. In these six verses Lucretius proposes a second reason of the generation of clouds; and that matter may not be wanting to compose such vast bodies of clouds as are rolling up and down in the air, he raises vapours and exhalations from the sea; and then, in ten verses, from the rivers and other waters, nay, even from the earth itself; not that he believes any earthy particles ascend, as Gassendus interprets, but because the earth, being moistened with dews and rain, seems to smoke, and breathe forth watery exhalations, which the particles of heat, that are continually descending from above, meet in their ascent, and press them into clouds. The last verse of this argument is likewise omitted by Creech in this version: It runs thus in the original:

Nam ratio cum sanguine abest humoribus omnis.

And indeed the interpreters know not well what to make of it: some place it above, after ver. 470. others below, after ver. 531. In either of which places it seems to have but as little to do as here: so that upon the whole matter, their opinion seems best, who will not allow it to be genuine, and therefore absolutely reject it.

Ver. 478. This the poet has mentioned before, b. i. v. 357.

Ver. 486. This and the following verse in the original run thus:

Urget enim quoque signiferi super ætheris æstus,
Et quasi densando subtexit cærulea nimbis:

In his interpretation of which we may observe, that Creech has followed the opinion of Gassendus, and some others, who interpret *ætheris æstus* to mean the ether itself, whose heat condenses the clouds; and this must be explained, say they, to be intended of the antiperistasis, by reason of which the region of the clouds grows cold. But our translator, in his Latin edition of Lucretius, has changed his opinion, and says, that this antiperistasis of theirs, as they call it, will avail them nothing; and that they allege a cause, by which the clouds may indeed be attenuated, but never condensed: And Lucretius himself, a few verses lower, urges the heat of the sun for one of the reasons of the liquefaction and dissolution of the clouds into rain:

Aut dissolvuntur solis super icta calore,

says he, v. 513. And therefore Creech explains *ætheris æstus* to mean the little bodies that are still descending from the heavens in a confused and turbulent manner. And indeed this interpretation seems more consonant to reason than the

other: therefore instead of, For the warm vigorous rays, &c. read, For the descending parts, &c.

Ver. 488. In these fourteen verses, as a third cause of clouds, he fetches the seeds of them from the infinite space, and from the other worlds. For Lucretius, after Epicurus, believed, that the atoms which assemble in the concretion of clouds, came not only out of the air, water, and earth, but out of the void likewise: for having taught, book i. ver. 1005. & seq. that the space in which, out of which, and through which the infinite atoms are continually flying, is immense and infinite likewise, what wonder is it, if they supply from that inexhaustible magazine a sufficient quantity of seed for the production of clouds?

[Ibid. *External matter.*] That is to say, matter that comes not only from the sea, nor only from the earth, nor only from the air, but from without; i. e. from the immense and infinite space of the universe.

Ver. 490. See book i. ver. 96c. & seq. & 1050. & seq. where the poet has brought many arguments to prove the universe to be infinite, and that it has no centre.

Ver. 493. See book ii. ver. 134. &c.

Ver. 494. This and the following verse are transcribed from Cowley, and repeated in this place, from b. iv. v. 226.

Ver. 502. These thirty verses contain a short disputation of rain. Many seeds of water rise up together with the seeds of the clouds, and grow bigger together with the clouds, in like manner, as the blood, and other humours increase in proportion with our bodies. For a cloud may be supposed to be a body, that contains the rain, which may be compared to the blood in the bodies of animals. To these seeds of water and clouds, add those particles of water that the clouds, like fleeces of wool, which they seem to resemble, draw from the rivers and sea. And thus when the clouds are full of water, if they are pressed either by the force of the wind, or their own weight, water must of necessity be squeezed out, and drop from them: This in seventeen verses. Then he says in four verses, that if the winds rarefy the clouds, the rain will likewise drop from them; and if the heat of the sun pierce the clouds, they will flow like melted wax. That a violent hasty shower is occasioned by a violent compression of the clouds: in four verses, and lastly, in five verses, that constant showers happen, when many clouds are heaped upon one another, and when the earth resolves into vapours the rain it has received, and sends it up again into the region of the clouds.

Aristotle and his followers, who held that the elements change from one into another, and so make a circle of generation, define rain to be air converted into water, and distilling from a cloud in drops. Epicurus held that rain might be generated two several ways: I. By transmutation. II. By compression. By transmutation; because such is the nature of the air, that it changes by condensation into water; and such too is the na-

ture of a cloud; that by the retreat and absence of heat, and by the accession of cold, its parts are so transposed and varied, as renders them more apt to flow and fall. This is exemplified by vapours gathering together in a limbeck, and then falling in drops. By compression, when by wind or cold the cloud is compressed, and the vaporous corpuscles within the hollows of it are crowded together; and thus, by that accession of weight, or by the force of the wind, are driven and squeezed out of the cloud, in like manner as water out of a sponge. From whence it appears, that the drops of rain are formed by coalition, rather than by division; and that rain is not, as it is vulgarly taken to be, a watery mass effused from a cloud, as water out of the rose of a watering pot, nor as Trepasades and Aristophanes, deriding this opinion, says, does it proceed from Jupiter's making water through a sieve. For, if there were any such stagnation of water in a cloud, it would fall from thence in a torrent, or as water does from spouts, rather than in drops. Moreover, there are reckoned three kinds of rain. "Stillicidium, Imber, and Nimbis." The first is a misty rain. The second more intense, and composed of larger drops, a sober rain. The third, a violent pouring rain; which, as Fromendus says, falls "decumanis guttis;" Apuleius de mundo, sums up the whole matter in a few words: "Tot diversitatibus," says he, "pluviae cadunt, quot modis aer nubium conditionibus cogitur."

Ver. 505. Hippocrates agrees with Lucretius in this opinion, and lib. de Aer. Aqu. et Loc. says expressly, that there is moisture in all things.

Ver. 508. Here the poet teaches in five verses, that while the clouds are driven by winds over the surface of the sea, or other waters, they, like wool, hung in damp places, imbibe and suck in the moisture.

Ver. 513. In these six verses, the poet mentions one of the ways, by which rain distills from the clouds, that is, by compression; when the clouds, compressed by the force of the wind, or by the great quantity of water, contained within their bowels, let drop the rain; as water is squeezed out of a sponge, by pressing it.

Ver. 519. These four verses contain the other way, by which Epicurus, and, after him, Lucretius held, that rain might be made, to wit, by transmutation, that is to say, when the clouds, being struck and rarefied, either by the force of the wind, or the heat of the sun, distil in rain, as is explained above, ver. 502.

Ver. 523. These four verses, that give the reason of a violent storm of rain, are sufficiently explained in the note on ver. 502. and so likewise are the five that follow them, and assign the cause of constant showers.

Ver. 532. In these two verses, he tells us, that a rainbow is made by the beams of the sun, striking upon an opposite and wet cloud.

Lucretius says not any thing of the various colours of the rainbow; a subject which nevertheless has employed many of the philosophers; and concerning which, there are two things chiefly to

be inquired into; their number, and their order. As to the first, Aristotle discerns only three distinct colours; *φαικλον*, a light red, or saffron, as some interpret it; *χλωρον*, green, and *πορφυρεον*, purple, or violet, and cerulean; and thence he called the rainbow three coloured: but Ptolemy calls it seven coloured, because of the mingled colours that intervene among those three chief colours. Others call it many-coloured, as if the number of its colours could scarce be distinguished. Whence Virgil, *Æn.* iv. ver. 701.

Mille trahit varios adverso sole colores.

A rainbow is only the picture of the light of the sun, in an opposite cloud, moist or wet, and just ready to be dissolved, and fall down in rain. It is in itself of no colour; and the various colours that appear, are but reflections of the light of the sun received differently, according as the cloud is more or less dense: this is evident by artificial rainbows. And yet this shadow, this almost nothing, does, by reflection, sometimes make another rainbow, though not so distinct and beautiful. Sir R. Blackmore describes a rainbow poetically, and like a philosopher too.

Thus oft the Lord of Nature, in the air,
Hangs ev'ning clouds, his sable canvaſs, where
His pencil, dipt in heav'nly colours, made
Of intercepted sun-beams, mix'd with shade
Of temper'd ether, and refracted light,
Paints his fair rainbow, charming to the sight.

There are only four chief colours in a rainbow. I. A light red. II. A yellow, or saffron. III. A green. IV. A purple. These colours change their site and order, according to the difference of the rainbow; for there are two distinct sorts of rainbows; "iris primaria," and "iris secundaria," the primary and secondary rainbow. The primary rainbow is that which, for the most part, appears alone, and in which the ruddy colour is outmost, or highest; the yellow next, the green the third colour, and the purple the inmost, or lowest. But the "iris secundaria," or secondary rainbow, is that which never appears alone, but always above, and larger than the primary, and has the same colours, but more faint, and quite inverted; that is to say, in the secondary rainbow, the purple colour is the outmost, or highest, the next to that the green, the third the yellow, and the ruddy the inmost or lowest. This rainbow is not so distinct and beautiful as the other, of which it is held to be only a reflection. It is agreed by all, that there are two causes of the colours of the rainbow; the sun, and the watery cloud placed against it; but they do not explain this in the same manner. Metrodorus in Plutarch de Placit. Philosoph. l. iii. c. 3. believes, that the redness of the rainbow proceeds from the beams of the sun, and the cerulean colour from the cloud. Seneca assents to this opinion, and adds, that the other colours are only a mixture of these two. Aristotle, 3. Meteor. will have the cloud to be in the nature of a mirror, from which the beams of the sun, being variously reflected, produce the various co-

lours: the light red, because they are reflected from that part of the cloud that is nearest to his orb; the green, because they are reflected from the part that is farther off; lastly, the purple, because they are scarce reflected at all, by reason of the yet greater remoteness of the cloud; nor does he distinguish the yellow from the red, only because it grows whitish, by reason of the vicinity of the green. Scaliger believes the cloud to consist of the particles of the four elements, and therefore will have the upmost parts of it to turn red, when they receive the light of the sun, because they are fiery; the next to become yellow, as being aerial, and the third to grow green, as holding of the earth. As to the figure of the rainbow, it is round; but it would be too tedious to relate the various opinions why it is so. Of this consult P. Gassendus on the tenth book of Laërtius. *Animad. de Meteorolog.* p. 1123.

Ver. 534. Lucretius says nothing in particular of the causes of snow, wind, hail, hoar-frost, ice, &c. but only takes notice in these seven verses, that whoever contemplates on these things, and considers the clouds and showers, and at the same time reflects on the various figures and motions of the principles, will easily be able to comprehend the causes of these and the other meteors, which he leaves unexplained.

Ver. 535. Pliny, lib. xvii. cap. 2. calls snow, the foam of celestial waters, when they dash against one another; which, says Cowley, is ingeniously expressed for a poet, though but ill defined for a philosopher. Aristotle, and after him, most of our modern philosophers, hold it to be generated of a moist, but rare and thin cloud, which, being condensed by cold, as it falls down, that it may the more easily cut through the air, divide itself into flakes, like fleeces of wool; to which the Psalmist alludes, "Qui dat nivem, sicut lanam," Psalm. 147. He gives snow like wool. Yet Bodinus, in *Theatro Naturæ*, is of opinion, that the Royal Psalmist resembles snow to wool, because of the warmth it affords to plants and vegetables in the cold of winter, as woollen garments do to men, rather than for its fleecy similitude. The whiteness of snow is derived from its efficient cause, which is cold; and also from the copious mixture of aerial spirits. Anaxagoras affirmed it to be black; and in Armenia it is of a ruddy colour; which, as Eustathius on the second Iliad observes, is caused by the terrestrial particles, or atoms of the soil of that country, which abounds with minium. For those particles, mixing with those of the air, tinge the snow, and give it that hue. Of the wonderful contexture and figure of snow, which is said to be always sexangular, see Kepler, who has written a particular treatise upon that subject.

Ibid. Hail is nothing else but rain congealed in its fall: and this congelation or concretion is made not far from the earth, because hail is never seen upon the high mountains, which are often covered with snow; besides; hail, the nearer to the earth the cloud is, out of which it falls, is the more triangle or pyramidal in its figure: the

Higher the cloud, and the more remote from the earth, the rounder the hail: the reason of which is, because those inequalities, or angles, are worn away, and rounded by the length of its passage and descent through the air: and its congealed hardness proceeds from the antiperistasis of the lower region of the air: and this too is the reason why hail falls more frequently in summer than in winter; and seldom in the night, unless the night be warm. See more in Fromondus, Meteorolog. lib. v. cap. 9. I will only add Aristotle's short, but true, definition of snow and hail: snow, says he, is a cloud congealed, and hail congealed water.

Ver. 541. Before we enter on this disputation, of earthquakes, it may not be amiss to take notice of the several sorts of them. Apuleius, lib. i. de Mundo, reckons up seven several sorts of earthquakes. I. The first is termed Epiclinales, seu inclinator, from *ἐπικλίνω*, I incline, because it moves sidelong; and, thus, striking at oblique angles, overturns things by inclination or sideward. II. The second is called Brastres, seu effervescentes, from *βράζω*, I boil; the similitude of boiling water, because it bears all above it in a direct line. III. The third, Chasmatias, from *χασμαίω*, I gape, because it makes an hiatus or chasm, in which the place it forces, is swallowed up. IV. The fourth, Rhectes, from *ρήσσω* I break, because it forces its way by a rupture: though it opens not so wide a chasm as the former. V. The fifth sort is called Oites, from *ὠρίζω* I thrust with violence: and this both shakes and overturns. VI. The sixth, Palmatias, from *πάλλω*, I shake, or throb: this shakes the ground and buildings, but not so as to overturn them. VII. The seventh is called Mycematias, or Myectias, from *μύσσωμαι*, I bellow, because it makes a roaring noise. But Ammianus Marcellinus, and, after him, Cœlius Rhodiginus, allow but four kinds of earthquakes.

Thales and Democritus ascribe the cause of earthquakes to subterranean winds, that undermine the bowels of the earth, and then force out their passage: the Stoics attribute it to moisture, rarefied into air; which struggling for room to get free, and meeting with the thick and tough body of the earth, shakes it by its struggling. Others hold that earthquakes proceed from enclosed air, or spirits arising from combustible matters, as sulphur, nitre, allum, sal-armoniac, bitumen, or the like; which being set on fire, and consequently rarefied, cause the same effects as gunpowder does in mines. See Fromond. Meteorolog. lib. iv. cap. 2. where those authors treat of these matters at large. I now return to Lucetius, who, in order to give a right explication of earthquakes, first supposes several things, which I think no man ever doubted: and first, says he, in eight verses, you may suppose the earth to be full of hollows, that the caverns are full of vapours, into which the wind can easily rush: in the next place, that there are many lakes, many broad pools of water, and rivers too, rolling their waves within the bowels of the earth. These things being granted: the poet assigns the first

cause of earthquakes to the earth itself; and in eight verses more tells us, that one cause of earthquakes may be this: when any of those subterranean cavities are decayed by length of time; and it is certain they will decay: the upper part of the hollow will fall down: nor can it be doubted, but that a trembling of the earth must be caused by such a concussion, since we see, that when coaches or waggons go along the streets, the houses on either side are shaken.

This was the opinion of Anaximenes, who in Seneca, lib. vi. says, that the parts of the earth, which moisture has loosened, or subterranean fire undermined and consumed, or the violence of wind has shaken, or that the length of time has brought to moulder and decay, may fall in. But Aristotle and Plutarch say, that Anaximenes held, that these fallings in of the earth could not proceed, except from dryness and moisture. Epicurus in Seneca, lib. vi. cap. 20. speaks of this first cause of earthquakes, in these words: "Fortasse aliqua parte terræ subito decedente terra ipsa percutitur, & inde motum capit. Fortasse calida vis spiritûs in ignem versa & fulmini similis cum magna strage obstantium fertur." Perhaps, says he, some part of the earth falling down on a sudden, the earth itself is shaken, and thence is caused the motion: perhaps in some parts the earth is supported as with pillars, which being decayed, and giving way, the superimposed weight trembles: perhaps the hot force of wind is changed into fire, and borne about like lightning, makes a wide destruction of all things that resist its passage. And in the same author, lib. vi. cap. 9. Anaxagoras holds almost a like cause of earthquakes, which, he says, are the effect of lightning.

Ver. 553. Seneca, Nat. Quæst. lib. vi. cap. 22. "Si quando magna onera per vicus vehiculorum plerumque tracta sunt, (perhaps per vicus vehiculorum plerumque ordine tracta sunt, & rotæ majori nisu in salebra incidunt, terram concuti senties. Aesclepiodorus tradit, cum petra è latere molis abrupta cecidisset, ædificia vicina tremore collapsa. Idem sub terris fieri potest, ut ex his quæ impendent, rupibus aliqua resoluta magno pondere & sono in subiacentem cavernam cadat, eo vehementius, quo aut plus ponderis habuit, aut venit altius: & sic commovetur omne tectum cavatæ vallis." When heavy loads are drawn in carts along the streets; if the wheels happen to plunge into a hole, you will feel the ground tremble. Aesclepiodorus relates, that a rock, breaking off from the side of a mountain, shook down the neighbouring buildings as it fell. The same thing may happen in the hollows under ground: if any of the impending rocks break off with mighty weight and noise, and tumble down into the sub-jacent cavern, and that too with more violence and impetuosity, the greater the weight is, and the higher it falls; then all the bulk of earth, that covers that cavity, will be moved and tremble.

Ver. 557. Another cause of earthquakes, and which he ascribes to water, is contained in these five verses, to this effect. If a vast quantity of

earth fall down into a great pool of water, it will cause an agitation in that water, and that agitation may cause a staggering or reeling of the earth, that contains that water, as in a vessel.

Democritus, as Aristotle, lib. ii. "de rebus superis" witnesses, was of opinion, that the earth, since it abounds with water, and admits into its bowels a great quantity of rain, is moved and shaken by it: for, because the cavities cannot contain all the water, the earth swells and increases with it: and thus the water, forcing its way into the earth, causes an earthquake: and the earth growing dry, and attracting the water from the places, that are full, into those that are empty, is moved by the water, and changes place, and glides from one into another. Thus Epicurus in Seneca, lib. vi. cap. 20. "Ergo, ut ait Epicurus, potest terram movere aqua, si partes aliquas eluit & abrasit, quibus deficit posse excavatis sustineri, quod int'gris ferebatur." Thus in A. Gellius, lib. ii. cap. 28. the poets feign, that Neptune, that is, water, is the mover and shaker of the earth: to this likewise may be referred the opinion of Thales, that the earth is supported by water, and sometimes runs adrift, and floats, like a ship, got loose from her anchor. And indeed, in earthquakes, when the earth opens and gapes, water for the most parts breaks out, almost in the same manner, as it works itself into a ship that has sprung a leak. But Lucretius believes that the earth shakes, by reason of huge pieces of it, that break off and fall down into a cavern of water: as, for example, a vessel full of water cannot remain without motion, if the water it contains fluctuate; till that water ceases its agitation, and be at rest. Thus he seems to speak after the opinion of Thales, who held that the earth floats in water.

Ver. 562. In these twenty verses, he proposes the wind as a third cause of earthquakes, and says, that the wind, rushing into the caverns of the earth, makes it incline, and, as it were, drives it forward: but since the blast is not continued on [for if it were, the whole earth would fly before the driving violence], and since, sometimes meeting with opposition, it is repelled, and goes back, the earth, after several fluctuating motions, settles again in its ancient former seat. But by this fluctuation of the earth, buildings are shaken and tumbled to the ground.

To this sort of earthquake may be referred, that amazing prodigy, which Pliny, from the authority of the Tuscan books, relates of two mountains in the country of Modena, which Lucius Marcius and Sextus Julius being consuls, met, and butted against each other, making a dreadful noise, and casting out smoke and fire into the air, and then retiring: he adds, that this was seen by many Romans from the Æmilian way. "Namque montes duo inter se concurrerunt crepitu magno assultantes; inter eos flamma fumoque in cælum excurrente interdiu; spectante è viâ Æmiliâ magnâ equitem Romanorum familiarumque et viatorum multitudine," Plin. lib. ii. cap. 83. Moreover, the sort of earthquake which Lucre-

tius here speaks of, is that which they call "Epichlantes," or "inclinators;" and is compared to the nodding motion of a vessel in the water. But Aristotle allows only two sorts of earthquakes, which he calls a trembling and a pulsion; the trembling is compared to the shaking that seizes us in a fit of an ague; the pulsion to the beating of the arteries. Now, because this last seems to be a succession of the earth while it is shaken, or an intermitting and perpendicular motion; and because the trembling seems to be without intermission, and a lateral or sidelong motion, therefore some bethought themselves of this sort of earthquake, which they call an inclination, while the earth inclines and nods towards the horizon. This inclining earthquake is mentioned by Milton in Paradise Lost, Book vi. As if, says he,

Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Side long, had push'd a mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his pines.—

Ver. 572. To this purpose, Ovid speaking of the wind, says,

His quoque non passum mundi fabricator habendum
Aëra permittit. Vix nunc obsistitur illis,
Cum sua quisque regant diverso flamina tractu,
Quin lanient mundum. Met. i. ver. 57.

Nor were these blust'ring breth'ren left at large,
O'er seas and shores their fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place,
They rend the world, resistless where they pass.

Dryd.

And Virgil yet more closely to the sense of Lucretius, says, that Æolus

Lucentes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frænata.
Æn. i. ver. 57.

Ni faciat, mare ac terras, cælumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.
Ver. 63.

With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And founding tempests in dark prisons binds:
Which did he not, their unresist'd sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way:

[roll,

Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would
And heav'n would fly before the driving soul.

Dryd.

Ver. 582. In these twenty-one verses, he says, that this inclination and fluctuating motion of the earth is often attended with a violent beating and succession of it; for if the wind break through the caverns, and cleave the earth, then cities, islands, &c. together with all their inhabitants, are ingulfed and swallowed up in the hideous chasm; but if the wind do not break through them, there is then only a trembling, or as it were, a shuddering of the earth, which is caused by the chilling wind that is diffused through all its pores. Now, though there seem but little or no danger to be apprehended from a bare trem-

ling of the earth only, yet it may be joined with the other sorts of earthquakes: Nor can any one be certain but that the trembling may be often repeated, and that too with still more and more violence, so as to overthrow the buildings, and make the earth gape a little. Seneca says, that Epicurus held wind to be the chief cause of earthquakes, "Nullam tamen placet Epicuro causam esse majorem, quam spiritum." Nat. Quæst. lib. vi. cap. 20.

Ver. 587. *Ægæa*.] The name of several towns. I. In Macedonia, not far from the river Halyacmon, and where the kings of Macedonia were buried, Plin. lib. iv. cap. 10. II. In Cilicia, on the banks of the river Pyramus, now Malmistra, Plin. lib. v. cap. 27. III. In Æolia, Plin. lib. v. cap. 50. IV. In Eubœa, now called Negroponte, and from which Strabo says the Ægean sea took its name. V. In Lydia. VI. In Ætolia. VII. In Locris, Steph. But Lucretius speaks of Ægæ in Achaia, and which is commonly called Ægira, Plin. lib. iv. cap. 5. And the earthquake which the poet here mentions is perhaps the same of which Aristotle, lib. ii. Meteor. cap. 8. and some other of the ancients make mention, and say, that two great towns, not far from Ægira, and whose names were Helice and Bura, were swallowed up by an earthquake. Of which Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 293.

Si quaras Helicen et Buran, Achaidas urbes,
Invenies sub aquis; et adhuc offendere nautæ
Inclinata solent cum mœnibus oppida merfis.

Phœnician towns.] Lucretius mentions Sidon, a city of Phœnicia, one of the provinces of Syria, and which was built by the Tyrians, who at first inhabited the midst of the country, where, being afflicted with continual earthquakes, they left their abodes, and built a new city near the sea-shore, and called it Sidon, from the great plenty of fish with which the sea abounded. For Sidon in the Phœnician language signifies a fish. "Tyriorum gens condita à Phœnicibus fuit, terræ motu vexati, relicto patriæ solo, Assyrium stagnum primo, mox mari proximum litus incoluerunt, condita ibi urbe, quam à piscium ubertate Sidona appellaverunt. Nam piscem Phœnices Sidon vocant." Justin, lib. xviii. And what Lucretius says of this town, is confirmed by Pessidonius, who in Strabo writes, that a city, situate above Sidon, was totally swallowed up by an earthquake, and that near half of Sidon itself was thrown down. But notwithstanding these authorities, Faber believes that some other earthquake is meant in this place. For, says he, that passage of Justin is taken erroneously; for Justin is not speaking of that earthquake which threw down the town of Sidon, but of that which did great mischief to the Phœnicians, not on the coast where Sidon stood, but in the country of the Idumeans; for the Phœnicians of Justin are the Idumeans; and Herodotus, Pliny, and Dionysius the African, witness, that they were originally inhabitants of the coast of the Red Sea; to which he adds, that by the Stagnum Assyrium of Justin is meant that very sea or lake which in Holy Scrip-

ture is called the Lake of Genesareth. Sidon is the port in the Mediterranean now called Sayde.

Ver. 589. Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 80. mentions twelve cities of Asia that were destroyed by an earthquake all in one night. The like happened not many years ago to the city of San Severo in Apulia, now Puglia: and part of Ragusa was lately swallowed up.

Ver. 590. If this verse were left out, the sense of Lucretius would not be interrupted nor imperfect, therefore Creech might have left it where he found it. Cowley, David.

The terror of their brows, so rough e'er while,
Sunk down into the dimples of a smile.

Ver. 596. Lucret. "Disperitur ut horror." Which Celsus, lib. iii. cap. 3. speaking of fevers, explains, interpreting horror to be a trembling of the whole body. "Horrorem voco," says he, "ubi totum corpus intremis."

Ver. 603. In these six verses, he insults over those who believe the world eternal and immortal, even though they perceive the earth, that great part of it, to be thus shaken and impaired; nay, though they themselves fear the dissolution and ruin of the whole frame.

Ver. 609. Since so many and so great rivers are continually discharging their waters into the sea, why does it not increase and overflow its bounds? Lucretius answers, in eleven verses, I. That the gulf into which the rivers disembogue their streams is so vast, that all their waters, together with the rain, snow, hail, &c. seem not to add one drop to the sea. II. In nine verses, that the sun drinks up a great deal of its moisture. III. In five verses, that the winds brush off and carry away no small quantity. IV. In four verses, that the clouds take some away. And, V. In eight verses, that as the rivers run into the sea, so they are reconveyed from thence through the hidden veins of the earth back to their own springs. Thus the waters roll in a revolving course, and therefore no wonder the sea does not increase.

Thus too the author of Ecclesiast. solves this question: "Omnia flumina intrant in mare, et mare non redundat, quoniam ad locum, unde exeunt flumina revertuntur, ut iterum fluant." Eccl. i. And for this reason Homer and the other poets call Oceanus, not only the origin and parent of all seas, rivers, fountains, lakes, &c. but the gulf and tartarus of them all likewise: For all rivers flow into that abyss, and from thence again derive their origin.

Ver. 620. This second reason why the sea does not increase, the poet has given already, book v. ver. 300.

Ver. 629. This reason too we have seen before in book v. ver. 302. and ver. 432.

Ver. 638. This last and true reason why the sea does not increase, the poet has likewise given already, book v. ver. 306.

Ver. 642. This and the three following verses are repeated from book v. ver. 305. Consult the place and notes upon it.

Ver. 644. *Meanders.*] Of this we have spoken at large on the note on book v. ver. 308.

Ver. 646. Lucretius having, as he thinks, sufficiently explained the causes of meteors, of earthquakes, and of some of the phenomenons of the sea, he now endeavours to shew the causes of the other wonders of nature, which he suspects may create a belief of the gods, and of Divine Providence. And, first, In thirty-nine verses, he disputes of the fires of Mount *Ætna*, which, says he, though they sometimes burst out with great violence, and lay waste the island of Sicily, ought not, nevertheless, so much to surprise us, as to make us foolishly believe they surpass the strength of nature. Some may say that the flames are vast indeed, and their force wonderful, because they see no other like them; but in many things we are deceived by judging over-hastily of them. If we contemplate the infinite universe, there is nothing that can be said to be great, nothing that deserves our admiration: For, from that universe may flow together, on a sudden, an infinite quantity of the seeds of fire, or of wind, and they, gathering together in a body in Mount *Ætna*, or in any other mountain, may assume strength and violence, may cause earthquakes, may at length burst out, and scatter far and wide, smoke, flame, ashes, and coals of fire. But these eruptions are, as it were, the diseases and convulsions of this world: And as the seeds of diseases may be derived, and flow out of this world into man [for we are often in fevers, our teeth ache, &c.], so may they likewise out of the universe into this world: For, to make a comparison, a man is, in respect to this world, what the world is in respect to the universe.

Ver. 646. *Ætna.*] Of *Ætna*, the greatest mountain of Sicily, and now called Mongibello, besides what is contained in this disputation, and the notes upon it, see book i. ver. 742.

Ver. 650. *Sicily.*] An island of Italy, and the largest of all the islands in the Mediterranean sea; being, according to the modern geographers, at least 700 miles in compass. See the rest, book i. ver. 737.

Ver. 654. That Mount *Ætna* throws out fire, flames, and ashes, almost all authors witness; but chiefly St. Austin, lib. iii. de Civitate Dei. cap. 31. in these words: "Legimus apud eos, *Ætneis ignibus ab ipso montis vertice usque ad litus proximum decurrentibus ita fervisse mare, ut rupes exurerentur, et pices navium solverentur. Hoc utique non leviter noxium fuit, quamvis incredibiliter mirum. Eodem rursus ignium æstu tanta vi favillæ scripserunt oppletam esse Siciliam, ut Catanensis urbis tecta obruta, et oppressa diruerint, qua calamitate permoti misericorditer ejusdem anni tributum ei relaxavere Romani.*" We read, says he, that Mount *Ætna* has cast out fires with such violence, that they have flown even to the sea-side, heated the waters of the sea, burnt the rocks, and melted the pitch of the ships. This, though incredibly wonderful, must have done much damage. They write besides, that the country round is sometimes overwhelmed

with the vast quantity of cinders it throws out; and that the roofs of the houses at Catana [a city ten miles distant from *Ætna*] were broken down by the weight of the cinders that fell upon them, insomuch that the Romans, commiserating the condition of the inhabitants, forgave them the tribute of that year. Thus, too, the mountains, Vesuvius in Naples, Hecla in Island, and Quit in Peru, sometimes eject coals and flames. Cicero says that Mount *Ætna* has cast out so much smoke among the flames, as has darkened the country round to that degree, that the inhabitants, for two days together, could not know one another. "Nos autem tenebras cogitemus tantas, quantæ quondam eruptione *Ætneorum* ignium finitimas regiones obscuravisse dicuntur, ut per biduum nemo hominem homo agnosceret," lib. ii. de *Naturâ Deorum*. And Pliny the younger witnesses, in his epistles, that his uncle, the great Pliny, was suffocated by the smoke, stones, and cinders that Vesuvius had thrown out. Appian, lib. v. de Bello Civili, adds horrid noise; and Lucretius takes notice of all these things, and more, as we shall see by and by.

Ver. 666. Lucret.

Existit sacer ignis, et urit corpore serpens
Quamcunque arripuit partem, repitque per artus.

Where the poet describes the disease which the Latins call "sacer ignis," the Greeks *ἑρμιασμός*, and we, St. Anthony's fire. Celsus, lib. v. cap. 20. calls it an ulcerous disease. "Sacer ignis," says he, "malis ulceribus annumerari debet." Virgil. Georg. iii. ver. 556.

— Contactos artus sacer ignis edebat.

But of this disease, see at large Celsus in the place above cited, and Paulus *Ægineta*, lib. iv. cap. 20.

Ver. 674. Of the fiery eruptions of *Ætna*, Virgil, *Æneid*, iii. ver. 571.

Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla:
Attollitque globos flammaram, et sydera lambit:
Interdum scopulos avulsæque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoq. exæstuat imo.

Thus rendered by Dryden:

By turns, a pitchy cloud she rolls on high,
By turns, hot embers from her entrails fly,
And flakes of mounting flames that lick the sky:
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And, shiver'd by the force, come piecemeal down:
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow;
Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.

But of these eruptions, see at large Cluverius, de *Siciliâ*, lib. i. cap. 2.

Ver. 685. In these thirty verses, the poet explains the reason why the flames that are gathered together in the cavities of Mount *Ætna* burst out with so great violence. He says that the eruption is caused by the force of wind; that the

seeds of that wind come from the infinite universe, and, gathering together in the mountain Ætna, drive out either the flames that lurk within the bowels of the mountain, or those they strike and force out from the very stones of it; or else, that wind rushes in at the hollows that are at the foot of the mountain, and whose entrances are open, when the ebbing sea leaves the shore (for the sea washes the foot of the mountain) and blows out the flames. Lastly, He says, that winds are bred in the very hollows of the mountain. And then he tells us, he gives many reasons, that among them one at least may be true and certain.

By the wind that rages within the caverns of Ætna, may be understood the sulphurous and bituminous exhalations which are continually generated and agitated within those hollows, and which, when they can no longer, by reason of their great quantity, be contained within them, break their prison, and burst out in flames. Thus Trogius in Servius, on the third Æneid: "Nam Sicilia terra cavernosa et fistulosa: Quo fit, ut ventorum flatibus pateat; unde ignis concipitur: Intrafusus sulphur habet et bitumen; in quæ ubi ventus per spiramenta cavernarum incubuit, diu luctatus, ignem concipit: Sic Ætnæ durat incendium."

Ver. 689. There are three opinions concerning the wind. I. Aristotle, Meteor. lib. ii. and Theophrastus, as Olympiodorus, in 1st and 2nd Meteor. witnesses, held the matter of winds to be an exhalation arising out of the cavities of the earth. And this opinion most of the philosophers, since them, have followed. II. Others ascribe the origin of winds to the water; as Metrodorus, who, in Plutarch de Placit. 37. defines wind to be an ebullition, or violent surging of a watery vapour; and Vitruvius, who, lib. iii. cap. 6. calls the wind, "Aëris fluens unda, cum incerta motus redundantiâ." III. And others held the wind to be only an agitation of the air. Of this opinion was Hippocrates, lib. i. de flatibus, where he calls it a violent flux and motion of the air. And with him agree Animaxander in Plutarch 3. de Placit. Philosoph. 7. Anaxagoras in Lærtius, Seneca, lib. v. cap. 1. and 6. and Lucretius in this place. But the opinion of Aristotle is chiefly followed. And it is generally held, that in those concavities of the earth, when the exhalations, which Seneca calls subterranean clouds, overcharge the place, the moist vapours turn into water, and the dry into wind; and these are the secret treasures out of which God is said in the scripture to bring them. This too is what the poets meant when they feigned that Æolus kept the winds imprisoned in a vast cave. Thus Virgil, Æn. i. ver. 56.

— Hic vasto rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos, tempestatæque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frænât.

Upon which Seneca seems too critical, when he says, "non intellexit, nec id quod clausum est, esse adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus est, posse

claudi: nam quod in clauso est, quiescit, et æëris statio est: omnis in fuga ventus est." For though it get not out, it is wind as soon as it stirs within, and attempts to do so. Juvenal, in his fifth satire, describes very well the south wind in one of these dens:

— Dum se continet Ausfer,
Dum fedit, et siccât madidas in carcere pennas.

See more above in the note on ver. 452. where we have already spoken of the cause of wind.

Ver. 694. Milton in the first book of Paradise Lost:

— As when the force
Of subterranean winds transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with min'ral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd
In stench and smoke. —

Ver. 696. In these six verses, the poet subjoins another peculiar cause why Ætna vomits flame; and says, that the sea washes the foot of the mountain; and entering into the cavities where the fire is conceived, the flames yield to the driving flood, which compels them to belch themselves out at the breathing holes on the summit of the mountain. Our translator has totally omitted the two last verses of this argument, which in the original are as follows:

In summo sunt ventigeni crateres, ut ipsi
Nominiat, nos quas fauces perhibemus et ora.

i. e. On the top of the mountain there are certain "crateres," for so the Greeks call them, basins or cisterns, but we, the Latins, call them "faucies" and "ora," mouths and jaws. Now the apertures of Ætna were called "crateres," because through them winds are almost continually issuing out of the bowels of the mountain. Of this no man can doubt, if any credit may be given to Strabo, who, in lib. vi. has these words: "Οὗς γὰρ προσέειπεν εἶναι τὸν τόπον, ὃς ὀρεῖον ἔκαστον τὸ μὴ καὶ ἀντιφθῆναι τὸ δυνάσθαι ἰκάνει, ἀπὸ τῆς ἀνιστορίας τῶν ἐξ βάθους ἀνέμων, καὶ τῆς θερμότητος, ἥν προσπαντῶν ὑπολογὸν πρὸς τὴν αἰῶν τῶν κρατῆρας προσελάσσει· ἐν δὲ καὶ ἀντιφθῆναι. φθῆναι ἂν διαφάσει πρὸς ἀντιφθῆναι πάλιν, ὅτιον προσελάσσει πρὸς τὸ μὴ ἀνικάνειον, τοῦ τὰ πνιμάτια καὶ τὸ πῦρ, ἐκλειπόμεναι τότε τῆς ὕλης, ἀπ' ἄλλογον· ὃ μὴ ἐπὶ τοσούτοις, ὥς τι ἀντὶ τῆς τοσαύτης βίας, ἔκαστον ἀνδρώστω γενέσθαι τὸν πλησιασμένον· that is to say, for that place can neither be approached, nor look upon, and that he conjectured even that nothing could be thrown in it, because of the opposite blast of the winds and heat that come from the bottom; which, it is probable, comes from far before it approaches the mouth of the crater: But if any thing were cast in, the figure it had when injected, would be changed long before it was thrown out again: Besides, that it is not absurd to say, that if the matter for some time fail, the wind and fire cease for some time likewise; but that

that intermission is not so great that any man can approach near and place himself against that force. Apuleius likewise retains the Greek word, and calls the mouths or apertures by which flames, smoke, stones, coals of fire, &c. belch out of this mountain, "crateres:" "Ex *Ætnæ cervicibus* quondam effusus crateribus per declivia, incendio divino, torrentis vice, flammarum flumina concurrunt." *Apul. lib. de Mundo*, page 73. Now what Lucretius says, in these two verses, is, that the wind enters into the caverns, not only at the apertures in the foot of the mountain, but is generated in the mouths and breathing holes on the top of it. Nor, indeed, is this in the least improbable, since nothing is more certain than that air rushes on all sides to flame, and that wind is thence generated. Thus Creech himself upon this passage.

Ver. 702. In these thirteen verses, the poet makes an excuse for his having assigned so many causes: but, says he, this is the safest way of proceeding in doubtful things; and among them all, some one may, perhaps, satisfy the reader: and, lastly, he confirms this method by a similitude. We may observe, that Lucretius takes no notice of the snows that are continually lying on the top of this mountain. It is, nevertheless, very extraordinary, that snow and fire should inhabit so near each other; and many of the ancients mention it as such: particularly Pindar, *Od. i. Pyth. Solinus*, cap. xi. and Claudian, who, in *l. Rapt. Proserp.* says,

Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet æstu,
Scit nivibus servare fidem; pariterque favillis
Durescit glacies, tanti secura vaporis,
Arcano defensa gelu, fumoque fideli
Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.

Thus too Silius Italicus, *lib. 14.*

Summo cana jugo cohibet, mirabile dictu,
Vicinas flammis glaciem, æternoque rigore
Ardentes horrent scopuli; stat vertice celsi
Collis hyems, callidaque nivem tegit atra favilla.

And this description of the neighbourhood of fire and snow upon Mount *Ætna*, Cowley has imitated from those poets, in his *Pindaric Ode to Hobbes*.

So contraries on *Ætna's* top conspire;
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire:
A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep:
Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep.

Tacitus says the same of Mount *Libanus*, and uses the like expression. "*Præcipuum*," says he, "*montium Libanum*, mirum dictu, tantos inter ardores opacum, sidumque nivibus;" shady in the midst of such great heats, and faithful to the snow: but these expressions are too poetical for prose, and become the poets better than the historian. See likewise *Seneca, Epist. 79.*

Ver. 715. From the summer solstice to the autumnal equinox, the river Nile then swells to such a degree, that it overflows the country of Egypt,

and, covering the fields with a slimy mud, manures and renders them fruitful, though without it they would be barren and produce nothing. A manifest and wonderful monument of Divine Providence! "*Ægypti incolæ aquarum beneficia percipientes, aquarum colunt*," says *Julius Firmicus de Err. Prof. Rel.* The Egyptians, perceiving the great benefits of this inundation, worship the water. Lucretius, according to his custom, assigns natural causes for the overflowing of this river: and first, in ten verses, says, that the Etesian winds, which blow from the north, repel and drive back the stream of the river, that comes from the south, and are the cause that it fills up its channel, and overflows its banks. Now if it should be objected, that the Etesian wind, for winds are light bodies, is too weak to stop so great a weight of waters, he adds, in five verses, that the sands, which the sea, being agitated by those winds, casts into the mouths of the Nile, choke them up and thus cause the inundation. To these he adds two other causes: the rains that fall at the sources of the river, in three verses, and the melting of the snows, in two verses. For all these causes conspiring, will make the Nile, or any other river, overflow.

Thales Milesius held the first of these to be the true cause of the overflowing of the Nile; nor does *Philo the Jew*, *lib. 1. de vit. Mos.* nor *Pliny*, *lib. 5. cap. 9.* disapprove of his opinion. *Euthymenes*, likewise in *Seneca*, *l. 4. Nat. Quæst. c. 2.* ascribes the cause of the overflowing of this river to the Etesian winds; for he believes that the Nile increases by means of the waters of the Atlantic Sea, which the Etesias drive into the channel of the river. These are his words: "*Inde [from the Atlantic Sea] enim Nilus fluit major, quamdiu Etesiae tempus observant; tum enim ejicitur mare obstantibus ventis: cum resederint, pelagus conquiescit, minorque discedenti inde vis Nilæ est; Cæterum dulcis mari sapor est, et finitiles Niloticæ belluæ.*" But this reason is good for nothing. For sometimes the Nile increases before the Etesias blow, and decreases even while they are yet blowing: nay, though they blow exactly contrary to the stream, the Nile nevertheless runs into the sea. Besides, why does not the like happen to other rivers that run against the Etesian winds? But the truth is, those winds are unable to keep back, much less to repel the current of that river.

[In summer.] For the Nile never begins to swell till after the sun has entered into Cancer: which is about the eleventh of June. Thus *Manilius*, *lib. iii. ver. 630.*

— Nilusque tumescit in arva,
Hic rerum status est, Cancri cum fidere Phœbus
Solstitium facit, et summo versatur Olympo.

The reason of which we will give by and by.

The Nile o'ersflows, when with exalted ray,
In summer solstice Phœbus bears the day
Through Cancer's sign, and drives the highest
way.

Ver. 718. Aristotle, lib. 2. de rebus superis: *ἡ δὲ Ἑφέσια πνέουσα μετὰ τὸν ὥρον, καὶ πνέουσα ἰσχυρότερη*. The Etesias blow after the solstice, and the rising of the Dog-star: and this wind continues generally for eleven or twelve days. They are called Etesias, from the Greek word *ἔτος*, which signifies a year, as who should say annual, because they blow constantly at a certain season of the year: Strabo calls them "subsolanos," eastern winds; but Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 47. "Post biduum exortus Caniculæ Aquilones constantius perflant diebus quadraginta, quos Etesias vocant." When the Dog-star has been two days risen, the northern winds, called Etesias, blow constantly for forty days together. And Lucretius himself says, ver. 710. The Etesias bear the northern vapours; which shows the mistake of Fayus, who takes it for a south wind.

Ver. 722. Many of the ancients despaired, that the source of the Nile would ever be discovered: Hence Ammianus Marcel. lib. 22. "Origines fontium Nili, sicut adhuc factum est, posteræ quoque ignorabunt ætates." Hence too those complaints of the poets, Tibull. lib. i.

Nile Pater, quam possum te dicere causâ,
Aut quibus in terris oculuisse caput?

Claudianus Epigr.

Se certo de fonte cadens, qui semper inani
Quærendus ratione licet; nec contigit ulli.
Hoc vidisse caput: fertur sine teste creatus.

And Lucan, lib. 10.

Arcanum Natura caput non prodidit ulli,
Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.

And again,

———— Ubique videris,
Quæreris, et nulli contingit gloria genti
Ut Nilo sit læta suo

Hence Homer calls the Nile *ὑπερβόα πηγάς*, the river sent down from heaven. And Diodorus, lib. i. tells us, that the inhabitants of Meroë call it in their language "astapoda," that is to say, dark or obscure. Herodotus, after he had travelled four months in search of the fountain of this river, stopped in his journey, being told that it flowed from beyond the island of Meroë. Ptolemy Philadelphus sent persons on purpose to discover the source of it, but without effect, as Strabo witnesses, lib. 17. and Lucan says, that Alexander the Great sent on the same errand, but his messengers had the like success. Pliny, lib. vi. c. 6. says, that Nero sent two centurions, and that when they came back, he heard them say: "Ad ulteriora quidem pervenimus, ad immensas plaudes, quarum exitum nec incolæ noverant, nec superare quisquam potest." The sacred authors believed the Nile to arise in the terrestrial paradise. Pomponius Mela thinks it rises at the Antipodes. Euthymenes in Seneca, lib. iv. c. 2. and in Plutarch 4. Placit. i. brings it out of the Atlantic Sea: Pliny from a mountain of the lower Mauri-

tania: and Ptolemy from two lakes beyond the Equinoxial Line. And Vossius, de Ætat. Mund. and in Melam. observes, that before the discovery of the Indian Ocean, many of the ancients were so ignorant as to believe, that the Nile derived its source from the utmost east, even from India itself. With which error, not to mention many others of the ancients, Virgil seems to have been tainted, as appears, Georg. iv. ver. 290.

Quaque pharetratæ vicinia Perfidis urget,
Et viridem Ægyptum nigra fecundat arena,
Et diversa ruens septem discurret in ora,
Ufque coloratis annis devexus ab Indis.

Thus various were the opinions of the ancients, and none of them true; for the Nile is now known to rise on the south of a great lake called Zambre, at the foot of the mountains, called the Mountains of the Moon, Lunæ Montes, which are in the province of Guyoma, a country inhabited by the Ethiopian Abyssines. And one of the titles of Prester John is, King of Guyoma, where the Nile begins: but of this the ancients were totally ignorant, inasmuch that it was reckoned among the famous properties of that river, that it concealed its spring: "Fontium qui celat origines." And indeed the Nile is incomparably the most famous river in the whole world, whether we consider the largeness of it, and the length of its course, for it runs about 900 German miles, or the things that it produces, and its miraculous overflowing, and returning again within its banks. Seneca, lib. iv. Nat. Quæst. cap. 11. says, it brings both water and earth too, to the thirsty and sandy soil: for flowing thick and troubled, it leaves, as it were, all its lees in the clefts of the parched and gaping ground, and spreads the dry places with the fatness it brings with it; and thus does good to the country two ways, both by overflowing and manuring it: for this reason Herodotus calls it *Ἐργάμιον*, the husbandman. Tibullus.

Te propter nullo tellus tua postulat imbres;
Arida nec pluvio supplicat herba Jovi.

And Lucan says that Egypt has no need of Jupiter:

———— Nil indiga mercis
Aut Jovis; in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.

And one in Athenæus yet more bold, calls it the Egyptian Jupiter, *Ἀργύριος Ζεὺς Νῆλός*. Nay, the Egyptians themselves called it *ἀντὶπαρμας τῷ θεῷ*, the river that emulates and contends with heaven; and even in the Scripture itself it is called absolutely Nachal Misraim, the river of Egypt: from whence the word Nile may not unnaturally be derived, Nahal, Naal, Neel, Neil; as Bahal, Baal, Beel, Bel, *שֵׁלֵם*. And Pomponius Mela, lib. v. cap. 10. reports that the fountain of Nilus is called Nachal by the Ethiopians. The learned Massiacus, upon Plutarch de Fluv. and Mont. nominibus, has collected the several names that were given by the ancients to this river. It was first of all called Oceanus, or (but as he says, bar-

barously) Océanes: then *Actos*, or *Aquila*, and *Melas*, from its depth or profundity, because all deep waters seem black; or from *Melas*, the son of Neptune: afterwards *Ægyptus*, either from *Ægyptus*, the son of Belus, or of Vulcan and Leucippes, who threw himself into it; or *παρὰ το αἴγυος πλάσσειν*, from fattening of goats; from whence likewise the whole country of Egypt seems to be so named. The Hebrews call it *Gehon*, and *Schior*, the last of which signifies black, or troublous, and from hence perhaps came its *Æthiopian* name, *Siris*. It was also called *Nûs*; or *Nus*, and *Triton*; and last of all *Nilus*, either from what we said before, or from *Nilus*, the son of Cyclops, or *Nileus*, or *Nileusius*, Egyptian princes: or lastly, and rather than all the other, *παρὰ το νίλιν βλάσσειν*, from bringing new mud or slime. By the Latins it was particularly called *Melo*, as is evident from the testimonies of Ennius, Festus, Servius, and Ausonius.

Ver. 723. He means *Æthiopia*, in the south parts of which country the Nile arises. Manil. lib. i. ver. 44.

—Gentes, in quas et Nilus inundat.

Qua mundus redit, et nigras superrevolat urbes.

Ver. 725. This reason is mentioned likewise by Pamponius Mela; and that too with a seeming approbation of it.

Ver. 730. There were three parties who favoured this opinion. I. Democritus; who held that exhalations arise from the melted snows in the northern climates, and being driven by the Etolian winds into *Æthiopia*, they dash against the mountains, where they stop and thicken into rain. This opinion Lucretius here approves. II. The philosophers of Memphis, now called Grand Cairo, who, as Diodorus witnesses, held that the Nile flows out of the temperate southern zone; and that, since it is winter in those countries when it is summer with us, that river swells by reason of the frequent rains that fall near its fountain, during the winter of those southern regions. III. Agatharchides, who, as the same Diodorus reports, held that the Nile is increased by the great rains that are continually falling all the summer long in the mountains of *Æthiopia*. And to strengthen the probability of this opinion, he urges, that during the whole summer, it rains about the river Hydaspes, snows on Mount Caucasus, and hails in many parts of India.

Ver. 733. This opinion is ascribed to Anaxagoras, who believed that the Nile swells by means of the snows that are melted during the summer in the mountains of *Æthiopia*. But that this belief is erroneous, Herodotus gives these reasons: because those countries are very warm, and exempt from snows; nay, even the very air is always hot; besides, the sun is very remote from those regions, when the snows must be melted to swell that river.

[*Æthiopian*.] *Æthiopia* is a vast region of Africa, that borders upon Egypt: the country of the Abyssines. It lies beneath the torrid zone, extended from the Tropic of Cancer to beyond the

Equator. The river Nile cuts its way almost through the middle of it, as it does through Egypt.

OF THE ANNUAL INUNDATION OF THE RIVER NILE.

THE constant and annual increase of the Nile has long and much employed the thoughts of the studious; and that too not without reason; for many things occurred that deservedly claimed their admiration. Among others, not the least is this, that it constantly overflows about the middle of June, or rather a day or two after; some positively fix it to the time of sun-rising on the 17th of that month; besides, it gives beforehand such certain tokens, to what height the flood will rise, that they, whose business it is to discover it, are never deceived in their conjectures, whether they weigh the sand in a balance, or measure the future inundation by a rule, which they call a Niloscope. The event is certain, the cause doubtful: For it is controverted, whether the swelling is occasioned by its mouths being stopped and choked up, or by the rains that fall in *Æthiopia*, and by the melted snows of the mountains of that country; or, lastly, by the water of the sea, driven into the channel of the river by the Etolian winds: And here we may not omit an Egyptian erudition, which we find in Horus Apollo, touching the symbols of the Nile: "Tres porro Hydrias, nec plures, nec pauciores pingunt, quod triplex ex eorum sententia fit inundationis causa effatrix: unam quidem *Ægyptiæ* terræ ascribunt, quæ ex sese aquam producit: alteram oceano, ex quo, inundationis tempore, aqua in *Ægyptum* exæstuat: tertiam imbris, qui per id tempus, quo intumescit Nilus, ad austrinas *Æthiopiæ* partes contingunt." The Egyptians, says he, make three water pots, neither more nor less, because in their opinion there are three efficient causes of the inundation: one of them they ascribe to the land of Egypt, which produces water out of itself; another to the ocean, out of which, at the time of the flood, the water surges into Egypt; the third to the rains, which, at the time when the Nile swells, happen in the southern parts of *Æthiopia*: As to the first of these reasons, it is evidently false; for the parched and thirsty soil of Egypt gapes indeed for moisture; but in no part of the country does the land ooze out water: Nor can we judge more favourably of the second, when we consider the difference between the sea water, and that of the river Nile: And as for the rain, which they assign for the third cause, we will speak of that by and by: Meanwhile we will observe, that those mounds of sand, with which they dam up the river, are soon borne down, and washed away by the never-ceasing course of the stream; and, what is chiefly to be considered, if any let or opposition whatsoever were the cause, that the Nile, by retrogression, overflowed its banks, the waters of that river would be observed to rise first in the lower

part of the country, that is to say, from the Mediterranean to Cairo, rather than on the contrary, in the more inland parts of it; but that it does so, is allowed by the unanimous consent of all. We must therefore travel out of Egypt, for the cause of this inundation. No doubt but a plentiful accession of waters swells the river, before it washes the land of Egypt: And this it was that persuaded some to believe (see the note on ver. 733.) that the Nile increases by means of the snows that melt in Ethiopia. And indeed they are certainly mistaken, who hold with Herodotus, that it never snows in that country: For they go contrary to experience and observation: Neither are those others to be credited, who assert, that at the season when the Nile inundates the land of Egypt, it is the depth of winter in Ethiopia. For who can believe that the snow, which was congealed by cold, can be dissolved by cold likewise? This would be repugnant to the laws of nature, who has ordained, that things congealed by cold shall be melted by heat. The third cause is assigned to rain, (see the note on ver. 730.) and to this adhere the authors of greatest note, though it has been long and strenuously opposed by some of no mean reputation: They who call it in question, object the great heat of the country, and the scarcity of vapours; but there are several things, of which these persons ought not to be ignorant: The first is, that in those countries there are two winters, and as many summers, in the year; though of unlike effect indeed, if compared with ours. The winter is more severe with us; but not so mild with the Ethiopians, as not to produce snows in the mountains, together with constant rains, that continue for 40 days, as is affirmed by the natives, as well as by travellers into those parts. This truth Democritus has learned in his travels, and, as by tradition, delivered it down to posterity, till at length it became known in Italy, by the care of our Lucretius. Besides, in summer, the sun is nearer to Ethiopia, than it is to us; and his rays, though troublesome to the inhabitants, yet suffer themselves to be overcast by a very thick mist, that hangs over a certain mountain, which mariners call Serra Leone, perhaps from the noise it makes; for it generally roars, and from the dusky mist almost continually darts out lightning, together with dreadful thunder, that is heard 40 miles around. And a master of a ship, as he was sailing to the island St. Thomas, observed, that all this happened when the sun struck perpendicularly on Ethiopia. Let such then, as object the heat of the country, make the most of that weak argument; nor will they fare better, who deny vapours to that region. For they ought to reflect on the lakes and rivers that Africa contains; and to have some regard to the ocean that washes its coasts: all which may furnish an immense quantity of matter for future rain; and then especially, when the sun, retiring, permits the inferior elements to extend their own bounds: The Mediterranean too conduces something to increase the store, by gratefully sending into Ethiopia a vast quantity of clouds, which the

winds, that arise in Greece, bear thither: This Prosper Alpinus, who was himself an eye witness of it, relates in these words: "Cayri, in toto fere augmenti fluminis tempore, Etetiae, perflantes singulis fere diebus ab orto sole, usque ad meridiem, multas nubes nigras, crassas, pluviosas in altissimos usque Libyæ, Ethiopique montes, propellunt atque asportant: in quibus montibus hæc concrecentes, in pluvias vertuntur, quæ, ab his in Nilum cadentes, sunt causæ ipsius augmenti. Observatur quotidie Cayri, dum flumen hoc augetur, quæ die multe nubes supra Ægyptum versus meridiem à septentrionalibus iis ventis asportatæ transferunt, multum flumen augeri; atque ex contrario, clara apparente die, nullisque nubibus in eo cælo apparentibus, parum crescere: Et hæc eos nunquam fallit observatio," Lib. i. de Medic. Egypt. At Cairo, says he, during almost the whole time of the swelling of the river, the Etetias blow almost every day, from sun-rising till noon, and bring, and drive before them, many black, thick, and rainy clouds into the high mountains of Libya and Ethiopia: In which mountains, these clouds gathering together, are turned into rains; which, falling from thence into the Nile, are the cause of its increase: It is observed every day at Cairo, that so long as this river is increasing, on what day soever many clouds are brought by those northern winds, and carried over Egypt towards the south, the river that day swells very much; and, on the contrary, that in a clear day, when no clouds appear in the sky, it increases but little. And this observation never fails them. It is credible enough, that when the clouds are come into Africa, they are resolved into rain, not that, as Lucretius thought, it is squeezed out of them, as water out of a sponge, but because, by reason of the cold of the place, the included fire of the clouds flies away, or is extinguished; and then the vapours grow thick, and return into their former nature. But on what day the rains begin to fall, and how much time the waters take up in their course, while they are flowing into the Nile, has not been inquired into, or at least is doubtful: But this in our age we know for certain, that these things happen in the kingdom of Guyoma, which is subject to the emperor of the Abyssines. Hence the great hospitality of the Egyptians to the Abyssines, that come to sojourn among them; not so much out of gratitude, as for fear of a famine and general inundation: For the monarch of Ethiopia, whom we commonly call Prester John, commands the cataracts of the Nile; for which reason the emperor of the Turks pays him a yearly tribute, on condition, that he do not divert the waters of the Nile, nor suffer them to come in too great a quantity, either of which would be the destruction of Egypt. Hence in the last age sprung up a cruel war, as Natalis Comes relates. In the year 1570, says he, Selim emperor of Constantinople, who was then at war with the Venetians, received an unfortunate piece of news; for David, the great king of Ethiopia, whose empire extends from the equinoctial, almost to either tropic, since many kings are subject to

him, had begun to destroy, by an inundation of the river Nile, the city of Cairo, and all the neighbouring country of the Turks, together with many other cities thereabouts: The reason of this hostility was, because Selim owed him 400,000 crowns for two years tribute; for he paid him 200,000 a year: Now the country of Egypt has not rain enough to render the land fertile; for it rains there very seldom, and the soil is of all others the most fruitful, and owes its fertility to the waters of the Nile, which are in the power of the king of the Abyssines, who can send them down in what quantity he pleases, and either refresh the thirsty land with a gentle flood, or, by cutting certain dykes, pour in such an inundation, as will lay waste the whole country. Now the Sultan, because he would not pay the tribute that was due, levied a great army, and, invading Arabia, put all to fire and sword. Thus Natales Comes, *histor. lib. 23.* But more prudently Ostris, who, if we may give credit to Diodorus Siculus, *lib. vi. cap. 2.* when he was in the mountains of Ethiopia, mounted up the banks on either side the Nile, that the inundation might not be too great; and made sluices to let in only such a quantity of water, as would be necessary for the fertility of the land: The increase of the Nile, therefore, is more due to rains than melted snows; whatever Anaxagoras say to the contrary: And indeed the true cause of the overflowing of the Nile is only the great rains that constantly fall in Ethiopia, from about the beginning of June, to the month of September: This is testified by Alvarez Fernandez, and many others of late date: And, in confirmation of their opinion, it is observed, that the river Niger swells at the same time, and never fails to increase when the Nile does: And that the rains, which fall in Ethiopia, are the cause of the swelling of the river Niger, is certain beyond dispute: Nor was this unknown to Pliny, who, *lib. v. cap. 8.* says, "*Nigro fluvio eadem natura quæ Nile.*" Besides, the reed papyrus grows on the banks of both those rivers, and they produce the same sorts of animals. See Gassendus, page 1024. on the tenth book of Diogenes Laertius.

Prosper Alpinus proposes two problems concerning the Nile, but despairs of the solution of either of them: I. Why that river constantly swells the 17th of June at sun-rising? II. How, by weighing the earth, or sand of the river, the inhabitants foretell the measure and degree of its increase? For, says he, in the month of June, several days before the sun's accession to the tropic, they take some of the sand of the river, that has been kept and dried for a whole year before; they weigh this sand in scales, and, by adding or subtracting, make the number of the weights answer exactly to the drachms of the sand: For example, let us suppose the sand to weigh three drachms, which they lay by, and keep in a dry place, close shut up on all sides: this they weigh every day, and observe it nothing increased or diminished in weight, till the 17th day of June; on which day they find its weight augmented:

and from the weight, more or less increased, they foreknow that the river will be more or less augmented likewise: and from the knowledge of the exact increase of the weight, they know for certain before hand, how many cubits the river will swell that year: The cause whereof, says the same Alpinus, I cannot conceive, can be discovered by natural principles. His very words are as follows: "*Nam mense Junio, ante solis ad tropicum accessum, multis diebus Egyptii terram illiusce fluminis toto integro anno adservatam, et siccitam, arefactamque accipiunt, quam lance expendunt, faciuntque ut ponderum numerus, addentes, ac subtrahentes, drachmis sedulo respondeat: ut exempli gratia, terra sit trium drachmarum pondere, quam in loco secco, undique concluso reponunt, et conservant: quotidieque librantes, ipsam observant nihil auctam, nihilque imminutam pondere esse, usque ad diem decimam septimam mensis Junii, in aqua die auctam ipso pondere inveniunt; ex cuius pondere, multum vel parum aucto, multum vel parum flumen illud auctum iri prænotant: à diligenterque perausi illius ponderis notitia, quoties etiam cubitis ipsam sit augendum, certo prænotant.*" Quorum causas naturalibus principiis posse cognosci, nullo modo fieri posse arbitror." However, it is not forbid to inquire into this matter: Now Seneca acquaints us, that in the tenth and eleventh year of queen Cleopatra, the Nile did not increase at all: which, he also tells us, on the authority of Callisthenes, had happened in former ages for nine years together: Of this Ovid was not ignorant, when he sung:

*Dicitur Egyptus caruisse juvantibus arva
Imbribus, aque annis sicca fuisse novem.*

Let this suffice for the inconsistency of its increase: and as to the uncertainty of the time, there was a remarkable delay, if it in the reign of the emperor Theodosius, which is recorded by Nicephorus and Sozomen. Nor can that be imputed to the want of rain; for the Nile, not long after, swelled to such a degree, that the highest parts of Egypt were covered with the inundation: Now, though these events happen but seldom, yet they are sufficient, if not to destroy, at least to render suspected, that generally believed constancy of time: Let us nevertheless grant Alpinus, what he for seven years successively observed with great diligence and sedulity: the rather, because it is not civil to distrust, or derogate from, the testimony of an eye-witness: The question is, Why the Nile begins every year to increase, for the most part, at a certain day? The cause must proceed from the constant and certain return of the season, which the invariable constitution and revolution of the heavens have prescribed them: For, since the sun is at that time at his remotest distance from Ethiopia, nothing can hinder the vapours from coming to a consensancy, nor from condensing into rain, because the ambient air is changed from hot into cold, at least has lost its effervescency. And the winds, that blow from the north, cannot there, as they frequently do with us, hasten the winter; for in that scorching

climate, the matter of the winds is soon dissolved, and their piercing nature qualified immediately. And so much for the solution of the first problem: The other is not so difficult, though at first sight the cause of it seem obscure. For the sand that has been long kept for the sake of making the experiment, being grown thorough dry, and, as I may say, thirsty, does, when it is exposed to the surrounding air, attract to itself the moisture, with which that air is newly grown damp, and the weight of the dry body is increased in proportion to the degrees of its dampness: And that the near approaching waters of the Nile taint the air with humidity, the sagacity of the birds in Egypt is a pregnant and convincing proof: For they never lay their eggs, except in such a place, as they perceive before hand, will not be covered by the inundation. Men, indeed, who enjoy a perfect state of health, are less sensible of such small mutations of the air, as nevertheless brute animals seem to have some foreknowledge of, and of which even inanimate bodies give foreboding signs. The geese, we know, often gaggle, and the frogs croak in uncertain weather, but not in settled fair, which cinders sticking to the tongues forebode: The very stuff of lamps give bodings of rain, and that too so visible, that even our drudging maids perceive them: Virg. Georg. I. ver. 390.

Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ
Nescivere hyemem, testa cum ardente viderent
Scintillare oleum, et putres concrevere fungos.

But of this see Aratus, lib. iii. var. lect. cap. 21. and chiefly Theophrastus, in his book "de Indiciis Ventorum, Serenitatis, et Pluviae," who first of any, says P. Victorius, fully adorned this subject. And no doubt the dried dirt, and slime of which we were speaking, would have imbibed some portion of the humidity, the day before the Nile overflowed, had it not been kept so close: but being once released from that custody, it forthwith rushes into the embraces of the desired moisture, following the natural propensity of dry bodies to wet.

Ver. 735. Lucretius does not acknowledge a beneficent, but flatly denies an angry God: and as he takes from the gods above the phenomena of the heavens and of the air, so does he too from the powers below some noxious things that pass for prodigies upon earth. For, says he, there are certain places, which we call Averni, and that are fatal to birds that fly over them, and to other animals that chance to pass by them. One of these Averni is at Cumæ, another near Minerva's temple in Athens, and a third in Syria. These places men believe to be the entrances of the roads that lead to hell, to the palace of Pluto, and that the manes, or souls of the dead, pass that way to the subterranean abodes. Now the poet, that he may more fully and distinctly explain the force and nature of these places, teaches, first, that the earth contains many seeds, as well noxious as wholesome, both to men and other animals: and then he brings a heap of examples,

to prove that the exhalations that flow from many things, are hurtful and deadly to many things. Having premised this, he comes to the question, and says, that a noxious vapour breathes from the Averni, and either that poisonous steams strike with sudden death the birds that fly over them, or that the rising exhalation attenuates and drives away the air to that degree, that the birds cannot support themselves, nor sustain their flight in so void and empty a space, and that, falling into that void, they forthwith expire. This is contained in ninety-six verses.

Ver. 737. In these seven verses, the poet premises the etymology of the word Averni, or rather the reason why these places were so called. Virgil too gives the same reason of the name, and has imitated this passage of Lucretius in his sixth Æneid, v. 237. in these verses.

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatus,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris;
Quam super haud ullæ poterant impunè volantes
Tendere iter peninis; talis sese halitus atris
Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat;
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Avernum.

Which Dryden thus interprets:

Deep was the cave, and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky, rough descent:
And here th' access a gloomy grove defends,
And here th' unnavigable lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stenches from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.

For the Greeks called it *Ἀργύριος*, from the privative particle *ἀ*, and *ἀργός*, a bird, because the noxious vapours that exhaled from the Averni, were so poisonous, that they struck dead the birds that flew over them. Thus Homer, *Odyss.* 12.

Τῇ μὲν τ' ἔδδ' ποτατὴ παρὶχεται, ἔδδ' πύλαιαι.

i. e.

Where neither dove, nor other bird can fly.

And so much for the reason of the name Avernus, which extends to all places, whose deadly exhalations kill the birds that fly over them.

Ver. 741. Lucretius:

Remigii oblita pennarum vela remittunt.

For the wings do the same office to birds, as oars and sails to ships, which are said to fly with sails, as with wings. Virg. Æn. iii. v. 520.

—Vetorum pandimus alas.

And, on the contrary, birds are said to swim Virg. Æn. vi. v. 15. speaking of Dædalus, *Præpetibus pennis ausus se credere celo, Infuctum per iter gelidos enavit ad Arctos.*

And in the same book, ver. 19. we find the very expression of Lucretius, "Remigium alarum." And Æn. i. ver. 304. speaking of Mercury,

—Volat ille per æra magnum
Remigio alarum.

But not only Virgil after Lucretius; for all the ancient poets used this metaphor. Ovid, in his Epistles, applies it to mens arms:

—Remis ego corporis utar.
I'll use the bodies oars.

See more, book v. ver. 315.

Lucret. "Molli cervice profusa:" A fine image of a fainting, dying bird; and not unhappily rendered by our translator.

Ver. 743. This verse runs thus in the original:

Qualis apud Cumas locus est, montemque Vese-
Oppleti calidis ubi fumant fontibus auctus. [vum,

In which two verses the poet teaches, that there is such a place at Cumæ, and on the mountain Vesuvius. Cumæ was a city of Campania, not far from Puteoli, now called Puzzuolo, in the kingdom of Naples: but of Cumæ there are no footsteps remaining. The lake Avernus is to this day called Lago d'Averno, and lies between Baia and Puzzuolo. Near this lake there are now to be seen the remains of two caves; one on the south side of it, still called Grotta di Sibylla, where dwelt the Cumæan Sibyl, and seems to be the mouth of that passage under ground, which led from Avernus to Cumæ, but is now stopt up by the falling in of the earth; the other is that which to this day leads from Puzzuolo to Naples, being dug through the mountain Paufilyppum, now known by the names of Antignana and Conocchia. Now the true nature of the lake Avernus was this: The waters of it were very clear and deep: whence Herodotus, lib. 4. calls them cerulean, that is to say, black; for all deep waters seem of that colour. This lake was surrounded with steep rocky hills, covered with thick woods, that rendered it inaccessible, except in one place only. This we learn from Strabo, lib. v. And Pliny, lib. xxxi. cap. 2. acquaints us, that all that tract of land abounded with innumerable springs of hot water, mixed with sulphur, alum, salt, nitre, and brimstone. But that the vapours which steam from this lake are fatal to birds, is by Strabo, in the place above cited, deemed a fable, because of the clearness and transparency of the water: of which Aristotle too takes notice. Vesuvius, or Vefuvius, is a mountain of Campania, not far from Naples, and that vomits out flame and smoke, like Ætna in Sicily. Sir R. Blackmore describes it thus:

As high Vesuvius, when the ocean lavas
His fiery roots with subterranean waves,
Disturb'd within, does in convulsions roar,
And casts on high his undigested oar,
Discharges massy fureit on the plains,
And empties all his rich metallic veins,
His ruddy entrails: cinders, pitchy smoke,
And intermingled flames the sun-beams choke.

Ver. 744. In these seven verses the poet says, there is such another place at Athens, at the very top of the tower, near the temple of Pallas.

Est & Athenæis in mœnibus, arcis in ipso
Vertice, Palladis ad templum Tritonidis almæ.

Of Athens, see the note on the first verse of this book.

Ibid. *Minerva*.] She was the same with Pallas, who was called Minerva, either from *minari*, to threaten, because she is painted in armour; or from *memini*, I remember, because she is said to be the goddess of memory; or rather from the old word *minervo*, I admonish, because she gives good advice to men, as being the goddess of wisdom and of arts. She was called Pallas, from the Greek word *πάλλω*, I shake, because she is feigned to be born out of the brain of Jupiter, and armed, and brandishing a spear. She is said to be the first who invented building, and even to have built herself the tower at Athens, which was called *Ἀκρόπολις*, because it stood in the highest place of the city. Hence Virg. Ecl. ii. v. 61.

—Pallas, quas condidit arces,
Ipsa colat.

She refused to marry with Vulcan, and kept her virginity. Whence the same Virgil, Æn. ii. ver. 31. calls her innupta Minerva. She was likewise called Tritonis, or Tritonia, either from the Greek *τρίτην*, which signifies a head, because, as we said before, she was produced out of the head of Jupiter; or because, in the time of king Ogygius, she was first seen in the habit of a virgin, on the banks of the river Triton. This is confirmed by Pomponius Mela, lib. i. cap. 7. where, speaking of Triton, the name of a lake and river in Africa, not far from the Syrtis Minor, he says, that Minerva was called Tritonis, because, as the inhabitants believe, she was born there; and that they celebrate her birth-day with ludicrous sports, of virgins contending with one another. "Unde," says he, "Minervæ cognomen inditum est, ut incolæ arbitrantur, ibi gentiæ: faciuntque ei fabulæ aliquam fidem, quod quem natalem ejus putant, ludicris virginum inter se decertantium celebrant." Thus too Lucan, lib. ix. ver. 347.

Torpentem Tritonos adit illæsa paludem:
Hanc & Pallas amat: patrio quæ vertice nata,
Terrarum primam Libyen, (nam proxima cælo

est,
Ut probat ipse calor) tetigit: stagnique quietâ
Vultus vidit aquâ, posuitque in margine plantas;
Et se dilectâ Tritonida dixit ab undâ.

Or perhaps the Latin authors allude to the Greek epithet of Pallas, who, Iliad. ii. ver. 157. and elsewhere, is said to be *ἀσπερώδης*, untamed, void of fear, from privative *ἀ*, and *σείω*, to tremble.

Ver. 746. The raven, says Lucretius, has such an aversion to that place, that, although sacrifices are offered there, he will not even then come near it, though the smell of the tempting flesh seem to invite his hunger to taste.

Ver. 748. Lucretius alludes to the known fable of the nymph Coronis, who, flying from Neptune, who would have offered violence to

her, was changed by Minerva into a raven, and permitted nevertheless to attend her train: But when that goddess had given Erichonius, shut up in a basket, in charge to Pandrosos, Herse, and Aglauros, with orders not to open it, the raven saw them transgress the commands of Minerva, and acquainted her with it: for which garulity she banished her from her protection and train. The fable is related at large in Ovid. Metam. 2. by Coronis herself, who says,

*Acta Deæ refero: pro quo mihi gratia talis
Redditur, ut dicar tutelâ pulsa Minervæ.*

—*Mæa pœna volucres*

Admonuisse potest, ne voce pericula quærant.

Ver. 751. In these four verses the poet says, there is a place in Syria that strikes dead in a moment any four-footed beast. But Lambinus believes the poet speaks of the Plutonium in Hierapolis, not far from Laodicea; which is a cave so called from Pluto, because it was believed to be the breathing hole of that infernal god. Strabo, lib. 13. describes it to be a hole in a hollow place, under the brow of a mountain, wide enough to receive the body of a man, but immensely deep; that it is present death to any animal that goes into it. Bulls, says he, led to the place, drop dead immediately. He adds the like of sparrows, that were put in at the mouth of it. To which we add, what is reported of the cave called Panium, at the foot of mount Libanus: That it exhales a vapour, that causes likewise sudden death.

[*Ibid. Syria.*] Is a province of Asia, and the largest of that quarter of the earth. It is generally divided into four: Syria, Assyria, Cœlosyria and Leucosyria.

Ver. 755. In these eight verses he says, that all these things proceed from natural causes: Therefore the poets falsely taught, that these Averni are the gates of the roads that lead to hell: which fables they invented only to strike a terror into easy believers. And he promises, that he will explain all these matters, and show the natural causes of these seeming wonderful effects.

Ver. 757. The Latin poets, when they treat of the affairs of their own country, make that Avernus, of which ver. 743. to be the gate of hell. Virg. *Æneid.* vi. ver. 126.

—*Facilis descensus Averni.*

And *Æneas*, with the Sybil, descended that way. But when the same poets describe the affairs of the Greeks, they place the gates that lead to the infernal mansions in the caves of the mountain Tænarus, which is a promontory of Laconia, in the most southern part of Peloponnesus, between the Laconic and Messeniac Gulfs, and now called Capo Maina. Orpheus is said to have descended this way, Georg. iv. ver. 467.: and so too are Hercules and Theseus, in the Herc. Fur. of Seneca.

Ver. 758. [*The smutty gods.*] The infernal gods. Lucretius names Orcus, whom Silius Italicus takes for Cerberus, and others for Charon: but

Cicero, de *Naturâ Deorum*, lib. iii. cap. 43. for Pluto, the brother of Jupiter and of Neptune; and to whom by lot fell the empire of hell. He ravished Proserpina, the daughter of Ceres. He was called Dis, as well as Pluton, both which names he has from riches, which are said to be dug out of the bowels of the earth. For he was called Dis by the Latins, from *divitia*, and Pluton by the Greeks, from *πλούτος*, which signifies the same thing.

[*Ibid. Manes.*] Of the manes, and the several acceptations of the word, we have spoken at large in our note on ver. 52. of book 3.

Ver. 760. Pliny says, that the breath of elephants draws serpents out of their holes; and that the breath of deer burns them. "*Elephantorum anima serpentes extrahit, cervorum item urit.*" Nat. Hist. lib. xi. cap. 53. But if this be false, the raillery of Lucretius is not the less sharp and pleasant.

Ver. 763. In the following forty-nine verses, the poet, before he demonstrates that all these things happen by natural causes, puts us in mind of what he taught in the first and second books, viz. that in the earth are contained atoms of many various shapes; and that by reason of the dissimilitude of their nature, and the different texture of their figures, some of them are beneficial, others pernicious to men; but that some of them are hurtful to the eyes, others to the ears, others to the tongue, &c. all which he confirms by several examples.

Ver. 777. In these five verses, he brings example first of things that are hurtful to man; but says nothing of the name of the tree, whose shade is offensive. Pliny, lib. xvii. cap. 12. says, that the shade of the walnut-tree offends the head, and that no plants will thrive under it. Fayus, in his note on this place, cites these two verses of Virgil, *Eclog.* x. ver. 75.

*Surgamus; solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,
Juniperi gravis umbra; nocent & frugibus umbræ.*

But the shade of the juniper is very grateful, being an odorous tree, and that suffers nothing venomous to grow near it. But the meaning of Virgil was, that to continue long in the shade, might be dangerous, because of the cold: and some editions read not *cantantibus*, but *cunctantibus*. And Lucretius means the same thing, and not the shade of any particular tree. The shade of the box-tree, however, is said to cause the headache.

Ver. 782. In these six verses, he proposes his second example. What tree he means is hard to say: some suppose it to be the box; of which Pliny, lib. xvii. cap. 10. But besides that the "*floris odore necare*," which are the words of Lucretius, agrees but ill with that tree, why should he send us to Helicon for a tree that is very plentiful in Italy? Helicon is a hill in Bœotia, not far from Parnassus, which our translator here means by the learned hill: and they have both of them equal title to that appellation, be-

ing alike sacred to Apollo and the muses. Of Helicon, see more in the note on ver. 557. book iv.

Ver. 788. Third example. To which we may add what Pliny says, lib. vii. cap. 7. that it often causes abortion in women.

Our translator has omitted the fourth example, which Lucretius brings of an ointment made of the testicles of the beaver, which by its nauseous smell, says Pliny, makes women with child miscarry: But Lucretius says only, that it stupifies women, and throws them asleep; and that if they smell the odour of it at the time when they have their monthly disease, it makes them let fall whatever they hold in their hands. This in the original runs thus:

Castoreoque gravi mulier sopita recumbit,
Et manibus nitidum teneris opus effluit ei,
Tempore eo si odorata est, quo menstrua solvit.

Ver. 793. In these three verses he brings example fifth, of bathing: for, says he, it is hurtful to continue long in a hot bath immediately after eating. The custom among the Romans was to bathe before supper: but the riotous used to bathe themselves also after supper; and this they did to procure digestion. See Pliny, lib. 29. However the physician in Persius advises his patient not to bathe after eating, that being a custom very pernicious to health: but the gluttonous youth, refusing to take his advice, paid dear for his obliquity, if the effects of his bathing were truly such as they are described by that poet, Sat. iii. ver. 30. in these verses:

Turgidus hic epulis, atque albo ventre lavatur,
Guttore sulphureas lente exhalante mephites:
Sed tremor inter vina subit, calidumque tridental
Excudit è manibus; dentes crepuere retecti;
Uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris, &c.

Juvenal too, Satyr. i. ver. 142. mentions the danger of this practice of bathing with a full stomach, and says,

Pœna tamen præsens, cum tu deponis amictus
Turgidus, & crudum pavonem in balnea portas.

Moreover, we may farther observe, that at their baths there were three cells; the cold, the warm, and the hot: all which were baths of water. But in some of their bathing houses there was a fourth cell, which they called "laconicum," or "cella assa," that is to say, "sicca sine lotione:" ἀσπιδωτήριον and where these were, the places were rather called "balnearia," than "balnea:" according to the property, of which, as Marcellius notes, Tully, lib. 3. ad Q. Frat. epist. i. speaks, when he calls them "assa in balneariis." Horace likewise, and others, often mention the faintness that seizes such as bathe themselves after a full meal.

Ver. 796. Example 6th in two verses, and example 7th in two verses likewise, need no explanation.

Ver. 800. In these two verses, which contain example 8th, the poet observes, that sulphur and all bituminous matter, whose steams and vapours

are very offensive and hurtful to man, are generated in the very bowels of the earth.

Ver. 882. In these ten verses, the poet brings the 9th and last example; and says that the mines, in which metals are dug, exhale such noxious damps and vapours, as often kill the wretches, who are condemned to that slavish drudgery. Thus, from these veins of the earth, as well as from the other things above mentioned, breathe forth poisonous and deadly exhalations.

Ver. 806. It is observed, that all metals have not the same smell. Gold, heated in the crucible, is sweet: Silver not so pleasing: melted brass stinks: and the steam of melted iron is intolerable.

Ver. 812. In these ten verses, he concludes by way of similitude from the instances above given, That in these places, which are called *Avorni*, the earth exhales virulent and deadly vapours, and sends out noxious atoms, which kill the birds as they are flying over those places.

Ver. 822. In these nine verses, he adds another, but ridiculous cause, why the birds drop down dead into the *Avorni*: As if the vapours, that exhale from thence, change the air into vacuum, or rather totally expel, and drive it away, so that the birds cannot bear themselves up, nor support their flight in a mere void.

Ver. 831. There are many things so excellently well accommodated to the use of man, that they are alone sufficient to evince a bountiful and gracious Providence: Thus in summer well-water is cold, as if it were ordered so on purpose to moderate the heat of that season: and on the contrary, it is warm in winter, to refresh and revive us. But Lucretius, in these ten verses, endeavours to elude this difficulty: and gives this natural reason of that change: In summer, says he, the surface of the earth, is rarified by the heat of the sun; and the seeds of fire, that are contained in the earth, break out into the air: but in winter the same seeds are constrained, and, being bound fast in the earth by the cold of that season, are compressed and squeezed into wells; and thence proceeds the warmth of the water.

Aristotle says this is caused by an "antiperistasis," i. e. "circumobstentia," a reciprocation, and surrounding on all sides, by means of which, where heat is, thence cold is expelled: where cold, thence heat. And Cicero, after the opinion of the Stoics, explains it thus: "Omnes igitur partes Mundi, tangam autem maximas, calore factæ sustentur: quod primum in terræ naturæ perspicui protest: nam & lapidum conspectu, atque tritu elici igem videmus: & recenti fessione terram fumare calentem: atque etiam ex puteis jugibus aquam calidam trahi, & id maxime habernis fieri temporibus, quod magna vis, terræ cavernis, contineatur calor; eaque hieme fit densior: ob eamque causam calorem infusum in terris contineat arctius," Lib. ii. de Nat. Deorum. Therefore, says he, all the several parts of the world are supported by heat: this is evident from the nature of the earth itself: for, by striking and rubbing of stones, we urge out fire, and new-dug ground exhales a warm smoke: besides,

we draw warm water out of our wells, and that too chiefly in winter: the reason is, because much heat is contained in the caverns of the earth: and the earth becomes more dense and contracted in winter; and for that reason keeps in the more closely its innate heat and fires. There are some, however, who controvert the truth of this matter, and assert it to be only a vulgar error, and not a solid and certain observation. But most are of a contrary opinion, and assign two causes of this effect: One of them they call privative; the other, positive: The first of them is, by reason of the departure of the heat, or hot bodies (for we are permitted to speak thus in the school of Epicurus, and of Aristotle too, who will not allow, that accidents pass from subject to subject), out of the earth. That innate heat of the earth is occasioned by subterranean fires; and evaporates in summer, attracted by the ambient heat: for, according to the observation of Hippocrates, like things resort to like, and naturally delight to be together.

Ver. 841. But it may be objected, that though the Divine Power be not in all springs and wells, it is certainly visible in the fountain, that is at the temple of Jupiter Ammon, of which Curtius, lib. iv. sect. 7. says: "Ammonis nemus in medio die, cum vehementissimus est calor, frigida eadem fluit; inclinatio in vespertum, calefit; media nocte fervida exaëuat: quæque propius nox vergit ad lucem, multum ex nocturno calore decrevit, donec sub ipsum diei ortum affuoto tempore languescat." In the midst of the grove of Ammon, there is a spring of water, called the Water of the Sun: at sun-rising it flows out luke-warm, at noon, when the heat is most violent, it comes out quite cold: in the evening it grows warm again; at midnight it gushes out very hot; and as the night wears away, and the morning approaches, the heat it had in the night decreases, till about the usual time, at break of day, it becomes again barely warm. This is confirmed by Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 103. by P. Mela, lib. i. cap. 8. in these words: "Ammonis Oraculum fidei inclytæ: & fons, quem solis appellant:—Fons media nocte fervet: mox & paulatim tepescens, fit lucē frigidus: tum, ut sol surgit, ita frigidior: subinde per meridiem maximè riget: sunt deinde tepores iterum; & prima nocte calidus: atque, ut illa procedit, ita calidior: rursus, ut est media, perfervet." Nor may we omit the testimony given by Ovid, Metam. lib. xv. ver. 368. in these words:

—Quid? non & lympha figuræ

Datque capitque novas? medio tua, corniger Ammon,

Unda die gelida est; ortuque, obituque calefit.

See likewise Potanus in Meteor. And Ammi-anus, lib. iii. But this too, says Lucretius, is alleged in vain, and signifies nothing: For though they are mistaken, that impute the cause of it to the sun, who, as they pretend, when he is beneath the earth, warms those waters through the body of the whole earth thick as it is; yet the reason may be, because the earth, being contracted by

the cold of the night, squeezes down and transmits the seeds of fire into the water, which by that means grows warm; but the same earth being loosened and set at liberty by the heat of the day, receives, and, as it were, swallows them in again: and thus the waters lose much of the heat they had in the night. Besides, that very water, which becomes warm, because the cold and chilling night depresses and keeps down the seeds of fire, grows cold again in the day; because the beams of the sun, darting into the water, and rarifying it, open a free passage for those seeds to get out into the air: For the heat of the sun dissolves ice in such a manner, as to release and set at liberty the slender stalks of corn, and other things of like nature, which by the cold of the night, were detained and bound in icy fetters. This is contained in twenty-eight verses. Thus Lucretius assigns two causes; but whether either of them be true or not, it is not worth while to inquire, since the thing itself is a mere fiction: for none of our historians or geographers, who describe fountains, pretend that they ever saw this. Yet we have pretty good authority for a fountain, that was discovered not long ago in the woods, near Clermont in Auvergne: whose waters freeze hard in the months of July and August; but never in the winter. "Prope urbem Claramontem fons, nuper inventus, dicitur, La Cave de la glace: Qui fons certe mirabilis: nam ejus aqua, Julio, & Augusto mensibus, gelu vehementer astringitur, minime vero hyeme," says a certain eye-witness of it.

Ibid. Ammon.] Jupiter Ammon had an oracle that was in great renown with the Egyptians and Africans, and a temple in Lybia, to the east of the country of Cyrenaica, to the west of Egypt, and to the north of the Garamantes and Nafamones, in a moist and palm-bearing soil, though all the country round be most dry and desert. The origin of this is variously reported: the most common opinion is, that Liber or Bacchus, after he had conquered all Asia, and was leading his army through the deserts of Lybia, was in danger of perishing, he and all his men with thirst: In this distress a ram appeared to him, and with his horn showed him a fountain of water: now he supposed this ram to be his father Jupiter, and therefore erected a temple to him, and gave him a ram's head and horns. He called him Ammon from the sand, which in Greek is ἄμμος, or ψάμμος. But Plutarch, "lib. de Iside," seems to deny this name to be of Greek extraction, and says it is derived from the Egyptian language: Whence some believe that Ham or Cham, the son of Noah, and who was the first that cultivated the land of Egypt, was worshipped under that name: others will have Ammon to be the sun; Macrobi. Saturnal. lib. i. cap. 21. "Ideo & Hammonem, quem Deum solem occidentem Libyes existimant, arietinis cornibus fingunt, quibus maximè id animal valet, sicut sol radiis; nam & apud Græcos ἀπὸ τῆς καρχηδὸς, appellatur." And, to strengthen this opinion, the Hebrew word "Hamma," signifies the sun and heat: But whoever it was that

was there worshipped under the name of Ammon, Alexander the Great, when he was in Egypt, went to this temple, and made the priests acknowledge him for the son of their god.

Ver. 847. In these eight verses the poet confutes their opinion, who believed, that the water of the fountain of Ammon grew cold by day, and hot in the night, for the sole reason of the departure, or accession of the sun: And this he proves to be impossible by an argument, "a majori," as they call it. For, if the sun cannot warm the open and naked body of the water, when he shines upon it from above, much less can he impart his heat to the waters through the thick and close-compacted body of the earth: For the heat of the sun must of necessity pass through the whole body of the earth to warm by night the waters of that fountain: And yet we see that even our houses shelter and protect us from the fiercest of his beams.

Ver. 855. In these nine verses, he ascribes the first cause of the nocturnal heat, and diurnal cold of the waters of the fountain of Ammon to the seeds of fire or heat, that are in the earth about that fountain, and beneath the water: He explains this in the manner that follows: The earth, says he, being compressed by the cold of the night, squeezes out, and transmits into the water, those seeds of heat; by means of which the water grows hot: but, being loosened by the heat of the day, he receives again into her bowels those very same seeds, and thus the water becomes cold.

Ver. 864. In these five verses, he refers the second cause to the heat of the sun: as if it were possible that the water, which in the night is made hot by the seeds of fire, could grow cold again in the day, by reason of the beams of the sun penetrating into the same water, and rarifying it in such a manner, as to open a free passage into the air for those seeds of fire.

Ver. 867. Here our translator had his eye upon Cowley; who says,

So the sun's am'rous play
Kisses the ice away.

Ver. 869. In these twenty-five verses, he mentions a spring, that will both extinguish a lighted torch, if it be plunged into the water, and light it again, if it be moved gently to touch the surface of the water: The reason of which, says he, is, because there are in that water, or in the earth under it, many seeds of fire, which, breaking out of the water, stick to the tow, or torch newly extinguished, and set fire to them again. Nor is it more incredible, that seeds of fire should force their way out of water, than that a spring of fresh water should rise up in the middle of the sea: And we every day see candles, torches, &c. that are but just put out, kindle again, even before they come to touch the fire towards which they are moved.

Lucretius mentions neither the name nor place of this miraculous spring: but having shown that there is nothing wonderful or divine in the spring

of Jupiter Ammon, he here attacks the fountain of Jupiter of Dodona: for he never gives any quarter to that god. Now, not far from Dodona, a city of Epirus, there was a grove of oaks sacred to Jupiter, where the oaks are said to have pronounced oracles; though others say the answers were given by two doves sitting on these oaks, and one of which flew away to the temple of Apollo at Delphi, the other to that of Jupiter Ammon, where they continued their old trade of fortune-telling. Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 103, says, "In Dodone Jovis autem Fons, cum sit gelidus, & immerfas faces extinguat, si extinctæ admoveantur accendit." And Gassendus, on the tenth book of Laërtius, page 157, says, that not far from Grenoble, there is an ardent fountain, that will take fire, if it be touched with a lighted torch, and continue burning for more than a few days. Pliny, lib. xxxi. cap. 2, says, that there is a fountain in India, called Lycos, whose water will light a candle; and he reports the same thing of another at Echbatan, which Solinus confirms to be true. And since we are on this subject of wonderful fountains, we will mention some of the many recorded by the ancients, and whose effects, if true, are indeed miraculous. There is a fountain in the Island Cea, that perfectly stupifies those that drink of its waters: Plin. lib. xxxi. cap. 2. Another, near Clitor in Arcadia, whose water causes a loathing of wine: Plin. Loc. citat. And Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 322.

Clitorio quicunque sitim de fonte levârit,
Vina fugit; gaudetque meris abstemius undis.

On the contrary, the water of Lyncestis in Macedonia inebriates, says the same poet, lib. citat. ver. 329.

Huic fluit effectû dispar Lyncestius amnis,
Quem quicunque parùm moderato gutture traxit,
Haud aliter titubat, quam si mera vina bibisset.

And Plin. lib. i. cap. 103, reports from Mutianus, that there is a fountain in the Island Andros, whose waters have the taste of wine, and inebriate likewise. The river Athamas in Phthia kindles wood, if it be thrown in, in the wane of the moon: Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 311.

Admotis Athamanis aquis accendere lignum
Narratur, minimos cum Luna recessit in orbis.

A river at Colossa turns wood into stone: Plin. lib. xxxi. cap. 2. And Ovid says, the Ciconians, have a river that petrifies the bowels of those that drink of it: and brings a stony hardness on all things that touch the waters.

Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum faxea reddit
Vicera quod tactis inducit marmora rebus.

Metam. xv. ver. 313.

But Pliny says only, that a stony bark grows over wood, thrown into this river; and that the lake Velinus, now Lago di Pie di Luca, the rivers Silarus and Surius turn wood or leaves into stone. Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 103. A fountain at Perperene in Lydia turns earth that is moistened

with its waters into stone, Pliny, lib. xxxi. cap. 2. There are two fountains at Orchomenus in Eubœa; the water of one of them confers memory: that of the other causes forgetfulness, Plin. loco citat. Mutianus witnesses, that there is one at Cyzicus, which delivers from the uneasy passion of love. A pool at Samosata breeds a sort of slime, that burns when put into water, and is extinguished with earth. Plin. lib. ii. cap. 104. Whatever is thrown into the lake Sides, or Sideris in India, instantly sinks to the bottom. Idem, lib. xxxi. cap. 2. The waters of a fountain at Zama in Africa, render the voice harmonious, Idem, lib. xxxi. cap. 2. There is a lake at Troglodytae, the water of which grows bitter, and then again sweet, three times every day, and as often every night. Plin. lib. xxxi. cap. 2. And many other wonderful stories are related of other rivers and waters; but I may not omit to mention what many now living have experimented, and know to be true. There are two baths or fountains at Baia, not far from Naples, into one of which, when a dog is thrown, he is immediately deprived of sense, and seems to be dead; but, thrown into the other, he comes to himself, and revives in as little time. And from whence the place is called Grotto del Cane.

Ver. 877. In these seventeen verses, Lucretius argues, that the reason why the water of this fountain kindles tow, &c. may be this: Those seeds of fire, rising up to the surface of the water, may there be condensed, and gathered together in such a manner, as to kindle any combustible, that are apt to take fire, if they be advanced to them. Thus too fountains of fresh water bubble up in the midst of the sea; and as those seeds of fresh water, rising up, join into one body, and flow in a stream of fresh water; so too these seeds of fire, rising up, and combining into one, may easily create a flame. Thus a candle, newly extinguished, if put to a burning taper, or to fire, catches again, and is lighted even before it touch the flame.

Ver. 879. Thus Alpheus, a river of Peloponnesus, after it flows into the sea, is said to preserve its waters unmixed with those of the briny flood, and, flowing in one continued course, to dive into the earth, and break out again at the head of the fountain, Arethusa, in the west of the island Ortygia. Virg. Æn. iii. ver. 694. speaking of Ortygia,

—Alpheum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,
Occultas egisse vias subter mare; qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo siculis confunditur undis.

And this the ancients would have to be true, because in the Olympic games, which were celebrated at Elis every fifth summer, the garbage of the victims being thrown into Alpheus in Greece, was restored through the mouth of Arethusa in Ortygia. Plin. lib. ii. cap. 107. "Quidam fontes odio maris ipsa subeunt vada, sicut Arethusa, fons Syracusanus, in quo redduntur jacta in Alpheum." But Strabo, lib. vi. explodes this fiction. This, however, gave occasion to the fabulous loves of Alpheus and Arethusa. Pliny re-

ports the like of the rivers Lycus and Erasinus; the first in Lydia, the other in Arcadia; which is likewise confirmed by Ovid. Metam. lib. xv. ver. 273.

Sic ubi terreno Lycus est epotus hiatus,
Exiit procul hinc, alioque renascitur ore.
Sic modò combibitur, recto modo gurgite lapsus
Redditur Argolicis ingens Erasinus in arvis.

Thus Lycus, swallowed up, is seen no more;
But far from thence knocks at another door:
Thus Erasinus dives, and, blind in earth,
Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth;
Starts up in Argo's meads, and shakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.

Dryden.

Ver. 894. The following 156 verses, contain a disputation concerning the loadstone. And here too, says Creech, the drift of the poet is the same as in all his other disputations; which has not been hitherto observed. For Hercules is said to have found out this stone; and no doubt his godship is well-pleased that men should hold themselves obliged to him for so great a benefit; and that the virtues of that stone are ascribed to him. Jupiter has already lost his fountains, and why should the poet give quarter to the son, since he never would spare the father?

In the three first of these verses, the poet tells us, he is going to dispute of the virtue or power of the loadstone; which, though Lucretius acknowledges but one, is known nevertheless to have a twofold power, or two different virtues, which are thus distinguished: I. The power, by which it attracts the steel to itself. II. The power, by which it directs both itself and the steel towards the poles of the world. The first of these is called its attractive power, the second, its directive. As to the first of them, though it may seem a very hard paradox, nay, even an absurdity, to assert, that attraction is unjustly ascribed to the loadstone, and that we speak not properly, when we say, that it draws and attracts iron, yet we should not want great authority, nor even experiment itself, to confirm this assertion. For, in the first place, Renatus Des Cartes, in his principles of philosophy, has these express words: "Præterea magnes trahit ferrum, sive potius magnes et ferrum ad invicem accedunt; neque enim ulla ibi tractio est." This too is solemnly determined by Cælius: "Nec magnes," says he, "trahit propriè ferrum, nec ferrum ad se magnetem provocat; sed ambo pari conatu ad invicem consueunt." And with these authors agrees the assertion of Doctor Ridley, physician to the emperor of Russia, and who, in his tract of Magnetical Bodies, defines magnetical attraction to be a natural incitation and disposition, conforming to contiguity; or a union of one magnetical body with another, and not a violent and forcible attraction, and hauling of the weaker body to the stronger. And this is likewise the doctrine of Gilbertus, who terms this motion a collision, which, says he, is not made by any attractive faculty, either of the loadstone,

or the iron, but by a syndrome, or concurrence of both of them: a coition always of their vigours, and of their bodies likewise, if not obstructed by their bulk, or some other impediment; and therefore those contrary actions, which flow from opposite poles or faces, are not so properly expulsion and attraction, as "*sequela et fuga*," a mutual following of, and flight from, each other.

Moreover, the foregoing opinions are confirmed by several experiments: For, I. If a piece of iron be fastened to the side of a bowl, or basin of water, a loadstone, swimming freely in a boat of cork, will presently make to it. II. If a steel, or knife, untouched, be offered towards a needle that is touched, the needle moves nimbly towards it, and strives to unite to the steel, that remains without motion. III. If a loadstone be filed very fine, the powder, or dust of it, will adhere and cleave to iron that was never touched, in like manner, as the powder of iron does likewise to the loadstone. And, IV. Lastly, if a loadstone and steel be placed in two skiffs, or small boats made of cork, and within the orbs of their activities, neither of them will move, while the other stands still; but both of them, if I may use the expression, hoist sail, and steer to each other; inasmuch, that if the loadstone attract, the steel too has its attraction; because, in this action, the alliciency is reciprocal, and, being jointly felt, is the reason, that they mutually approach, and run into each others arms. Thus, therefore, upon the whole matter, more moderate expressions than are often used, would more suitably express this action; which, nevertheless, some of the ancients have delivered in the most violent terms of their language. Thus St. Austin calls the loadstone, "*mirabilem ferri raptorem*;" and Hippocrates, *λίθος ὅτι τὸν σιδηρον ἀρπάζει*. "*Lapis, qui ferrum rapit*:" Galen, disputing against Epicurus, uses the term, *ἰλκῆν*, which seems likewise too violent. Aristotle alone among the ancients speaks more warily, and calls it, *λίθος ὅτις τὸν σιδηρον κινῶ*, the stone that moves the iron, and him, Aquinas, Scaliger, Cusanus, and others have followed.

I return now to Lucretius, and must first observe, that our translator has omitted the third and fourth verses of this argument, in which the poet explains how this stone came to be called the magnet: These verses run thus in the original:

Quem magneta vocant patrio de nomine Graii;
Magnetum quia sit patriis in finibus ortus.

i. e. which stone the Greeks call the Magnet, from the name of the country; because it is produced and found in the country, inhabited by the Magnetes. This country is a region of Lydia, and called Magnesia, whence the inhabitants had their name. Aristotle, by way of excellence, calls it barely, *λίθος*, the stone: Some, "*Herculeus lapis*," either because Hercules first discovered it; or from the city Heraclea, where it is said to be found: or, lastly, from its great strength, or wonderful power. The Italians call it "*pietra d'amante*," the loving stone: the name of the loadstone, by which it is commonly known among us,

is a word of Saxon extraction; but the French know it only by the name of "*l'aimant*," the lover: And this modern name agrees with what Orpheus sings in Claudian, *Epig. iv.* That iron rushes to the loadstone, as a bride to the embraces of the bridegroom.

Pronuba fit natura Deis, ferrumque maritat

Aura tenax.

Flagrat anhela fides, et amicam faucibus sentit
Materiem; placidosque chalybs cognoscit amores:
Jam gelidas rupes, vivoque carentia sensu
Membra feris: jam saxa tuis obnoxia telis,
Et lapides suos ardor agit, ferrumque tenetur
Illecebris, &c.

Now Lucretius, the better to explain the attractive virtue of this stone, premises four heads, or chief positions, which, though he has proved them already, yet, because of the great difficulty of the task he is now going to undertake, he thinks fit to inculcate here again. I. That certain corpuscles are continually flowing out of all things, in twenty-six verses. II. That no concrete body is so solid, as not to contain some empty little spaces, in twenty-three verses. III. That the corpuscles, that are emitted from things, do not agree with all things alike, and in the same manner, and produce not the same effects on them, in fourteen verses. IV. That the void little spaces are not alike in all things, but differ in size and figure, and therefore cannot be fit for all bodies indifferently, in thirteen verses. This being premised, he endeavours to tell the reason why, or the manner how, the loadstone attracts iron, or the iron is conveyed to the loadstone, which consists in this. Many particles flow from the loadstone, and dissipate the air all around it; and thus many void little spaces are made: But when the iron is placed within the sphere of that dissipated air, there being a great deal of empty space between that and the loadstone, the corpuscles of the iron leap more freely forward into that void (for the seeds of all bodies fly forward on a sudden into empty space), and for that reason are carried towards the loadstone: now they cannot tend that way, without dragging along with them their coherent seeds (for the seeds of iron are most intricately entangled, and twined together), and consequently the whole mass of iron, in seventeen verses. But because the iron moves any way, upwards, downwards, across, or in any obliquity, without the least distinction, according as it is placed to the loadstone, he teaches in five verses, that this could not be, but by reason of the empty space that is made by corpuscles that flow from the magnet, and into which all bodies, that otherwise tend only downwards, are protruded indiscriminately, by the strokes and blows of other bodies. And this is in general what Lucretius teaches concerning the loadstone; we will examine his arguments a part, in the order he has observed in the disposition of them.

Ver. 897. In these six verses, he takes notice of the first power and virtue of the loadstone; and says, that it draws five, or more iron rings, ad-

hering one to another. This is the virtue of the magnet, which is called the attractive; but of the other, the directive, he says nothing; nor indeed do any of the ancients treat of this last power of the loadstone. The moderns alone have inquired into that matter; and that too, only since the invention of the magnetic needle; which, according to some, was first discovered a little more than five ages ago, that is to say, A. D. 1260. At which time Guyotus, a native of Provence in France, writ a poem, which he called *Marineta*, in praise of this invention. And hence, say the French authors, the *Flower de Luce*, which is the arms of France, is every where, even among the barbarous nations, represented at one of the ends of that needle. Petrus Peregrinus, another Frenchman, about three hundred years ago, writ a treatise of the Magnet, and of a perpetual motion to be made by it; which treatise has been preserved by Gasserus. Paulus Venetus, and Albertus Magnus, who flourished about five hundred years ago, both of them, mention this verticity of the loadstone, and cite for it a book of Aristotle's, intituled, *De Lapide*; but Cabeus and others rather judge that book to be the work of some Arabic writer, who lived not many years before the days of Albertus. And, indeed, it is very probable, that the knowledge of the loadstone's polary power and direction to the north was unknown to the ancients; and Pancirollus justly places it among the modern inventions; though Levinus Lemnius, and Caelius Calcagninus are of another belief; but their strongest argument is only the following passage in Plautus:

Hic ventus jam secundus est; cape modo versoriam.

Now the word "*versoriam*" they interpret to be the compass; but, according to Pineda, who has particularly discussed this matter, and to Turnebus, Cabeus, and several others, it rather signifies the rope that helps to turn the ship, or that makes it tack about; for the compass shows that the ship is turned, rather than contributes to its conversion. As for the long expeditions and voyages of the ancients, which may seem to confirm the antiquity of this invention, it is not improbable, but they were performed by the help of the stars, by the flight of birds, or by keeping near the shore: for thus the Phœnician navigators, and Ulysses too, might sail about the Mediterranean; and thus likewise might Hanno coast about Africa. And as to what is contended, that this verticity of the loadstone was not unknown to Solomon, who is presumed to have had a universality of knowledge, it may as well be averred, that he knew the art of typography, of making guns and powder, or that he had the philosopher's stone, though he sent to Ophir for gold. It cannot indeed be denied, but that, besides his political wisdom, he was very knowing in philosophy; and perhaps too, as some believe, from his philosophical writings, the ancient philosophers, especially Aristotle, who had the assistance of the acquisitions of Alexander, collected many things

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worthy of note; yet it must be granted, that if he knew the use of the compass, his ships were very slow sailers, since they made a three years voyage of it from Eziongeber in the Red Sea to Ophir, supposed to be Taptobana, or Malaca, in the Indies, which is not many months sail; and since too in the same, or a less, time, Drake and Cavendish performed their voyage round the earth.

Moreover, some are of opinion, that this directive power of the loadstone depends upon, and is derived from the two poles of the heavens: others from the Arctic pole only: Cardanus, from the tail of the Bear; Des Cartes from I know not what tractitious point, as he calls it, and which he imagines to be I know not where too, beyond the heavens; Fracastorius, from certain magnetic mountains under the Arctic Pole: Guilielmus Gilbertus, from the earth itself, which, as one huge loadstone, conforms and brings into its native and natural site, that is to say, towards the north and south, the loadstone itself, as a small earth, and the iron as its offspring. In regard to the attractive virtue of the loadstone, the opinions likewise are different. Thales, Aristotle and Hippias ascribed it to the soul, with which they held it to be endowed. But it is not certain what hands, or what senses nature has given to this stone. Cardanus intimates that it is only a certain appetite, or desire of nutriment, that makes the loadstone snatch the iron; and according to this opinion, Claudian Epiq. 4.

Ex ferro meruit vitam, ferrique rigore
Vescitur: has dulces epulas, hæc pabula novit.

And Diogenes Apolloniota, lib. ii. Nat. Quæst. cap. 23. confirms the same opinion, when he says, that there is humidity in iron, which the dryness of the magnet feeds upon. Others fly to sympathy, and certain occult qualities. The opinions of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, are explained in the following notes.

Ver. 903. In these four verses, the poet only tells us, that to give a methodical account of the attractive power of the loadstone, it will be necessary to take the matter higher, and to repeat some of the maxims he has taught already.

Ver. 907. In these thirteen verses, he premises, I. That corpuscles are perpetually flowing from all things: and this he has taught before, Book IV. ver. 47. et seqq.

Ver. 909. This and the ten following verses are repeated from B. IV. ver. 240. et seqq. Consult there the notes upon them.

Ver. 920. In these twenty-three verses, he premises, II. That no compound body is so solid, as not to consist of some void: that is to say, as not to contain some empty little spaces. And this the poet has demonstrated at large. B. I. ver. 402. et seqq.

Ver. 933. This, and the three next verses are repeated word for word, from book i. ver. 335. though Lucretius varies them in the original; but the sense indeed is the same.

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Ver. 939. This and the following verse run thus in the original.

— *Quin ferri quoque vim penetrare suavit,
Undique qua circum corpus lorica coërebat,
Morbida vis quæcunque extrinsecus insinuat.*

This passage has puzzled the interpreters, and after all, they know not well what to make of it: Creech in this translation has followed the opinion of none of them, and indeed disapproves of them all in his Latin edition of Lucretius: for, says he, what can Lucretius mean by a coat of mail? No man ever believed, that the infectious power of disease ever pierced through a coat of mail. He dislikes also all the other explications given by the several other annotators to this passage: which at length he corrects, and instead of "*morbida vis*," reads "*fervida vis*," which lection, says he, makes all things plain and easy: for often, when men armed from head to foot, scaled the wall of a city, the besieged poured down upon them melted pitch, sulphur, scalding water, &c. the heat of which pierced through their armour, and made them sensible of it. This exposition seems the most natural of any that have been given to this passage, and agrees best with the preceding part of the argument. But he is evidently mistaken in the interpretation he gives it in this translation; and this may serve for one of the many instances might be given, that he had not studied his author so thoroughly, when he rendered him into English, as afterwards, when he came to publish his Latin edition.

Ver. 943. In these fourteen verses, the poet premises, III. That the corpuscles which flow from things, do not agree with all things, nor affect them alike, or in one and the same manner. This he has demonstrated in many places of the preceding books; but chiefly in the fourth.

Ver. 957. In these thirteen verses, he premises, IV. That there are different little spaces, or pores of various figures in all compound bodies: from whence it comes to pass, that all things cannot be adapted to, nor fit, and agree with, every one of them: this he has proved before, in the second and fourth books: and confirms again in this place, by the same examples he there alleged in proof of this doctrine.

Ver. 970. In these three verses he concludes, and says, that these things being premised, it is easy to discover and understand, how, and for what reason the loadstone attracts iron. And this is what he is going next to explain.

Ver. 973. Epicurus explained two several ways the attractive virtue of the loadstone; and it is strange Lucretius has omitted one of them: or rather it has been lost out of the text, since what Lucretius has so carefully premised, seems more properly adapted to that cause, than to the other that remains. If you are desirous to know more of it, see Gassendus, tome ii. p. 129. where you will find many things, by which this doctrine of Epicurus is illustrated, and fully explained. But to proceed: Lucretius having premised the four propositions abovementioned, undertakes in this

place to show the reason why, or manner how, the loadstone attracts the iron, and the iron, on the other hand, is carried and moves towards the loadstone. To this end, in these fourteen verses, he teaches, I. That many corpuscles flow as well from the loadstone as from the iron; but the greater quantity, and the more strong from the magnet: whence it comes to pass, that the air is always dispersed, and driven away to a greater distance round about the loadstone, and consequently, that fewer empty little spaces are made around the iron. And because, when the iron is placed within the sphere, as they say, of the air, that is removed and driven away, there must be a great deal of void space between that and the loadstone the corpuscles of the iron fly the more freely into that empty space, and therefore necessarily towards the magnet; but those corpuscles of the iron cannot hurry that way in a great quantity, without dragging along with them the particles that adhere to them, and by consequence the whole mass of iron.

Ver. 987. These five verses Gassendus thus explains: inasmuch as the iron tends indiscriminately upwards, downwards, across, in a word, any way, according as it is placed above, below, on one side, &c. of the magnet; the poet teaches, that it could not move in that manner, but by reason of the induction of the void, into which the corpuscles of the iron, that would otherwise move downwards only, are carried indifferently, and without the least distinction. Thus Gassendus believes, that these five verses relate to the explication last above proposed; but I, says Creech, am of another opinion: for the whole matter there relates to the corpuscles of the iron leaping forward into the void, that is made by the effluvia from the loadstone; but here, in these verses, the little bodies are protruded into the void by blows: therefore they more properly belong to what follows. Creech. in Edit. Lat.

Ver. 992. Lucretius labours hard to prove, that the motion of the steel is helped forward by the air, because of its certain continual motion and agitation. And first, in these ten verses, he says, it is assisted by the exterior air, which, since it is always driving forward, and that too with more force, the more there is of it, cannot but push on the iron into that place where there is least air, and consequently most void: which must be towards the loadstone. Then, in six verses, by the interior air, which for the same reason, since it always agitates, moves, and drives forward, cannot but begin the motion towards that place, which is rendered most void and empty.

Ver. 1008. Gassendus here observes, that Lucretius seems to have seen that experiment, in which the loadstone sometimes manifestly repels, or at least seems to repel, the iron. What he means is this: it is discovered, that there are in the loadstone two opposite parts [we now commonly call them poles; one the northern, the other the southern], to one of which, if one end of the iron needle be moved, it is drawn and attracted by it; and if the same end of the needle

be afterwards applied to the other pole, it leaps; and seems to be repelled from it. But that great man, says Creech, indulges himself too much in his own opinion: for the poet proposes nothing in these verses concerning the flight of the iron from the loadstone, nor do any of the following examples speak fully of it: but Lucretius had seen little rings, and filings or segments of iron, when put into a vessel of brass, move and dance about, if a loadstone were applied to the bottom of the vessel: and, perceiving this to be caused by the interposition of the brass (though the same will happen if glass, wood, stone, or any other substance be interposed), in these twelve verses, he gives this reason of it, That some corpuscles are emitted from the brass into the filings, or little bits of iron, and that these corpuscles so fill up the little void spaces of the iron, that the magnetic corpuscles, which come afterwards, and are transmitted through the brass, finding these little empty spaces already taken up, heave and drive forward the bits of iron with all the strength they can.

Ver. 1010. *Steel filings.*] Lucretius calls them "Samoethracia ferrea," which were hollow iron rings, made to open, and in which they wore their amulets: at first the "Flamen Dialis" wore them: "annulo, nisi pervio casioque, ne utitor." At length servants took upon them to wear them; and, in the age of Pliny they were laid over with gold: "servitia jam ferrum auro cingunt; alia per sese mero auro decorant: cujus licentia origo nomine ipso in Samoethrace, id institutum declarat." Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxiii. cap. 1.

Ver. 1020. It may be asked, why a loadstone does not make the filings of other bodies move in like manner? The poet teaches in these ten verses, that the reason is, because they are either too heavy to be moved, or if they are light, they are then too rare; inasmuch that the corpuscles of the magnet find a free and open passage through them.

Ver. 1030. Hitherto of the motion of the iron towards the loadstone, or of its flight from it. Now, as to its adhesion to it, he tells us in twenty verses, that it ought not to seem strange, because there is a like consent and agreement between other things also, which refuse to be joined, or connected, except to one certain thing only. Thus stones are cemented with plaster and lime: boards with glue; and that too so strongly, that the planks themselves will break, rather than the glue disjoin: water mingles with wine, but not with oil and pitch: wool is dyed with the blood of the purple fish: and gold is folded with silver, but not with lead; which nevertheless folders brass to brass. And thus the adhesion of the steel to the loadstone is made in this manner: on the surface of the magnet there are hooks, and on the surface of the steel little rings, which the hooks catch hold of.

Ver. 1033. Lucret. "glutine taurino:" for the strongest glue was made of the ears and genitals of bulls: "glutinum præstantissimum fit ex auribus taurorum, et genitalibus." Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xviii. cap. 17.

Ver. 1036. *Oil and heavy pitch.*] Both of them refuse to mix with water; but differently: for oil rises above the surface of the water; therefore Lucretius here calls it "leve olivum:" but pitch sinks to the bottom.

Ver. 1037. The purple of the ancients was dyed with the blood of a shell-fish, called *Purpura*; it was found in a white vein, running through the middle of the mouth, which was cut out and boiled: and the blood, used in dying, produced the colour "nigrantis rosæ subluentem," which Pliny says is the true purple, though there were other sorts too of it, as the colour of violet, hyacinth, &c. Of this invention, see Plin. lib. ix. cap. 38. and Pancirollus. The greatest fishing for these purples was at Tyre; and there was the chief manufacture and trade of purple, as likewise the first invention of it; which is attributed to Hercules Tyrius, who, walking upon the shore, saw his dog bite one of those fish, and observed his mouth all stained with that excellent colour, which gave him the first hint of teaching the Tyrians how to dye with it: from this invention of this colour, it is called in Greek *δελυγγος*, because, says Aristotle, *de color.* it is, as it were *ἀλλος ἔργον*, the work of the sea; and Plato in *Timæus* defines *δελυγγόν*, to be red mingled with white and black. See Guil. Tyrensis, Pontif. lib. 13. Belli Sacri, cap. 1. where he speaks of Tyre. The purple of Africa, a country nearer to the sun, was, as we are told, for that reason, of a violet colour: the ingredients of which consist of much white, and a little red: but the common purple now-a-days is, as the best artists tell us, a mixture of a great deal of red and a little black; yet the Tyrian purple is generally held to have been more inclining to red, which is a certain mixture of white and black, or rather to scarlet. But this sort of purple, ever since the fishing for the *purpura*, is by the taking of Tyre, come into the power of the Turks, has been totally lost: not for want of materials; for the fish is still to be found: but because the true art of ordering it is no longer known. Pancirollus tells us, we may guess at the colour of it by the Italian July-flower; and that it was not, as some believed, like the amethyst, but rather like the ruby, pyropus, or carbuncle. Some will have it to have resembled the colour of the elemental fire; and others, that of what they never saw, the empyrean heaven. But to guess what the colour of this true purple was, by the description, which the ancients have left of it, we may call to mind, that Juvenal calls it "ardens purpura," flaming purple; and we find in Cicero, "Qui fulgent purpurâ," who shine in purple: which status yet improves:

"Illius è roseo flammatur purpura vultu:"

And many the like instances might be produced from the ancients, of the resplendency of this colour. Some mention an extraordinary way of dyeing the purple colour with the blood of apes: and the Indians make trial of the best common purple, by dropping some oil on a piece of purple silk, which, they say, will not stain it, if the purple be good: but these two particulars I mention only for the

sake of their extravagancy. Whatever the purple of the ancients was, our purple is made of what the druggists call turnesol, which is a mixture of vermilion and blue bysse, or cinnaber. As to the ancient wearing of purple, Lemazzo, lib. iii. cap. 14. observes, that the kings of Troy, and the chief of the nobility, were wont to dress themselves in several colours, on the several days of the week, and wore a particular colour on each day; and that the chief of them was the purple: thus on Sunday they wore yellow, on Monday white, on Tuesday red, on Wednesday blue, on Thursday green, on Friday purple, and on Saturday black. Now the reason, why they dressed themselves in purple on Friday, may have been, because that day was sacred to Venus, whose buskins are said to have been red, between which and purple, there was but little difference, says the same Lemazzo, in the place above cited. He farther observes, cap. 19. of the same book, that they wore likewise several colours on the festivals of several months of the year: in those that happened in January, they wore white, in February ash colour, in March tawny, in April dark green, in May light-green, in June carnation, in July red, in August yellow, in September blue, in October violet, in November purple, and in December black. Now the month of November was under the protection of Diana amongst the Romans, who derived themselves from the Trojans, and that goddess, like Venus, wore red, or rather purple, buskins: and therefore, for the like reason, it may be conjectured, that they wore purple on the holidays of that month. Besides, in November their festival dedicated to Jupiter, and therefore they might probably go then dressed in purple: for many of the Roman customs, as well as their pretended original, were derived from the Trojans: and lastly, that author takes notice, that in succeeding ages, whenever the emperor himself went into the field, the standard was of a purple colour. Thus we see, that purple was anciently the wear of princes; and therefore honest Umbritius in *Juven. Sat. 3.* conceived so great indignation, that the meaner sort of people began to clothe themselves in that regal colour, that he alleges it as one of the reasons of his retiring from Rome: "*Horum ego non fugiam conchyliæ*" ver. 81. And Augustus, as we find in *Suetonius*, in his life, forbid the promiscuous use of it: for which *Tacitus* commends that emperor, and at the same time gives the reason of that prohibition in these words: "*Præclarè vero prudentèrque Cæsar ordines civium vestis discriminavit, ut scilicet qui locis, ordinibus, dignationibus antestant, cultu quoque discernentur.*" *Annal. 2.* Yet at length, liberty prevailed at Rome, and the meaner sort, if their money could reach it, clothed themselves in purple; and lived as in the Spartan commonwealth, where, by the laws of *Lycurgus*, it was forbid to all alike, that any one man should go better dressed than another.

Ver. 1038. Thus Waller:

The fleece that has been by the dyer stain'd,
Never again its native whiteness gain'd.

Ver. 1040. *Solider.*] What the goldsmiths use to solder gold, is called borax, a sort of chrysolcol, which is a kind of mineral, found like sand in mines of brass, silver, or gold.

Ver. 1045. Here *Lucretius* tells us, that the juncture is most strong, and the union most firm and lasting, between things, whose parts exactly correspond and square with one another: those things, says he, whose textures mutually answer to one another, in such a manner, that the cavities of this thing agree with the plenitudes of that: and the cavities of that with the plenitudes of this, may be conjoined most easily, and in the strictest manner: and some things may be so joined to others, as if they were fastened together with hooks and rings: and in this manner it is, that the loadstone seems connected to the steel.

Thus our poet concludes his disputation concerning this wonderful stone: which is alone sufficient to humble the towering arrogance of prying man, and to baffle and mock his vain pretence to knowledge; since he never could attain to the discovery of what it is, nor of the great power, that the Divine Willdom has bestowed upon it: well may it be styled Herculean, it being insuperable on many accounts: the ancients knew scarce any thing of it; and the modern philosophers, that they might seem to be ignorant of nothing, pretend to explain this hidden secret of nature; but have failed in the attempt, and have only involved it in yet greater difficulties: for what is more absurd, or more repugnant to common observation, than to imagine to ourselves, that the whole earth is compacted of solid iron, or than to call it the great loadstone, whose purer segments do now and then by chance fall into our hands. Is it thus that we philosophize, and think it better to pervert than suffer things to lie hid in the inscrutable majesty of nature? *Lucretius* endeavoured to discover the cause of a most notorious effect, viz. Why iron runs to the loadstone, and obstinately adheres to it? But setting sail imprudently, was shipwrecked in the port. His first assertion is, that the corpuscles of the loadstone strike and chase away the air: but this we know by experience to be false; for the water is not moved, when a loadstone is put under the vessel that contains it: neither will you find the air to be moved, if, for trial's sake, by the exhalation that steems from a censer, or the vapour of hot water, you render it so thick, that from perspicuous it become conspicuous: for the smoke will go alike forward, whether you apply the loadstone, or take it away: and if no force be offered to the medium, the loadstone will still strongly attract the steel: therefore the place is not made empty, nor the air expelled: but grant the space to be void, whence proceeds that great sedulity of the steel, to fill immediately the vacant place? If it be answered, from the established order of things, to the end, nothing in the universe may be void of body; it may be replied, that it then overthrows their opinion, who hold the void to be the second principle of natural things. Besides, corpuscles flow no less from the iron, than

from the magnet: therefore, if the effluviūms of the iron have filled the vacant space, why is not the ring stopped, and why does it hasten onward? If it be answered, that it is driven forward by external air, why is not that protrusion perpetual, even while the magnet is away? And whence proceeds this inconstancy, that compels the air to renounce its natural gravity, and move by ascent? Nor is the internal air, included in the ring, of any greater moment: For since the iron emits corpuscles on all sides, why does it incline and move one way rather than another? Besides: how ill does what Lucretius here asserts, that the air resides in, and fills up the pores or open passages of concrete bodies, agree with his doctrine of a void, which he endeavoured before to persuade us to believe, and which he grounded on those very pores of bodies? In vain, therefore, has been the search of our poet into this miraculous secret of nature, since it has led him unawares into arguments, that tend to the confutation of that philosophy, which he has been labouring to establish.

Ver. 1050. Hitherto our poet has been disputing of the things, that are commonly said to be, "secundum naturam," natural: he is now going to try the strength of his philosophy in those, which by the physicians are called, "præter naturam," preternatural; and these are held to be three: I. Disease. II. The cause of disease. III. The symptom, or the effect, accident, or passion, attending any sickness: for symptom, in the general acceptation of the word signifies whatever happens to an animal preternaturally: i. e. disease, and the internal cause of disease, together with whatever supervenes in the disease. As to what relates to the cause of diseases, and their symptoms, Lucretius takes but little notice: for he disdains common diseases; and is going to treat of plagues only, and to inquire into the causes of them. And here we may take notice, that physicians allow two sorts of diseases, which they call, "communes, & sparsim vagantes," common diseases, and such as wander here and there, and come not after an ordinary manner: these last Hippocrates in his language calls *σποραδικοὺς*: the diseases they call common, are those that are peculiar and naturally incident to one place or country; for which reason they are likewise called *Endemii*, that is to say, regional; and, because they often seize many persons, popular or vulgar: but by the Greeks *ἐπιδημικοὺς*, i. e. public or universal. Now if these diseases, besides that they seize many persons at the same time, and in one and the same place, have this to boot, that they kill many persons likewise, they are then called a plague; by the Greeks *λοιμὸς*; by the Latins "pestis, à pascendo," in like manner as, according to Isidorus, pestilentia is said, "quasi pastulantia, quod veluti incendium depascit," because it consumes and devours like a burning flame. But in the art of physic, diseases likewise admit of another distinction; taken from their longer or shorter duration; for some diseases are lingering, and of long continuance; for which reason, they are

called chronic, from *χρόνος*, time: others dispatch the patient in a little time, or else he recovers, and therefore they are called acute: I now return to Lucretius, who seems to imply, that the only tokens of an offended and angry deity, that he has left unmentioned, are epidemical diseases and plagues: and if there be nothing wonderful and divine in these things neither, we may then indeed disclaim, and bid adieu to all providence. But our poet tells us, that there is no need of much ceremony, nor to beat about the bush, to discover the causes of plagues: for, says he, in eight verses, as in the universe, there are many corpuscles that are healthful to man, and other animals, so there are many too that are noxious and deadly. Now, when these noxious corpuscles, whether they arise out of the earth, or whether they fall down from the skies, fill the air, it grows diseased and infectious; and thus plagues and contagions enter into the bowels of men and other animals. If we will not allow of these foreign corpuscles, he bids us, in seven verses, search into the air itself, and we shall find the cause of this great calamity and destruction: for the air of different countries is different, and that which is healthful to the native inhabitants, is unhealthful to foreigners, who are not used to it: and this, says, our poet, in nine verses, is the reason, that certain diseases are peculiar to certain countries: then he teaches, in seven verses, that when the air of our region is blown into another, the whole air of the sky must of necessity be corrupted; and thus, says he, in twelve verses, the springs and herbs are infected; or the corrupted air itself proves mortal. Lastly, he confirms this disputation, by the example of that memorable plague which happened in Athens, during the heat of the Peloponnesian war, and describes it at large in one hundred and sixty-five verses.

Here we must observe, that our translator has not fully rendered the beginning of this disputation; which in the original is as follows:

Nunc, ratio quæ sit morbis, aut unde repente
Mortiferam possit cladem conflare coorta
Morbida vis hominum generi pecudumque cater-
vis,
Expeditam.

In which verses the poet proposes, that he is now going to treat of the causes of those diseases, that are mortal both to men, "pecudumque catervis," and to beasts: of which last our interpreter has taken no notice; though it be certain, that plagues are not peculiar to man alone; but promiscuous and common to beasts likewise; as shall be shown by and by in our note on ver. 1087.

Ver. 1053. In these eight verses the poet says, that the cause of diseases may be ascribed to the very noxious nature of the air itself; and teaches, how the air comes to be morbidous: for, says he, many atoms, that bring both disease and death, are continually flying to and fro in the air; as many others are likewise, that are healthful and vital, or conducing to the maintenance and preservation of life: but those diseased and sickly

atoms fall from without into the air; being either sent from above out of the sky, or raised up from beneath out of the earth, whenever it has contracted any filthy and unwholesome stench, by being drenched with excessive and unseasonable rains, and pierced by the scorching beams of the sun. Hippocrates too held the air that surrounds us, to be the most general and common cause of all diseases: for the air, says he, varying from its proper nature, whilst it is altered, corrupted, or defiled, infects almost all the animals that breathe within the circuit of it: but whether there be any other common causes of diseases, or the air alone be to blame, we will examine by and by.

Ver. 1061. In these seven verses, the poet being about to advance a position, that may seem incredible to such as have had no experience of it, concerning the diseased and noxious power, that by some means or other is imparted to the air, and perceptible to none of the senses, alleges, by way of example, the inconveniencies and harms, that happen to us in an air, to which we have not been accustomed, even though that air be not in the least tainted or corrupted: and he confirms, that the air of one climate is different from that of another: for, no doubt, the air, that surrounds Great Britain, says he, is quite different from the air of Egypt: nor is the air in Pontus less different from that of Gades and Æthiopia: the truth of which is daily experienced by such as travel into foreign countries; and from this difference of air proceed the different colours and complexions of men. Aristotle too argues to the same purpose in his treatise, "de aëre, aquis, & locis."

Ver. 1063. This reason is not to be controverted; for the difference of air, and change of water, are often prejudicial to travellers into foreign countries: the banished Ovid had therefore just reason to complain, that

"Nec cœlum ferimus, nec aquis affuescimus istis."

Ver. 1064. This, and the three following verses run thus in the original:

Nam quid Britannis cœlum differre putamus,
Et quod in Ægypto est, quàm mundi claudicat axis?
Quidve, quod in Ponto, est differre à Gadibus, atque

Usque ad nigra virum percoëlaque sæcla calore?

In which verses the poet confirms by examples, his last assertion, concerning the difference of air in different climates: and instances in the air of Egypt as opposed to that of Great Britain; from whence Egypt is distant the whole extent of the Mediterranean sea: besides, by Egypt, which is a country of Africa, he means the south part of the world, and by Britain the north: by Pontus which is a country of Greece, he means the east part of the world; and by the Gades, which are islands in the occidental ocean, where Europe is divided from Africa, he means the west part of it: for he chose to mention those four places, because they were the most noted, that in his days were believed to be the farthest distant from one another: that is to say, two from the north to the south,

Britain and Egypt, which is the distance of latitude: and two from the east to the west, Pontus and Gades, which is the distance of longitude.

Ver. 1065. Nile] Of this river we have spoken at large in the note on ver. 722. of this book.

Ver. 1066. Pontus is a country of Asia the Less, lying between Bithynia, Paphlagonia, and the Euxine sea.

Ver. 1067. Lucretius means the air of Mauritania, or Æthiopia, in which countries the natives are black.

Ver. 1068. In these nine verses the poet produces instances of certain countries, that are obnoxious to certain diseases, by reason of the very nature of the air: thus, says he, the leprosy is frequent in Egypt only; the Athenians are subject to the gout, &c.

Ver. 1070. Galen seems to subscribe to this opinion of Lucretius, who believes, that the leprosy is a disease that infects the country of Egypt only; for, in his second book to Glaucio, chap. xiii. he says, That in Alexandria, a city of Egypt, many are afflicted with the leprosy, by reason of the food they eat, and of the heat of the country. But in Germany and Mysia this disease is very seldom known; nor has it scarce ever appeared among the Scythians, who are drinkers of milk: Yet it is very frequent at Alexandria, for the reason above mentioned; for they feed upon boiled meal, and lentiles, and periwinkles, and eat many things that are dried with salt: nay, some of them eat asses flesh, and some other things, that breed a thick and melancholic humour. And the air of the country being hot, the motion of the humours is driven towards the skin. Thus Galen. But Celsus, lib. iii. cap. 24, is more in the right as to this disease; for, though he says indeed, that it is almost unknown in Italy, yet he owns it to be very frequent in several other countries. In the last age, the leprosy was not uncommon in Germany; and A. Pareus relates, that in Spain, and all over Africa, there are more lepers than in the rest of the world; and more in Guienne, and the south parts of France, than in all the other parts of that kingdom. If we may believe Pliny, lib. xix. cap. 16. it was altogether unknown in Italy, till the time of Pompey the Great; when it was first brought thither, but soon cured and extinguished. Yet history informs us, that it broke out again in that country, in the days of Constantine the Great, who was himself afflicted with it; till, having refused to make use of the impious bath of human blood, that was prescribed to him as a remedy for that disease, he was, in the Lateran church, bathed in the fount of holy baptism, by the Roman pontiff Sylvester, and cured at once of either leprosy. Nor is it unlikely, but that the emperor might have been advised to that cruel immersion in the blood of infants, by some Egyptian or other; especially if what Pliny says be true: That when this disease, which was peculiar to Egypt, happened to seize any of the kings of that country, it was fatal to their subjects; for to cure it, they were wont to bathe their thrones in human blood: "Ægypti

peculiare hoc malum, et cum in reges incidisset, populis funebre: quippe in balneis folia temperantur humano sanguine ad medicinam eam." Plin Nat. Hist. lib. xix. cap. 16. Moses in Exod. chap. ix. ver. 10. calls it "ulcus inflationum germinans in homine;" which Jun. and Fremel. explain, "erumpens multis pullulis" sprouting out with many blains, &c. This disease is one of the curses with which the disobedience to God is threatened. Deut. chap. xviii. ver. 27. "The Lord shall smite thee with the blotch of Egypt," &c. which likewise confirms what Lucretius here says; and perhaps gave occasion to the calumny which Trogius Pompeius, Diodorus Siculus, Tacitus, and other heathens cast upon the Hebrews, that they were expelled out of Egypt for being scabby and leprous; which mistake was easy: instead of being dismissed for having brought those diseases upon the Egyptians. The Latins call it "elephantiasis," because it makes the surface of the body rough with black wannish spots, and dry parched scales and scurf, like the skin of an elephant. It is a contagious disease, and incurable, if not taken in time; for it spreads over the whole skin, almost like a cancer.

Ibid. *Egypt.*] This country was so called from Ægyptus, the brother of Danaus, whom the same Ægyptus slew, and reigned there sixty-eight years. It was called before, Melas, Aëria, Aëra, Ogygia, Hephæstia, Melambolæ, and by several other names. The Hebrews called it Misraim and Chus. It is divided by Mela into two parts, Delta and Thebais: In the time of Amasis it had 2000 cities, and in the time of Pliny 3000. It is bounded on the east with the Red Sea on the west with Cyrene, on the north with the Mediterranean, and on the south with Habassia.

Ver. 1071. *Nilus.*] Of this river see above, in the note on ver. 922.

Ver. 1072. *Athens.*] Of this city we have spoken in the note on the first verse of this book.

Ver. 1073. *Offends the feet.*] In like manner as the Ægyptians, says Lucretius by reason of the air of their country, were subject to the leprosy, so too were the Athenians, for the very same cause, subject to the gout.

Ibid. *Acbaia burs the fight.*] A part of Peloponnesus was called by this name; as was likewise the whole country of Greece; from one Achaus, the son of Jupiter, or Zuthus, who reigned there. What Lucretius says of the countries being hurtful to the eyes, we must take his word for. I know nothing to the contrary.

Ver. 1074. What our poet says in these three verses, may be confirmed by many examples. The air of Florence is prejudicial to the brain, but very beneficial to the legs; and the air of Pisa is diametrically opposite to that of Florence, notwithstanding that those two cities are not at most above forty miles distant from each other, says Nardius. Thus too the air of Paris, says Fayus, is very dangerous to wounds in the head, &c.

Ver. 1077. In these four verses, he concludes, that all pestilential distempers proceed from the inclemency of the air; which, being unhealthful

to us, creeps unheeded by us into our limbs and bodies, in like manner as a mist, or smoke; and wherever it enters, it disturbs and changes all things, and causes us all to fall sick. Or, that when that infected air comes into our country, it corrupts the whole air of it; from whence arises a regional distemper, which spreads itself through many places.

Ver. 1081. In these twelve verses the poet, lest those seeds of pestilence should be thought to be grown weary with the length of their journey, and to remain pendulous in the lazy air, assigns them fixed and certain stations, where they fall and settle: For, says he, some of them fall into the waters, others on the fruits of the earth, and the several sorts of the foods of animals: And this is the reason, why a plague sometimes equally seizes both men and cattle. Thus he acknowledges the air to be the sole cause of plagues.

WHETHER PLAGUES ARE PROMISCUOUS AND COMMON TO ALL SORTS OF ANIMALS.

Our authors of best credit testify, that murrains, which are plagues in cattle, precede, accompany, or follow any pestilential mortality in men. They precede, when noxious and sickly vapours exhale from the earth; which vapours, the cattle, as they feed, receive first into their bodies, and are seized with a deadly disease. A mortality of this nature was observed to happen in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1617; when, after excessive rains, that had continued for many days together, without almost any intermission, and had laid under water all the plains of the country, the cattle eat the grass, as it sprung out of the ground, while it was yet slimy, and full of mud: This caused a putrilaginous disease in their jaws and throats, which soon suffocated and killed them; and necessity compelling the Neapolitans to slaughter some of these infected cattle for the butchery, whoever eat of the flesh of them, were seized with the same disease, which by this means spread itself in a short time over the whole kingdom, and swept away a vast number of the inhabitants. Pliny too mentions a like pestilence, which fell on beasts one year, and on men the next; "quæ priore anno in boves ingruerat, eo verterat in homines," says he, Nat. Hist. lib. xli. cap. 9. And Silius Italicus, speaking of a plague, says,

Vim primam sentire canes; mox nubibus atris
Fluxit deficiens, penna labente, volucris;
Inde feræ sylvis sterni———

And Ovid to the same purpose sings:

Strage canum primò, volucrumque, aviumque,
boumque,
Inque feris subiti deprensa potentia morbi est.

To which I add the following verses of Dryden, describing the plague at Thebes, in his tragedy of Œdipus:

—The raw damps
 With flaggy wings fly heavily about,
 Scattering their pestilential colds and rheums
 Through all the lazy air : Hence murrains follow
 On bleating flocks, and on the lowing herds :
 At last the malady —
 Grew more domestic ; and the faithful dog
 Dy'd at his master's feet ; and next, his master :
 For all those plagues, which earth and air had
 brooded,
 First on inferior creatures try'd their force,
 And last they seiz'd on man. —

Besides, as the murrain in brute beasts often precedes the plague in man ; so too, as most authors have rightly observed, it no less frequently accompanies it ; and the rational and irrational animals mutually impart the infection to one another. Thus Thucydides, speaking of the plague of Athens, which our poet is going to describe, says, That the birds and beasts, that use to feed on human flesh, though many bodies lay above ground unburied, either avoided to come at them, or, if they tasted, perished : *Τὰ γὰρ ὄνια, καὶ τῖς ἄλλα, οὐκ ἀνθρώπων ἀτρίσαι, πολλῶν ἀτάφων γιγνομένων, ἢ ὃ προσήει, ἢ, γινόμενα διψήϊστο.* Thucyd. To which he adds, That by the dogs this effect was seen much clearer, because they are familiar with men : *ὃ δὲ κύων, λέγει, μάλλον αἰσθάνει παρ' ἑχόν τῷ ἀποβαίνοντι, διὰ τὸ ἐνδιατᾶσθαι.* Boccace, in the Proemium to his Decameron, speaking of the violent plague that raged in Italy, in the year 1348, says expressly, and of his own knowledge, that the nature of the pestilence was such, that it imparted its contagion not only from man to man ; but that if the clothes of a person infected with that disease, or dead of it, were touched by any animal of another species, it not only infected that animal with the same distemper, but killed him in a very short time. Then he adds, what he had been an eye-witness of : That the tattered clothes of a poor man, who died of that pestilence, being thrown into the highway, two hogs came up to them, and after they had, as their custom is, tumbled them about with their snouts, taking them in their teeth, and shaken them about their cheeks, they in a very little time, after several times turning round, both dropped down dead upon them, as if they had eaten poison. " Dico," says he, " che di tanta efficacia fu la qualità della pestilentia narrata, nello appiccarsi da uno all' altro, che non solamente l' huomo à l' huomo, ma questo, che è molto più, assai volte visibilmente fece, cioè, che la cosa dell' huomo infermo stato, ò morto di tale infermità, toccata da un' altro animale fuori della specie dell' huomo, non solamente della infermità il contaminasse, ma quello infra brevissimo spatio uccidesse, di che gli occhi miei, sì come poco davanti è detto, prefero tra l' altre volte un' di così fatta esperienza, che essendo gli stracci d' un povero huomo, da tale infermità morto, gittati nella via publica, et abbatendosi ad essi due porci, è quegli secondo il lor costume prima molto col grifo, et poi coi denti presigli, et scossigli alle guancie, in

piccola hora appresso, dopo alcuno avvolgimento, come se veleno haveffer preso, amenduni sopra gli mal tirati stracci, morti caddero in terra." Hippocrates nevertheless, will not allow contagious diseases to be promiscuous and common to all sorts of animals ; for he, in his Treatise de Flatibus, having asked this question, Why infectious distempers seize not all animals alike, but only some one species of them ? immediately answers : That one body differs from another body, one nature from another nature, and one nutriment from another nutriment : Nor are the same things alike beneficial or hurtful to all the several species of animals ; but some things agree with some animals, better than they do with others : Therefore, when the air is filled with such filth and pollutions, as are noxious to human nature, men only fall sick ; but when it is hurtful and offensive to any one of the other species of animals, then the disease seizes that species only. Thus Hippocrates ; and indeed the proposition he advances is true, whenever a disease seizes one sort of animals only, and leaves all the other safe and unhurt : But when several sorts of them labour under one common disease, that disease must have proceeded from the like causes ; and therefore their natures in some respects may be said to be alike also : And hence it is, that contagious diseases in brute animals sometimes precede, sometimes march hand in hand with, and sometimes follow, pestilential distempers in the human kind. Lucretius, therefore, is in the right to say, that plagues are promiscuous and common

—Hominum generi, pecudumque catervis.

WHETHER THE AIR BE THE SOLE CAUSE OF PLAGUES.

LUCRETIIUS, as we have already seen, is of opinion, that all infections and pestilential diseases and plagues owe their origin to the iniquations and corruptions of the air : But, before him, Hippocrates himself had advanced the same doctrine ; for, in his Book de Flatibus, after a long narration of the effects that the air produces, as well in the great world, as in the lesser, the body of man, he at length falls on the subject of diseases, all which he affirms to be bred and generated in the bodies of animals by means of the air : First, says he, I will begin with the most common feverous disease, which accompanies in some measure all diseases whatever. For there are two sorts of fevers ; one, that is promiscuous and common to all, and is called the plague ; the other, by reason of unhealthful diet, is peculiar only to such as use that diet ; but of both these kinds of fevers, the air is the sole author and cause : For the common fever, or plague, therefore happens to all, because they all breathe the same air ; and it is certain, that the like air, being alike mingled in like bodies, must beget the like fevers. Thus the great Hippocrates, whose authority nevertheless is not of such validity, as

to command our assent to this primacy of the air in all manner of pestilential diseases; for, let us grant, that a pestilent fever may be caused by the air, will it follow from thence, that every pestilent fever is so? and that they all proceed from the air only? In the first place, the logicians allow, that an indefinite proposition, when the consequent is not of necessity, is not of the same force with an universal: therefore, though we will admit, that a common fever is sometimes caused by the air, there is not any necessity, from the testimony alleged, but that we may substitute other causes of a pestilent fever, and even of the plague itself. Galen, in his *Treatise de diff. Febr.* observes, that pestilential fevers proceed sometimes from a great abundance of humours, whenever those humours have acquired, from the ambient air, the least tendency to corruption. And the same author, speaking of the above-cited opinion of Hippocrates, says: He was mistaken in ascribing the cause of epidemical diseases to the air only; for, when a famine raged in Ænus in Thrace, all that fed upon roots, lost the use of their legs; and such as eat vetches, were seized with violent pains in their knees. I have known too, continues he, that when, in a famine, people have been forced to eat corn that was half-rotten, they have fallen into a common disease, from that common cause; and sometimes too, when a whole army had been compelled to drink corrupted water, all the soldiers have been alike afflicted with a like disease. Thus Galen, who lived himself at Rome, when, in the reign of Marcus Antoninus, a raging plague, that was occasioned by a famine, desolated that city, and swept away multitudes of the Roman citizens. This, therefore, may suffice to invalidate the prerogative, which Hippocrates acknowledges to be due to the air, of its being the only promoter of plagues, since it is evident, that unwholesome food, and vitiated waters, have no small share in causing epidemical diseases. Let us now inquire, what, how much, and how, the air contributes to the communicating, or promoting of a plague.

Though the air be not the sole cause of a plague, yet it cannot be denied, but that it is very instrumental, as well in continuing its duration, as in bringing it into a country: But an universal plague, generally speaking, can owe its origin to nothing but contagion: for it must of necessity be first introduced, either by contact, or what foment and cherishes the infection. Nor is it in the least repugnant to this, that a particular plague is caused by the ambient air, provided it be granted, that such an infectious air comes from a near, not from a far distant, country; the want of reflecting on which distinction has, perhaps, been the cause of the mistake, and variance of opinions: For that tainted air, being agitated by the winds, blended with the immense mass of pure air, and coming from a great distance, cannot retain its ancient pravity; but the iniquations it had contracted, must be entirely broken, dispersed, and dissolved; which nevertheless, it cannot wholly lose in a short time, and coming

from a moderate distance. This is demonstrated by the example of strong odours, which strike the sense, if they come from a near place, but not when they come from one that is far distant; for those vapours, being agitated for any length of time, will be lost and destroyed; and their most tenuous substance will, according to the custom and nature of mixtures, convert and resolve it into its proper element. And therefore the air succeeds, but not precedes, a contagion, and may propagate a plague peculiarly, and by degrees; but not bring it universally, and all at once, into a healthful and uninfected country: In a word, the sum of all is, that the air does not begin, but propagates the contagion, that is already begun; especially when it is tainted with the pollutions, that proceed from the corruption of infected bodies.

Ver. 1089. In this and the three following verses, the poet says, that we incur a like danger, when we travel into a country, whose air is unhealthy, or disagrees with our constitution, as we do, when nature introduces into our bodies a tainted and corrupted air, or any other new thing, to which we have not been accustomed, and that is hurtful to us.

Ver. 1093. Hitherto he has been treating of the corruption of the air, or the cause of a plague, which is a disease that gains ground in such a manner, that, arising for the most part from small beginnings, it increases by degrees, and spreads itself far and wide. Now, from this verse to the end of the book, the poet gives us a description of that memorable plague, which broke out in Attica, in the first year of the Peloponnesian war; and laid waste that whole country, as well as the city of Athens, the metropolis of it. Thucydides, who was himself both a spectator and sharer of it, has described it no less accurately than elegantly, in the second book of his history: Hippocrates too, who was likewise an eye-witness of it, not only, as a private man, lent his assistance, and, for the public good, extinguished and put to flight that raging pestilence, for which reason he obtained divine honours of the Athenians; but has also left a lively relation of it in his third Book de Morb. Popul. Our Lucretius embraced the same argument, and, in the following description of that plague, has copied after those two authors, but more particularly after Thucydides, whom he has imitated so happily, that Macrobius *Saturnal. lib. vi. cap. 2.* says that Virgil has borrowed from him in his second *Georgic*, as Ovid most visibly has in his seventh *Metamorphoses*. Now, in these twelve verses, Lucretius teaches, that the plague of Athens, which he is now beginning to describe, proceeded from the same causes, he has mentioned already; but plagues generally come from foreign countries, and therefore he says this came from Egypt to Athens; yet, according to Thucydides, it came from a remoter distance; for he brings it from Æthiopia, which is beyond Egypt.

Lucretius says,

Finibu' Cecropiis funestos reddit agros,

For Athens was first called Cecropia, from Cecrops, who built it, and was the first king, and legislator of the people of Attica, whom, says Suidas, he assembled together, and divided them into twelve tribes: but before his days they lived scattered up and down in villages.

Ver. 1095. *Poisonous wind*. This Lucretius calls "morbifer ætus" but what he means by it is uncertain, though he seems to intend that deadly heat and strength of the disease, which, like a raging fire, consumed and destroyed all it seized on. Therefore, by the word "ætus" may be understood, either the heat of the plague; since a plague is either a fever, or never without a fever: or else we may understand the great abundance of the infectious air; since the poet has above imputed the cause of the plague to the very corruption of the air; and this seems to have been the opinion of our translator: or, lastly, and rather than any of the two other explications, we may interpret it to mean the vehement heat of the air; since Æthiopia and Egypt, from whence the plague came to Athens, are countries excessively hot.

Ver. 1097 Thus, too Thucydides: "ἤρξατο δὲ τὸ μὲν πρῶτον αἷ; λέγεται, ἐξ Αἰθιοπίας τῆς ὑπὲρ Αἰγύπτου, ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ ἐξ Αἰγυπτίου καὶ Λιβύης καὶ ἐκ τῆν βασιλῆως γῆν τῆν πολλήν" is δὲ τῆν Ἀθηναίων πόλιν ἑξαπτακτίως ἐνέπλησεν. It began, by report, first in that part of Æthiopia, that borders upon Egypt, and then fell down into Egypt and Libya; and into the greatest part of the territories of the king: It invaded Athens on a sudden.

Ver. 1099. Lucretius has given no occasion for this and the following verse; which are borrowed from the bishop of Rochester's plague of Athens, where, in Stanza iv. we read,

The loaded wind went slowly on,
And, as it pass'd, was heard to sigh and groan.

Ver. 1101. Hitherto the poet has been treating of the causes of plagues in general: and particularly of that of Athens, which he is about to describe: Now the learned in physic tell us, that an infectious disease may be caught three several ways: the first they call, "per distantiam," by which they mean, when the tainted or corrupted air is breathed and swallowed by such as are at some distance from the persons infected: the second, "per contactum," that is, when we are near, and touch those that are visited with the plague. Hence, as Ovid says,

—Inque ipsos sæva medentes
Erumpit clades; obsuntque auctoribus artes.

To which he adds soon after;

Quò proprior quisque est, servitque fidelius æ-
grum,
In partem lethi citius venit.—

The third they call, "per fomitem," by which they would have us understand, when the vitiated, infectious air is a long time preserved in clothes, wool, &c.

Ver 1103. To the same purpose Dryden, describing the desolation and havoc of a plague, says finely:

And then a thousand deaths at once advanc'd,
And ev'ry dart took place; all was so sudden,
That scarce a man fell: one but began
To wonder, and straight fell a wonder too:
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying friend,
Dropp'd in the pious act. Heard you that groan?
A troop of ghosts took flight together there:
Now death's grown riotous, and will play no
more

For single stakes, but families and tribes:
With dead and dying men our streets lie cover'd;
And earth exposes bodies on the pavements,
More than the hides in graves.—

Between the bride and bridegroom have I seen
The nuptial torch do common offices
Of marriage and of death. Cast round your eyes,
Where late the streets were so thick sown with
men,

Like Cadmus' brood, they jostled for their pas-
sage,
Now look for those erected heads, and see them,
Like pebbles, paving all our public ways.

Tragedy of Oedipus.

For it is the nature and property of a plague, grown adult, and in the height of its raging, that many persons should be visited by it at once, and many die of it: But it has been disputed by physicians, whether it can be called a plague at its first breaking out, and while only one or two are sick of it; which some positively affirm, but others as strenuously deny. It cannot indeed be controverted, but there are definitions of things grown to perfection: Thus mankind, while yet in their infancy, can scarcely be said to be endued with reason. In like manner a plague, just breaking out, is nor indeed common, but will be so, unless it be timely prevented: However, it is truly a plague, though but ten persons are sick of it, nay, if but one.

Ver. 1105. Here the poet, in eighteen verses, enumerates the several and chief symptoms and tokens that were observed in those that were visited with this plague of Athens. I. An extreme heat in their head. II. An inflammation of the eyes. III. Ulcers in the throat, and an emanation of blood from thence. IV. A roughness of the tongue, and such a heaviness, that they could scarce move it: together with ulcers; and putrid blood flowing from thence likewise. V. A noise some tinkling breath. VI. Fainting fits, or swoonings. VII. Dejection of the mind. VIII. Groans and complainings. IX. Frequent, convulsive yexings, or hickets.

Thus too Thucydides: Πρῶτον μὲν τῆς κεφαλῆς διερχομένη ἰσχυροῦς, καὶ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν θερμότης, καὶ φλόγας ἰλάμβανεν. They were first taken with an extreme heat in their heads, and with a redness and inflammation of the eyes. Thus, says that historian, upon whom the bishop of Rochester has paraphrased as follows:

Upon the head, first, the disease,
As a bold conqueror, does seize,
Begins with man's metropolis;
Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew,
It could at pleasure weaker parts subdue:
Blood started through each eye:
The redness of that sky
Foretold a tempest nigh.

Ver. 1107. This verse our translator has added to his author.

Ver. 1108. In like manner Thucydides: *Καὶ τὰ ἐντὸς, ὥς τε φέροντο, καὶ ἡ γλῶττα τοῦτος αἰμαίνετο* q. v. i. e. And inwardly their throats and tongues grew presently bloody. This third is indeed a dreadful symptom, and an infallible mark, that the economy of the whole body was vitiated. Mattheus Villanus relates, that in the plague which raged in Italy in the year 1348, they were afflicted almost in the same manner; and that when they were seized with the disease, they either died suddenly, or the next day, or lived but to the third at farthest. This too is confirmed by Guido Cauliacus, lib. ii. cap. 5. the Pope's chirurgion, and an eye-witness of it; who, besides, voluntarily deposes, that the mortality was so great in all the place infected, that scarce a fourth part of the inhabitants were left alive.

Lucretius says,

Sudabant etiam fauces intrinsecus atro
Sanguine. —

i. e. And inwardly their jaws and throats sweated out black blood: where the word "sudabant," they sweated, is not spoken figuratively, but properly: for the blood was forced out "per diapedesim," i. e. by translocation, or exudation; for so they generally interpreted that word. Now this sweating, or oozing out of blood, was occasioned by the weakness and decay of the retentive power that resides in the small veins; besides, the whole mass of blood being enormously vitiated, it stimulated and urged nature to that excretion.

Ver. 1109. This fourth symptom of the Athenian plague, of which Thucydides is silent, Lucretius has taken from Hippocrates, de Morb. Popul. lib. iii. cap. 3, 10, 11. where that author represents it to be no less fatal than the former, and says it proceeded from the same cause.

Ver. 1111. Lucretius says, "motu gravis," heavy in motion. Galen, in Com. i. takes notice of this symptom, and says, it was caused by the imbecility of the animal faculty, and the exorbitant plenty of the humours that the tongue had imbibed.

Ibid. *Rough.* Though the tongue, says Galen in the place above cited, had imbibed a great abundance of humour, yet that humour being exceeding hot, hindered not the tongue from being rough and scurfy, as it constantly was, by reason of the too much heat that exhaled from the "πύλινος."

Ibid. *Scarce could make a moan.* This thought our translator has added to Lucretius, and taken

it from the B. of R. who, in his plague of Athens, Stanza 11. says,

The tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As does a lion's, when some inn'cent prey
He has devour'd, and brought away.
Hoarseness and fores the throat did fill,
And stop'd the passages of speech and life:
No room was left for groans or grief:
Too cruel and imperious ill,
Which, not content to kill,
With tyrannous and deadly pain,
Dost take from men the very power to complain!

Ver. 1113. What Lucretius represents in these seven verses, Thucydides relates as follows: *Καὶ ἦν ἡ πολλὴ χρόνη καίβαινεν ἡ τὰ στήθεα ὁ πόνος μετὰ βήχους ἰσχυροῦ καὶ ὅποτε ἦς τὴν καρδίαν περιέχουσα, ἀνίστατο τι αὐτὴν, καὶ ἀποκαθάρσει χολῆς πύσαι, ὕσαι, ὑπὸ ἰατρῶν ἀνεμασθίναι εἶναι ἰσθῆσαι καὶ αὐτὰς μετὰ ταλαιπωρίας μεγάλης* that is to say, not long after the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breast; and, when it once settled in the stomach, it caused vomit; and all manner of bilious purgation that physicians ever named came up with great torment. Lucretius takes no notice, neither of the vehement coughing, which no doubt proceeded from a convulsion of the trachea or windpipe, nor of the other symptoms of sneezing and hoarseness, which are likewise mentioned by Thucydides. *Ἔπειτα*, says he, *ἡ αὐτὴν πύσας καὶ βράχους ἐπιγίγντο.*

Ver. 1114. *The heart.* *hic* means the stomach: For here our translator has literally followed his author, who makes use in this place of the word "cor" which sometimes signifies the stomach; as the *καρδία* of the Greeks, which signifies likewise both "cor" and "stomachus." Thus the Scholiast, on the foregoing passage of Thucydides says, *Οἱ παλαιοὶ ἰατροὶ τὸν στήθεα καρδίαν ἱκάουσι, καὶ καρδιαχμον τὸν πόνον τῷ στήθεα* i. e. The ancient physicians called the stomach the heart, and a pain in the stomach, a pain in the heart.

Ver. 1115. When the disease was got down into the stomach, there followed a stinkingness of breath, says Lucretius, like the stench that exhaled from dead bodies. Thus too the B. of R.

Then down it went into the breast;
There all the seats and shops of life possess'd:
Such noisome smells from thence did come,
As if the body were a tomb.

Now these offensive smells must have proceeded, either from the putrefaction of the humours, or of the lungs, or rather of both; which seems more consonant to reason, as well as to the opinion of Hippocrates, who, Epidem. 3. 5. 3 relating the symptoms of this plague, makes mention of many putrified parts: nor can it be doubted but that the infected Athenians were then troubled with a peripneumony, by reason of the great defluxion of vitiated blood that fell upon the lungs. Now a stinking breath is held to be an ill symptom in all diseases, but worst in epidemical: For, if what Galen, 3 de Præfag. ex

Pulſib. cap. 4. obſerves, be true, that whatever is vitiated does not putrify, but that noifome ſmells are a certain mark of putrefaction; a rottenneſs of humours, or of parts, muſt have been added, by way of over-measure, to this fatal corruption. It has been obſerved, that many, who, when they were in health, had ſtinking breaths, have died a ſudden death; the reaſon of which was, becauſe the whole ſubſtance of their lungs was by degrees putrified; but, what a long catarrh can perform in the courſe of a man's life, a plague may accompliſh all at once, by reaſon of its greater efficacy; and therefore a ſtinking breath is certainly a dangerous ſymptom in peſtilential diſeaſes.

Ver. 1118. What Lucretius here ſays of the general dread that had ſeized the Athenians, affords us an opportunity to make the following inquiry.

WHETHER FEAR PROMOTES AND PROPAGATES A PLAGUE.

CONSTERNATION and dejection of mind are never beneficial, not even in health; but they are prejudicial in all diſeaſes, and worſt of all in a plague: Hence Lucretius more than once makes mention of it; and gives us a handle to inquire, I. Why is it ſo? And, II. Whether what ſome have aſſerted to be true, viz. That the plague is caught by bare imagination only? To begin with the laſt: They who hold the affirmative, are not content it ſhould be granted, that, by the ſtrong apprehenſion of the patient, an infectious diſeaſe may be brought upon him; but they inſiſt likewiſe, that it may be imparted to him by witches, or other ill-minded perſons: theſe opinions ſpring from this belief; that our fancy can affect, and work upon, not only our own body, but thoſe likewiſe of others. Theſe things might paſs for idle tales, were it not, that, under the maſk and diſguiſe of imagination, were concealed the arts of the ſworn enemy of mankind, by whoſe perſuaſion and aſſiſtance plagues and ſorceries are ſometimes propagated in the world: I doubt not of the ill, malicious habit of mind which his votaries may have contracted; but that alone, without his more powerful aid, to whom, for the horrid ſins of mankind, is permitted a power to do hurt, is unable to affect others.

The other opinion, which imputes the infection of a plague to the ſtrong apprehenſion of the patient, ſeems, at firſt ſight, to carry with it a greater ſemblance of truth; for no man ever controverted the ſtrength of imagination in regard to its operations on a man's own body; thus we ſhudder, and our very blood cruddles within us, on the bare remembrance of any horrible action; we rejoice, even when the object of our joy is abſent; we grow angry, though no man provokes us; let us but fancy ourſelves applauded, we exult for joy: and Nardius relates, that he knew a fanciful ſilly woman, who ſoon experimented in her own body the diſeaſes under which ſhe had heard her acquaintance or relations were

labouring. Such things have certainly a reliſh of hypocriſy or madneſs: For what the ſticklers for the ſtrength of fancy fooliſhly allege, of I know not what intentional form, as they term it, that is able to introduce itſelf into any matter that is prepared and made ready to receive it, are mere trifles, and fictitious day-dreams of ſuperſtitious men: For no man in his ſenſes ever threatens, or heartily wiſhes ill to himſelf; nor does he wilfully and induſtriouſly endeavour to increaſe a peſtilential diſeaſe; but he hates, abhors, and fears it; which laſt is, perhaps, the trueſt cauſe of the propagation and continuance of a plague.

Fear and ſorrow are powerful agents, and produce wonderful effects in the minds of men: for, as Galen obſerves, a violent fear kills immediately; and one that is leſs vehement, but of long duration, is no leſs fatal. Fear dejects the mind, and dimin iſhes the ſtrength; even at the firſt aſſault it overwhelms the ſpirit, and contracts the blood, cauſing a refrigeration and chillneſs of the exterior parts of the body: For theſe reaſons, in ſuch as are ſeized with fear, the pulſe, as well of the arteries as of the heart, is very ſmall, and extremely weak. Vide Galenum, 12. Meth. cap. v. 5. de loc. Off. cap. i. 4. de Ca. Pulſ. cap. v. 2. de Symp. Caſ. cap. ii. de Tre. Rig. cap. ii. 2. de Symp. Ca. cap. v. And the ſame author, in his Treatiſe de Pul. ad Tyr. and in his fourth de Caſ. Pul. cap. iv. accurately diſtinguiſhes the difference of pulſes, according to the nature and quality of fear. In a ſudden and violent fear, he believes the pulſe to be quick, quivering, diſordered, and unequal; in a fear of long continuance, he holds the pulſe to be little, languid, ſlow, and rare: This laſt ſort of pulſe he aſcribes likewiſe to the effect of ſorrow, between which, ſays he, and a fear of long duration there is no difference: for in both of them the ſtrength is impaired; and that failing, the pulſes cannot be unlike; becauſe, according to the ſame author, in thoſe whoſe ſtrength is infirm, and, by reaſon of their ignorance, the affections and paſſions of the mind, forceful and ſtrong, the eſſence of the ſoul may eaſily be diſſolved. Now, that by the word ſoul he means the life itſelf, is manifeſt from what he ſays, 12. Meth. cap. v. that the eſſence of the life of man is corrupted by the affections of the mind; and that all great fears, though they do not kill outright, yet they certainly render the ſpirit infirm, and eaſy to be diſſolved; but ſorrow and anxiety are hurtful, becauſe they impair the ſtrength. And to theſe opinions of Galen, Lucretius himſelf ſubſcribes, in theſe verſes:

Verum ubi vehementi magis eſt commota metu
mens,

Conſentire animam rotam per membra videmus:
Sudoremque ita, palloremque exiſtere toto
Corpore, et infringi linguam, vocemque oboriri,
Caligare oculos, ſonare aureis, fuccidere artus:
Denique conſidere ex animi terrore videmus
Sæpe homines. —

Lib. iii. ver. 155.

The interpretation of which the reader may find above, book iii. ver. 150.

These, then, are the effects that fear and imagination produce in the body they seize on : and if an infectious pestilential air meet with a body thus ill-disposed already, that body will soon imbibed the contagion, and fall sick of the disease, being unable to struggle against it, by reason of the weakness it has already contracted. Rightly, therefore, has Thucydides, taking notice of the two greatest miseries of the Athenian plague, the *ἀδυσία*, or consternation of the mind, and the inevitableness of the contagion, given the preference to the consternation of mind, and assigned it as one of the chief causes of the mortality that raged among them. Δεινότερον, says he, δι παντός ἢ τὴ κατὰ τὴν ἀδυσίαν. ἔπειτα τῆς αἰσθητοῦ κάμωνος, πρὸς γὰρ τὸ ἀνέλπιστον τοῦθ' ἀσπασόμενοι τῇ γνῶμῃ, πολλὰ μάλ' ἐν προέσθῳ σφῶς αὐτῶς καὶ ἐν ἀνταχόν. l. c. But the greatest misery of all was, the defection of mind in such as found themselves beginning to be sick; for they grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without making any resistance. And, in the last age, during the siege of Breda, it was observed, that the plague which then raged, either abated or increased as the minds of the soldiers were either raised with hope or depressed with fear. So great are the effects of consternation of mind!

Ver. 1120. These so many and so intolerable ills of the body were attended, says the poet, with a perpetual anguish of mind, which occasioned unmanly groans and complainings. Plutarch relates of Pericles, that though, with unweeping eyes, he had beheld the funerals of so many of his friends and relations, yet the death of his only surviving son extorted from him some unwilling tears: and that the plague, that malignant inmate, had by little and little corrupted the body of that magnanimous man, and overcome his fortitude and strength of mind: for, while he was languishing under that disease, he showed a friend, that came to visit him, some charms and enchantments that hung about his neck, and women had tied upon him; which evidently prove the disorder of his mind, that could be prevailed on to condescend to such superstition. Thus says Plutarch, in his Life.

Ver. 1122. Lucretius says, "Singultus frequens," a frequent hicket: And for the better understanding of this ninth symptom, it will be necessary to recite the words of Thucydides, relating to it, and that are as follows: Λύγξ τε τοῖς πλείοσι ἐνίσταται κινή, σπασμὸν ἐνδιδῶσα ἰσχυρόν, τοῖς μὲν μετατάττα λωφίσαντα τοῖς δὲ καὶ πολλὰ ὕστερον that is to say, most of them had likewise an empty hicket, which brought with it a strong convulsion, and in some it ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Now, according to the common opinion of physicians, the hicket is a convulsion of the stomach: but Galen, weighing the matter more narrowly, and considering that the muscles only are convulsed, and that neither the ventricle, nor the mouth of it, are either muscles, or perform the function of muscles, says, in his third book, de Sympt. Caus. cap. 4. that the hicket is only a depraved motion

of the mouth of the ventricle, that endeavours to expel what is offensive and troublesome to it, which could not be wanting in our case; for the pestilential defluxion falling down through the throat, and a great quantity of bilious matter regurgitating from the liver, into the stomach, were certainly offensive to it, and sufficient to cause the hicket, which was of longer or shorter continuance, according to the greater or less quantity and protervity of the offending matter. But to whom are we to give credit; to Lucretius, who calls it "frequens singultus," a frequent hicket; or to Thucydides, who calls it λύγξ κινή, an empty hicket? Lambinus, overcome, perhaps, by the difficulty of the matter, as it often happens to such as meddle with the affairs of others, very boldly corrects the historian, and gives more credit to a poet that lived long after, than to an eye-witness that writes what he saw. The learned F. Paulinus comes nearer to the point, and believes that the hicket is said to be empty from the cause that produces it, that is to say, exinanition: for both Hippocrates and Galen allow, that there are two causes of convulsion, the repletion, and the exinanition, or emptiness of the nerves. And the last of those authors admonishes, that a convulsion, proceeding from the exinanition of the nerves, is the worst symptom in a hicket. But in this case of the plague of Athens, there cannot be the least ground to suspect any emptiness; since, as we said before, there was a copious and continual defluxion of humours. Besides, it is notorious, that there are other causes of convulsions, than those before mentioned; and from which it is more probable, that the violent and laborious hicket proceeded: for why might not they who were visited with a plague, have a frequent and empty or fruitless hicket? The first was a token of the pertinacy of the mauling cause, the other of the ineffectual fatigation: for, as Galen, 3. de Sympt. Caus. cap. 1. witnesses; in vomits, those things are thrown up that are in the cavity and space of the ventricle; in hickers, those that adhere to the very body of the ventricle, the disposition and motion being both alike. As, therefore, what the physicians call *nausea*, is a vain and fruitless vomit, and consequently the more fatiguing; so too is a hicket, when nothing is brought up.

Ver. 1125. In these eighteen verses, the poet takes notice of several other symptoms and tokens, that happened to those who were visited with this plague. First, says he, the exterior parts of their bodies were not hot to the touch, but only warm; yet they looked somewhat red, and were beset with small pustules, as is the body of those that have the St. Anthony's fire: nevertheless they burned inwardly to such a degree, that they could not endure to wear the slightest clothes, nor any the thinnest covering upon them: and it availed them nothing to expose their bodies to the cold and wind, nor to leap into rivers, or go down into wells; nor could any quantity of water quench their thirst.

Hippocrates, in 3. Epidem. c. 34. speaking of

this plague, says, that the fever which attended it was *ὡς ἐξός*, not acute: and Galen, 9. de Sympt. Caus. cap. 9. says of pestilential fevers in general, that they are not violently hot. Now the reasons that physicians give us, why some bodies in pernicious diseases are barely warm, and the extreme parts of others even cold, are these: Some, say they, are warm, by reason of their small provision of natural heat, or because of their age; as in the old, in whom, according to the observation of Hippocrates, 6. Epidem. cap. 19. fevers are the less acute, because, says he, their body is cold: others are warm in fevers, by reason of their natural constitution, having from their birth laboured under a want of spirits and blood: besides, in some diseases, the like disposition is acquired: sometimes too the humours, stagnating in the outmost little vessels, hinder the inwardly conceived heat from breaking out; and the same humours, whenever they are heated, do, according to the difference of their nature, impart a different degree of heat; for one sort of heat attends an adult cholera, another a putrifying phlegm: Tepidity is likewise caused in a malignant corruption, by reason of the inwardness and profundity of the fire, and the nature of the disease, which threatens death to the patient, not by manifest symptoms, but by a clandestine corruption of the whole substance. The extreme parts and members of the body are cold and livid in those whose vital faculty is utterly decayed, and dying away. They likewise are cold outwardly, whose almost total natural heat is retired to, and gathered about their inflamed entrails, in order to succour decaying nature. And one or more of these reasons concurring, will cause the patient to be either barely warm, or even cold, outwardly, and to the touch.

Ver. 1128. *The sacred fire*] "Sacer ignis," says Lucretius, by which name the Latins know the disease, which the Greeks call *ἑρπιδίαις*, and we St. Anthony's fire, of which, according to Celsus, there are two sorts, thus described by him. "Sacer quoque ignis malis ulceribus annumerari debet; ejus duæ sunt species: alterum est subrubicundum, aut mistum rubore, atque pallore, exasperatumque per pustulas continuas, quarum nulla altera major est, sed plurimæ perexiguæ: alterum autem est, in summæ cutis exulceratione, sed sine altitudine, latum, sublividum, inæqualiter tamen," &c. Celsus de Re medicâ, lib. vi. cap. 28. But in this passage of our author, we are to understand the first sort of that disease, which, as described above by Celsus, is an ulcerous eruption, reddish, or mixed of pale and red; and painful to the patient, by reason of the continued pustules or wheals, not one of which is bigger than another, though there be an infinite number of them, and all extremely small. Which description of Celsus seems to represent to us the disease that physicians commonly call "herpes milliaris," from the figure and frequency of the small blisters or wheals, which, rising on the uppermost skin, and standing out but very little, are not unlike to millet seed, sown or scat-

tered thick upon the ground. The disease which they call Herpes only, is likewise a kind of St. Anthony's fire, and seems to be the same that Pliny, lib. xxvi. cap. 11. calls *Zoster*, and Scribonius Largus, c. 106. *Zona*: this disease comes on the middle of the body, and, if it compass it about, is mortal: as, in the last age, according to J. Langius, epist. 32. it proved to be to the Marquis of Brandenburg. Some call it the shingles; some, the running worm; and some, wild-fire. But the erysipelas, that afflicted the infected Athenians, though but a cutaneous disease, must nevertheless have been very troublesome to them, both on account of itsitchiness, and because it incommoded them, either standing or lying down.

Ver. 1129. Thucydides in like manner describes this outward tepidity, and inward burning of the infected, in these words. *Καὶ τὸ μὲν ἔξωθεν ἀπτεμένη σῶμα. ὃν ἄρα φρεσὶν ἦν, ὅτι χλωρὸν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ τρυβλῶν, πελιδνῶν φλυκταιναῖς μικραῖς, καὶ ἱλαῖς ἐξηρηκέας: τὰ δὲ ἐντὸς ἄρας ἱκάνιστο, ὅτι μὴ τῶν πᾶν λιπαρῶν ἱματίων καὶ σενδύων τὰς ἱπποδάς, μὴ ἀλλότοι, ἢ γυμνὸν ἀνίστασθαι.* Their bodies, says he, outwardly to the touch, were not very hot, nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beset with little pimples and wheals; yet inwardly, they burned to that degree, as not to endure any the lightest clothes, or linen garments to be upon them, nor any thing, but mere nakedness. Thus Thucydides: to which I add what Hippocrates, Aph. 48. teaches, that in fevers, which have no intermission, it is a fatal symptom, when the outward parts of the body are cold, and the inward burning.

Ver. 1131. This thought our translator has not copied from his author, but is beholden for it to the Bishop of Rochester, who, in his Plague of Athens, stanza 17. says,

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,

They, like some mighty burden, bear

The lightest covering of air:

All sexes and all ages do invade

The bounds which nature laid,

The laws of modesty, which she herself had made:

The virgins blush not, yet unclath'd appear;

Uncloth'd they run about, yet never fear:

The pain and the disease did now

Unwillingly reduce men to

That nakedness once more,

Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before.

Ver. 1135. Diodorus Siculus, in the twelfth book of his History, speaking of this plague, says, that the sick felt so intolerable a heat within them, that many cast themselves into the very wells and fountains, hoping to cool and refresh their bodies. But Thucydides relates this better, and more consonantly to truth. *Ἦδιστα, says he, τὸ ἂν ἐς ὕδωρ ψυχρὸν σπᾶς αὐτὰς ῥίπτειν, καὶ πολλὰ ὕδασι φέρεσθαι τῇ διψῇ ἀπαύσει ἐπιχόμενοι. καὶ ἐν τῷ ὕδατι καθίστασθαι τὸ τι πλέον καὶ ἱλασσεν ποτὶν* That is to say, they would most willingly have cast themselves into cold water; and many of them, that were not looked to, possessed with in-

insatiable thirst, ran to the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent. This insatiable thirst with which they were tormented, is finely described by the B. of R. in the poem above cited, stanza 16.

The streams did wonder, that so soon
As they were from their native mountains gone,
They saw themselves drunk up, and fear
Another Xerxes' army near.
Some cast into the pit the urn,
And drink it dry at its return;
Again they drew, again they drank:

At first the coolness of the stream they thank;
But strait the more were scorch'd, the more did burn,

And, drunk with water, in their drinking sank.
Some snatch'd the waters up;
Their hands, their mouths the cup:
They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning store.
So have I seen on lime cold water thrown;
Straits all was to a ferment grown,
And sudden seeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure;
But when the moistures it provoke,
Then did it rage, and swell, and smoke;
And move, and flame, and burn, and strait to
ashes broke.

— The heat,

Or still increas'd, or still remain'd as great.

Lucretius says,

*Inedabitur sitis arida corpora mensas
Æquabat multum parvis humoribus imbrem.*

i. e. So great and so unquenchable was their thirst, that a great quantity of water seemed to them to be but a little water. But some, instead of *parvis*, read *provis*; and then the sense must be this: The malignancy of the humours, which were the cause of their thirstiness, equalled, and at length eluded the great plenty of water they drank: Hence it came to pass, that they who drank but little, underwent the like danger with those who drank a great deal; for their thirst was not extinguished, though they drank ever so much. This last interpretation seems to agree best with the passage of Thucydides next above cited.

Ver. 1137 This and the three following verses our translator has added, by way of paraphrase, to his author.

Ver. 1141. In these three verses, he teaches that no remedy could be found to expel this disease, so new and unknown till then was this raging pestilence. Thus too Manilius, speaking of this plague:

*Qualis Eriethæos pestis populata colonos
Extulit antiquas per funera pacis Athenas,
Alter in alterius lubens cum fata ruebat;
Nec locus artis erat medicæ: nec vota valebant:
Cessat officium morbis. & funera decrant
Mortibus & lacrimæ: fessis detecerat ignis,
& coarctatis ardebant corpora membris.*

Which Sir Edward Sherburne thus renders:

Through Eriethæan lands when that plague
stray'd,

And Athens waste by peaceful fun'rals lay'd,
When each contracted others death, then art
No cure could find, nor pray'rs could help impart:
Care to the sick, and fun'rals to the dead, [shed:
Ev'n tears were wanting: those no mourners
The weary'd flame did from its office cease,
And heaps of fir'd bones burnt the dead carcases.

But if our poet in this place, as in others, imitates Thucydides, then this is not his meaning: for that historian only says, that whatever remedy was applied to procure sleep to the sick, they were still as far from ease, and the power to sleep, as ever.

Ver. 1144. Hippocrates, Epidem. 6. says, that nothing is more destructive of human nature, or impoverishes and wastes the spirits, blood, and strength more, than watching, and want of sleep. Truly therefore does Ovid sing,

*Quod caret alternâ requie durabile non est:
Hæc reparat vires, fessaque membra novat.*

Heroid. Epist. 3.

See the note on book iv. ver. 905. And the physicians observing this fatal symptom, had reason, as Lucretius expresses it, "tacito mussare timore," to mutter to themselves for fear: for, being at a stand what to do, they went away without prescribing, and left their patients in despair of relief. This symptom too, and the effects of it, are finely described by the Bishop of Rochester.

No sleep, no peace, no rest,
Their wand'ring and affrighted minds possess'd:
Upon their souls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies:
Unusual shapes and images,
Dark pictures and resemblances
Of things to come, and of the world below,
To their distemper'd fancies flow.
Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe:
Not sleep, but waking now, was sister unto death.

Plague of Athens, stanza. 17.

Ver. 1146. In these fourteen verses, he mentions many other tokens of death, that happened to those who were visited with the plague: and which he has chiefly taken from Hippocrates, in Prognost. For Thucydides scarce mentions any of them.

Ver. 1148 Lucretius says,

"Perturbata animi mens in mœrore metuque:"

In which the poet intimates, a total dejection of mind, occasioned by too deep a sense and apprehension of the dangerous state they were in, and which was inevitably followed by desperation; and all this was only the necessary effect of their disease: for the atrabileous blood, that was engendered by the violent adustion, irrigated the internal parts of the diseased: and, by the unanimous consent, and constant observation of phy-

cians, melancholy, fear, sorrow, and the like, are the necessary consequences of such blood, as well as of any other melancholic, excessive humour: I say, excessive: for, though men, in whose bodies any melancholic humour prevails, are naturally inclined and subject to grief and fear; yet, if that humour be not excessive, and, either in quantity or quality, transgress not the bounds of nature, it never seduces or overthrows the mind.

In the original we read,

"Triste supercilium; furiosus vultus, & acer."

i. e. Disconsolate eyes, and frowning eye-brows, together with a sternness and wildness of look. These symptoms, of which Thucydides is silent, Lucretius has borrowed of the Coan dictator, who, in *Coac. Præfag. lib. i. sect. ii. cap. 3.* teaches, that a good colour in the face, with a wildness of aspect, is an ill sign in acute diseases; in which too, frowning eyebrows are a mark of frenzy. But, as we shall hear by and by, the constitution of the whole face was altered and amiss; therefore it portended something worse than frenzy. But though a frowning forehead preface a frenzy, in acute diseases; because the blood, by reason of its corruption is degenerated into a plenteous quantity of bileous and melancholic humour; yet it is often observed in some, even when they are in perfect health; nor does it portend any thing dreadful in them; though some are apt to be shy of their conversation. But the sternness and wildness of countenance, mentioned by Lucretius, was a most certain token, not of an eminent, but of a present frenzy, occasioned by the inflammation of the bileous humour, accompanied by the corruption that bred it, either in the præcordia, or in the brain, that already sympathized with the inferior parts.

Ver. 1149. Lucretius says,

"Creber spiritus, haud ingens, raroque coortus."

For the better understanding of which, we must take notice, that the respiration in animals, which is truly a mixed function, it being both natural and voluntary, was excellently instituted by provident nature, chiefly for the refreshment of the heart: for when she had made the heart the chief seat and residence of the innate heat, from whence that vivifying and lively power is, through the tubes of the veins and arteries, as likewise through invisible pores, communicated to the body of the animal, it was of necessity, that this member should be hot, and, in some measure, inflamed itself, that it might supply with warmth all the other members. But this inflammation would have been fatal, or, according to the nature of all fires, a most certain suffocation had ensued, had he not wisely provided against it, as well by the introduction of cooling air, as by the expulsion and excretion of the fuliginous vapours, engendered in the heart; the first of which is performed by inspiration; the last, by what we call expiration. But between both these reciprocating and alternate motions two rests or intervals necessarily intervene: wherefore the chief differences of respi-

ration are distinguished, in regard to the time of the motion, into

Quick moderate, slow,

In regard to the rests, or intervals, into

Thick, moderate, rare:

And, in regard to the extension of the organs into

Great, moderate, small.

Now, the organs of respiration are the whole thorax, but chiefly the midriff; on whose motion the lungs are extended every way, and receive the external air: but when the midriff ceases to move, the lungs fall down, and breathe out the superfluous air, together with the humid nocent exhalation; and by these alternate breathings, the indensity of the ever-burning heart is wisely secured. Since, therefore, by the common consent of all, the vital faculty, and even life itself, are chiefly due to this member, it is consonant to reason, that they, who, by rules of art, are to judge of the issue of a disease, and to the state of their patients, should, almost preferably to the motion of their arteries, observe the manner of their breathing, which nature governs, according as the heart requires. With good reason, therefore, has Lucretius, enumerating the fatal symptoms of those who were visited with this plague, taken notice of this difficulty and disorder of their respiration, which he expresses after the manner of physicians, making a threefold distinction of it. These several disorders of their respiration he has borrowed from Hippocrates, and the first he takes notice of, is, "creber spiritus," a thickness or frequency of breathing, which is spoken in regard to the rests or intervals: and this, says Hippocrates, in *Prognostic. cap. 24.* denotes a pain, or an inflammation in the parts that are above the præcordia: secondly, "haud ingens," not great, which admits of a double interpretation: either that, in regard to the extension of the organs, their respiration was moderate, and in due order; or small: both which nevertheless contradict Hippocrates, who, in the place above cited, says in express words, that their respiration was great and strong, with long intervals interposing: however, as Galen, in *Prog. Com.* observes, in the torment they suffered, their respiration might be both frequent and small, nature already growing weak, and tending to a decay; and their organs being disordered with inflammations. Thus too Hippocrates himself, in *Coacis Prænotion.* teaches that a frequent and small respiration betokens an inflammation and pain in the principal parts: now, we have heard already, that they were afflicted with a peripneumony and frenzy; wherefore their respiration, as Lucretius says, might be, "haud ingens," not great, but moderate; or, even in the other extreme, small, and below the due mediocrity, the third and last difference of their difficult respiration, and which Lucretius expresses by "raro coortus," a rareness or seldomness of breathing, relates to the time of the motion, and is explained by Galen, in *Com. t. 24. Progn.* where he teaches, that a rareness of breath,

that is to say, when the rests or intervals are long, if the respiration be great and strong in regard to the extension of the organs, indicates a delirium; if small, an extinction of the innate, or natural heat.

Ver. 1150. Lucretius says :

"Sollicitæ porro, plenæque sonoribus aures :"

These were tokens that the humours were crept upwards by the duct of the arteries : and Hippocrates, in "Coacis Præfagiis," teaches, that sounds and noises in the ears, are a deadly symptom in acute diseases.

—Much and frothy sweat,
Spread o'er the neck ;] Lucretius says,

"Sudariusque madens per collum splendidus humor."

And this too he borrowed from Hippocrates, in Progn. who there teaches, that sweats are very good in all acute diseases, if they happen at a critical time, and entirely allay the fever : that they are good likewise, if they come from the whole body, and make the patient the more easily bear his disease : but if they effect nothing of this, they are not in the least beneficial : that cold sweats, and such as come only about the head, face, and neck, are the worst of all, and, for the most part, very dangerous symptoms. Besides ; those that labour under imposthumations, especially such as are caused by a pleurisy, or by an inflammation of the lungs, are subject to sweat about the neck. Thus Hippocrates : and from hence we see, that the peripneumony, or inflammation and imposthume of the lungs, under which the infected Athenians laboured, was the cause of this fatal symptom.

Ver. 1151. The words in the original are,

Tenuia spura, minuta, croci continctâ colore,
Salsaque, per fauces, raucas vix edita tussi.

Which is taken almost word for word from Hippocrates, in the place above cited : where he says, that the worst sort of spittle are those that are yellow, or of a reddish colour ; or that cause a violent coughing, and that are thin, and come away in little quantity. Now Lucretius calls these spittles "tenuia," thin, which is a mark of their crudity, in regard to their substance ; "minuta," that is to say, fewer than they ought to be, in regard to their quantity ; "croci continctâ colore," yellowish, which was a mark of their bilious nature ; and, "salsa," salt, which quality was due to the corruption of the humours, or to a mixture of salt and serious humidity : for these are the causes, that Galen himself, 2. de diff. Feb. cap. 6. assigns, of the saltness of humours. And then the poet, to show us that these were not only the excrements of the brain, that are often purged away by spitting, and are called spittle, adds, "per fauces raucas vix edita tussi," i. e. that they could scarce be thrown up by coughing, through their hoarse sounding jaws : for it is the proper function and sole business of a cough, to serve the members that are employed in respiration, and to

extrude and throw from thence whatever is molesting to them ; and the hoarseness Lucretius mentions, proceeded from the exasperation of the larynx, occasioned by a defluxion of salt phlegm, which likewise fell upon the lungs, and then caused a violent cough.

Ver. 1154. Lucretius says,

"In manibus vero trahier nervi."

This contraction of the nerves of the hands was a sure token of present convulsions, which, as we have seen already, proceeded, according to Thucydides, from what he calls *ἀργὴ κίσις*, an empty hicket. See above in the note on ver. 1122. Now a convulsion is an involuntary contraction of the parts, that communicate and partake with the nerves, proceeding from a preternatural cause. But whether some of our modern physicians, who differ from the ancients, in assigning several other causes of convulsions, than those which these last allowed of, be in the right, it is not our business in this place to inquire. Hippocrates, 8. de Comp. Med. positively asserts, that there are but two causes of convulsion ; viz. Repletion and inanition : and Galen too, firmly avouches, that no third cause can be found out for the siccity or dryness, which the same author more than once affirms to be the cause of spasms, is included in, and reduced to inanition. The hands, therefore, of the infected were convulsed, by reason of the dryness and inanition of the nerves, and of the whole inflamed body, that was weakened and brought low by a manifold evacuation : besides ; an erysipelas, from whence proceeded a frenzy, had seized the brain, and all its membranes ; hence the pernicious filthiness of the corrupted blood was imparted to the marrow of the spina, or back-bone, from the first knuckles or joints of which arise the nerves of the hands and fingers. Thus that corruption, falling down, doubled the difficulties, irritating, and filling, or choking up the ducts of voluntary motion.

Here our translator has omitted the latter part of the verse above cited, in which his author mentions another symptom, that attended this disease ; viz. a trembling of the joints,

"In manibus vero trahier nervi, tremere artus."

Now, according to the definition of physicians, "Tremor est symptoma in actione lesa ;" and this happens when the voluntary motive faculty is depraved, by reason of its disproportion to its own object, which is the body. For, since, in the concretion of animals, the elements of earth and water are predominant, and since they are for that reason by nature heavy, whatever moves, would by natural inclination always descend, unless the motive faculty sustained and kept it up ; and if that faculty be strong, and in due order, all things are performed aright, and according to the strict command of the will ; but if that faculty be weakened or disordered ; then there immediately arises a complicated motion, which is called a trembling ; and that proceeds from the motive

faculties endeavouring to lift up the member, which, at the same time, by its own natural inclination, is striving to sink down. Galen, in his Treatise, de Trem. Palp. cap. 3. brings a very evident example of this alternate endeavour of the faculty and member: I presume, says he, you have seen, how a man's legs will tremble, if he strives to run apace with a weighty burden on his shoulders: and how his hands too will tremble, if he attempts to lift up, and carry, a weight superior to his strength. Thus Galen: and this shows the reason of the trembling of the joints, as well in old age, as in diseases: well, therefore, might their limbs and joints tremble, the strength of whose motive faculty in so great and various a conflict, was extremely impaired, and carried headlong to utter destruction.

Ver. 1155: This verse runs thus in the original:

*A pedibusque minutatim succedere frigus
Non dubitabat.*—

The symptoms grow still more and more dangerous: for, though it cannot be controverted, that the feet are cool not without reason; inasmuch as, by nature, they are both thin of flesh, and abound with nerves; yet they grow cold besides, by reason of their distance from the warmest parts of the body; the heat retreating to, and gathering itself together in, the breast, in almost all fevers, except in the bilious and burning; and unless too the disease be malignant, as this at Athens was. Galen, in his Comment on epid. 3. teaches the causes of this coldness of their feet: If the disease, says he, be malignant, the extreme parts grow cold, by reason of the decay of strength, and the greatness of the inflammation, that attracts the whole mass of blood to itself; for without these, the disease is never mortal. And the same author, in his comment on this Aphorism of Hippocrates, in great pains of the belly, a coldness of the extreme parts is an ill sign, comprises this whole matter in a few words. The coldness of the extreme parts, says he, is caused by the violence of the inflammation in the bowels. It proceeds likewise from the defection and decay of the vital faculty: which happens whenever the natural heat is either extinguished, or suffocated, by reason of the great quantity of it, then chiefly, when it becomes cold. It is occasioned, besides, by any violent pain, that seizes the middle parts of the body: and by means of which, nature is contracted into itself, and the blood repairs to it, abandoning not only the extreme parts of the body as the feet, the hands, and the head; but the whole skin likewise. Thus Galen: and hence we see, why the natural heat, that was attacked by so many enemies, languished and decayed, "*minutatim*," as Lucretius expresses it, by little and little, till at length a coldness of the extreme parts succeeded in its place; and that too, perhaps, not without a lividness of colour; both which are fatal tokens in all acute diseases.

Ver. 1156: Here the poet begins to describe symptoms of an imminent and near approaching death, which discovered themselves in the face of

the infected. Now, of all the several parts that compose the human face, the preference is justly due to the nose and nostrils, because of the comeliness they add to, or detract from, the whole structure of the face: according to which opinion Horace sung long ago;

*Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.*

But though as Galen, in his book de opt. sec. cap. 26. truly observes, accuminated nostrils, and hollow eyes, are, in some, tokens of death, but natural in others; yet in the diseased Athenians, of whom our poet is speaking, they were preternatural, and proceeded from the force of the disease, which had overpowered the strength of the body: Since, therefore, the countenance of the sick was very unlike, and different from the aspect of the healthy, though but in one part of it, we may well, with Hippocrates, in Progn. c. 5. call it a most dangerous symptom; for a sharp nose and compressed nostrils, on many accounts, portend the worst that can happen. The nose itself is composed of two substances; the one cartilaginous, the other bony: The bony part of it remains always firm and unshaken; nor is it exposed to any motion or damage; but the cartilaginous or gristly substance of it is subject to both: for, in the first place, the wings, or round risings on either side of the nose are moved naturally by their own muscles: of which you may consult at large Julius Caserius, in his accurate treatise, de Fabrica Nasi; but with this caution, nevertheless, not to take the two muscles, which he lately invented, for the janitores, as he calls them, porters of the nose, till use and experience convince us, that we can, whenever we list, compress the nose, and contract or straiten the passages of it. But that extreme part of the nose, because it is more carneous, and contains more humidity than the other, is sooner affected by diseases: and what great necessity soever urges, the innate power of motion is taken away from the muscles, whenever nature is overpowered and worn out by disease: Hence the nostrils are compressed; and, what necessarily follows, the cartilage and muscles of the nose being grown dry, the globulous part of it is attenuated and contracted.

Ver. 1158. The causes of these events we learn from Galen, who, in Comment. Progn. teaches, that such accidents proceed, either from some cause that wastes and corrupts the carneous parts of animals, or from the weakness and decay of the natural heat, which can no longer extend itself into the extreme parts of the body; but remains in little quantity confined to the bowels only. Besides, it always happens in these cases, that so great a portion of blood and spirits flows not to the extreme parts of the body, as did before, when nature was fully provided with them: for which reason, a great alteration of the natural habit of body is apparently discerned in the face; and these are the causes that the eyes first of all are contracted and hollowed: For, being of a softer substance than the other parts, they swell and

protuberate when they are supplied with a sufficient quantity of spirits; but, for want thereof, they sink and subside. Add to this, that the muscles of the temples are consumed and wasted away, by the malignancy, or by the diuturnity, of the disease; and disabled nature is rendered incapable to repair that loss: Hence the temples are hollowed, and, the jugal bone being prominent, the eyes seem to be sunk within their sockets.

Ver. 1159. These effects, according to Galen, proceeded from the same causes we mentioned in the note on ver. 1155, where we produced the authority of that author.

Ver. 1160. In these two verses the poet tells us, that they died generally the eighth or ninth day after they were taken sick: from which Thucydides varies a little: for his words are as follows: καὶ τὸ σῶμα, ὅσον πρὶς χρεῖαν καὶ ἡ νόσος ἀμύνει, ἢ ἐμαρμίνῃ, ἀλλ' ἀντὶ τῆς παρὰ δόξαν τῇ σελ. αὐτοῖς, ὥς δ' ἔφείροντο οἱ πολλοὶ ἐν αἵματι καὶ ἰσχυρίῃ ὑπὸ τῷ ἵνῃ καύματος, ὅτι ἰχνοῖς τι δυνάμειος: that is to say, as long as the disease was at the height, their bodies wasted not, but resisted the torment beyond all expectation, inasmuch, that most of them died of their inward burning, in nine or seven days, and whilst they yet had strength. Whoever desires to be satisfied of the power of these critical days, in judging of diseases, consult Galen, de Crisibus de dieb. decretor. where his curiosity will be abundantly contented. I will only take notice, that the pestilence, which raged in Italy, in the year 1548, was much more violent at the time of its first breaking out: for, as Guido Cauliacus relates, they died within three days after they fell sick: and the Florentine historian, Mattheo Villano, speaking of the same plague, says, "e morivano, chi di subito, chi in due, e chi in tre di:" i. e. and they died, some suddenly, some in two, and some in three days. And the plague that desolated the same country in the year 1631, was scarce less violent; for it snatched them away in three or four days at most, say the authors who have written of it.

Ver. 1162. Here the poet tells us in thirteen verses, that, if any chanced to escape, yet even they were forced to compound for their lives, with the loss of some of their members, either their eyes, or their privy parts, or feet, or hands: for the whole virulence of the disease, falling upon those parts of the body, caused so great a corruption, that, for fear of death, they were necessitated to submit to an amputation of them. Nay, says he, so great an oblivion of all things seized upon some, that they knew not even their own selves, nor remembered who they were.

Ver. 1163. This too Lucretius has taken from Thucydides, who says, 'Εἰ διαφύγων ἐπιμαρμίνῃς τῷ νεύματι ἐς τὴν κοιλίαν, καὶ ἡλικόσους τὴν αὐτῇ ἰχυρῆς ἰγγυγγμίνῃς, καὶ διαφύγων ἅμα ἀκρόσκι ἐπιστάσκει, οἱ πολλοὶ ὑπερὶ τὴν ἀσθένειαν διαφύγων. If, says he, they escaped that (their inward burning) then the disease falling down into their bellies, and causing there great exulcerations, and immoderate

looseness, they died, many of them, afterwards through weakness.

Ver. 1165. A pain in the head is very frequent in all pestilential diseases: nay, some have thought fit to place it among the forerunning tokens of an approaching plague. But the pain, mentioned by Lucretius, proceeded not from a cold, or vaporous cause; but from too great a quantity of corrupted blood, which oppressed the head with its weight, inflamed it with its heat, and, by its malignancy, disordered the membranes of the brain. Hence nature, rousing up to her own relief, endeavoured to expel the offensive humour through the passage of the nostrils, which are the proper emunctories of the head: But since the blood, besides its over-abundance, was replenished with a certain virulency, it grew extremely refractory and rebellious to nature, and the whole mass of it, all at once, flowed to the place where it had found an open passage; and there discharged itself, even as a rapid torrent whose mound is thrown down, pours out all its waters through the gaping breach: No wonder, therefore, that, as Lucretius says,

Huc hominis totæ vires, corpusque fluebat.

Ver. 1167. The loss of their members, which Lucretius mentions in these six verses following, is described by the historian, in these words: Ἀπὸ τῆς γὰρ διὰ παντὸς τῷ σώματι, ἀσθενὲς ἀρξάμενον τὸ ἐν τῇ κεφαλῇ πρῶτον ἰσχυρὸν κακόν, καὶ οἱ τις ἐκ τῶν μερῶν (κινδύνῳ δημοσίῳ) περιγινώσκων τῶν γε ἀκρωτηρίων ἀντίληψις αὐτῇ ἐπιστάσκει, κατεσκευασμένη γὰρ καὶ εἰς τὰ αἶδα καὶ εἰς ἀκροὺς χεῖρας, καὶ πόδας: καὶ πολλοὶ περισκόμμενοι τῶν διέφυγον, οἱ δὲ δὲ καὶ τῶν ἐρξαμένων. Thucyd. For the disease, says he, which first of all took the head, (see above ver. 1104.) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole body: and whoever overcame the worst of it, was nevertheless marked with the loss of some of his extreme parts; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at their fingers and toes, many escaped with the loss of these only: There were some likewise that lost their eyes. Thus Thucydides: Yet it might, one would think, have been expected, that they, who had had so copious a discharge of corrupted blood through the nostrils, would, for the future, have been exempted from any fresh attack: but Galen, lib. i. de Crisib. cap. 3. solves this difficulty, and teaches, that bleeding at the nose may be beneficial, if it happen at a due time. But that otherwise it is rather prejudicial. Humours, that wandered all over the bodies of the infected, may, with reason, be believed to have fallen upon some of the members, rather than upon others: and particularly, as Lucretius, after Thucydides, says,

— in partes genitales corporis ipfas,

Of which our translator takes no notice. But the reason why the corruption fell chiefly on those parts, is, because of the familiarity and sympathy between them, and the members that serve to respiration: For, we have heard already, that the greatest part of the diseased laboured under a pe-

ripneumony, or inflammation of the lungs, which had occasioned a violent cough; and in those cases, as Hippocrates says, several times of his own experience, the matter generally discharges itself on the privy parts: therefore it is not strange, that, for fear of death, those wretches suffered an amputation of their pudenda; and, as Lucretius sings,

Vivebant ferro privati parte virili;

Of which too our translator is wholly silent. And we may easily believe, that the defluxion of humours on those parts, occasioned such a corruption, as reduced physicians to their last remedies, amputation and fire, since Galen, in his comment. on *epidem. 3.* firmly avouches, that even where there is no pestilential infection, if an inflammation, or an erysipelas, seizes on these parts, they very soon corrupt, and affect the superior parts of the body: so that we are necessitated, says he, to cut away the putrefaction, and to sear the place, as being the root of the disease.

Ver. 1171. Galen, in *com. epidem. 3.* ascribes the cause of this loss of members, only to the putrefaction of the humours; the nature of which is to corrupt the parts on which it seizes, Here Lucretius is carped at by P. Victorius, in *var. lectio.* for not having, as he pretends kept close enough to the narration of Thucydides: He is excused, however, by Lambinus, whom Hieronymus Mercurialis, *lib. iii. var. lectio. cap. 12.* accuses of being a plagiarist, in the defence he makes for our author.

Ver. 1173. Thucydides in like manner, τὰ δὲ καὶ λήθη ἐλάμβανεν παραυτίκα ἀναπάντως (*ὀργάνους* Schol.) τῶν πάντων ἐμοῖς καὶ ἡγνίστους σφῶς τι αὐτὸς καὶ τὰς ἐκκλησίαις: that is to say, and many of them, presently upon their recovery, were taken with such an oblivion of all things whatsoever, that they neither knew themselves nor their acquaintance. Though the loss of memory be not uncommon in acute diseases, yet it is frequent in chronic distempers, that are of a long duration. It is related of Benedictus Florentus, a person of universal learning, who lived in the last age, that having long struggled with a disease of eight months continuance, he at length overcame his adversary: but in the conflict had entirely forgot the Greek tongue, of which he had been a great master; as likewise the rules of metrical numbers in all languages whatsoever. Nor does the memory decay through the means of diseases only, but of old age likewise; and sometimes too it is lost even in the vigour and full strength of life, either by external or internal causes? Well, therefore, may we decry with Pliny: "Memoria nihil aequè fragile est in homine, morborum, et casus injurias, atque etiam metus sententias; aliàs particulatim, aliàs universim," *cap. 24.* There is nothing, says he, in man so frail as his memory, it being obnoxious to the injuries of diseases and accidents, nay, even of fear: sometimes it is lost in part, sometimes totally. We need not, therefore, be astonished, that they, who were visited with the most acute of all diseases, a virulent plague, lost their memory.

The only cause of which was the corruption of the humours, which had, as I may say, laid violent hands on nature, and alienated the parts from their due constitution. It is indeed hard to explain the manner how this comes to pass; but it is almost generally held, though some few are of another opinion, that loss of memory proceeds, not only from a cold and humid distemperature, but from a dry likewise; for Galen. *3. de loc. aff.* relates of his own knowledge, that this misfortune happened, through dryness, to a certain studious, sedentary person, and to a sturdy, labouring peasant. The bishop of Rochester, in the following verses, finely describes these miseries of the surviving Athenians, who had been visited with that fatal pestilence,

But if through strength, or heat of age,
The body overcame its rage;
The vanquish'd evil took from them,
Who conquer'd it, some part, some limb:
Some lost the use of hands, or eyes;
Some arms, some legs, some thighs.
Some all their lives before forgot;
Their minds were but one darker blot:
Those various pictures in the head,
And all the numerous shapes were fled:
And now the ransack'd memory
Languish'd in naked poverty,
And lost its mighty treasury:
They pass the Lethe lake, although they did
not die.

Plague of Athens, Stan. 13.

Ver. 1175. In these twelve verses, the poet describes the great corruption that attended this pestilence; and which, says he, was so excessive, that even the birds and beasts of prey, but especially the dogs, who had tasted of the dead bodies, dropt down dead immediately: Nay, so noisome was the stench of the unburied carcases, that neither in Athens, nor around the city, were any ravenous birds seen by day, not any wild beasts by night. In like manner Thucydides, τὰ γὰρ ὄρνια καὶ σαρκοφάγα, ὅσα ἀνθρώπων ἀπέναντι, πολλὰν ἀπάφον γιγνώσκουσιν, ἢ ἂν προσέειν, ἢ γινώσκουσιν διαφείρειν, i. e. The birds and beasts, that used to feed on human flesh, though many bodies lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or, if they tasted, perished. Thus too the bishop of Rochester, in the poem above cited, Stanza 18.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay:
The earth call'd to the fowls to take their flesh
away:
In vain the call'd; they came not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy;
But, at full meals, they hunger, pine, and die;
The vultures afar off beheld the feast,
Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taste:
They rally'd up their troops in haste:
Along came mighty droves,
Forsook their young ones, and their groves;
Each one his native mountain, and his nest:
They come; but all their carcases abhor;
And now avoid the dead men more

Than weaker birds the living men before:
But if some bolder fowl the flesh essay,
They were destroy'd by their own prey.

Ver. 1178. Thucydides says only that they came not near the dead bodies, but gives not the reason of it; that is to say, whether it happened out of any natural instinct, which is often observed in brutes; or whether any of their senses gave them notice of the danger. But Lucretius takes away this difficulty and says, that the wary birds and beasts of prey were admonished by their smell to keep away from the dead carcases, "ut arcem," says he, "exirent odorem." Now, of all the feathered kind, the vulture is said to have the most exquisite smell, or even to know beforehand where he shall find his prey. This is confirmed beyond all dispute, if we may credit Horus Ægyptius, a very ancient author, who says, that in time of war, vultures repair, seven days before, to a place where a battle will be fought; and even that they haunt chiefly about that part of the army where the greatest slaughter will be made. But, allowing this to be true, it cannot be ascribed to their smell, or any other of their senses, but rather to a presaging instinct that nature has conferred upon them: a credulity, which Plautus long ago derided, when he said,

Quasi vulturii, triduum prius divinabant, quo die
esituri fient.

And, indeed, who but a superstitious augur can give credit to so extravagant a notion, or believe that vultures, by their smell, can distinguish between bodies that are to die in a few days, or to live a longer time. The truth is, that they generally keep with armies, because they feed on the garbage and offals of beasts, a great number of which are daily slain for the subsistence of such a multitude of men.

Ver. 1181. Lucretius says,

Nec tamen omnino temerè illis solibus ulla
Comparebat avis:—

This too is confirmed by Thucydides, in these words: *Τικμήριον δὲ (viz. modò dicta vera esse) τῶν μὲν τοιούτων ἐνὶ τοῖς κασιγείσιν ἰσχυρῶς, καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἄλλοις, ὅτε πρὶ τοῖς αὐτοῦ ὄντιν* i. e. An argument that what I said, touching the birds, is true, was the manifest defect of such fowl, which were not then seen, neither about the carcases nor any where else.

Ver. 1182. Lucretius, to augment the horror, adds this circumstance, of which Thucydides is silent, that even the wild beasts hid themselves in their dens, where, nevertheless, they died at length of the infection: a most certain argument that the disease overcame the strength of all mortal animals; and that too not only of the body but of the mind: inasmuch that its rage and cruelty far surmounted all expression of words, as Thucydides observes, and made it appear to be a kind of sickness which exceeded human nature in the fierceness with which it handled every one; and likewise to be none of those diseases that are bred

amongst us. But from this passage of our author, we make two observations: First, That a plague is common to all animals, and propagated from men into beasts; and, on the contrary, from beasts into men. Secondly, That a pestilential venom does not end with the life, but remains in the dead body, though it be not so virulent by reason of the want of heat: But when the putrid, laginous heat has succeeded in the place of the natural, it emits a pernicious and fatal infection, as may be proved by many experiments. This is indeed controverted by some, but to no purpose; for their main argument is, the example they bring of venomous animals, which, nevertheless, they say, retain no poison after they are killed; but common observation abundantly evinces the contrary.

Ver. 1185. It is generally testified by all authors, that dogs have been first infected with, and before any other animals, have felt the first fury of a coming plague. Thus Homer, in *Iliad. H.* exposes, *κύνας ἀγροῦς*, the white dogs first to the infection. And

Strage canum primò,

says Ovid, *Metam. lib. viii.* after whom Silius Italicus has copied,

Vim primi sensere canes.—

Lib. xiv.

And the reason why dogs feel the first attacks of a pestilential contagious disease, according to Eustathius, is, because of their exquisite sense of smelling; of which Ælian likewise approves. Others blame the pestilential exhalations of the earth, to which, say they, the dogs, by reason of their proximity to it, are most obnoxious. But the opinion of Thucydides, which we mentioned before, seems the most plausible. *Οἱ δὲ κύνας*, says he, *μᾶλλον ἀσθενεῖν παρὰ τὸν τῶ ἀνθρώπων διὰ τὸ ἐνδομαίνεσθαι*, which Hobbes thus renders. But by the dogs, because they are familiar with men, this event was seen much clearer. For so Hobbes has rendered it: But why may not the *διὰ τὸ ἐνδομαίνεσθαι*, be rather interpreted, "ob convictum," because of their eating of the same sort of food? For it not only indicates the contagion, which is the most potent propagator of plagues, even into men, but a certain, I know not what, sickly preparative, or analogy, as they call it, proceeding from a common food with particular men. Nardius relates, that he knew a certain prince, who was taken with a violent vomiting of blood, that was occasioned by an external cause: this prince was extremely fond of one of his greyhounds, who, not long after, of his own accord, and without having received the least hurt, vomited blood likewise; till at length he died, wasted with a long disease, and swelled with a dropsy; all which accidents had likewise happened to his master: and, what is yet more strange, the bowels of both of them were observed to be tainted with a like corruption.

Ver. 1187. Here the poet describes the neglect of funeral rites during the time of the plague: However, it is most notorious, how much cost

and ceremony the ancients, and more particularly the superstitious Athenians, were wont to bestow on the funerals of their dead. Of which we shall have occasion to speak more at large on ver. 1246. Mean while what Lucretius here intimates is, That no solemn pomp or rites were observed; that no friends or relations attended the dead bodies to their funeral piles; but either suffered them to lie abroad unburied, or cast them carelessly on the piles that had been prepared for others. This tumultuous disorder of their funerals, is finely described by the Bishop of Rochester.

Mountains of bones and carcases
The streets, the market-place possess,
Threat'ning to raise a new Acropolis.
The woods gave fun'ral piles no more;
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty conqueror overpower.
The noble and the common dust
Into each others graves are thrust:
No place is sacred, and no tomb;
'Tis now a privilege to consume:
Their ashes no distinction had:
Too truly all by death are equal made;
And poor mens bones the noble urns invade.

Plague of Athens, Stanza 30.

Ver. 1188. Tears and bewailing the dead were no small part of funeral exequies; whence Servius on Virgil, *Æn.* 11. says, "Sine fletu non est sepultura:" the want of tears being accounted as great a misfortune, as even the deprivation of funeral itself. Therefore Virgil, in *Æn.* 11. joins them as alike calamitous:

Nos, animæ viles, inhumata, inflataque turba :

And Ovid, in *Metamorph.* 11. introduces the drowned Ceyx appearing, and speaking thus to Halcyone:

Surge, age, da lacrymas, lugubriaque induc, nec
Indeploratum sub inania Tartara mitte.

Which Sandys thus renders;

Rise, weep, and put on black; nor undeplor'd,
For pity, send me to the Stygian ford.

For the ancients believed the dead to be comforted and delighted with the tears of their surviving friends: And this is the reason, that, in the ancient inscriptions on tombs, we so frequently find,

LACRIMAS POSUIT.
CUM LACRIMIS POSUIT.
LACRIMIS ET OPOBALSOMO UDUM
CONDIDIT.
TUMULUM LACRIMIS PLENUM
DEDIT.

and the like; of which Gutherius, de Jure Manium, lib. 1. gives many examples. And for this reason too Manilius, speaking of this plague, by the want of so mean and ordinary an obsequy, aggravates the miseries of a pestilential mortality,

by which mankind is deprived of all the tender repentments and benefits of commiserating humanity.

— Funera decrant

Mortibus, & lacrimæ: fessos defecerat ignis;
Et coacervatis ardebant corpora membris.

Manil. lib. i. ver. 886.

These, therefore, were a sadder kind of funeral than that which Virgil, *Æneid.* 11. gives to the slaughtered Latines, for they had yet wood to burn them,

Cætera confusæque ingentem cædis acervum
Nec numero, nec honore cremant. —

Upon which last words Gutherius observes; "Nec numero, nec honore combusti dicuntur, qui confuso lignorum acervo lento dabantur igni, multis corporibus simul congestis." And this, by Macrobius, is called "tumultarium funus," and only used in calamitous accidents. In which kind of promiscuous funerals, it is noted by the same author, that it was usual, to every ten mens bodies, to add one woman's, to make them burn the better. Of which he likewise gives this reason: "Quod muliebres corpus juvabat arduos viros, non caloris erat, sed pinguis carnis, & oleo similis." Vide Macrobius, Saturn. lib. vii. cap. 7.

Ver. 1190. In these six verses, the poet relates, that all the remedies of physic were applied in vain: for the medicaments that some found good by, were fatal, and brought death to others. In like manner too Thucydides: 'Εν τῷ ὄντι καὶ ἡ ἰατρὰ, ὥς ἐπὶ τὴν αἰτίαν χρὴν προσφύσσειν ἀφελόν· τὸ γὰρ τῷ ζῴοντι καὶ ἄλλοις τούτοις ἰβλασθεῖ, σῶματι αὐτοῦ καὶ ὅν ὄντι διαφάνη πρὸς αὐτὸ, ἰσχυρὸς περὶ ἢ ἀσθενέας, ἀλλὰ πάντα ζῶντες, καὶ τὰ πάσης διαίτης διακρινόμενα. Nor was there any, to say certain medicine, that, applied, must have helped them. For, if it did good to one, it did hurt to another: nor any difference of body for strength or weakness, that was able to resist it; but it carried all away, what physic soever was administered. Thus Thucydides: And upon this passage of that historian, the Bishop of Rochester ingeniously paraphrases:

Physicians now could nought prevail:
They the first spoils to the proud victor fall:
Nor would the plague their knowledge trust,
But fear'd their skill, and therefore flew them first.

So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
First make the chiefest men to feel the stroke;
The chiefest and the wisest heads, lest they
Should soonest disobey.
Should first rebel, and others learn from them the way.

No aid of herbs, or juices pow'r;
None of Apollo's arts could cure,
But help'd the plague the speedier to devour.
Physic itself was a disease;
Physic the fatal tortures did increase:
Prescriptions did the pains renew:

And Æsculapius to the sick did come,

As afterwards to Rome,

In form of serpent: and he brought new poisons
with him too,

Plague of Athens, Stanza 15.

The natural remedies that are used in extinguishing and driving away a pestilential disease, are of two sorts: for some are called common, others particular. The common remedies are fires, odours, firing of guns, a strict regimen of life, and, what is more than all the rest, an avoiding of the contagion, together with an extermination and utter destruction of all things that may retain and preserve the infection, as clothes, bedding, and the like: as likewise to absent from all company whatever for a certain time. And, whatever Lucretius advances to the contrary, Hippocrates is said to have bethought himself of a common remedy for this plague: viz. by burning piles of scented wood at the corners of the streets. The particular remedies are those that are adapted to the constitution and habit of body of each person infected: and these in the case of the Athenian plague, as both the historian and our poet inform us, were all used in vain. And, indeed, in vain hitherto have proved all the cares and endeavours of men: and the Divine Providence has eluded the attempts of those bragging Charlatans, who boast of their panaceas, amulets, and infallible remedies against the plague, and often compels them dearly to rue their enormous temerity: Not that I would be understood to mean, that the care of the sick ought to be committed to fortune only: for there is an honour justly due to medicaments that support the vital faculty, and contain it within its due bounds; as there is likewise to topics, when experience has once established and confirmed the usefulness of them. But what I say is, that the Supreme Wisdom has hitherto denied to mortals, to find out any universal and certain alexicon for the plague. And therefore Mattheo Villano, speaking of the plague that raged in the year 1348, says, That the physicians, in any part of the world, could not, either by natural philosophy, or by physic, or by the art of astrology, find out any remedy, or certain cure for it: That some of them indeed, out of covetousness, went to visit the sick, and gave them their remedies; but that by their own death they evinced the vainness of their art, leaving their lives as a restitution for the money they had unjustly taken. "E i Menici," says he, "in catuna parte del Mundo. per philosophia naturale, ò per Fifica, ò per arte d' Astrologia, non hebbono Argomento, ne vera cura. Alquanti per guadagnare andarono visitando, e dando loro argomenti, i quali, per loro morte, monstrarono l' arte esser ficia, e non vera assai per Conscienza laciarono à restituere i danari, che di ciò havvano presi indebitamente."

Ver 1192. From what Lucretius, after Thucydides, says in this and the three following verses, we may gather this observation: that in each plague there is not one only manner of contagion, but that it differs very much, according to

the various dispositions of the bodies and humours; even though it derives its origin from one and the same cause.

Ver 1196 In these six verses the poet teaches, That the greatest calamity of all was; that as soon as they perceived themselves seized with the disease, they fell into a despair of recovery, and neglected to take care of themselves; a neglect that sometimes is more fatal than the force of the disease. Thus too the historian: Δεινότητα δὲ πάντες ἢ ἢ τὴν ἀθυμία, ὅσους τις αἰσθοίτο κάμναι, πρὶν γὰρ τὸ ἀνέλπισιν ἑαυτοῦ τραπίμναι τῇ νόσῳ πολλοὶ μᾶλλον προήητο σφᾶς αὐτῶν, καὶ ἐκ ἀβήχων Thucyd. That is to say But the greatest misery of all was the dejection of mind, in such as found themselves beginning to fall sick: for they presently fell into despair, and gave themselves over without making any resistance. Now this consternation and dejection of mind was prejudicial to them on a double account: For, besides that it very much impaired their strength, it brought with it this additional mischief, that, despairing of recovery, they thought it to no purpose to take care of themselves. And thus the disease raged uncontrouled, and soon was fatal to such as neglected the means of their own safety, and gave themselves over for lost. And here we might take occasion to inquire narrowly into a question, which some have started, viz. Whether an absent person can catch the plague by the strength of imagination? The affirmative has many sticklers for it, as may be seen in Fab. Paulinus, lib. 1. and the negative is no less strenuously asserted by others: Imagination may indeed operate on our own bodies, by reason of the mutual consent and sympathy that each part has to the other. But what strength can it have to work on the bodies of others? Whoever yet heard of a pick-pocket, who, by the intenseness of his fancy only, could get the money out of another's purse? Or, of a hunger-starved wretch, who, by the strength of his imagination, could get into his own clutches the bread he saw lying at a distance on a baker's stall? Besides in this case of the Athenian plague, both the historian and our poet expressly say, That the disease preceded the dread and apprehension of it.

Ver. 1198. This verse our translator has added to his author.

Ver. 1202. Here the poet, in these thirteen verses teaches farther, that some, though they came not to visit their friends and relations, or had neglected to tend them, caught nevertheless the contagion, and died like infected sheep or cattle: and, because they had neglected to take care of their friends, they too, in their turn, were neglected by them. Thus too Thucydides, "Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἱεῖρα θρησκείας ἀναστρατάμενοι ὥσπερ τὰ πάρεσθαι ἔδοξαν καὶ τὸν πλείονον φέρον τῶν ἑταίρων, εἰς γὰρ μὴ δέλουσι διδόντες ἀλλήλοις προσεῖναι, ἀπώλυντο ἱερμοί, καὶ ἱκεῖς πολλοὶ ἐκινώθησαν ἀπὸ τοῦ θρησκυσταίνος, They died, says he, like sheep, being infected by mutual visitation: And if men, for fear, forbore to visit them, then they died forlorn: so that many families became empty, for want of such as should have taken care of them. Thus Thucyd.

des: And were there no other testimony for contagion to be found, than this of that historian and our poet, it would be abundantly sufficient, evidently to convince their peremptoriness, who obstinately hold, that it was unknown to the ancients: and them too, who as positively assert, that the air only is the cause of epidemical diseases; and will not admit of contagion, except only when substituted in the place of the air. But how much they are mistaken will manifestly appear by the following animadversion.

OF CONTAGION,

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF A PLAGUE.

As the ancients were not ignorant of, so they always apprehended, contagions; whatever some modern authors have believed to the contrary. Lucretius, who copies after Thucydides, freely confesses in this place, That the effects of contagion are felt from far; and to him subscribe several of the ancients; as Livy, lib. iii. cap. 25. Diodorus Siculus, lib. 14. Dionysius Halicarnassus, lib. 10. and Eusebius, lib. 7. but, that they affect, when near at hand, is allowed by all: for none deny, that to tend and touch the sick, will spread abroad the disease, and render it epidemical: Hence Virgil in Georg. iii.

Ne mala vicini pecoris contagia lædant.

And our Lucretius, ver. 1241. of this book,

Qui fuerant autem præstò, contagibus ibant.

And yet L. Sepulchus, in lib. 2. de Peste, cap. 8. too confidently affirm, That the third manner of contagion, which, as we said before, the physicians call *per fomitem*, was unknown to the ancients, and never thought of by them. But, among many other testimonies that might be alleged, this mistake of his is evident from the following verses, with which Virgil concludes his third Georgic:

Jamque catervatim dat stragem, atque aggerat ipsiis

*In stabulis turpi dilapsa cadavera tabo:
Donec humo tegere, ac foveis abscondere discunt.
Nam neque erat corvis usus; nec viscera quisquam,
Aut undis abolere potest, aut vincere flamma:
Nec tondere quidem morbo, illuvieque pèrera
Vellera; nec telas possunt attingere putres:
Verùm etiam invisos si quis tentarat amictus,
Ardentes papule, atque immundus olentia fudor
Membra sequebatur: nec longo deinde moranti
Tempore, contagios artus sacer ignis ecebat.*

Which is rendered by Dryden, as follows;

At length she strikes an universal blow:
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horses fall; and, heap'd on high,
The differing species in confusion lie:
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground:

For, useless to the currier were their hides;
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides
Be free'd from filth: nor could Vulcanian flame
The stench abolish, or the favour tame:
Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store,
Made drunk with poisonous juice, and stiff with gore,
Or touch the web: but, if the vest they wear,
Red blisters rising on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles: and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews, that loathsome lice beget;
Till the slow creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life
his prey.

The ancients therefore knew what contagion is, though, perhaps, they were not fully aware of its great power, nor of the many ways of its imparting, and spreading itself abroad: and this is the reason, that this chief begetter of a plague was then scarce held to be a propagator of it. But in the last age, its power was so manifestly discovered, as to make the modern physicians believe, that true plagues, or those infections at least, which they call bubonic, are disseminated by contagion only. In Florida, the seasons of the year, the fruits of the earth, the winds, the rains, all come regularly, and at due and constant times; nor is there the least suspicion there of infectious damps or exhalations; yet, upon the arrival of an ordinary fellow, who brought thither some considerable merchandise from an infected place, the whole country soon caught the contagion, and essayed the fury of a pestilential disease, till then, in those parts, unknown before. Contagious diseases, unless a timely stop be put to them, depopulate provinces and whole kingdoms, by sweeping away their inhabitants. And this observation is one of the reasons, that, though but of late days, contagion has been held to be the chief instrument, in beginning, and propagating a plague. The ancients indeed could scarce be reconciled to the setting a private and particular cause at the head of a public and general, or common effect; but this difficulty would not have startled them, had they reflected, that even that cause may be said to be common, by whose efficacy a disease becomes epidemical. Pliny, lib. 16. informs us, that they either banished the lepers, or shut them up, and debarred them from all manner of conversation, that they might not infect the sound; and if, through negligence, this care was at any time omitted, the whole society was infected with that most filthy disease; of which no common cause could be assigned, besides contagion. We read, that, in the last age, a secretary of the Pope's treasury, being returned from Perugia to Rome, brought the itch along with him; which foul disease, in a few days, by that means spread itself through the whole city; and that, when Lautrecchus besieged Naples, a small number of harlots, that were in the camp, gave the venereal disease, till then unknown in these parts of the world, to his whole army; from whence it has since spread itself into Africa, Asia,

and all over Europe; treating foreigners with greater severity indeed, than its native Indians, among whom it was first known. And were not these common causes, the first of which infected the whole city of Rome, the other almost the whole world? Then, not to dwell too long on so evident a matter, let us call to mind this maxim of Lucretius:

Tangere enim, et tangi, nisi corpus nulla potest res.
Lib. iv. ver. 305.

Nothing, but body, can be touch'd, or touch.

Whatever things, therefore, meet, are bodies; not a naked quality. But, according to Aristotle, lib. i. de Generat. et Corrupt. things then touch one another, when the extremest parts of them are together, be it done at what distance you will. Contagion thus is not an empty sound, but expresses the manner, by which an infection, by the means of corpuscles, that exhale from an infected body, communicates itself to one that is sound: and, though it not unfrequently touches, yet it sometimes imparts its virulence through another medium.

There are some, nevertheless, who will not be reconciled to contagion; and pretend to compel us to a necessity of owning, whether we will or not, and against truth and observation, that a plague sometimes is bred, without any previous contagion, otherwise it would be perpetual. To make this assertion good, they bring, for instance, a country, where a new plague is broken out, and ask us, whether it be just then bred in that country, or brought thither from elsewhere? If we grant the first, then indeed adieu to all contagion: if the last, they bid us name the ordinary place where it was bred; which would oblige us to the same concession as the former. Therefore, say they, contagion will propagate, but not begin, a plague. Though this be not argued amiss, yet it is not so conclusive, as to hinder us from believing, that the whole earth is at no time free from a plague; and that there are certain places, where the seeds of plagues are preserved, in order to break out at a certain time. *Aethiopia* has an ill name on this account; nor are *Grand-Cairo* and *Constantinople* much better spoken of; nay, almost all that vast extent of land, which the *Turks* inhabit, in some part or other of it, ever has had, and ever will have, more or less, the plague among them; and this too through their voluntary neglect; for they think it impious to struggle against fate. But the reason, why it does not always rage with the same fierceness among them, is, the various disposition of their bodies, and the different state of the air.

It is likewise observable, that every contagious disease rages with greatest violence at its first breaking out; but in length of time grows mild, and abates of its first fury. Whoever doubts of this, let him compare the mischiefs, that heretofore were caused by the venereal disease, with the harms, that, now-a-days, attend it; let him weigh, besides, the devastation, that in the last age, the

small-pox brought upon the *Indies*, where, at its first coming, it swept away, in a few days, a hundred myriads of *Mexicans*. The seeds, therefore, of pestilential diseases decay, and wear away by degrees; till, having found proper humours to work on, and spirits that make but weak resistance, they break out afresh, and with greater violence in other bodies. To this opinion subscribes the learned *Felix Platerus*, who, in his *Treatise of the Causes of Fevers*, after having made many observations, that well deserve to be known and remembered, argues to the following purpose: It seems more reasonable, says he, to believe, that, in like manner as other venoms, which, from the beginning of the world, are innate and natural to certain bodies, inhere and reside in them, so too this pestilent venom may lurk, not only in the bodies of such as are visited with the plague, but of others likewise, who are not yet taken with a fever; or even in clothes, or any thing of like nature; and that it may be imparted and transferred from body to body; not only by mutual contact, but by the intermediate air intervening, and taking those invenomed seeds from one body, and wafting them into another. Besides, a pestilent venom, if it be attracted by inspiration, chiefly affects the heart, and kindles a fever in a moment; or, if it be caught by any other means, and possesses any other part of the body, it either makes the same progress to the heart by inspiration, or through some blind passages; or else it stays for some time in the part it first seized on; and even in that case, though it be propagated no farther, and though no pestilent fever yet appear, the body nevertheless is rendered infected by that venom; which, sooner or later, may affect likewise the bodies of others. And this is the reason, that such as fly from infected places into others, that are free from the plague, and stay there some time, are often, even after many days, taken first with the plague; or, if they are not taken themselves, they may nevertheless infect others. In like manner too, experience teaches, that a lewd woman, who lies with a man, tainted with the venereal disease, though she be not yet so infected by him, as to be sick of that disease herself, may nevertheless infect others, who afterwards lie with her, with the same disease. This too is attested by *Fernelius*; and, therefore, we dare confidently affirm, that the seeds of plagues, like other venoms, are always residing in certain bodies, in some country of the world or other; and that they are propagated from thence into other places, in the manner above spoken. Even as we know for certain, that the venom of the venereal disease, which is well nigh as contagious and noxious, at least to mankind, came first of all, creeping from body to body, from the *Indies* even to us; and now subsists no where but in bodies, and wanders by contagion out of some into others. Which venereal disease, manifesting itself in this manner, resides nevertheless, in other places, in other bodies; and, by some one or other of them, is carried back again into the same country. Thus too the plague, though it has often ceased to rage

for a long time together, in certain places, is nevertheless inherent in certain bodies, in some part of the earth or other; and, as is said above, is, in its due time, derived from thence, and breaks out in those bodies, in which it lay dormant. Informuch, that no necessity obliges us to hold, for this reason, viz because we hear nothing of it, nor where it rages, as if it were totally extinguished, and that the whole world were free from it; that therefore when it returns again, it is engendered anew in the air, and falls down from thence upon us; though, notwithstanding all this, it cannot in the least be doubted, but that the air is imbued with a malignant quality, with which it may, and does sometimes, affect the bodies of animals: in like manner as we grant, that they are affected by a pestilent contagion, proceeding from infected bodies, and insinuating itself into other bodies, in the method abovementioned; but that the origin of this contagion is due to the air, can in no wise be granted, for the reasons before given. Thus far Platerus, with whom the generality of physicians agree. For the objections, which D Sennerius, in lib. i. de Caus. Pestil. cap. 21. has brought against him, are held to be trifling, and of no validity.

Ver. 1204. This and the two following verses are a paraphrase of our translator on his author.

Ver. 1207. Hence we see, that the saying of the comic poet has still prevailed:

Proximus sum egomet mihi,

That charity begins at home, as our ill-natured proverb expresses it. and, consequently, that men are more careful of their own health than that of others. To abandon friends in sickness, is a piece of cruelty detestable even in heathens; how much more then is it to be abhorred in Christians? Yet Guido Cauliacus tells us, that in the plague that raged in the year 1348, the living, that they might not endanger their lives by the contagion, avoided to come near the infected; insomuch, that whole families died without attendance, and were buried without priests: the father visited not the son, nor the son the father: Charity was extinguished, and hope overthrown. "In tantumque," says he, "gentes moriebantur sine famulis, et sepeliabantur sine sacerdotibus: Pater non visitabat filium, nec filius patrem: caritas erat mortua, et spes prostrata." Mattheo Villano acknowledges this to be true: and though he endeavours to lay the blame on the Barbarians, after whose example the Christians no less inhumanly abandoned their friends; yet he omits not to brand them with infamy, as men guilty of a barbarity truly detestable, and till then unheard of among the professors of Christianity.

Ver. 1215. In these ten verses, the poet tells us, that such of them, as came to tend the infected, were exposed to a double destruction. For, either they caught the contagion of the sick, and underwent the like fate with them, or else, worn out with the fatigue of tending them, they at length fell sick of the same disease. But shame as well as piety excused them to serve their friends

in so great distress; and thus the most virtuous among them exposed their lives to this danger, and chiefly afflicted their dying friends. In like manner Thucydides: "Εἰς. προσίεν, διφθέροντο. καὶ μάλιστα οἱ ἀριστοὶ τὸ μετασπείμενοι, πύχνη γὰρ ἦν. οὐκ ἐφ' αὐτῶν ἰόντες, ἀλλὰ τὰς φίλους, ἰστέι καὶ τὰς (πρὸς τὰς σχολ) ἐλοφύροισι τῶν ἀπογιγνόμενων. τὸ λυγρῶντος καὶ οἱ δικτοὶ ἔξικαμον, ὑπὸ τῷ πολλῷ κακῷ νικώμενοι." That is to say, if they forbore not to visit them, then they died themselves. For, out of shame, they would not spare their own persons, but went into their friends; especially after it was come to this pass, that their own domestics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatness of the calamity, were no longer moved with it.

Ver. 1217. Upon this calamity, the Bishop of Rochester thus paraphrases:

Here others, poison'd by the scent,
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give:
Themselves, now dead, the air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before:
Their bodies kill all that come near;
And, even after death, they all are murder'ers
here.

Plague of Athens, Stan. 196

Ver. 1221. This and the following verse run thus in the original:

*Inque aliis alium populum sepelire suorum
Certantes, lacrymis lassii, luctuque redibant:
Inde bonam partem in lectum mærore dabantur,*

i. e. After they had striven and contended to bury the bodies of whole families of their friends among those of the friends of others, they returned wearied with grief and weeping; and hence most of them took to their beds for sorrow.

Ver. 1225. The poet having laid before our eyes the lamentable and tragical condition of the city of Athens, he now brings upon the stage the herdsmen, shepherds, and peasants, who, being visited with this cruel infection, in want of all necessities, destitute of friends, and despairing of relief, shut themselves up, some of them in their narrow huts, where they died by heaps, destroyed no less by famine than the plague; while others, for fear of the enemy, who were laying waste the whole country, and destroying all with fire and sword, with the disease upon them, fled into the city; and others, whose strength would not permit them to reach thither, lay languishing in the highways, naked, full of ulcers, &c. What more dreadful, what more dismal, can imagination figure to itself?

Ver. 1228. This observation is the translator's, not his author's.

Ver. 1229. The Bishop of Rochester describes this circumstance very pathetically in the following verses:

Here lies a mother and her child;
The infant suck'd as yet, and smil'd,
But strait by its own food was kill'd:
There parents hugg'd their children last;
Here parting lovers last embrac'd;

But yet not parting neither:
They both expir'd, and went away together.
The friend does hear his friends last cries;
Parts his grief for him, and then dies;
Lives not enough to close his eyes.

The father, at his death,
Speaks his son heir, with an infectious breath:
In the same hour the son does take
His father's will, and his own make:
The servant needs not here be slain,
To serve his master in the other world again;
They languishing together lie;
Their souls away together fly:
The husband gasps; his wife lies by:
It must be her turn next to die:

The husband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life:
That couple who the gods did entertain,
Had made their prayers here in vain:
No fates in death could them divide;
They must, without their privilege, together both
have dy'd.

Plague of Athens, Stan. 19. & 20.

Ver. 1231. Thus Thucydides: *Ἐπὶ δὲ αὐτῇς
μᾶλλον πρὸς τῷ ὑπάρχοντι πόνῳ καὶ ἡ ἔντονος ἐν
ταῖς ἀγοαῖς τὸ ἄνθρ, καὶ ὅχ ἡσαν τοῖς ἐπιθῶντας,
ἡκὼν γὰρ ὅχ ὑπερκαρῶν. ἀλλ' ἐν καλύβαις πυκνοῦς
ἡμεῖς διασπόμενοι, ὅ φθόρος ἐγίγνετο ὑπὸν κόσμῳ, ἀλ-
λὰ καὶ μικροὶ ἐν ἀλλήλοις ἐκείνη.* This is to say:
Besides the present affliction, the reception of the
country people, and of their subsistence into the
city, oppressed both the citizens, and much more
the people themselves, that thus came in: For,
having no houses, and dwelling at that time of
the year (for it was in the summer), in stifling
booths, the morality was now without all form,
and dying men lay tumbling, one upon another,
in the streets. And Tit. Livius describes the like
event in almost the same colours. "Grave tem-
pus," says he, "et fortè annus pestilens erat urbi,
agrisque, nec hominibus magis, quàm pecori: et
auxere vim morbi terrores populationis, pecoribus
agrestibusque in urbem receptis: Ea colluvio mix-
torum omnis generis animantium, et odore inso-
lito urbanos, et agrestem confertum in arcè tecta,
æstu, ac vigiliis angebat, ministeriaque invicem,
ac contagio ipsa vulgabat morbos. Lib. iii.

Ver. 1232. It is highly probable, that the great
concourse of country people that flocked into the
city, for fear of the Lacedæmonians, who had then
invaded Attica, and were putting all to fire and
sword, was the chief cause of this plague; and
that what Lucretius related before of the city of
Athens, was spoken by a certain way of antici-
pation, which is not unfrequent with poets; as if
he had considered with himself, that he should
not have explained the matter equal to its digni-
ty, if, setting less by the metropolis than the
whole province, he had begun his narration of
this disease by the country. The testimony of

Thucydides, from whom our author has taken
this description, is alone sufficient to justify this
opinion, which, nevertheless, may be confirmed
by other undeniable proofs. For, in the first
place, the Athenians would otherwise have been
very injurious to their Prince Pericles, whom, as
Plutarch tells us in his life, they accused of hav-
ing been the cause of the plague, by admitting
into the city, and in the heat of summer, the
great multitude of peasants, and other country
people; where they, who had been accustomed
to labour, and living in the open air, led lazy and
idle lives, and were crowded and shut up together
in narrow and stifling habitations: Of all which
he had been the occasion, who, during the war,
had received those who had fled from the enemy
within the walls of the city, where he took care
to find them no manner of employment, but suf-
fered them, like brute beasts, enclosed in narrow
grounds, mutually to infect one another; and al-
lowed them no change of air, or scarce the liber-
ty of breathing. Thus Plutarch. Now let it be
even granted that the Athenians were in the
wrong as to the cause of this plague; yet they
had no pretence of reason to lay the blame on Pe-
ricles, if Athens was afflicted with that pestilence
before the peasants and other inhabitants of the
country fled thither: but they were not mistaken
in believing that the plague had invaded the city
by the means of this new increase of dwellers:
for sultry heat, and an impure corrupted air may
favour and promote a plague, but are altogether
incapable of first kindling and introducing a pesti-
lence. Diodorus Siculus, though he adheres too
obstinately indeed to the then commonly received
opinion of the ambient air, yet favours our asser-
tion concerning the contagion, by means of the
country people that flocked into Athens: for,
speaking of this plague, he says, that the great
multitude of all manner of people, who, out of
fear, were fled from the country into the city,
where, by reason of the narrowness of the place,
they were promiscuously, and without any order,
crowded together, not without good cause, fell
into diseases; for, breathing nothing but noisome
stenches, that were occasioned by filth and nasti-
ness, and the air besides being grown sultry, and
almost suffocated by the heat of the season, they
received within their bowels the contagious ve-
nom. Thus we see what is the chief cause of
plagues, and from whence this of Athens took its
origin. Even Lucretius himself, whatever he said
to the contrary, of the air, in the beginning of
this narration, yet in this place he seems to own,
that the plague proceeded chiefly from the con-
tagion which the country people brought into the
city. His words are as follows:

*Nec minimum partim ex agris agrorum in urbem
Confluxit, languens quem contulit agricolarum
Copia, conviciens ex omni morbida parte.*

There is, therefore, no reason to dispute, for the
future, the most ancient prerogative and efficacy
of contagion, in all plagues; but chiefly not in
this most memorable plague of Athens.

Ver. 1234. Thus too the Bishop of Rochester :

There was no number now of death :

The sisters scarce stood still themselves to breathe:
The sisters now, quite wearied in cutting single thread,

Began at once to part whole looms :

One stroke did give whole houses dooms.

Plague of Athens, Stan. 21.

Ver. 1235. In like manner Thucydides: Καὶ ἦν ταῖς ὁδοῖς ἐκαλινδύνοντο, καὶ περὶ τὰς κρήνας ἀπώσας ἡμιθνήσκοντες, σὴν τῷ ὕδατι ἐκτεθνήσκον. That is to say: And they lay half-dead in the ways, and about every conduit, through desire of water. The greatest relief of an inflamed heart, is, without doubt, to breathe in a cool and pure air: but the heart is always inflamed in a burning fever, with which the Athenians were then afflicted: and hence proceeded that implacable thirst which made them make what haste they could to the fountains; but some of them, through weakness, fainted and fell down by the way, while others, who had more strength, lay near the fountains, suffocated with the great plenty of water they had poured down into their burning entrails. Now the fountain Callirhoes, that without the walls, broke out in seven streams, and was conveyed into Athens by as many pipes, supplied with water the upper part of the city: in the lower part of which, towards the Piræus, there were no fountains, but only wells, as has been said already.

Ver. 1237. Lucretius omits nothing that may create horror, and provoke commiseration in the minds of the readers. To this end, he now exposes to their eyes the streets of Athens, thick strowed with dead and dying bodies, half naked, and half-covered with filthy weeds, and wallowing, nay, almost buried in their own corruption.

Ver. 1242. Here the poet teaches, that necessity had reduced the Athenians to such hard extremities, that the adiles, whose office it was to take care of the temples, had permitted those that fled into the city to take up their abodes in those holy places, where they built tents for themselves and families, and perhaps too for the cattle they brought with them. This profanation of sacred things, and contempt of all religion, proceeded from the highest desperation, if we may give credit to Thucydides, who relates it as follows: Τὰ τε μὲν, ἢν οἱς ἐκκλήνητο, νεκρῶν πλῆθος ἦν, αὐτῷ ἱεροσυνεκνόντων, ἀπερὶβαιζομένων γὰρ τῷ κακῷ, οἱ ἀνδρῶντες ὅτι ἔχοντες οὐκ γίνοντο ἐς ἐλπίσιν ἡρώων καὶ θεῶν καὶ δόσιον ἐμμένοντες. i. e. The temples also where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppressed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careless of holy and profane things alike.

Ver. 1243. For this thought our translator is not so much obliged to his author as to the Bishop of Rochester, who, on this particular, paraphrases as follows :

The gods are call'd upon in vain :

The gods gave no release unto their pain :

The gods to fear ev'n for themselves began :

For now the sick into the temples came,
And with them brought more than a holy flame:

There, at the altars, made their pray'r :

They sacrific'd, and dy'd too, there :

A sacrifice not seen before ;

That Heaven, us'd but to the gore

Of lambs or bulls, should now

Loaded with priests see its own altars too.

Plague of Athens, Stan. 29.

Ver. 1244. Thucydides, after having acquainted us that the great licentiousness which was practised in the city proceeded, and began at first from this disease, adds immediately, that what any man knew to be delightful, and conducive to pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable: Neither the fear of the gods, says he, nor laws of men awed any man: not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship, or not to worship, seeing that they all alike perished: not the latter, because no man expected that his life would last till he received punishment of his crimes by judgment: But they thought there was now hanging over their heads some far greater judgment decreed against them; and, before it fell upon them, they thought to enjoy some little part of their lives. Οἱ δὲ θεοὶ τε αὖ, καὶ, πανταχόθεν τὸ ἐς αὐτὸ κερδαλέον, τῷ καὶ κακῷ καὶ χρεσίμῳ κατὰ, θιάν δὲ φόβος, ἢ ἀνθρώπων νόμοι, οὐδὲν ἀπέτρεξε, τὸ μὲν κρίνοντες ἢ ἐμὴν εἶσεν καὶ μὴ, ἢ τῷ πάντας ἴσων ἢ τῷ ἀπολλυμένων: τῶν δὲ ἀπολλυμένων οὐδὲν ἐπὶ πλὴν μέχρι τῷ δίκῃ γινώσκειν εἰς τὴν τιμωρίαν ἀνδάναι: πολλὸν δὲ μέγαν τὴν ἥδην καὶ φιλοφρονέμεν τῶν ἰσχυροτέρων. Thus Thucydides: Upon which passage of that historian the Bishop of Rochester finely paraphrases, and concludes his poem :

But what, great gods! was worst of all,
Hell forth its magazines of lusts did call;

Nor would it be content

With the thick troops of souls were thither sent;

Into the upper world it went :

Such guilt, such wickedness,

Such irreligion did increase,

That the few good, who did survive,
Were angry with the plague for suff'ring them to live,

More for the living, than the dead, did grieve:

Some robb'd the very dead,

Though sure to be infected e'er they fled;

Though in the very act sure to be punished :

Some, nor the shrines, nor temples, spar'd,

Nor gods, nor heav'ns they fear'd,

Though such examples of their pow'r appear'd:

Virtue was now esteem'd an empty name;

And honesty the foolish voice of fame :

For, having pass'd those tort'ring flames before,

They thought the punishment already o'er;

Thought heav'n could have no worse in store:
Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

Plague of Athens, Stanza 31.

Ver. 1346. In these twelve last verses the poet relates, That the Athenians were not content with polluting their holy places with dead bodies, but transgressed likewise all their laws concerning funerals, which they had till then observed, and buried their dead, as they could, wherever they found room. Thus too Thucydides: Νόμοι τὴν πάντων συνιστάμενοι, οἷς ἐχρῶντο πρότερον περὶ τὰς ταφῆς· ἵστασιν δὲ ὡς ἕκαστος ἡδύνατο. Now by the unanimous consent of all authors, the Athenians were of all people the most ceremonious in the funerals of their dead, whom they honoured even to the highest superstition. If any one neglected to pay the rites of funeral to those who were slain in war, he was punished with death: And the pomp and expence of funerals grew at length to such excess among them, that Solon was forced to put a stop to it by laws; but when this plague was raging at Athens, no funeral rites were observed: For, as the historian, from whom our poet has taken this passage, relates, many, for want of things necessary, after so many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends: For, when one had made a funeral pile, another, getting before him, would throw on his dead, and set it on fire; and when one was burning, others would come, and, having cast upon it the dead they brought, go their way again. Καὶ πολλοὶ ἐς ἀναισχύνειας θήκας ἱστάσιντο, σπάνει τῶν ἐπιτάφειων, διὰ τὸ συχνὴς εἶναι περὶ θανάτου σφίσι, ἵπτι πυρὸς γὰρ ἀλλοτρίας, φέσαντες τὰς νεκρὰς, οἱ μὲν ἐπιθύνειν τὸν καύων νεκρὸν, ὁρῶντες δὲ ἃ καίμην ἄλλω ἔσαν ἐπιβαλλόντες οὐ φοβούν, ἀσπίσαν. Thucyd. But this calamity of the Athenians will more visibly appear, by giving at large the laws and ceremonies, that they thought themselves religiously bound to observe in the sepulture of their dead; and which are recorded by Nardius in the following, no less learned than accurate, animadversion on this passage of our author.

ANIMADVERSION

OF JOANNES NARDIUS, CONCERNING THE FUNERALS OF THE ATHENIANS.

CICERO, in his oration for Flaccus, acquaints us, That humanity, learning, religion, laws, civil societies, and the use of corn, began first among the Athenians, and from them were distributed over the whole earth: Hence Lucretius says of them:

Et recreaverunt vitam, legesque rogant.

Lib. vi. ver. 3.

But nothing seems to have been more anciently practised among them, or more religiously observed, than the paying the just dues of funeral to their dead; especially to those, who had been slain in fighting for their country: Of this we have a famous example, recorded by Xenophon, lib. i. Ἑλληνικῶν, and by Valerius Maximus, who

tells us, that the Athenians condemned, and put to death, ten of their captains, who returned to Athens after a great victory they had gained at sea over the Lacedemonians, only because they had not paid the left duties to the dead bodies of those that had been killed in the engagement, even though they had this to plead in their defence, that the tempestuous weather had rendered it impossible: "Decem imperatores suos, et quidem à pulcherrima victoria venientes, capitali judicio exceptos necarunt, quod militum corpora, licet, sævitia maris interpellante, sepulture mandare non potuissent, sed in fluctus, necessitate adacti, projecissent." Valer. Max. lib. ix. cap. 8. Deterred by this severity, Chabrias, who commanded the Athenian fleet, was more wary: For he, having defeated and put to flight the fleet of the Lacedemonians at the island Naxos, instead of pursuing the routed enemy, minded only to gather up the dead bodies of the slain; and, fearing the superstition of the people, chose rather, says Diodorus Siculus, lib. xv. to let the enemies of the republic escape, than that their dead friends should be deprived of the rites of funeral; otherwise he might easily have destroyed the whole naval force of the Lacedemonians. Nicias, the great general of the Athenians, commanded his whole army to halt, only to bury two of his soldiers. Isocrates in Panegyric relates, That Adrastus, king of Argos, having been unsuccessful in a war against the Thebans, and not being able to carry off the dead bodies of the slain, besought the Athenians, and their king Theseus, to commiserate the public calamity of the Argives, and to assist them to compel the Thebans, to allow the ceremonies of sepulture, to those who had been killed in the battle: This the Athenians deemed a just cause of war, and the success seemed to justify their opinion; for, taking up arms against the Thebans on no other pretence but this, they defeated them, and would hearken to peace on no terms whatever, till the Thebans, by way of preliminary, had paid the due rites of sepulture to the slain Argives. Nor may we forget the piety of Cimon, who, that he might bury his father, who was dead in prison, submitted to be a prisoner himself, and redeemed the body at the price of his own liberty.

But they extended this piety not only to those who had sacrificed their blood in defence of the public safety, but likewise to their kindred, and men of the meanest condition; whose relations the Demarchus, or chief of the people, could oblige to bury the dead body, by laying a heavy fine on those that neglected to do so within a certain time: that magistrate had likewise the power to limit and fix the expence of a funeral, as also to contract himself for it with the public undertakers. Eustathius, in Com. II. ad calcem, celebrates Pisistratus, for having always two or three servants attending him, whose business it was to carry money for him to bestow on the funerals of the poor. The charity of Simon to the dead poor, who left not enough to bury them, and whom he interred at his own expence, is likewise

extolled by Æmilius Probus; and Plutarch, in his life, records of him, that, having with great care and trouble, got together the bones of Theseus, he brought them to Athens. Nor may we forget a signal office of piety, mentioned by Demosthenes, advers. Macartat, and enjoined by an Attic law, which commanded every passenger, who happened to see upon the road a dead body, though of a person unknown to him, to throw at least three handfuls of earth on the face of the defunct for his sepulture, since at that time he could not have the means of burying him otherwise. This is attested likewise by Ælian. Var. Hist. lib. 5. and by Phocylidas, Moschus, Sophocles, and Acron. And this custom was so generally received, and deemed so indispensibly necessary, that it was expected even of those who were going on business that required the greatest haste, as Quintilian says, lib. 1. Decad. 5. and Horace, Carm. lib. 1. Od. 28. alludes to it in these express words of Archytas the philosopher, to the seamen:

At tu, nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ,
Ossibus & capiti inhumato

Particulum dare.—

Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa, licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

Which Creech thus interprets,

But seamen, pray be just; put near the land;
Bestow a grave, and hide my limbs in sand.
Though hasty now, driv'n by a prosperous gale,
'Tis quickly done, thrice throw the sand; and sail.

Nor, as the Scholiast on the Antig. of Sophocles informs us, were they permitted to throw clods of earth, but what they called *χῶος*, mould, or crumbled earth: and this office they called *ἐπιβάλλειν γῆν*, or *κείναι τάλυρας*. They feared, perhaps, that if they had thrown solid clods of earth, they would have lain heavy on the dead body. Let this suffice for the piety of the Athenians towards the dead: I will now, that I may not seem tedious to the reader, nor create in him a suspicion of truth in a matter so very obscure, select only the most remarkable ceremonies, which they observed in funerals, as I find them recorded in the most authentic authors.

First, then, to begin my intended discourse with what was practised in the last agonies of the dying person; I find in Diodorus Siculus and Valerius Maximus, that when the sick person perceived his end draw nigh, he took a ring off his finger, and gave it to the staid by, who was dearest to him; historians report this to have been done by Alexander. Then pronouncing these last words, "Vive ac vale," (vide Servium in Æneid. 5.) he breathed out his soul, embracing and kissing his best beloved. For they believed the mouth to be the passage through which the soul went out of the body, and therefore endeavoured to catch it as it fled, by holding their mouth open close to that of the person expiring. Thus Antigone in Euripides, in Phœnissæ, says, O my dearest, and my best beloved, I will put

thy mouth to mine. After whose example, perhaps, Anna in Virgil, Æn. iv. ver. 684.

— Et extremum si quis super halitus errat,
Ore legam.—

And Livia in the Epicedium of Albinovanus:

Sospite te, saltem moriar, Nero: tu mea condas
Lumina, & excipias hanc animam ore pio.

Hence, at Rome, as we learn from Seneca, in Epist. 30. and from the Tragedian of that name in Herc. Fur. it was proverbially said of the old, who were worn out with age, that their soul was in their mouth: thus the Romans derived this credulity from the Greeks; and Aristotle, in his Treatise de Insp. et Resp. says, That inspiration is the protasis, and expiration the catastrophe of life.

But the wishes of the abovementioned Livia, suggest to us another office that was applied to dying persons, and which the Greeks, in their language, called *καθαίρειν τὰς ὀφθαλμούς*, the Latins, "condere," or "tegere oculos;" to close their eyes. This was the duty of the nearest relation, or of the dearest friend, who immediately closed the eyelids of his departed relation or friend: for, as Pliny teaches, lib. xi. cap. 37. they held it a crime against the gods to see the eyes of a dead person. And that the custom, of which we are speaking was religiously observed, as a pious office, that ought not to be neglected, we have the testimony of many of the ancients; particularly of Euripides in Hecuba, and in Phœnissæ, of Homer Odyss. x. and Iliad. 1. and of Plato in Socr. While these things were doing, all who were present called with a loud voice, and by his own name, the person, who was dead, and immediately with wailings and tears ran to embrace the corpse: this we learn from Servius on the 4th Æneid, and from Propertius, lib. iv. eleg. 6. For, as Alcinous, de doct. Plat. cap. 12. says he, who with dry eyes, can behold the death of his relations and friends, has a mind insensible and void of all affection. Hired women attended to take care of the body, and these shut the mouth of the dead person, while the body was yet warm: yet Crito performed the last offices to the condemned Socrates, that women, by their unavailing laments, might not shake the constancy of his undaunted soul. Then they laid out the other members, and washed the corpse with warm water: because, says Cicero, lib. 1. de Leg. they believed the vital spirit to be shut out, and often to deceive them; for which reason, they were wont to wash the bodies of their dead with warm water; in the next place they anointed the body with oil, if the person were free, and not of a servile condition: for unction was forbid to slaves by the laws of Solon: who likewise prescribed bounds to tears and mourning; but to public indeed, rather than to private. Even he himself, as Stobæus, Serm. 276. witnesses, wept for the loss of his son; and when it was told him, That weeping would avail him nothing, I know it well, said he, and for that very reason I weep. And indeed,

*Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere nati
Flere vetat?*

says Ovid, de Remed. Amor. Especially when, as the custom was, they placed the child, after it was washed and anointed, on the knees of the sorrowful mother, who, taking it into her lap, and cherishing the cold limbs in her trembling bosom, clothed it at length in its funeral attire; as we learn from Lucian, de luctu, and from Herodotus Mus. 5. The Romans called the mother of a dead child, "funera mater," and that too very properly, since the whole funeral, the loss and the grief were chiefly hers: this is attested by Pliny, lib. xi. cap. 45. and by Servius in Eclog. 6.; confirmed likewise by the mother of Euryalus, who, in Virg. Æn. 9. hearing of the death of her son, cries out in the bitterness of anguish:

— Nec te tua funera mater
Produxi, pressive oculos, aut vulnera lavi,
Veste tegens. —

But by the laws of the twelve tables, it was forbidden among the Romans, to take into their laps, the body of any who were killed with lightning; or to allow to such the accustomed rites of funeral: because, according to the doctrine of the Greeks they were esteemed holy, and worthy of divine honour; of which we have spoken above, p. 629. Vide etiam Artemid. lib. ii. cap. 8.

The funeral vestment, or shroud, was made of fine white linen, and they called it *λαύνη σάλη*. In weaving one of these, the chaste Penelope employed many years, to get rid of her importunate wooers, to whom she pretended she was making that winding-sheet for her husband Ulysses. Thus Homer, Odys. B. Nor in the camp of the Greeks did any take offence at Hippodamia and Diomedea, the last of whom Patroclus, when alive, loved even to madness; and who, both of them, adorned his funeral with the richest of vestments, as Dictys Cretensis has it in lib. 4. Nor can we doubt, but that, in process of time, when corruption of manners had crept in among the Athenians, even they too made use of costly dresses for their dead. We read in Ælian. Var. Hist. cap. 16. and in Diogenes Laertius in vit. Socr. that Apollodorus offered Socrates, after this philosopher had swallowed the poisonous draught, and was in his last agony of life, a white vestment and robe: and Plutarch, in vita Lyfandri, tells us, that Philocles, the Pætor of Athens, after having washed his body, put on his richest robes, and, thus attired, underwent with an undaunted mind the death to which his conqueror Lyfander had doomed him. Certain it is that they adorned their dead with crowns and garlands, made of the leaves of olive, and sometimes of parsley, as Suidas reports, that Dares delivered in his book de Ceraminibus; and Lucian de Luctu adds, that they stuck in among the leaves the flowers that the sea-nymph afforded. This garland was put on by the nearest relation; and Plutarch relates of Pericles, that, though he strove to retain his gravity, and laboured not to discover his inward anguish, yet

he could not refrain from tears, when he crowned with this funeral garland the head of his dead son Patolus. Lastly, they put into the mouth of the deceased two pieces of money of the value of one penny each, to pay his passage over the river Styx; thus the expiator on the frogs of Aristophanes, who says besides, that the freight-money was in their mother tongue called *Δανάη*; but the Attics called it *Κάραδον*, and the Latins Naulum.

These ceremonies being thus performed to the body, it then was, by the permission of a law of Solon's, placed any where within the doors of the house: and this they called the collocation of the body; but the same law commanded that it should be carried out to burial the next morning after the collocation, and that too before daylight. This law was expired, or at least was grown out of use, in the time of Demetrius Phalerus; and though it was then renewed, it hindered them not from keeping the body in the house, as the Romans likewise did, for the space of seven entire days; during which time frankincense, storax and other perfumes were continually burning on a little altar that was placed by the feet of the corpse. And this custom of keeping the body thus long was observed for this reason, to wit, because the presence of the deceased alleviated the sorrow of the mourners, and accustomed their mind by degrees to part for good and all with what they so dearly loved. For this reason the Greeks, when they were before Troy, buried not the body of Achilles, till after they had kept it seventeen whole days.

Besides, those who performed the meanest offices to dead bodies, as the washing and rubbing them with oils and ointments, and whom the Greeks called *Καταψύκται*, and *Νεκροθάπται*, and the Latins, Polliniflores, were, as P. Vict. lib. 2. var. lect. cap. 7. and Lilius Gyraldus observe, held in such abomination, that they were not permitted to have houses within the walls of the city; and Seneca, lib. 6. de Benefic. says, that Demades condemned at Athens a person who sold necessaries for funerals; because it was evident that he intended, and wished to gain by his business, which nevertheless he could not do without the death of many.

There were several tokens, that gave notice of a house, in which there was a dead body: before the door they placed boughs of cypress, and a large gorbellied earthen pot, filled with holy water, and which was commonly called *Ἀγδαῖον γάβα*, but by Aristophanes, *ἑρμῆον*; and that water was always brought from another house: the hair likewise of the deceased was hung over the threshold of the door: and the reason of all this was, that none might be polluted; by going into the house unawares.

On these occasions the Greek matrons laid aside their usual apparel, and mourned generally in black, though sometimes in white; neglecting to set themselves off with ornaments, and despoiling their accustomed trim: their mourning garment was, by the decree of Solon, called *ἱμάτιον*. They

at by the corpse with dejected looks, and weeping around the bier, on which sat the keeper of the corpse, "capularis custos," some very old man or woman, that kept always next the deceased; the companions too of the deceased person stood around his body, overwhelmed with grief, together with weeping virgins, who often beat their breasts with their hands; and those of the weaker sex frequently tore off their hair for grief: for it was forbid to cut it quite off, except at the pile or tomb. It was an ancient custom too in mourning to take the hair off their eye-brows, and to do all things that might testify an irksomeness of life, and betray an anguish of mind. They scarce eat at all; what nourishment they took, was of the coarsest fare: nor is it improbable, that the cups they drank out of were black, as was the custom at Rome, where they were made of earth that came from Polentia. See Martial, lib. xiv. Epig. 137. and Euripides in Troad.

When the seventh day approached, the body was, by the friends of the deceased, laid on a high bier, and placed with the feet next the door; which last custom the Scholiast on the sixth Iliad observes, was not without mystery: for, says he, the dead were laid in that manner, to signify, that they were never more to return to the house again. But Pliny, lib. vii. cap. 8. gives a better reason, and says, that as by the decrees of nature man comes into the world with his head foremost, so he is carried to the grave with his feet in that manner. This ceremony was called *Περίθεσις*, i. e. "collocatio," and was observed for this reason, that by thus exposing the body, it might be seen whether any violence had been offered to it; and though it was indulged by the Attic laws, that the body might be placed in any part of the house, yet this collocation, as they called it, was generally made in the "vestibulum," porch, or entry, and always with the feet towards the door; a custom frequent enough in our days. I may not omit their foolish custom of driving away the flies; and into which they were led, perhaps, by the example of the officious Thetis. See Hom. Iliad. 8. Socrates in Plato, in Minos, takes notice of their observing an ancient Attic law concerning the "inferiæ," or sacrifices to the infernal gods; by which law it was enjoined, not to carry the body out of the house, till the victims were slain; no doubt for the expiation of the deceased. And since we are speaking of laws, I will mention the ordinance of Hippias the tyrant, who commanded, says Aristotle in *Æconom.* that for each dead person should be paid to the chief priests of the temple of Minerva, which was in the tower of Athens, two sextaries of barley, as many of wheat, and one penny in money. These things completed the domestic mourning, and the first part of the funeral: to which immediately succeeded the second in the following manner:

According to the laws of Solon, as Demosthenes affirms, but as Tully, of Demetrius Phalereus, in the hours of morning, that preceded daylight, especially if the person died an untimely or sudden death, the body was carried out of the house:

This they called *ἐμψυγὸν ἀπαγωγήν*, "diei raptum," as if the deceased had not expired, but had been snatched or ravished away; or because they thought it not fit that the sun should behold so great a misfortune, and therefore they said, that they, "diem rapiuisse," had ravished, had prevented the day. The procession began by a long row of torches, whose splendor dispelled the darkness of the night; and if the deceased had been killed, or had died a violent death, a spear was borne before the body; hoarse-sounding trumpets attended, especially at the funeral of a military man, or one who had deserved well on account of his signal services to the republic; and at the obsequies of such, the people were summoned to assist. Then came the *Τυμβάδαι*, players on the funeral pipes, which the Greeks by a word borrowed from the Phœnicians, called *Τυμβήται*, and which, after the Libyan mood, uttered a doleful sound, that excited the hired women to bewail the dead. These women the Greeks called *Συψαλὸν Σπυαῖν*, the dissemblers, and the principals in the mourning, though they shared not in the grief. These the Latins called *Præfixæ*. The chief of them was called *ἡλκμιστρία*, from a sort of song, which they termed *ἡλκμος*, or *ἰάλμος*, the Latins, *Lessus*, *Lausus* and *Mortualia*, a funeral dirge. With these mercenaries joined the virgins and matrons, that were related to the deceased, with their hair dishevelled, and besprinkled with dust and ashes, their face and bosom bare, beating their breasts, tearing their face, and each of them howling rather than yelling and wailing. But let us hear Bellonius, an eye and ear-witness of the funeral ceremonies observed at this day in Greece.

The custom, says he, of bewailing the dead, which took its rise from the ancient Heathens howling at funerals, remains among the Christians, even to this day. Now the Heathens of old were wont to lament and mourn their dead for many days; and Greece still retains this usage, which it derived from its ancestors. For in all places, by a certain promiscuous custom, when any of the family dies, whether it be the husband, or any other relation, for whom, according to the usage of the country, they are obliged to mourn, the women run up and down the streets bareheaded, with their hair dishevelled, their bosom naked, and piercing the air with their loud shrieks and yells: tearing likewise the hair off their heads, rending their cheeks, and striking their bare breasts, sometimes with one hand, sometimes with the other: with their right hand they tear the left side of their body, and with their left the right; in the same manner too they tear off their hair, from the left side of their head with their right hand, from the right with their left; and thus by turns, sometimes scarifying their cheeks, sometimes beating their breasts, and sometimes tearing off their hair, they perform this ceremony of mourning: but this custom of bewailing the dead, is permitted only to the women, of what rank soever they be; for the men are not suffered to bear a part in this sort of

mourning. I know all this to be true, not by hearsay, or the writings of others, but have often seen it practised of late in many places of Greece; the first time I was an eye-witness of it was in the month of March, 1547, and at Coreyra anciently, but now called Corfu. I had for many days together, before it was light, heard a great noise, which at first I took to be the howling of dogs, shut up in their kennels: but at length I got out of my bed to discover the truth of it, and to my great astonishment, found it to be a company of screaming and howling women. Now, that they may perform this yelling the better, they agree among themselves on a time and place, when and where they may twice a-day mourn and wail the death of the deceased. Moreover, she among these women, who has the best voice, and sings the loudest, begins the dirge alone, and in a dissonant voice from the others, recounts to his relations and friends the praises of the deceased: and if none of the female relations themselves be capable of performing this office, they hire another woman to do it. For in the towns of Greece there are many women, whose sole livelihood it is to wail the dead: in which they are so artful, that they excite even the unwilling to bear a part in their cries and yellings. And she of all the women, who excels the rest in reciting the praises of the deceased, is hired the dearest. And the other women, who assist in the ceremony, hearkening attentively to what she sings, and mixing with hers, their sighs and groans, chant out the funeral dirge, in the same doleful tune. She too, who with her nails scratches and tears her cheeks the most, is wont to receive the greatest reward. The virgins, above the rest, gain most honour by this dilaceration of the face. Thus P. Bellonius, lib. ii. de medicato funere, cap. 14.

Some footsteps of these dirges are still remaining in Grecia Major, the custom of lamenting the dead in rhyme being not totally abolished. A. Santorelles, in his learned *Postpraxis*, seu de curando Defuncto, records a dirge, still frequently used by the country people in Calabria: and Lilius Gyraldus witnesses, that that feminine custom of yelling and screaming, and of tearing their cheeks and hair, continued among the Sabines in his days, and almost throughout all Italy. But now where can we find a more pathetic and moving dirge than this in our Lucretius:

At jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
Optima: nec dulces occurrent oscula nari
Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent:
Non poteris factis tibi fortibus esse, tuisque
Præsidio. Miser, ô miser, omnia ademit
Una dies infesta tibi tot præmia vitæ.

Which Dryden thus interprets:

Alas! thou'rt snatched from all thy household joys,
From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys;
Whose little arms about thy legs were cast;
And climbing for a kiss, prevent their mother's
haste;

TRANS. II.

Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast:
All these shall be no more; thy friends, oppress'd,
Thy care and courage now no more shall free:
Ah wretch! they cry: ah! miserable thee!
One woeful day sweeps children, friends, and
And all the brittle blessings of thy life. [wife;

Solon, as Cicero, lib. ii. de Leg. and Plutarch in his life, informs us, forbid, indeed, by law, this dilaceration of the cheeks, and beating of the breasts, which last they called *σιγρο-υρία*: the people nevertheless could not be prevailed on to discontinue that custom: nor, as the above-cited Bellonius relates, were the Venetians of late days more successful, in the late injunctions they gave to the countries of Greece, that are subject to their obedience. The reason, why the ancients adhered thus obstinately to this custom, was, because they credulously believed, that the manes, or ghosts of the dead, were appeased and satisfied with blood and milk: therefore, says Servius, the women, who assist at funerals, beat their breasts, that they may force out the milk, and all scarify their flesh, to make themselves bleed. But because a vast concourse of women, of all conditions, were wont to flock to the funeral house, it was forbid by a law, for any woman to come to a funeral, except such as were relations of the dead, and sixty years of age: thus the great resort of men and women was taken away to lessen the lamentation. For the men too flocked in crowds to funerals; and therefore Pittacus, as Cicero, 2. de Legib. teaches, forbid all manner of persons to attend burials, except the kindred of the deceased: which sanction Aristotle, in Eth. ix. cap. II. tells us, was continued, and in use, in his days. But it is not certain, whether besides the relations, who, clad in black, and with veils over their heads, marched in order before the women, the friends likewise, and all who had at any time belonged to the family of the deceased, as also the masters of defence, the players and dancers, the slaves manumitted by will, and those whom the deceased had made free before his death, the bearers of the beds, gifts, garlands, trophies, and waxen images, together with the lictors, and servants of the senate, which was the custom at Rome, made part of the funeral procession: but this is certain, that the magistracy of Athens sometimes honoured with their presence the funerals of the considerable citizens; on account of whose death they sometimes too very unseasonably prorogued the courts of justice. And Solon, in Tzetzes, hearing that the whole city attended the funeral of a young man, deceived by the cunning of his friend Thales, immediately concluded it to be his own son, whom they were attending to the grave. The friends and relations carried, on their shoulders, the bier; of which there were two sorts in use among the people of subsistence: the one was called *Αίχμα*, the other *Κλῆμα*. The distinction was only in the size of them: and consequently in the number of the bearers: the *Αίχμα* was the largest, and carried by an uncertain number of bearers, according to its size: the *Κλῆμα* also

ways by six, or eight; whence it was likewise called ἱεραφάτος, or ὀκταφάτος. And a parcel of young men, chosen by the people, carried the bier of Timoleon, says Plutarch in his life.

The funeral pomp proceeded through the chief streets of the city, till it came to the forum, or market place, where the bier was set down, and an oration pronounced in praise of the deceased: this custom, as we learn from Anaximenes the orator in Plutarch, in Vita Solonis, was first instituted by Solon; and, being in process of time discontinued, was again revived, especially about the time, when the Greeks, at the passes of Thermopylæ, overthrew the Barbarians, who had invaded their country. When the panegyric was ended, the procession moved again in the same order, and went to the place of sepulture: which sepulture was not nevertheless performed always in the same place, nor after the same manner: for both place and manner differed, according to several laws, and the various superstitions that reigned in several ages. At first they carried back the dead to their house, and intombed them there; calling them the "lares," and tutelar gods of the house: but in process of time this custom was forbid by the laws, which declared it a crime to bury any man within the walls of the city; of which we will speak particularly hereafter.

It is agreed by all, that there were two sorts of sepulture among the Athenians: And to me, says Tully, that seems to have been the ancient way of burial, which Cyrus uses in Xenophon. For the body is restored to the earth, and being laid in it, is covered as with the covering of its mother. This custom of burying in the ground, says that author, 2. de Leg. was continued at Athens, as they say, from the days of Cecrops: the nearest relations laid the body in the ground, and the earth that was thrown over the dead body, was sown with corn. The other custom of burning the dead, began about the age of Hercules, who, to avoid being perjured, reduced to ashes the body of Archeus, the son of Lycymnus, and thus restored it to his father. This we learn from Andron. Hist. and Eustath. on Iliad. 4. And this last custom was observed not only at Athens, but by all the Greeks in general: for so says the Scholiast of Thucydides, lib. 2. ὅτι γὰρ ἦν νόμος Ἀθηναίοις καὶ πᾶσιν Ἕλλησι i. e. It was established by law among the Athenians, and all the Greeks. The reason of the institution of this custom was, because they believed the divine and immortal part of man to be by that fiery vehicle carried up to heaven; and that whatever was terrestrial and mortal, remained in the ashes. Besides, according to the testimony of Pliny, lib. vii. cap. 54. they conceived, that, by burning the dead bodies, they avoided the infection that might be caused in the air, by the putrefaction of buried carcases; but above all, the injury and ignominy which might be offered to the bodies of the dead, by taking them out of the grave before they were consumed. And for this reason the tyrant Sylla ordered his corpse to be burnt, lest he should be served in the same kind as he

before had served his enemy Caius Marius, whose body he caused to be dug up, and thrown into the river Aniene, now Teverone; as Cicero, in 2. de Legibus, and Plutarch, in his life, both witness. But we may observe, that either way of burial was continued down even to the age of Socrates. This we know from the dying words of that philosopher, as they are recorded by Plato in Phædon. Besides, though the Athenians gave answer to S. Sulpicius, as we find in his epistle to Cicero, that they were bound by their religion, not to bury the body of Marcellus within the city; yet authors of better credit, particularly Pausanias in Attic. Xenophon, Ἑλληνικ. lib. 7. Thucydides, lib. 5. Arnobius, lib. 6. advers. Gentes, and others assure us, that it was the custom of the Greeks to bury their eminent men in the midst of the city, even in the very forum. Plutarch, in the life of Theseus, acquaints us, that Cimon having in his galley brought his bones to Athens, the Athenians received them with solemn rejoicings and sacrifices, as if it had been himself who had returned alive to their city; and buried them within the walls, near the place, says he, where the Gymnasium now stands. It is certain, however, that it was more frequent among them to bury in the Ceramicus, by which name were called two several burying places in Athens: one without the walls of the city, and where they buried such as were slain in battle; the other within the city, where harlots also lived, and prostituted themselves. To which Martial, lib. i. epig. 35. alluding, says,

A Chione saltem, vel ab Helide disce pudorem;
Abfcondunt spurcas hæc monumenta lapas.

And lib. 3. epig. 93.

Cum te lucernâ balnearor extingâ
Admittat inter bustuarias mœchas.

But we may take notice from Pausanias in Atticis, that all were not buried in the Ceramicus, but that most of the illustrious men had their sepulchres near the high ways and public roads that led to the city: adjoining to that which came from the port Piræus, were the tombs of Menander, of the son of Diopithes, and of Euripides. Besides, in the public enclosures without the city, and in all the roads, were temples dedicated to their gods and heroes, and the sepulchres of their great men; among which deservedly claim to be mentioned those of Thrasylulus the son of Lycus, as also of Pericles, Chabrias, Phormio, Conon, and Timotheus. But the tomb of Aristides, says Plutarch in his life, is remaining in the Phalerean port; which tomb is said to have been erected at the expence of the public, he having not left behind him enough to defray the charges of his funeral. And all who were slain fighting for their country, either in engagements at sea, or battles at land, had monuments set over their graves; those only excepted, who fell at the battle of Marathon; where, says Herodotus, lib. 6. there were killed of the Persians about six thousand three hundred, and of the

Athenians only one hundred ninety-two: And to these, in honour of their bravery, were erected sepulchres in the place where they were killed: but all the others are said to have been buried in the way that leads to the academy. Yet in great slaughters, the republic of Athens, that they might not be thought to fall off from their wonted piety and gratitude, took care that the common soldiers should be buried at least promiscuously, one with another, in the following manner, as it is recorded by Thucydides: Three days before the obsequies were to be performed, they built a shed with boards, into which they brought the bones; and every one was allowed to bring thither whatever he thought fit of what his friend had left behind him: When the funeral procession was made, the several coffins that contained the bones of each tribe were carried in a particular cart by themselves; and one bier besides, with coffins quite empty, was carried for those whose bodies were not found among the slain. Every man that pleased, whether a citizen or a stranger, attended the funeral, and some women, who were related to the deceased, went weeping, and bewailing the dead. The bones were carried to a public sepulchre in the suburbs of Athens, near the tomb of Callisthus. Let this suffice for public sepulchres. But private families had vaults, in which they were buried, in their own land, and on the utmost borders of it: And by this argument Marcellinus proves the relation there was between Thucydides and Cimon: and it was deemed dishonourable not to be laid in the sepulchre of their ancestors. But at Athens the bodies of criminals were projected, as they called it, thrown in a certain place, where they lay exposed above ground: nor was it permitted, even to the sons of such as had been executed, to bury them: The like treatment too was given to their bodies, who, for crimes discovered after their death, were condemned to be dug out of their graves. Plutarch, in the Lives of the ten Orators, mentions a decree of the Athenians, by which it was forbid to bury, neither in Athens, or within the limits of its jurisdiction, the bodies of Archepolemus and Anrhiphon, who were convicted of conspiracy against the government. And the like fate, says the same author, in the place above cited, would have happened to the orator Hyperides, if his kinsman Alphenus had not burnt his body, that was given him by Philopites the physician, and brought his bones to Athens, contrary to the decrees, as well of the Athenians, as Macedonians: for he was not only banished, but forbid likewise to be buried in his own country. And the friends of Themistocles did him the like good office, says Æmilius Probus in his life; for they buried his bones privately, which was forbid to be done at all by the laws, because he was guilty of treason. And Plutarch, in the life of Phocion, takes notice, that his enemies commanded his body should be thrown out of the borders of the Attic territories, and that no Athenian should presume to set fire to his funeral pile: And for this reason the people conceived such a hatred

against him, that no man, who was free, durst to bury Phocion, inasmuch that he was buried by slaves. Nor may we omit the severe treatment of the thirty chief judges, who, on the accusation of Myro the Phylensian, were banished the city; and when any of them died, and were buried, their dead bodies were dug up, and thrown out of the territories of Attica, as Plutarch reports in the life of Solon. And indeed, as Isocrates de Jugo, says, the people of Athens were so jealous of their liberty, and held tyrants in so great abomination, that when they seized their estates, they not only demolished their houses, but pursued their hate to their dead remains, and tore them out of their graves. Besides, it was permitted to no man, not even to an enemy, to go to sepulchres, except when they attended funerals. Yet Plutarch, in the life of Theseus, acquaints us, that his sepulchre was a place of refuge, to shelter slaves and persons of mean condition, who feared to be oppressed by the great, because Theseus had been remarkable for protecting the injured, for assisting the needy, and redressing their grievances. But Philip the Macedonian violated the sacred privilege of sepulchres, as if, says Livy, he had not been engaged in war against the living, but dead Athenians, and even against their tombs. The common way of burying was by heaping up earth over the dead body: the more costly was by keeping it in a coffin, especially of marble: but the most sumptuous of all was in a vaulted cell, in the midst of which the coffin was placed. One of these marble coffins is still to be seen among the rarities of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with the following inscription engraved on it:

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΤΣ ΕΠΑΦΡΑ ΤΗ
ΓΑΙΑ ΓΓΝΑΙΚΙ ΓΕΜΙΝΙΑ
ΜΥΡΤΑΛΗ ΜΝΗΜΝΕ
ΤΕΛΕΤΙΑΙΑΣ ΧΑΡΙΝ
ΤΗΝ ΣΟΡΟΝ ΕΦ Ω ΜΗΔΕ
ΝΑ ΜΗΤΕ ΠΩΛΗΣΑΙ
ΜΗΤΕ ΘΕΙΝΑΙ ΕΞΟΤΣΙΑΝ
ΕΞΕΙΝ ΠΑΝΗ ΕΙ ΜΗ ΤΙ
ΑΤΤΟΣ Ο ΑΧΙΑΛΕΤΣ
ΠΑΘΟΙΗ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΙ
ΝΟΝ ΕΙ ΔΕ ΤΙΣ
ΕΚΡΑΗ ΤΗΝ ΜΥΡ
ΤΑΛΗΝ ΔΩΣΕΙ
ΤΩ ΦΙΣΚΩ
Χ. Β. Φ.

Which is as much as to say, Achilles Epaphra gave this monument to his dear wife, Geminia Myrtale, for the sake of her eternal memory. No man has the power to sell it, or to place in it a dead body, unless the said Achilles in civility give him leave. But if any one throw out the body of Myrtale, he shall be fined x. cl. cl. l.

Moreover, it was the custom of the Athenians to bury their dead with their face towards the west; but the Megarensians, on the contrary, interred theirs with their face towards the east. This, whatever Diogenes Laertius by a slip of memory says, is asserted by Plutarch, in the life

of Solon; by Eustathius on Homer, II. T.; and by Ælian, lib. v. cap. 14. and lib. vii. cap. 19. Yet Hircas the Megarensian, in the Solon of Plutarch, says, that the Megarensians placed their dead turned to the west likewise. The Athenians also had a coffin for each corpse, contrary to the Megarensians, who were wont to bury three or four bodies in one coffin. This custom indeed was sometimes neglected: for we read, that Syrianus, the preceptor of Proclus, had, while he was yet living, desired of him, that he might be buried with him; and for that purpose had caused a tomb to be made, that would contain two coffins. But after his death, Proclus, doubting whether decency would allow two bodies to be laid in the same grave, for some time deferred his sepulture: upon which the ghost of Syrianus appeared to him in his sleep, and chid him for his scrupulous delay. Vide Enarratorem in Ilium vitâ, ex Versione I. Holstenii. Herodotus, lib. 16, says, that they sometimes buried their arms with them. Of this we have an eminent instance in Plutarch, who, in the life of Theseus, says, There was found the coffin of a great body, and in it a brail point of a spear, together with a sword. And Cimon was buried without the city, on one side of the road, called Diæcle, and, beside him, the mares that thrice had won the prize at the Olympic games.

But the way of burial, by burning of the body, required much greater ceremony, and more laborious were the preparations in order to it. I wilfully omit to describe the costly funeral of Hephæstion, the favourite of Alexander, to which the greatest part of the world contributed; inasmuch that posterity never has pretended, nor ever will be able, to imitate it. It will be sufficient in this place to acquaint our reader, that they first got together a huge stack of sweet-scented wood, which, when laid in order, the Athenians called *πύρ νικῶν*, the Latins *rogus*, the funeral pile: This was always built in a quadrangular form, and equilateral, as we learn from Herodotus. And Homer, in the eighteenth Iliad, makes the Myrmidons prepare for Achilles a pile of a hundred foot in length on every side. It is not unlikely, that they were built high for the great, and low and unadorned for the common people. For funeral expences became so exorbitant, that the Athenians found it necessary to put a stop to them, and to forbid, by a law, the use of plained wood in the piles for the dead: And after their example, as Cicero, in 2. de Legibus, observes, the Decemvirate forbid the burning of plained or polished wood in funeral piles: "*Rogum aciâ ne polito*:" not to mention the rings, garlands, number of minstrels, and other funeral gear, that were likewise abolished by that legislature: the very footsteps of which, through the injury, perhaps, of time, or the never enough to be lamented negligence of men, are scarce to be seen at this day in the Fragments of the Twelve Tables.

When they were come to the Ustrina, or place of burning, the funeral pomp stood still, and the

friends of the deceased coming up to the body, covered it with their hair, which they either plucked or shaved off in token of grief; and with olive branches also, which it was held a crime at Athens to convert to profane uses. This we learn from Sophocles in Ajax and Orestes, M. Tyrius, Orat. 8 and Dion. Hal. l. II. And here too, as Thucydides acquaints us, funeral orations were sometimes pronounced, especially at the burial of soldiers. Then they were wont to weep over, to give the last embraces, and to speak to the dead body: to the end, that if any sense were remaining after death, it might at least be soothed and delighted with these tender offices of love. At length the relation laid the dead body on the top of the pile, together with the bier and funeral ornaments; but whether they unclosed his eyes, as Pliny, lib. x. cap. 37. says, it was the custom among the Romans, or expected that Mercury should do that office, is no where expressly delivered. Then it was covered with the fat of beasts that were slain, and which were also laid on the pile to be burnt; together with enemies, slaves, horses, dogs, and birds, that were likewise killed; as also with rich garments, with honey, wine, gold, amber, ointments, their own and their enemies arms, and the last and many gifts of their friends; inasmuch, that, according to Plutarch in the life of Solon, it was thought requisite to put a stop to this vain prodigality, and to forbid by a law; the sacrificing of more than one ox, or to throw on the pile above three suits of apparel. And hence, no doubt, proceeded the ridiculous superstition of burning the rich household-stuff of the deceased. And Herodotus lib. 5. informs us, that Melissa, the wife of Periander of Theoprotia, on the river Acheron, appeared after her death, and complained of being cold, because the garments, that were interred with her, not being burnt, were of no service to her. Her husband, therefore, stripped all the Corinthian women, who were assembled at the temple of Juno, and, carrying their clothes to the grave of his wife, burnt them there, calling on Melissa. Moreover, the fancies of the twelve tables, as mentioned by Cicero, in 2. de Legibus, give just grounds to believe, that the same legislator, prohibited the burning of gold, which would be of no advantage to the dead, and a great prejudice to the living, since the scarcity of it would be a hinderance to commerce. Lucian, "*de luâ*," says, that in their funerals they sacrificed sometimes the horses and concubines, sometimes the cup-bearers, of the deceased; and burnt or buried, together with the body, all their clothes and wearing apparel, as if they were to use and enjoy them in the infernal abodes. One of the relations of the dead, with a lighted torch, set fire to the funeral pile; but turning his face another way, to witness his reluctancy to perform that sorrowful office. The pile was immediately in a blaze, the fuel being in great quantity, and proper to feed the flame. Meanwhile, they invoked the winds, calling on them to assist the fire, that the body, together with the wood, might be the sooner consumed. Diodorus Siculus, lib. v.

chap. 2. says, that the pile of Hercules was burnt in a moment by lightening, that flashed on all sides upon it. And now was the time, when the trumpets, in mournful sounds, gave notice to the assistants thrice to go round the pile; which they did sometimes divided into two bodies, and meeting in imitation of a flight. This ceremony, the Greeks called *παιδομαχία*, and the Latins "decurfio," a joust or tournament; but the time of this jousting in funerals was different among the ancients. For Homer, *Iliad* 23. makes it precede the burning of the body, in the funeral of Patroclus, and accompany it in the funeral of Achilles, *Odysf.* 15. and sometimes it followed even the tumulation of the bones, as we find in Apollonius, *Argonaut.* lib. 1. They believed the dead to be purged of their offences by this ceremony; which nevertheless, according to some, was at first instituted, to divert and soothe the grief and wailings of the mourners, see Statius, *Thebaid.* lib. 6. and to detain the other spectators of the funeral, that they might not grow weary, and go away: for the ceremony lasted a considerable time, and they continued long in the open air, even though the pile was built of a great quantity of fuel, and that too, apt to burn. Therefore, Achilles, in the funeral even of his dearest friend, committed what remained unburnt at night, to the care of the "funeratores," buriers, who watched all the night, and laid together the wood of the pile. And we may observe, that the *ἐκλογίς*, or gathering up of the bones and ashes, was deferred sometimes to the third day, though I am not ignorant that this ceremony was most commonly performed at the close of the same day. After the deflagration, they sprinkled the pile with old, deep-coloured wine, that they might the more safely tread on the cinders: for the nearest relations, with their feet bare, their gowns ungirdled, and flowing about their heels, and having first washed their hands, performed by night the last office of gathering up the bones. And this ceremony the Greeks called *ἐκλογίς*, and the Latins "offilegium." And when they found any of them that were but half burnt, and covered with cinders and ashes, they wet them with wine, milk, and tears; then wrapt them up in linen towel, and having carried them in their bosom till they were dry, they put them into an urn, together with the ashes, with perfumes, and little vessels of tears. Two of which, made of glass, were lately found in an ordinary coffin, among the ruins of a wall, in the ancient town of Fesula, now Fiesoli in Tuscany, and are in the possession of the Grand Duke. These cinerary vessels or urns, the Greeks called *ἐκδοχαι*, or *ἐκδοχια*, and they were not always of the same form, nor made of the same matter: for those of heroes were made of gold and silver; those of the rich of brass or marble; and the poorer sort were content with urns of earth or of wood. When the remains were put into the urn, they closed it up, covered it with a piece of purple or fine linen, and then laid it in the earth. Thus we learn from Plutarch, in *Vita Demetrii*, that when the

fleet of Antigonus approached the harbour of Corinth, the golden urn, in which were deposited the remains of Demetrius, and that was covered with purple, and had a regal crown upon it, was discovered on the poop of the admiral galley; and a troop of young noblemen, and persons of quality attended in arms on the key, to receive it at landing; and Xenophantus, the most famed musician of that age, began a mournful song in praise of the dead, to which the rowers, with sorrowful ejaculations made responses, their oars all the while in their strokes, keeping time with the doleful cadences of the music: insomuch that the pomp of his funeral was no less theatrical than dismal. Nor may we omit to mention the most pious obsequies, that were paid to Evagoras by his son Nicoteles, and that were remarkable, no less for the great number and value of the sacrifices, than for the music, gymnastic exercises, horse-races, galley-prizes, and the like: for, as Diodorus Siculus, lib. 11. observes, some were so fortunate, as to have their funerals conclude with spectacles and games: which nevertheless happened not at all: but the Athenians, in gratitude to those who were slain in the Persian war, besides the ornaments of their sepulchres, instituted funeral games and exercises, that were performed at the place of sepulture.

After these sacred rites were ended, then followed the *ψευχαγυία*: which consisted in calling the dead thrice by his own name, bidding him eternally farewell, and praying that the earth might lie light upon him. And then, being dismissed by the "flamen," or the "funerary mater," who first sprinkled them thrice with water, to purge them of the pollution they had contracted by the sight of the funeral, they went away. The word of dismissal used by the "flamen," among the Greeks, was, *ἀπὸ τοῦ ἔρτος* among the Latins, "licet." But besides this lustration by water, Festus takes notice of another, that was in use among the Romans, who were wont to walk over the place of sepulture: and this manner of purgation they called "suffitio," i. e. fumigation; but whether or no this custom was practised by the Athenians, I have no where observed.

The whole ceremony concluded with the *Πιθιδαιονες*, as the Greeks called it, but the Latins "siliicernium"; which were certain banquets given by the parents or relations of the dead, wearing garlands on their heads; at whose houses it was permitted to speak in praise of the dead, if they had any thing true to say of him; for they held it a crime to lie on this occasion, as Cicero acquaints us in these words: "Sequebantur epulae, quas inhabitant parentis coronati; apud quos de mortui laude, cum quid veri erat, praedicatum; nam mentiri nefas habebatur: ad iusta coniecta erant." De Legib. lib. 2. in calce. The Athenians indeed, as Plutarch, in the life of Demosthenes says, departed from this laudable institution; insomuch that at length it grew to a proverb among them, praise no man, not even at a funeral supper.

They wore black apparel for the space of seven

days after the funeral; and to lay aside their mourning before that time was expired, was held a breach of decency. Thus Plutarch, in the place above cited says, that Æschines upbraided Demosthenes, for appearing in public, gaily dressed, and with a garland on his head, before the customary week of mourning was over, laying to his charge, and accusing him of hatred to his own children: yet Demosthenes only compelled his private grief to give way to the public joy. These funeral banquets, as Lucian, de Lucu, teaches, were designed to soothe and divert the grief of the sorrowful friends and relations; whom the guests were wont to exhort, nay, even to compel, to take some sustenance, that might refresh their bodies, that were wasted and grown dry with too long fasting: for no man, as that author expresses it, takes it amiss in good earnest, that he is compelled to eat and live. We learn from Pollux, that, at Athens, the funeral banquet was wont to be given by the chief managers and directors of the funeral, at the house of the nearest relation: but it is uncertain, whether it was an open feast, and free to all comers, like that which Achilles gave at the funeral of Patroclus, and those of the Romans, which they called "viferationes," from the great number of beasts that were slain, and whose flesh was distributed among the people.

We will not speak of the many and costly ornaments of their tombs and sepulchres: which some however were wont to prepare for themselves before they died: Cicero, in 2. de Legib. says, that the expence of sepulchres grew at length to such excess at Athens, that it was enjoined there by a law, that no more cost should be laid out, nor more work employed on a sepulchre, than what ten men could finish in three days. Nor were they permitted to adorn their sepulchres with any gargetting or fret-work; nor to place upon them any *hermæ*, as they called them; and which, as they are described by Pausanias in Arcad. were certain images, ending in a quadrangular figure, and not polished down to the feet. Besides, they were not allowed to harangue in praise of the dead, except in public sepulchres: and even then too no other was permitted to speak, but he who was appointed by the public so to do: For, according to Diodorus Siculus, lib. 5. it was enacted by a law, that the chief rhetoricians only should make funeral orations, reciting the worthy actions of those who were honoured with public sepulchre. Now it was Demetrius who set bounds to, and prescribed the manner of, the new sepulchres: For he commanded, that nothing should be set up on the place of interment, except a pillar, not above three cubits high, or a hollow stone, made in the shape of a little cistern; or a square piece of board, the care of which he committed to a certain magistrate appointed for that purpose. We learn from Plutarch, in Lycurg. and in Ilocra. that on the board were engraved the name and the effigies of the deceased: But we may observe, that even in ancient times, pillars were placed on graves of this nature: This Plutarch has taken notice of from Homer, Iliad. ii. ver. 674.

"Εὐδαὶ παρὰ τοῖς καθ' ἑστῆς τὸ ἔσθαι τὸ,
Τὸ μὲν τὸ ἐπὶ τῇ τῇ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ δαμόνιος.

His friends and kindred here shall him inter,
And place a column on his sepulchre.

We learn from Pollux, lib. viii. cap. 7 that on the tombs of unmarried persons there stood the image of a young virgin, holding in her hand a water-pot, an urn, or a basin: and this image, whether it were one that bore water, or any other, Iſæus called *Ἐπισήμα*. Nor was the meanness of the structure ever thought to derogate from the glorious title of the trophy, which the grateful citizens had caused to be engraved for such as had fought bravely for their country: and Cicero, lib. 2. de Leg. teaches, that the pillar on the sepulchre of the geometrician, Archimedes, was laid upon the ground. Pausanias, in Atticis, relates, that the tombs, together with the pillars, on which were written the names and tribes of the slain, were still to be seen in the plains of Marathon: and that, in memory of their bravery, sepulchres were erected for them in the very place where they fell: though it was customary to erect a particular monument for every one who was killed fighting for his country, either in naval engagements, or battles at land. The epitaph on those who fell at Thermopylæ, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, lib. II. in these words: Stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians, that we lie here, who obeyed their commands, and their captains. Plutarch, in the life of Aristides, acquaints us, that, in the battle of Plataea, there fell two and fifty Athenians, all of them of the tribe Aiantis, which, as Clidenus says, fought very bravely: and that, in memory of their victory, sacred rites, that had been commanded by the oracle of Apollo, were performed, at the public expence, to the Nymphs Sphtagitides: but they were buried in the way that leads to the academy, and square or flat-sided pillars were placed upon their tombs, with inscriptions, declaring the name of each of them, and the ward or precinct where he lived: Nor may we forget that most equitable law made by the people: which decreed the honour of public sepulture to such servants and slaves, as had bravely and faithfully served their masters in battle; and that their names should be engraved in columns, to be set up over their place of burial: It cannot indeed be doubted, but these were honorary and empty sepulchres; unless, before the elation of the body, a finger, or, after the burning, some bone of it were purposely taken, and kept to be buried in the native country of the deceased. And hence we see the reason why the Decemviri, who, as they did perhaps in almost all things else, imitated the funeral rites of the Athenians, dispensed with the ceremony of the ossilegium, or gathering up the bones, when any one died in foreign wars. And that the Greeks had their *Κνοσάφια*, or empty sepulchres can be doubted by such only as are ignorant of the piety of the Corinthians to the Argives, that were slain at Troy; of which Pausanias in Corinth, and of the great Cenotaphium, mentioned by the same author in

Attici, that was made at Athens for soldiers, whose bodies were not found : not to mention the famous Cenotaphium of Cyrus, recorded by Xenophon in the sixth book of his Expedition; nor the sepulchre of Euripides, in the way that led from the Piræus to Athens; though, as Pausanias in the place above-cited, witnesses, Euripides went to Archelaus in Macedonia, and was buried there : But this difference may be observed, That the honorary sepulchres of soldiers, who were killed in a naval engagement, were marked with the emblem of a rudder, or of an oar, as that of Elpenor was in Homer, *Odyss.* 12. but the rest had no mark of distinction : though I am not ignorant, that, besides the inscriptions, emblems were likewise put on most monuments : as a globe and cylinder on that of Archimedes, (*Cicero in Tuscul.*) a dog on that of Diogenes, (*Laertius in ejus vita*) a ram on that of Ilocrates, (*Plut. Rhat.* 10.) and owls very frequently, as we learn from Athenæus, lib. 13. to say nothing of the sepulchral statues, with which the monuments of the rich were adorned : as we find in Lycophron. in *Pindar*, *Od.* 10. *Nem.* in *Plato*, 12. *de R. P.* and in others. Nay, even on that of Æsop, though but a slave, the Athenians placed a great statue, that all might know, says Phædrus, that the way of honour lies open, and that glory is due, not to the race, but to virtue :

Igentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocarunt aternâ in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam,
Nec generi tribui, sed virtuti, gloriam.

Moreover, the Athenians, when any of their relations were murdered, always carried a spear with the dead body to the place of sepulture : and this spear they stuck into the tomb, as a token, that they denounced vengeance to the murderers : This we learn from Suidas : And the Scholiast on the *Clouds* of Aristophanes teaches, That after the dead body was carried forth to burial, it was the custom for the relations and friends of the deceased to wash themselves by way of purgation. Then they renewed afresh their unavailing tears and wailings ; while libations and the funeral supper were brought to the sepulchre : about which they believed the manes of the deceased to be always hovering ; and that their senses still remaining alive, they wanted nourishment, and were delighted and soothed with their offices of tenderness and love. For these reasons too they instituted their *Enêata*, as the Greeks called them, but the Latins "*Novendialia*," which were certain sacrifices used for nine days after the party was dead. The manner of them was this : about sun-set, being apparelled in black, they poured liquors in the coffins or urns : these liquors were honey, milk, wine, water, blood, ointments and tears : mean while they encompassed the monument with garlands of parsley and myrtle. But as we learn from Plutarch, in *Quæst. Græc.* the *encnisma* of the Argives was more full of ceremony. For the custom among them was, when any of them had lost a friend or relation, immediately

after the funeral, to sacrifice for thirty days together to Apollo, and then to Mercury : for they believed, that in like manner as the earth receives the bodies of the deceased, so Mercury does the souls. To the priest of Apollo they gave barley, and received from him the flesh of the victims : they extinguished the fire that had burnt the body, because they held it to be polluted ; and kindled other to dress the flesh, which they called *encnisma*. Meursius, and others of the learned, observe, that if it was a man or a woman that was dead, then the water was brought by women, whom they called *'Εγχευρίσσαι* if a batchelor or a virgin, then that office was committed to some boy, who was related to the deceased. And Libanus, in *Progymn.* takes notice, that Achilles acted not according to the custom of the Greeks, in offering human blood to appease the manes of the dead ; and that he injured his own reputation, and the memory of his friend Patroclus by that cruel practice, which he had learnt from Barbarians, of burning, together with the pile, the bodies of men, as well as of other animals : for which he is blamed by Homer, as Plutarch, *de Homer.* observes. Iphigenia, in the *Electra* of Euripides, provides herself with the blood of mountain sheep and heifers ; not, like him, of enemies butchered on the pile. And, indeed, as Libanus in *Progymn.* takes notice, an enemy, taken prisoner, ought no longer to be accounted an adversary, since the very victory changes his name, and of an enemy makes him be called a suppliant. I now return to the Athenian ceremonies.

They likewise strewed the ground around the monument with flowers of all sorts, but chiefly with roses, amarants, lilies, poppies and violets : with which they dressed up likewise the dish that was designed for the funeral banquet. Ovid, in *Fast.* lib. 3. enumerates the several sorts of viands they were wont to eat in these ceremonies ; and so too does Lucian, *de Lucio* ; and the same author in *Dialog. Car.* deriding the customs of his own age, says, That they crowned with garlands the stones of the monuments, and anointed them with rich ointments, and that some were wont to raise a pile before the monuments, and, digging a grave in the earth, threw in their costly dishes, and poured in a great quantity of wine.

The Athenians celebrated these parentations in the month *Antestlerion*, says *Hesychius* ; and the Romans, as we learn from *Ovid. Fast.* lib. ii. observed almost the same time in the celebration of theirs : for it was the custom among them to appease the manes of their parents and other relations on the eleventh of the calends of March. This ceremony began very early among the Athenians, as *Lysias* in *Or.* teaches ; and that they were enjoined by a very ancient law yearly to deplore their buried friends ; and on the same day to praise, in a public oration, those that had been slain in battle, as *Cicero*, in *lib. de Orat.* teaches. And *Plutarch*, in the life of *Theseus*, informs us, that, on the eighth of their month *Pyaneption*, which was the day he returned with the young men from *Crete*, they performed their

chief ceremony in honour of him; and that they worshipped him likewise on the eighth day of each of their other months. The like testimony of gratitude was shewn to the Greeks, who were slain by the Medes, and buried at Platæa, says Thucydides, lib. iii. in Orat. Platæen, of which Plutarch, in the life of Aristides, gives the following particular account: The Platæans, says he, are wont to offer yearly parentations to the Greeks that fell in the battle, and were buried there, which custom they continue even to this day, in the ensuing manner: On the sixteenth day of the month Maimacterion, which with the Bœotians is Alalcomenus, they make their procession, which, beginning by break of day, is led up by a trumpeter, sounding a point of war; then follow certain chariots, loaden with myrtle and garlands; and after them is led a black bull; next come the young men, of free birth, carrying libations of wine and milk in large two eared vessels, and jars of oil and precious ointments; nor is it permitted to any of servile condition, to have the least hand in this ministrations; because the men, that were buried there, died in defence of their liberty. After all, comes the chief magistrate of Platæa, who, though it be unlawful for him at other times, either to wear any manner of arms, or to be clothed in any other coloured garment than white, is at that time, nevertheless, apparelled in a purple robe; and, taking a water-pot out of the city-chamber, proceeds, bearing a sword in his hand, through the middle of the town to the sepulchre; then, drawing water out of a spring, he washes, and anoints the pillars of the monuments; and, sacrificing the bull upon a pile of wood, and making supplications to Jupiter, and to Mercury of the earth, he invites those valiant men who perished in the defence of Greece, to the banquet and parentations; after this, filling a bowl with wine, and pouring some of it out by way of libation, he drinks the rest, and says, I drink to those persons, who lost their lives for the liberty of Greece. These solemnities, even to this day, do the Platæans observe. Thus far Plutarch.

Nor may we in this place omit the great honours that the republic of Syracuse decreed to Timoleon; whose bier being laid upon the pile, Demetrius, the loudest mouthed of all the criers of those days, recited a written decree to this purpose: The people of Syracuse have decreed, that this Timoleon, the son of Timodemus of Corinth, shall be buried at the public expence; that two hundred minæ shall be expended on his funeral, and moreover, that he shall be for ever honoured with musical, equestrial, and gymnastic games and exercises: because, having pulled down the tyrants, overcome the barbarians, rebuilt the large cities, that were demolished, and rendered them again populous, he restored to the Sicilians their ancient laws and liberties. We learn from the Scholiast on the Frogs of Aristophanes, that the particular time when these annual solemnities were performed to the dead, was about noon; but that even then they were scarce safe from the

spectre of Empusa, that by various arts disturbed the ceremonies. The stories, that are told of Proclus Lycius, by his flatterer Cælius Rhodoginus, lib. vi. cap. 28. are made up of nothing but superstition and hypocrisy: for he tells us, that that blessed man, as he calls him, was more knowing in, and more zealous observer of, the rites and ceremonies, that are paid to the dead, than any other man whatever: for he never omitted at any time to perform that religious duty; but went yearly on certain days to the sepulchres of the Attic heroes and philosophers; and of all others, with whom he had had any friendship and familiarity, and offered the due sacrifices to them, not by the help and ministry of others, but by himself, and with his own hands. Then, after he had paid these rites to each of them, he went to the Academy, where he appeased, by sacrifices, the souls of his ancestors, and of all his relations, in one place; and in another, he performed the like ceremonies to the souls of all the philosophers; and more than all this, that most religious person sacrificed in a third place to the souls of all the dead. And these pious offices arose at length to such a height of superstition, that the Athenians, not satisfied with paying these honours to such as had deserved well of the republic, recorded their names among the number of their gods; and decreed them divine honours, as we learn from Aristophanes in Equitibus, and Pausanias in Atticis. Nay, it escaped very narrowly, that Alexander was not worshipped at Athens as a god: for we learn from Plutarch, in Orat. Lycurg, that adulation would have prevailed, and brought that infamous thing to pass, had not a prudent person prevented it, by scoffing at the populace, and asking them in a jeering manner, What a god, said he, will this be, into whose temple, whoever goes is polluted, and whoever comes out needs purgation? Thus we see how much the Athenians departed from their ancient rites of funeral, and what corruption of manners crept into the territories and city of Athens, during the time of this raging pestilence.

Ver 1249. Boccace, that parent of the Tuscan eloquence, describes almost the like neglect and disorder, that happened even in a Christian country, in the burial of those that died of the plague at Florence, in the year 1348, and tells us, that few bodies were accompanied to their graves by more than ten or twelve of their neighbours; and those too were not of the better sort of citizens, but only a parcel of mob, that for hire, carried the body, not to the church where the dead person, before his death, had desired to be buried; but, for the most part, to that which was next at hand; preceded only by four, or six priests at most, with few, and sometimes no lights at all, and threw it hastily into any grave they found empty, or that had room to receive it. But let us hear how movingly he describes this calamity in his own words. "Et erano radi coloro, i corpi de i quali fosser più che da un' dieci, o dodici de suoi vicini alla chiesa accompagnati, de quali non gl' horrevoli, e cari cittadini, ma una maniera di

beccamorti sopravvenuta di minuta gente, che chiamar si facevano Becchini, la quale questi scruiugi prezzolata faceva, fottentravano alla bara, e quella con frettolosi passi, non à quella chiesà, che esso haveva anzi la morte disposto, ma alla più vicina, le più volte il portavano, dietro à quattro, ò sei clerici con poco lume, e tal fiata senz' alcuno, li quali con l' aiuto di detti Becchini, senza fatigarfi in troppo lungo ufficio, ò solenne, in qualunque sepultura disoccupata trovavano, più tosto il mettevano. J. Boccaccio, in Proem. Decam.

Ver. 1254. Thus too Ovid, who has most happily imitated both Thucydides and our author :

Ante sacros vidi projecta cadavera postes ;
Ante ipfas, quo mors foret invidiosior, aras :
Pars animam laqueo claudunt, mortisque timorem
Morte fugant, ultroque vocant venientia fata :
Corpora missa neci nullo de more feruntur
Funeribus : neque enim capiebant funera portæ ;
At inhumata premunt terras, aut dantur in altos
Indotata rogos ; et jam reverentia nulla est ;
Deque rogis pugnant, alienisque ignibus ardent :
Qui lacryment defunt, indefectæque vagantur
Natorumque, virumque animæ, juvenumque se-
numque :

Nec locus in tumulis, nec sufficit arbor in ignes.

Metam. lib. 8.

Which a late ingenious person has thus rendered :

Death stalk'd around with such resistless sway,
The temples of the gods his force obey;
And suppliants feel his stroke, while yet they }
prayer.

The rest, grown mad, and frantic with despair,
Urge their own fate, and so prevent the fear :
Strange madness that ! when death pursu'd so fast,
T' anticipate the blow with impious haste.
No decent honours to their urns are pay'd ;
Nor could the graves receive the num'rous dead :
For, or they lay unbury'd on the ground,
Or, unadorn'd, a needy fun'ral sound :
All reverence pass'd, the fainting wretches fight
For fun'ral piles that are another's right :
Unmourn'd they fall ; for who surviv'd to mourn ?
And fires and mothers unlamented burn :
Parents and sons sustain an equal fate ; [meet :
And wand'ring ghosts their kindred shadows
The dead a larger space of ground require ;
Nor are the trees sufficient for the fire.

All which calamities may the Almighty avert far from us ; and not from us only, but from the universal society of all mortals ; nor let us uncharitably join in wishes with the heathen poet, who sings,

Di meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum.

ANIMADVERSION,

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE SIXTH BOOK OF LUCRETIVS.

IN this book, Lucretius reasons of many things excellently well, but has miscarried in his main design, and does not so much as stagger the belief of Divine Providence, which he attacks with his utmost force : for let it be granted, that the causes he assigns of meteors are perspicuous and true ; that he has rightly explained the reason of thunder, lightning, and earthquakes ; in a word, that all things proceed from natural causes, and are continued and carried on by them : yet there is no nature without a Lord, nor does she herself at least reject or disown a ruler. For nature is only that disposition and order of the particles of senseless matter, which is the cause of these effects we call natural. Now, if that disposition was introduced by chance, it does not confute and overthrow Providence ; and if it was the work of reason and wisdom, it confirms it. Therefore these explications may amuse and delight natural philosophers ; but they cannot in the least avail atheists.

No man has more accurately collected, none more ingeniously explained, the ancient philosophers opinions concerning meteors : the modern, it is true, have added a few things to them ; but not better. And indeed, as this present age does, so many succeeding ages likewise will, seem to dispute, face to face, with Lucretius, concerning meteors. And this is what Vitruvius said long before me.

What he teaches of earthquakes, and of the sea is so rational, that the things themselves approve and confirm his doctrine : only there are some earthquakes that seem to surpass the strength of the causes he assigns them.

Ætna is a noble subject, but difficult : and in this the poet flags a little. But then he reasons of the increase of the Nile, of the *Averni*, and of the wonderful fountains, as if truth itself were speaking : but it may be observed that he does not give full satisfaction concerning the fabulous spring of *Jupiter Ammon* : for Lucretius always explains nature better than fables.

He would have written more at large of the loadstone, and have left us many things that we should read with pleasure, if the wonderful power of that stone had been known in his days. The explication he gives of plagues and diseases is pertinent and useful : and lastly, he interprets *Thucydides* in such a manner, that he expresses the energy, and surpasses the majesty, of that historian ; nor is the narration of *Thucydides* so clear or set off with so much brightness or wit.

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FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY JAMES OSGOOD

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THE WORKS
OF
TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

JAMES GRAINGER, M. D.

Μοισας Ερωσ' κἀλλισι, Μοισαι τον Ερωτα φεραμε,
Μολπαν ται Μοισαι μοι αι' ποθεν; δίδου
Ταν γλυκεραν μολπαν, τας φαρμακον αεισι υδαν.

BION.

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GRAINGER'S TIBULLUS.

TO JOHN BOURRYAU, ESQ.

SIR,

WHEN I first thought of prefixing your name to this translation of Tibullus, I found myself considerably embarrassed; as I would choose to avoid the strain of adulation, so common in addresses of this kind, on the one hand, without suppressing the just sense I have of your rising merit, on the other. I shall not, however, I flatter myself, incur the imputation of the first, by declaring, even in this public manner, my satisfaction at the progress you have made in every branch of useful and polite literature; and this too, at a time of life, when young men of fashion are generally engrossed by the idle amusements of an age abounding in all the means of dissipation.

If your maturer years answer, as I am convinced they will, so favourable a dawn, I need not a moment to hesitate, to foretell the happiness of your friends, in an agreeable companion, and polite scholar, and of your country, in a principled and unshaken patriot.

It is with particular pleasure, Sir, that I dwell, though but in idea, on this part of your future character. The time is not far off, when you will have finished the plan of your education, by a survey of foreign countries: and as it will then, of course, be expected from one of your opulent and independent fortune, you will, I hope, devote the fruits of your industry to the service of the public:

Hunc precor, hunc utinam nobis Aurora nitentem

Luciferum roseis candida portet equis.

Tibull.

When you become a member of the most august assembly of the nation, every wellwisher to the community will exult to see you unawed by

power, undazzled by riches, and unbiassed by faction: an impartial assertor of the just prerogatives of the crown, and the liberties of the people; equally a foe to corruption, and a friend to virtue.

Such, Sir, are the hopes which all your friends at present conceive of you, and as your talents, both natural and acquired, seem strongly to confirm these hopes, the more inexcusable you will prove, should they be hereafter disappointed.

In regard to the translation, with which I here take the liberty to present you; I will not pretend to say, I set no value upon it. My offering it to you is a proof of the contrary.—Indeed, the chief merit it has with me, is, that it formerly pleased you. It served also, to make many of my hours pass agreeably, which otherwise would have been extremely irksome, amid the din of arms, and hurry of a camp life.

But while you peruse Tibullus as a poet, let not his integrity, as a member of the commonwealth, be forgotten. In this light he merits your highest regard: for though he justly obtained a distinguished rank among the great writers of the Augustan age: yet ought it more especially to be remembered to his honour, that neither the frowns of a court, nor the distresses of fortune, could ever induce him to praise those powerful but wicked men, who had subverted the liberties of his country: and this, at a time, when the practice of the poets his cotemporaries might have countenanced in him the most extravagant adulation.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient
humble servant,

JAMES GRAINGER,

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following version of Tibullus was begun and completed several years ago, when the author was in the army. A military man, even in the most active campaign, has many hours of leisure: and as these cannot be spent more rationally than in some literary pursuit, he employed that part of his time, which was not devoted to his profession, in perusing the classics.

Time and place influence us more in our opinions of, and relish for, particular writers, than is commonly imagined. Amid the horrors of war, the translator could most readily sympathize with, and best account for, his poet's aversion to a military life: and while exposed to all the hurry and tumult of a camp, could not but taste with a peculiar relish all descriptions of the unruffled and

tranquil scenes of the country: besides these, every motive conspiring to make him regard the fair sex as the chief ornaments of society, was it surprising that Tibullus, who abounds in sentiments of this kind, should soon become a favourite; and that what delighted him, he should at last be tempted to translate?

A pleasing employment is seldom neglected.—Those elegies which particularly touched him, were first rendered into English; and as these make the greater part of Tibullus's poems, he was contented afterwards to complete the work, by finishing as a task, what he begun as an amusement.

A favourite author, on whom some labour has been employed, is not easily forgotten; the version, therefore, was retouched as often as opportunity served. All this while, indeed, the translator had no intention to make the public acquainted with his poetical amusements: he knew his poet too well, and admired him too much, to think he had done him justice:—yet when Mr. Dart's translation of Tibullus was sent him, he was resolved to publish his own; that those who did not understand the original, might not form an idea of the most exact, elegant and harmonious of the Roman elegiac poets from the most inaccurate, harsh, and inelegant verses of the present century.

The translator hopes he will be acquitted of vanity, in preferring his own performance to Mr. Dart's: indeed that gentlemen often missed the meaning of his author, while his poetry always escaped him. Neither does he appear to have been a competent judge of his own language: and from the little tenderness transfused into his verses, it may be concluded, that he was an utter stranger to that passion, which gave rise to most of the elegies of Tibullus.

What advantage the present translator may have over his predecessor in these respects, does not become him to determine: yet he is well apprised, that no translator, however qualified, can give Tibullus the genuine air of an Englishman.

It is true, that amorous elegy is less local than many other of the minor kinds of poetry, the passion of love operating pretty nearly the same upon the human mind in all ages. Yet as the modes of expressing that passion differ much in different countries, so these modes must not be confounded: a Grecian ought to make love like a Grecian, and a Roman like a Roman.

Besides this, Tibullus abounds in images of rural theology.—He has even preserved some superstitious usages, which are to be met with in no other poet: but as these are also characteristic, and must be preserved in the version, who can hope to give a translation of Tibullus the easy air of a modern original?

Verbal translations are always inelegant, because always destitute of beauty of idiom and language; for by their fidelity to an author's words, they become treacherous to his reputation: on the other hand, a too wanton departure from the latter, often varies the sense, and always alters the manner.

The translator chose the middle way, and meant neither to tread on the heels of Tibullus, nor yet to lose sight of him. He had not the vanity to think, he could improve on his poet: and though he has sometimes endeavoured to give a more modern polish to his sentiments, he has seldom attempted to change them. To preserve the sense of his original was his first care; his next was, to clothe it in as elegant and becoming a dress as possible. Yet he must confess, that he has now and then taken the liberty to transpose, and sometimes paraphrastically to enlarge the thoughts. Where a sentiment was too much contracted by the closeness of the Latin idiom, to be unfolded in a correspondent expression in English; or from its peculiarity, might, in a modern language, seem flat, he has endeavoured to inspire it by collateral thoughts from other poets; and where its colours were languid, to heighten them—with what success, the reader must determine.

The Hexameter and Pentameter is said to be peculiarly suited to plaintive subjects. The English have no stanza correspondent to that, but the alternate, which is supposed to possess a solemnity and kind of melancholy flow in numbers. This Mr. Hammond chose for his imitation of Tibullus; and it must be confessed, that he has happily succeeded. Yet, as in this stanza, the sense naturally ends at the fourth line, the translator thought he could not in general have adopted it, without violence to the original: he therefore preferred the heroic measure, which is not better suited to the lofty sound of the epic muse, than to the complaining tone of elegy. The reader, however, will find one or two elegies rendered in the alternate stanza, which is by no means so difficult as the heroic.

As Tibullus wrote love poems like a Roman, any translation of them without notes, would have been extremely obscure to an English reader: most of his commentators are mere philologists, or at best they have only displayed their erudition in the history of a heathen god, or the topography of a river. From this censure, however, Broekhusius, his Dutch editor, and Vulpius, his Italian commentator, may in part be exempted; they have indeed sometimes entered into the propriety of our poet's thoughts. Yet even their chief excellence consists in arranging the text; in selecting the most approved readings; and in giving those passages, which they suppose Tibullus either borrowed from his predecessors, or the moderns copied from him. The design of the translator is very different; he has commented on his author as a Roman poet, and as a Roman lover: and although he owns himself enamoured of his beauties, (as who can draw a pleasing resemblance of a face which disgusts him?) he hopes he has not been blind to his imperfections. These, indeed, he has touched upon with the tenderness of a friend, not the acrimony of a critic.

Yet as most of the commentators were consulted, the translator has taken from each of them, such notes, as he imagined would be most serviceable to an English reader, always ascribing them

however to the author who furnished them. Thus, beside Broekhusius and Vulpus, the name of Mr. Dart will sometimes be found at the bottom of an observation. Nor must it be forgotten; that the translator has been obliged to that gentleman for ten or twelve lines in his version.

It has been judged necessary to print the Latin text along with the version: this the translator would willingly have declined, as his work can hope to find favour with those only, who understand not the original. Yet, when he considered, that the English press had afforded no one accurate edition of Tibullus: and that even the best of those printed abroad were not exempted from material errors; he surmounted his scruples, and has endeavoured to give a less exceptionable text of his poet, than any hitherto published.*

Before he concludes, the translator must return his sincere thanks to a worthy friend, for his ele-

gant version of the first elegy, and of Ovid's poem on the death of Tibullus. By what accident his own translation of the first elegy was lost, is of no consequence; especially too, as the reader, from a perusal of Mr. P***'s specimen, will probably be induced to wish, that more of those now published, had undergone a like fate, provided the same gentleman had likewise translated them.

Nor is that the only good office which challenges his gratitude: the translator is particularly obliged to his friend, for having procured him the valuable acquaintance of another learned gentleman; who not only took the trouble to compare his version of the three last books with the original; but who also favoured him with some notes, which constitute the chief ornament of the second volume †. Thus, like the Britains of old, the translator has called in auxiliaries to conquer him.

* The insertion of the Latin text, in this edition, has been deemed unnecessary.

† This translation was first published in 2 vols. 12mo.

THE LIFE OF TIBULLUS.

WE are not only unacquainted with the prænomens of Tibullus, but with the year of his birth. The biographers, from a line* in the fifth elegy of his third book, indeed informs us, that Ovid and he were born the day that Hirtius and Pansa were killed, viz. on the tenth of the calends of April, A. U. C. 710. This was the opinion of the learned for many centuries; nor was it controverted, till Joseph Scaliger first entertained some doubts of it; and Janus Douza the younger, about a hundred and seventy years ago, was induced, by comparing what our poet had said of himself, with what Ovid and Horace have wrote concerning him, to reject that line as spurious, and to assert that Tibullus must have been born almost twenty years sooner. Although we think some considerable objections may be raised against Douza's opinion †, yet as the old account is liable to still greater, we shall venture with that critic, to inform the reader, that Albius Tibullus, the prince of elegiac poets, was born at Rome, A. U. C. 590, six years after the birth of Virgil, and one after that of Horace,

Tibullus might say with his great admirer, Ovid,
—usque a proavis vetus ordinis hæres,
Non modo militiæ turbine factus eques ‡.

being descended from an equestrian branch of the Alban family: and though some of the old biographers § assert, that his ancestors made a figure

in the forum and in the field, yet as history makes no mention of them, posterity would have been unacquainted with this branch of that illustrious house, had it not been for our poet.

As the ancient writers of Tibullus's life have favoured us with no particulars of his infancy, it is probable it was distinguished by nothing remarkable. The human mind does not always blossom at the same period; and it by no means follows that his childhood must have flourished, whose maturer age has produced fair fruits of science. Perhaps too, details of early excellence are less useful than is commonly imagined, as they often dispirit those who would otherwise in due time have expanded into an extensive reputation.

But if such accounts are less useful, it would have been no unprofitable gratification of curiosity to have known by what plan his studies were conducted, and who were his preceptors. Antiquity, however, having left us in the dark with regard to these matters, we can only suppose that as his father's condition was considerable, so nothing was omitted to render our poet an useful and elegant member of society.

The Romans possessed a real advantage over the moderns in point of education; for as the same citizen might plead causes, command armies, and arrive at the first dignities of the priesthood; so their literary institutions were made to comprehend these several objects. It is easy to see of what vast utility so general a plan must have been to a state; and perhaps it is not paying letters too high a compliment, to say, that the successes of the Romans were in a great measure owing to this advantage.

In the year of Rome 705, the civil war broke

* *Natalem nostri primum videre parentes
Quum cecidit fato consul uterque pari.*

† See the arguments on both sides of the question in the notes to the fifth elegy of the third book.

‡ *Amor. lib. iii. el. 14.*

§ *Crinitus, &c.*

out between Cæsar and Pompey. The army and corrupt part of the legislature followed Cæsar; while the majority of the senate and of the knights, with all those who dreaded a perpetual dictator, sided with Pompey, as the person from whom the republic had less danger to apprehend. Of this number was the father of Tibullus; and there is reason to suspect, that he either fell in the field, or was butchered by proscription, for we know that a considerable part of his estate was left a prey to the rapacious soldiery *. These events probably determined our author's public attachments; but without these motives to revenge, it is not unlikely that Tibullus had, before this time, adopted the political opinions of his father †.

At what actions in the civil war our young knight was present, as it was not prudent in him to mention in his poems, so historians do not inform us; but as principle and revenge equally conspired to rouse his courage (and courage he certainly possessed ‡), may we not safely infer, that Tibullus did not run away, like his friend Horace, from Philippi §, at which battle he was present with his patron the illustrious Messala Corvinus?

But the fortune of Octavius prevailing over the better cause of Brutus and Cassius, Messala too (who was next in command to these patriot citizens) going over with his forces to the conqueror, Tibullus, although he paid the greatest regard to the sentiments of that excellent soldier and orator, yet determined to leave the army; for as he would not fight against the party which his friends had now espoused, so neither could he appear in arms against those whom his principles taught him to regard as the assertors of liberty. Besides, the bad success of the patriot party and his own experience, had now inspired him with an abhorrence of the war; he therefore retired, A. U. C. 712, to his country seat at Pædum, there, by an honest industry, to raise his impaired fortune to its ancient splendor, while his hours of leisure were either devoted to philosophy or the muses §.

But we are not to imagine that rural objects and study solely engaged our poet's attention; for being formed with a natural tenderness of disposition, he began to enlarge the sphere of his pleasures by conversing with the fair sex. The first object of his affection was probably Glycera; and we have Horace ¶ on our side, when we add, that she at first gave him hopes of success: but though his person was elegant ††, his fortune not

contemptible, and his life was then in the prime, Glycera deserted him for a younger lover *. As he entertained a real affection for that lady, her infidelity gave him much uneasiness: he therefore endeavoured, by exerting his elegiac genius, to reclaim her. But his poems producing in Glycera no change to his advantage, his friend and old fellow-soldier Horace advised him to abate of his sorrow for her loss, and send her no more elegies.

None of these elegies having come down to our times, Lilio Gyraldi † supposes that Nemesis and Glycera were the same—but the poems which are inscribed to Nemesis ‡ do not favour this supposition; and, indeed, it seems more likely that Tibullus was so piqued at the ill success of his first amour, that he destroyed all those elegies which it gave rise to.

Some time after this (A. U. C. 712.) the fierce inhabitants of Pannonia rebelling, and Messala being one of the generals appointed by Augustus to reduce them, that nobleman invited Tibullus to attend him in the expedition. As this service was not against the Pompeian party §, and as he hoped in the hurry of a military life to find a remedy for his melancholy, he complied with his noble friend's request, and in every action behaved with his usual bravery. In proof of this, the commentators quote our poet's description of the old soldier of Arupinum.

Testis Arupinas, et pauper natus in armis.
Quem si quis videat, vetus ut non fregerit ætas,
Terna minus Pylæ niretur sæcula famæ,
Namque fenex longæ pèragit dum sæcula vitæ,
Centum fecundos Titan renovaverit annos:
Ipse tamen velox celerem super edere corpus
Audet equum, validisque sedet moderator habenis ||.

Besides these verses, some others may be brought from the panegyric, and in particular the three following, to strengthen their assertion:

Nam bellis experta cano, testis mihi victæ
Fortis Japidæ miles, testis quoque fallax
Pannonius, gelidas passim disiectus in Alpes ¶.

In this manner did our poet subdue his passion for Glycera: but being by nature addicted to the love of the fair sex, at his return from the army, he fixed his affections on Delia.

Cylenius, in his commentary on Tibullus ††, conjectures, that she obtained the name of Delia

* Horat. lib. i. ode 33.

Alli ne doleas plus nimio, &c.

No more in elegiac strain
Of cruel Glycera complain.

† Dialog. de Poet.

‡ Lib. ii.

§ An amnesty was granted by the triumvirate to all Pompey's party, A. U. C. 715.

|| Panegyric. ad Messalam, lin. 110.

¶ Ibid. lin. 107.

** This commentary was published at Venice, A. D. 1487.

¶ * Vide Panegyric. ad Messalam, lin. 191. Jan Douz. Sebéd. Succid.

† See Francis's notes on the thirty third ode of the first book of Horace.

‡ Tibull. lib. i. el. 8.

|| Vell. Patercul. lib. ii. cap. 71.

§ Panegyric. Tibull. ad Messalam, lin. 184.

¶ Lib. i. Ode 33.

†† Horat. lib. i. ep. 4.

from the Greek word *δῆλος*, on account of her surpassing in beauty the Roman ladies. But we have the more respectable authority of Apuleius*, for asserting that Delia was an appellation given her by our poet, her real name being Plania.

Some critics† contend, that Delia was a woman of the town:—but many passages in the elegies addressed to her‡, contradict this assertion. Which of these poems were first written, cannot now be determined; but it is certain, they were not composed in the order they are now printed.

It would seem, that some time after his attachment to Delia, Messala invited our poet to accompany him in some military expedition; but he was then too deeply enamoured of Delia to attend the call of honour. Tibullus, therefore, composed his first elegy, in which, as he prefers a country retirement with Delia, and a moderate income, to all the triumphs of war and allurements of fortune, so Corvinus could not well urge, with propriety, our poet's departure.

Messala having soon after obtained the consulship, Tibullus composed his panegyric. This poem is in heroic numbers, and though not destitute of poetical beauties, is inferior to his elegies: it seems rather an effusion of friendship than an effort of genius: it has, therefore, not been translated.

In the year of Rome 725 §, Messala being intrusted by Augustus Cæsar with an extraordinary command over Syria, insisted on Tibullus's accompanying him thither, to which our poet consented. This sacrifice to friendship was not, however, obtained without much reluctance; for Delia, it would seem, opposed his departure. But as Messala, in this expedition, was to visit Greece, Asia, &c. and as Tibullus, in his panegyric, had said,

Pro te vel rapidas ausim maris ire per undas,
Adversis hyberna licet tumeant freta ventis.
Pro te vel solus densis subsistere turmis:
Vel pavidum Ætnææ corpus committere flammæ:
Sum quodcumque tuum est ||, &c.

he embarked with his patron. He, however, had not been long at sea, before he was taken so ill, that Messala was obliged to put him ashore, and leave him in Phœacia¶. In this island, so famous for the gardens of Alcinoüs, our poet composed the third elegy of the first book; which shows, that whatever effect this sickness had upon his constitution, it did not in the least impair his poetical talents.

* "In Apologia accusant—et Tibullum, quod ei sit Plania in animo, Delia in versu." Casaubon and Colvius think it should be read either "Flavia" or "Planice." In one of Fulvius Ursinus's MS. copies of the Apology, it was written "Plantia." "Plania," however, says Broekhusius, is found in Roman inscriptions, and therefore the name need not be altered.

† "Erat libertina conditionis muliercula." Broekhus.

‡ Vide lib. i. passim.

§ Norris Cenotaph. Pisan. Diff. ii. cap. 16. § 7.

¶ Panegy. ad Messalam, lin. 193.

¶ Nova Corfu.

TRANS. II,

From the sentiments of tenderness expressed in that beautiful poem, it would not have been surprising, had Tibullus on his recovery returned to Italy: but he had too sincere a regard for his friend, to desert him: he therefore, as soon as he was able to renew his voyage, hastened after Messala, and with that nobleman* travelled through Cilicia, Syria, Egypt, and Greece, being then probably initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries at Athens†.

What were the political consequences of this expedition, historians do not mention: but the consequences to Tibullus were highly disagreeable; for, if any stress in this point is to be laid on his elegies, there is reason to suspect that Delia married before his return.

This, doubtless, occasioned much uneasiness to, and rendered our poet the less unwilling to embrace another offer made him soon after by Messala, of going to Aquitaine; which province having revolted (A. U. C. 726.), Augustus had intrusted that excellent officer with the important business of its reduction‡.

The Romans, says an elegant writer, fought with other nations for glory, but with the Gauls for liberty. This observation was at least verified at this time: for it was not till after many sharp actions, in which both the general and his soldiers distinguished themselves, that Messala completed the service he was sent upon. In all these battles, our poet signalized his courage in so remarkable a manner, that the success of the expedition was, in no small degree, owing to him.

Non sine me est tibi partus honos: Tarbellia Pyrene

Testis, & oceani littora Santonici: [rumna, Testis Arar, Rhodanusque celer, magnusque Carnuti & Flavi cæcula lymphæ Liger §.

For which reason, he had military honour conferred on him; "militaribus donis ornatus est," as the old writer of his life informs us ||.

The reduction of Aquitaine was so acceptable to the Emperor, that Messala had a triumph decreed him the year after¶: and as our poet had borne so distinguished a share in the war, it is not to be supposed, but he was present at that superb solemnity; which, as an ancient inscription** acquaints us, was celebrated on the seventh of the calends of October.

But his Gallic expedition not having banished

* Lib. i. El. 8. Also Broekhusius's notes on the third elegy of the first book.

† Non ego tentavi nulli temeranda virorum

Audax laudanda sacra docere Deo.

Lib. iii. El. 5.

‡ Steph. Vinand. Pighii Annal. & Norris Cenotaph. Pisan. Diff. ii. cap. 16. § 7.

§ Lib. i. El. 8.

|| In the life prefixed to that edition of Tibullus which was published at Venice, A. D. 1475.

¶ Cenotaph. Pisan. Diff. ii. cap. 16. § 7.

** Pighii Annales.

Delia from his breast, he again paid his addresses to her: and, from some passages in the second and seventh elegies of the first book, it would seem that they were but too successful.

When a woman has once so far forgot herself, as to bestow improper favours on a lover, nothing is more natural than for that lover to suspect he is not the only favourite. Our poet is an instance of the truth of this observation; for to such a height did his ungenerous suspicions of Delia arise (notwithstanding all her protestations of innocence), that he made her husband acquainted with his intrigue*. Whether Delia was innocent or not, she could never forgive this discovery. Or had she been willing to forget the past, we cannot suppose that her husband would ever admit Tibullus again into his house.

Such, then, was the extraordinary conclusion of our poet's intimacy with Delia; and therefore the poem which furnished these particulars is justly made the last of the poems inscribed to that beauty.

Although the elegies of Tibullus warrant, in some sort, these surmises, yet it ought to be considered, that poets write from imagination more frequently than from reality, because ideal subjects afford greater scope to their faculties, than occurrences in common life:—and indeed, if what Ovid tells us may be depended on, Delia was again enamoured with our poet at the time of his decease, when probably her husband was dead.

Some time elapsed, before Tibullus entered into any new engagements. In this interval, he composed his famous elegy on Messala's Birthday, the ninth and the following elegies of the first book, with the first and second of the second book; endeavouring to forget his disasters, by dividing his time between his country-seat and Rome, but chiefly by conversing, more than ever, with the learned and polite: of these the most eminent among his acquaintances were Messala, Valgius, Macer, and Horace.

Messala was now in the height of his reputation: in eloquence and military knowledge, he was excelled by none of his contemporaries; and yet the goodness of his heart surpassed his abilities. His house was the rendezvous of the the learned; and his patronage, as an admirable poet† expresses it, was

The surest passport to the gates of fame.

Happy in the approbation of all parties, his siding with Augustus, after the defeat at Philippi, did not lose him the esteem of his old friends; and his interesting himself in their behalf, to the honour of that emperor, made him not the less beloved by Augustus‡.

* Lib. i. El. 7.

† Dr. Young.

‡ Messala had a brother, who was also a polite scholar, as Horace informs us. According to St. Jerome, this illustrious Roman married Terentia, Cicero's widow, and by her had two sons, Marcus and Lucius,

J. Valgius Rufus was eminent, not only for heroic poetry, but also for his elegies, especially those on the death of his son Myrtes*. He also wrote some excellent epigrams. But all his poems are now lost. As Tibullus thought him the best poet next to Homer, posterity has suffered much in their loss†.

Of Macer, all that is known, is mentioned in the notes to the sixth elegy of the second book.

But although Tibullus himself informs us of his acquaintance with these eminent scholars; yet should we not have known of the friendship which Horace and he entertained for one another, had it not been for Horace, who probably about this time sent our poet an epistle, which is thus translated by Mr. Francis.

Albius! in whom my satires find
A candid critic, and a kind,
Do you, while at your country seat,
Some rhiming labours meditate,
That shall in volum'd bulk arise,
And e'en from Cassius bear the prize;
Or, sauntering through the silent wood,
Think what befits the wife and good.

Thou art not form'd of lifeless mould,
With breast inanimate and cold;
To thee the gods a form complete,
To thee the gods a large estate,
In bounty give, with skill to know
How to enjoy what they bestow.

Can a fond nurse one blessing more,
Ev'n for her favourite boy, implore,
With sense and clear expression blest,
Of friendship, honour, wealth, possess;
A table elegantly plain,
And a poetic easy vein?

By hope inspir'd, depress'd by fear,
By passion warm'd, perplex'd with care,
Believe that every morning's ray
Hath lighted up thy latest day;
Then, if to-morrow's sun be thine,
With double lustre shall it shine.

Such are the maxims I embrace,
And here, in luck and joyous case,

who both attaining to the consulship, and were an ornament to their families, by their military and civil capacities. Messala himself was so old before he died, as to forget his own name. Pliny the elder tells us, that he would not permit a person of his family to have his statue placed among those of his ancestors, because he was a disgrace to them.

* We learn this circumstance from Horace, who wrote Valgius a beautiful consolatory ode on the occasion.

Non semper imbres nubibus hyssidos

Manant in agros, &c.

Lib. ii. Ode 9.

† The critics have been able, from all antiquity, to glean only seven lines of Rufus's poetry, which the reader, if curious of such literary scraps, will find collected by Brookhousius, in his notes on Tibullus's Panegyric to Messala.

You'll find, for laughter fitly bred,
An hog by Epicurus fed *.

Francis.

Mons. Dacier † observes, that this epistle is all ironical; for Tibullus, according to him, having exhausted his fortune by extravagance, had now retired to the country, to recruit his finances, and avoid the importunity of his creditors.

To find out these things from the epistle before quoted, required a strange obliquity of understanding; as to support them, demanded some learning:—however, it must be confessed, that the French editor of Horace is not the first author who maintained this extraordinary opinion. An old grammarian ‡, whose comment on Horace, Caspar Barthius owns he perused, but to whom Dacier was willing to sink his obligations, though he also must have seen him, has out done the French critic in what he writes of Tibullus, “Fuit hic Albius” (says this uncommon genius) “eques Romanus, qui primus in amatorio carmine habetur: eum per ironiam irridet Horatius, quasi rem bene gesserit, cum in juvena omnia prodegerit, et postea versibus victum quaesiverit. Ergo ubi eum laudat, se innuit Horatius; ubi vituperat se, & Epicurum nominat, Albius intelligit, quem ridendum ait quod prodegerit omnia, jam nihil habens, quo, ut solebat, cutem curare posset: quod vero ait

Di tibi divitias dederint, &c.

manifesta ironia est, nam Epicuri non credentes deos habere curam rerum humanarum, omnia prodigunt; quod postquam factum est omnibus fuit ridiculi.”

Whence this “semi-priscus Grammaticus” (for so Broekhusius calls him) drew these particulars relating to our poet, is not known: but that Dacier should adopt them, is matter of wonder; as, in all probability, the Frenchman had read Tibullus's panegyric §, which plainly shows that the diminution of his fortune was not owing to his own intemperance. And if the grammarian had perused his elegies || with ever so little attention, he would have seen, that Tibullus was rather religious than otherwise, and by no means an Epicurean, at least in belief.

But, say some critics, who have too thoughtlessly embraced this opinion, does not Horace confirm it, where he tells us, that his father warned him, when a young man, from pursuing

* Lib. i. Ep. 4.

† Voyez ses notes sur l'Horace, lib. i. ep. 4.

‡ Casp. Barth. Adversar. lib. xxxvii. cap. 19.

§ ————— quamois

Fortuna, ut mos est illi, me adversa fatiget.

And some lines lower,

————— nam cura novatur,

Quum memor antea quos semper dolor admovent annos.

Sed licet asperiora cadant, spoliisque relicti.

Lin. 190.

|| Book i. El. 1, 3, 8, II.

extravagant courses, by setting before his eyes the infamy and miserable life of Albius,

Nonne vides Albi ut male vivat filius?

To make this objection decisive, the critics must first prove, that there were no other Albiuses in Rome than the father of Tibullus; which, by the way, is false: and then they must show, that this infamous and indigent son of Albius's was our poet; which cannot be done, especially as we know that he died a knight, and of course was worth upwards of three thousand pounds sterling.—There are also innumerable passages in his elegies *, which prove, that he was by no means in distressed circumstances, though less wealthy than his ancestors. Again, is it to be imagined, that the rich and generous Messala would have suffered so fine a genius, and one whom he regarded so much, to have been distressed by his creditors? And, to crown all, as Tibullus was confessedly some years younger than Horace, with what propriety could Horace's father propose Tibullus as an example not to be followed by his son?

When such were the friends of Tibullus, and his poetical abilities had long since obtained him universal applause, he could have found no difficulty in getting admission to the learned court of Augustus. How then, ask the commentators, has it come to pass, that he never once mentions either that emperor, or Mæcenas, both whom his brother poets celebrated with such a lavishness of praise? And yet, add they, there are many parts of his writings where these patrons of genius might have been introduced with uncommon propriety?

True to the principles of the republic, and a real friend to the liberties of the people, Tibullus never could prevail upon himself to flatter those, whatever affection they expressed for the muses, whom his principles taught him to detest as the enslavers of his country.

This, as Pope emphatically expresses it, “kept him sacred from the great,” who, doubtless, perceived with secret displeasure (for Augustus and Mæcenas well knew the importance of having the poets on their side), that no loss of fortune, and no allurements of ambition, could induce Tibullus to join in the general chorus of their praise. Although both the emperor and his favourite must in their hearts have applauded our poet's integrity; yet that mental applause, in all probability, would not have secured Tibullus from the effects of their displeasure, had it not been for the interest which he had with Messala.

Besides Messala, Valgius, and Macer, Tibullus mentions Cornutus, Marathus, Titius, and Messalinus. The conjectures of the critics concerning these Romans, are inserted in the notes to the elegies, where their names occur.

Soon after this, Tibullus fell in love with Neæra. It is true, that the elegies he wrote to Neæra.

* See the notes on the first elegy of the first book, and on the first and third elegy of the second.

æra, in every edition of our poet, follow those, in which he celebrates Nemesis: yet as Ovid (who could not well be mistaken in what related to one whom he regarded so much as Tibullus) says that Nemesis was his last mistress, and as it is probable that the fifth elegy of the second book (our poet being then certainly very fond of Nemesis) was written between the years 732 and 734, when Augustus wintered in Samos, that is, a short time before our poet's death, we suppose, although the learned gentleman who favoured the author with the notes marked B, is of a different opinion, that Neæra was the third object of his affections.

Fabricius conjectures, from her name, that she was a woman of the town; Neæra, in the declension of the Roman empire, being a synonymous term for a courtesan*: but Fabricius should have considered that Tibullus wrote in the Augustan age. Besides, it appears from Homer†, from Valerius Flaccus‡, and from an old marble statue preserved by Pignoriuss§, that women of the first rank, and most unsuspected modesty, were called by that name. Without, however, these authorities, Tibullus himself screens this favourite from the imputation of libertinism, by bestowing on her the epithet *casta*||: He also characterises her parents, as people of virtue and fortune.

It appears from the second and third elegy of the third book, that Neæra, after a long courtship, having consented to marry Tibullus, was somehow or other forced away from him. This gave our poet an uncommon concern, which was redoubled, when he discovered, that she herself had not only been accessory to her being carried off, but meant also to marry his rival.

Mr. Dart, in his *Life of Tibullus*¶, is of opinion, that Neæra was the same with Glycera. But why, then, does our poet not call her by that name? Besides, if any one will attentively peruse Horace's consolatory ode to our author on the infidelity of Glycera, and compare it with many passages in the third book of Tibullus, he will easily see, that Mr. Dart must be mistaken.

Tibullus, who had hitherto been unsuccessful in his addresses to the fair, was not more fortunate in his last mistress; for, if Nemesis (for so was she called) possessed beauties of mind and person equal to those of Delia and Neæra, her extreme avarice obscured them all. And though Martial** founds Tibullus's chief claim to poetical reputation on the elegies he addressed to that lady,

Fama est arguti Nemesis formosa Tibulli,

* Thus *Isis*, the old glossarist of Prudentius, interprets Neæra by *pellex* and *concubina*.

† *Odys. lib. xii. ver. 133.*

‡ *Argonaut. lib. ii. ver. 141.*

§ *Epist. Symbolic. vid. Reines, Ep. 28.*

|| *Lib. iii. El. 4.*

¶ *P. 20.*

** *Lib. viii. Ep. 73.*

we have our poet's authority for asserting, that they produced no effect upon her.

Whether Nemesis ever abated of her rigour to Tibullus, his elegies do not inform us. It is indeed probable she did, especially since Ovid represents her as sincerely grieved at Tibullus's death, which, according to Marfius, a cotemporary poet, happened soon after that of Virgil:

Te quoque, Virgilio comitem, non æquæ, Tibulle,
Mors juvenem campos misit ad Elysiis:
Ne foret, aut elegis molles qui flecter amores;
Aut caneret forti regia bella pede.

Thee! young Tibullus, to th' Elysian plain
Death bid accompany great Maro's shade;
Determin'd that no poet should remain,
Or to sing wars, or weep the cruel maid.

For Tibullus died either A. U. C. 735, the year of Virgil's death, or the year after, in the forty-fourth or forty-fifth year of his age.

Nor was Marfius the only poet who celebrated this melancholy event: Ovid*, who had no less friendship than admiration for Tibullus, has immortalized both himself and his friend in the following beautiful elegy; which, containing some further particulars relating to our poet, will make a proper conclusion to this life, which, from the scantiness, as well as the little authority of many of the materials, the author is sorry he cannot render more complete.

If Thetis, if the blushing Queen of Morn †,
If mighty goddesses could taste of woe
For mortal sons; come, Elegy forlorn!
Come, weeping dame! and bid thy tresses flow:

Thou bear'st, soft mistress of the tearful eye,
From grief thy name, now name alas too just!
For see thy favourite bard, thy glory lie,
Stretch'd on yon funeral pile, ah! lifeless dust!

See Venus' son, his torch extinguish'd brings,
His quiver all revers'd, and broke his bow;
See pensive how he droops with flagging wings,
And strikes his bared bosom many a blow:

Loose and neglected, scatter'd o'er his neck,
His golden locks drink many a falling tear:
What piteous sobs, as if his heart would break,
Shake his swollen cheek? Ah sorrow too severe!

Memnona si mater, mater ploravit Achillem,
Et tangunt magnas tristitia fata deos;
Flebilis indignos, Elegia, solve capillos,
Ah nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit!
Ille tui vates operis, tua fama, Tibullus
Ardet in extracto corpus inane rogo.
Ecce, puer Veneris fert everfamque pharetram,
Et fractos arcus, et sine luce facem.
Adspice, demissis ut eat miserabilis alis;
Pectoraque infesta tundat aperta manu.
Excipiunt sparsi lacrymas per colla capilli,
Oraque singultu concutiente sonant.

* *Lib. iii. El. 8.*

† *Aurora.*

Thus, fair Iulus! for thy godlike fire *,
 'Tis said, he weeping from thy roof withdrew:
 Nor deeper mourn'd the queen of soft desire †,
 When the grim boar her lov'd Adonis slew.

And yet we bards are fondly call'd divine,
 Are sacred held, the gods' peculiar care:
 There are, that deem us of th' ethereal line,
 That something of the Deity we share.

But what can death's abhorred stroke withstand?
 Say what so sacred he will not profane?
 On all the monster lays his dusky hand,
 And poets are immortal deem'd in vain.

Thee, Orpheus, what avail'd thy heavenly fire?
 Thy mother-muse, and beast-inchanting song?
 The god for Linus swept his mournful lyre,
 And with a father's woes the forests rung.

Great Homer see, from whose eternal spring
 Pierian draughts the poet train derive,
 Nor he could 'scape the fell remorseless king ‡,
 His lays alone the greedy flames survive.

Still live the work of ages, Ilion's fame,
 And the slow web by nightly craft unwove:
 So Nemesis shall live, and Delia's name;
 This his first passion, that his recent love.

Now what avails, ye fair! each holy rite,
 Each painful service for your lover paid?
 Recluse and lonely that you pass'd the night?
 Or sought th' Egyptian cymbal's fruitless aid?

When partial fate thus tears the good away,
 (Forgive, ye just! th' involuntary thought)
 I'm led to doubt of Jove's eternal sway,
 And fear that gods and heaven are words of
 nought.

Fratris in Æneæ sic illum funere dicunt
 Egressum tectis, pulcher Jule, tuis.
 Nec minus est confusa Venus moriente Tibullo,
 Quam juveni rupit, cum ferus inguen aper.
 At sacri vates, et divum cura vocatur:
 Sunt etiam, qui nos numen habere putent.
 Scilicet omne sacrum mors importuna profanat:
 Omnibus obscuras injicit illa manus.
 Quid pater Ismario, quid mater profuit, Orpheo?
 Carmine quid victas obstupuisse feras?
 Ælinon in sylvis idem pater, Ælinon, altis
 Dicitur invitâ concinuisse Lyriâ.
 Adspice Mæonidem, à quo, ceu fonte perenni,
 Vatum Piæriti ora rigantur aquis;
 Hunc quoque summo dies nigro submersit Averno;
 Effugiunt avidos carmina sola rogos.
 Durat opus vatium Trojani fama laboris,
 Tardaque nocturno tela retexta dolo.
 Sic Nemesis longum, sic Delia nomen habebit,
 Altera cura recens, altera primus amor.
 Quid nunc sacra juvant? quid nunc Ægyptia
 profunt?
 Sistra? quid in vacuo secubuisse toro?
 Cum rapiant mala fata bonos, (ignoscite fasso)
 Sollicitor nullos esse putare Deos.

* Æneas.

† Venus.

‡ Pluto.

Live pious, you must die: religion prize,
 Death to the tomb will drag you from the fane:
 Confide in verse; lo! where Tibullus lies!
 His all a little urn will now contain!

Thee, sacred bard! could then funereal fires
 Snatch from us? on thy bosom durst they feed?
 Not fanes were safe, not Jove's refulgent spires*,
 From flames that ventur'd on this impious deed.

The beauteous queen that reigns in Eryx towers,
 From the sad sight averts her mournful face;
 There are, that tell of soft and pearly showers—
 Which down her lovely cheeks their courtes
 trace.

Yet better thus, than on Phæacia's strand,
 Unknown, unpitied, and unseen to die:
 His closing eyes here felt a mother's hand,
 Her tender hands each honour'd rite supply.

His parting shade here found a sister's care,
 Who sad attends, with tresses loose and torn:
 The fair he lov'd his dying kisses share,
 Nor quit the pyre afflicted and forlorn.

"Farewel, dear youth!" thus Delia parting cry'd,
 "How blest the time, when I inspir'd the lay?"
 "You liv'd, were happy; every care defy'd,
 "While I possess'd your heart, untaught to stray."

To whom thus Nemesis, in scornful mood,
 "Mine was the loss, then why art thou distress'd?"
 "Me, only me with parting life he view'd;
 "My hand alone with dying ardour press'd †."

Vive pius; moriere pius: cole sacra; colentem
 Mors gravis à templis in cava busta trahet.
 Carminibus confide bonis; jacet ecce Tibullus,
 Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit.
 Tene, sacer vates, flammæ rapuere rogales?
 Pectoribus pasci nec timuere tuis?
 Aurea sanctorum potuissent templa deorum
 Urere, quæ tantum sustinere nefas.
 Avertit vultus, Erycis quæ possidet arces,
 Sunt quoque, qui lacrymas continuasse negent.
 Sed tamen hoc melius, quam si Phæacia tellus
 Ignotum vili subposuissent humo.
 Hic certè manibus fugientes pressit ocellos
 Mater; & in cineres ultima dona tulit:
 Hic soror in partem miserâ cum matre doloris
 Venit, inornatas dilaniata comas.
 Cum tuis sua junxerunt Nemesisque, priorque
 Oscula: nec solos destituere rogos.
 Delia discedens, "Felicis," inquit, "amata
 "Sum tibi; vixisti, dum tuus ignis eram."
 Cui Nemesis, "Quid," ait, "tibi sint mea damna
 dolori?
 "Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu."

* The Capitol.

† Alluding ironically to the following passage in the
 first Elegy, which Tibullus there applies to Delia,

Te videam suprema mihi cum venerit hora!

Te teneam moriens deficiente manu!

O may I view thee with life's parting ray!
 And thy dear hand with dying ardor press!

Z z iiij

And yet, if ought beyond this mouldering clay
But empty name and shadowy form remain,
Thou liv'st, dear youth! for ever young and gay,
For ever blest, shalt range th' Elysian plain.

And thou, Catullus! learned gallant mind,
(Fast by thy side thy Calvus will attend)
With ivy wreaths thy youthful temples twin'd,
Shalt spring to hail th' arrival of thy friend.

And Gallus, too profuse of life and blood,
If no sad breach of friendship's law deprive,

Si tamen è nobis aliquid, nisi nomen et umbra,
Restat; in Elysia valle Tibullus erit.

Obyius huic venies hederâ juvenilia cinctus
Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.

Tu quoque (falsum temerati crimen amici)
Sanguinis atque animæ prodige, Galle, tux.

This hand immortal of the blest and good,
Thy shade shall join, if shades at all survive.

Thou, polish'd bard! thy loss though here we
mourn,

Hast swell'd the sacred number of the blest;
Safe rest thy gentle bones within their urn!
Nor heavy press the earth upon thy breast!

His comes ubra tua est; si quæ est modò corporis
umbra;

Auxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios.
Ossa quæta. precor, tutâ requiescite in urnâ;
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.

ELEGIES.

BOOK I.—ELEGY I.

THE glitt'ring ore let others vainly heap,
O'er fertile vales extend th' enclosing mound;
With dread of neighb'ring foes forsake their sleep,
And start aghast at ev'ry trumpet's found.

Me humbler scenes delight, and calmer days;
A tranquil life fair poverty secure!
Then boast, my hearth, a small but cheerful blaze,
And riches grasp who will, let me be poor.

Nor yet be hope a stranger to my door,
But o'er my roof, bright goddess, still preside! 10
With many a bounteous autumn heap my floor,
And swell my vats with must, a purple tide.

My tender vines I'll plant with early care,
And choicest apples, with a skilful hand;
Nor blush, a rustic, oft to guide the share,
Or goad the tardy ox along the land.

Let me a simple swain, with honest pride,
If chance a lambkin from its dam should roam,
Or sportful kid, the little wanderer chide,
And in my bosom bear exulting home. 20

Here Pales I bedew with milky show'rs,
Lustrations yearly for my shepherd pay,
Revere each antique stone bedeck'd with flow'rs,
That bounds the field, or points the doubtful way.

My grateful fruits, the earliest of the year,
Before the rural god shall duly wait.
From Ceres' gifts I'll cull each browner ear,
And hang a wheaten wreath before her gate.

The ruddy god shall save my fruit from stealth,
And far away each little plunderer scare: 30
And you, the guardians once of ampler wealth,
My household gods, shall fill my offerings share.

My num'rous herds, that wanton'd o'er the mead,
The choicest fatling then could richly yield;
Now scarce I spare a little lamb to bleed
A mighty victim for my scanty field.

And yet a lamb shall bleed, while, rang'd around,
The village youths shall stand in order meet,
With rustic hymns, ye gods, your praise resound,
And future crops and future wines entreat. 40

Then come, ye pow'rs, nor scorn my frugal board,
Nor yet the gifts clean earthen bowls convey;
With these the first of men the gods ador'd,
And form'd their simple shape of ductile clay.

My little flock, ye wolves, ye robbers, spare,
Too mean a plunder to deserve your toil;
For wealthier herds the nightly theft prepare;
There seek a nobler prey, and richer spoil.

For treasur'd wealth, nor stores of golden wheat,
The hoard of frugal fires, I vainly call; 50
A little farm be mine, a cottage neat
And wonted couch where balmy sleep may fall.

"What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
"And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast:
"Or hush'd to slumber by the beating rain,
"Secure and happy sink at last to rest."

These joys be mine!—O grant me only these,
And give to others bags of shining gold,
Whose steely heart can brave the boist'rous seas,
The storm wide-wasting, or the stiff'ning cold. 60

Content with little, I would rather stay
Than spend long months amid the war'ry waste:
In cooling shades elude the scorching ray
Beside some fountain's gliding waters plac'd.

O perish rather all that's rich and rare,
The diamond quarry; and the golden vein,
Than that my absence cost one precious tear,
Or give some gentle maid a moment's pain.

With glitt'ring spoils, Messala, gild thy dome,
Be thine the noble task to lead the brave: 70
A lovely foe me captive holds at home,
Chain'd to her scornful gate, a watchful slave.

Inglorious post!—And yet I heed not fame:
Th' applause of crowds for Delia I'd resign:
To live with thee I'd bear the coward's name,
Nor 'midst the scorn of nations once repine.

With thee to live I'd mock the ploughman's toil,
Or on some lonely mountain tend my sheep;
At night I'd lay me on the flinty foil,
And happy 'midst thy dear embraces sleep. 80

What drooping lover heeds the Tyrian bed,
While the long night is pass'd with many a sigh:
Nor softest down with richest carpets spread,
Nor whispering rills, can close the weeping eye.

Of threefold iron were his rugged frame,
Who when he might thy yielding heart obtain,
Could yet attend the calls of empty fame,
Or follow arms in quest of fordid gain.

Unenvy'd let him drive the vanquish'd host,
Thro' captive lands his conquering armies lead;
Unenvy'd wear the robe with gold imbosc'd, 90
And guide with solemn state his foaming steed.

O may I view thee with life's parting ray,
And thy dear hand with dying ardor press:
Sure thou wilt weep—and on thy lover's clay,
With breaking heart, print many a tender kiss;

Sure thou wilt weep—and woes unutter'd feel,
When on the pile thou seest thy lover laid !
For well I know, nor flint, nor ruthless steel,
Can arm the breast of such a gentle maid. 100

From the sad pomp, what youth, what pitying
Returning flow can tender tears refrain ? [fair,
O Delia, spare thy cheeks, thy tresses spare,
Nor give my ling'ring shade a world of pain.

But now while smiling hours the fates bestow,
Let love, dear maid, our gentle hearts unite !
Soon death will come and strike the fatal bow ;
Unseen his head, and veil'd in shades of night.
Soon creeping age will bow the lover's frame,
And tear the myrtle chaplet from his brow :
With hoary locks ill suits the youthful flame, 111
The soft persuasion, or the ardent vow.

Now the fair queen of gay desire is ours,
And lends our follies an indulgent smile :
'Tis lavish youth's to enjoy the frolic hours,
The wanton revel and the midnight broil.

Your chief, my friends, and fellow-soldier, I
To these light wars will lead you boldly on :
Far hence ye trumpets sound and banners fly :
To those who covet wounds and fame be-
gone. 120

And bear them fame and wounds; and riches bear;
There are that fame and wounds and riches
prize.

For me, while I possess one plenteous year,
I'll wealth and meagre want alike despise.

NOTES ON ELEGY I.

IN this beautiful elegy, Tibullus prefers the retirements of a country life, with Delia and a moderate income, to all the honours of war and splendours of fortune.

According to Scaliger, this elegy, though placed the first in the book, was written, in order of time, the last of those inscribed to Delia. The poem itself, however, gives no sanction to this opinion.

Ver. 2. There is a great dispute among editors, whether the original of this line should be read,

Et teneat culti jugera multa soli :

Or,

Et teneat culti jugera magna soli :

The first, however, is the preferable reading, being best supported by MSS. Besides, had it been destitute of that authority, it would still merit that distinction, as Tibullus must either have been unacquainted with agriculture (every Roman acre being two hundred and forty feet long, and as many broad), had he applied *magna* to acres; or have used a superfluous epithet. *Vulp.*

But Brockhufius, although he reads *multa*, has yet proved, that Tully and Valerius Flaccus have used that adjective at least once in the sense of *magna*.

Ver. 6. The word *paupertas* in the original signifies, a mediocrity of fortune; for so Porphyrio interprets it in his Commentary on Horace, L. ii. Ep. 5. And, indeed, it is evident from Cicero, that this was the meaning imposed upon *paupertas* in the Augustan age. From this word, then, those who maintain, that our poet had spent his estate, and was obliged to retire to the country, can derive no support; as indeed the whole of this elegy contradicts that assertion.

Almost all the commentators on Tibullus have

observed, that he abounds in alliterations, and give the original of this line as an instance of it, *Me mea paupertas*, &c.

Nor is Tibullus singular in this; the best poets and orators of the Augustan age were fond of them; and hence these gentlemen conclude, contrary to the opinion of many of the moderns, that alliterations are beautiful in poetry. A sparing use of them, no doubt, adds to the melody of numbers; accordingly Pope, and the best English poets, practise alliteration.

Though Pontanus and others have wrote well on the subject of alliteration, they have not attempted to give a reason for its pleasing the ear. When the same letters begin succeeding words, these run more smoothly off the tongue, as the organs of speech are subjected to a smaller change in pronouncing them. Other causes may perhaps be assigned, but this appears to be the principal.

Ver. 7. The original of this line is variously read by the annotators.

Dum meus assiduus luceat igne focus

is maintained by Brockhufius, &c. while Scaliger and others substitute *exiguus* in the room of *assiduus*; both readings are supported by MS. authority; that, however of Scaliger's is retained as the most poetical.

Ver. 9. The goddess Hope had many temples and public gardens at Rome, for which the reader may consult Alexander Donatus, L. i. Romæ C. 9. L. 2. C. 25. L. 3. C. 13, 18, 23.

Boissard has given an elegant figure of the *specus rusticus*, T. 4. Ant. P. 130.

Ver. 17. Calphurnius, a Sicilian poet of some merit, has a good natured precept somewhat similar to this thought of our poet's.

*Te quoque non pudet, cum ferus ovilia vifes,
Si qua jacebit ovis partu resoluta recenti,*

Hanc humeris portare tuis, natosque repenti
Ferre sinu tremulos, et nondum stare paratos.

Ed. v. ver. 39.

Humanity to brute creatures is the certain indication of a good mind. See an excellent paper on this subject in the *Adventurer*.

Ver. 21. Pales was the goddess of shepherds; some called her *Magna Mater*, and others *Vesta*. The festival instituted in her honour obtained the name of *Palilia*, or *Parilia*, and was celebrated on the eleventh or twelfth of the calends of May, the day that Rome was supposed to have been founded. At this solemnity the shepherds, leaping over bonfires of straw, &c. placed at regular distances, offered to their goddess milk and cakes of miller for the health of their flocks. This ceremony is thus described by Ovid in that wonderful effort of poetical genius his *Fasti*.

Pastor, oves saturas ad prima crepuscula lustra,
Uda prius spargat, virgaque verrat humum.
Frondebis, et fixis decoratur ovilia ramis:
Et tegat ornatas longa corona fores.
Cerulei fiant vivo de Sphure fumi;
Tactaque fumanti sulphure balet Ovis.
Ure maris rores, tædamque herbæque fabinas;
Et crepet in mediis laurus adusta focis.
Libaque de Milio Milii fiscella sequatur:
Rustica præcique quo dea læta cibo est.
Adde dapes, mulctramque suas: dapibusque re-
fectis
Silvicolam tepido lacte precare palen.
Consule, dic, pecori pariter, pecorisque magistris:
Effugiat stabulis noxa repulsa meis.

L. iv. v. 735.

Thus we see that the fumigations used upon this occasion were sovereign for diseases of the skin.

Ver. 22. The original of this line has greatly puzzled the commentators: some of them understanding by "*Pastorem meum*," Pan, and others, "*Apollo nomius*." The true interpretation, however, seems to be that which is given in the translation. See notes to *El. v. b. 2*.

Ver. 23. We see from this passage, that a kind of adoration was paid to a stone, or a trunk of a tree, which divided the Roman lands. They perfumed them with essences, crowned them with flowers, and sacrificed round them in the month of February. They were shaped into odd figures, and called "*Panes Agrestes*;" as those which pointed out the road had the name of "*Compitalis*" bestowed on them.

The god *Terminus* of the Latins, or *Ζεύς ἱερὸς* of the Greeks, had no animals sacrificed to him; because, as Plutarch observes in his *Ρωμαϊκὰ*, he prevented broils, and of course bloodshed, among neighbours.

By the laws of Numa, if any person drove his plough into his neighbour's field, both he and his oxen were accursed.

According to Arnobius, the Arabians and Peshennitians paid divine worship to shapeless unformed stones; and if Regnard is to be credited, the Laplanders at this day deify any large stone

they meet with, provided it has any thing extraordinary in its figure. These people probably have neither painters nor statuaries among them.

Ver. 26. Commentators are not a little divided in their opinions, who the "*Deus Agricola*" of the original was. According to Broekhusius the poet meant *Vertumnus*; and, it must be confessed, the husband of *Pomona* has a better right to this place than any other of the sylvan gods, whom the critics have recommended. See a beautiful description of this ancient Tuscan deity in *Propertius*, *Lib. iv. El. 2*.

Ver. 29. For *Priapus*, any of the common books of mythology may be consulted.

Ver. 30. Gëbhardus, on MS. authority, (for what absurdities have not librarians committed?) reads,

Terreat ut scævas falce Priapes aves.

Which he interprets by birds of bad omen; not reflecting, that birds of good omen were no less destructive to fine fruit (the keeping of which was the province particularly assigned to *Priapus*), than his "*aves sinistrae*."

Ver. 32. The *Lares* were the offspring of the nymph *Lara*, whom Mercury ravished as he was conducting her to the Stygian lake, whither Jupiter had banished her for blabbing his amours.

Fitque gravis, Geminisque parit qui compita servant,

Et vigiles nostra semper in Æde Lares.

Fest.

They therefore had worship paid them in the houses, particularly of husbandmen and in the highways; and their festival was called "*Compitalitii*," *Compitalitia*," or "*Compitalia*." At these, the images of men and women made of wool were suspended, with as many balls also of wool, as there were slaves in the family, and as many "*simulacra perfecta*" as there were children. By this hanging in effigy, the ancients imagined, the *Lares* would be bribed (so true is it, that fear is the parent of Polytheism) to spare the living.

These deities were made of wood, stone, or marble, according to the wealth or superstition of the votary; and were either public or private. The former were those that watched over the safety of the whole, while the private only superintended a family. Both were clothed in a dog's skin, and sometimes had the head of a dog clapped upon human shoulders. Their common figure, however, was a grotesque "*caricatura*" of a man's countenance. Vid. *Boxhorn's Quest. Romanæ*, *P. 31*. The place where the household gods stood was called *Lararium*. At first the only offerings made them were fruits, wine, and frankincense, but in time both lambs and hogs were sacrificed to them. They generally wore a chaplet of flowers; and when young gentlemen put on the "*toga virilis*" they dedicated to them their "*bullæ*;"

Bullaque succinctis laribus donata pependit.

Ver. 41. This simplicity in the worship of the gods, which Numa introduced, and which suited

the poverty of the primeval times, continued in practice till Paganism was lost in Christianity.

Vid. Valer. Maxim. L. iv. C. 4. at the end.

Ver. 52. Scaliger reads,

—et folo membra levare toro.

Supposing that our poet had only one bed left him, "Solum sibi superesse torum." But however exactly this circumstance may correspond with many of the modern inhabitants of Parnassus, yet the whole of this elegy shows, that our Roman knight was by no means so reduced; and indeed, as Broekhusius remarks, all the MSS. and best editions, read,

Solito membra levare toro.

Not a casual bed, such as campaigners must often put up with, but an accustomed fixed place of rest; such as the poet of Verona describes in the following beautiful lines, addressed, upon his return from Bithynia, to the Peninsula Sirmio, on which he had a villa.

O quid solutis est heatius curis?

Quum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino

Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,

Desideratoque adqueiescimus lecto.

Hoc est, quod unum est, quo laboribus tantis.

Cat. Carm. 29.

Those only can perceive the full force of this observation who have experienced it. Ovid, in his banishment, knew and lamented the want of a "consuetus lectus."

Non hæc in nostris, ut quondam scribimus hortis,

Nec consuecte meum lectule corpus habes.

Trist. L. i. El. 10.

And again,

Tam procul ignotis igitur moriemur in oris,

Et fient ipso tristitia fata loco?

Nec mea consuecto languescunt corpora lecto?

Deposuit nec me, qui fleat, ullus erit?

Trist. L. iii. El. 3. Broekhusius.

[*Quam juvat, &c.*] The translator finding this passage so well rendered by the late Mr. Hammond, has taken the liberty to adopt it. The commentators say, that Tibullus borrowed this thought of rain assisting slumber from Sophocles; but could not our poet have observed, that rain, falling on the roof of a house, would compose to sleep, without having been obliged to that tragic poet for the observation? Antonius Musa, who did such honour to physic at Rome, cured Mæcenas of a three years watchfulness by the falling of water; and physicians at this day experience the soporific qualities of such a device; or of the sea breaking at a distance upon the shore.

Ver. 60. After the original of this line, Scaliger and Broekhusius place,

Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hoste:

Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugent.

Which they explain by the extraordinary duties, especially in the night-time, that soldiers undergo

in the neighbourhood of an enemy. It must be owned, that these lines fall in here very naturally; yet, as most editions rank them immediately after,

Et teneat culti jugera multa foli.

Lin. 2.

my friend has translated them in that place.

Ver. 61. The original of this line greatly perplexed the critics, till Joannes Brodæus first saw, that a second "non" before "contentus" was wanting. Manutius, in his commentary on Cicero's Familiar Epistles, and Muritus, in his *Lectiones*. Var. L. 10. produce many instances of this mode of writing from the best antiquity. *Broekb.*

Ver. 63. In this, and some of the following stanzas, Tibullus represents that secure tranquillity of a country life, which innocence of mind bestows only on those, who live according to the laws of nature. "Neque enim facile," adds Broekhusius, "impurus quisvis solitudini se committat, sub arborum umbra somnulum capturus in molli gramine. Hæret intus sempiterna scelerum comes mala conscientia."

—Non siculæ dapes

Dulcem elaborabunt saporem, &c.

Lib. iii. Od. 1.

Nor dainties force his pall'd desire,

Nor chant of birds, nor vocal lyre,

To him can sleep afford;

Heart-soothing sleep, which not disdains

The rural lot, or humbler swains,

And shady rivers fair;

Or Tempe's ever-blooming spring,

Where zephyrs wave the balmy wing,

And fan the buxom air.

Francis.

"Ut præclare Horatius noster, ille optimus ille certissimus vivendi magister. Hanc sibi nunc vivendi rationem sequendam Tibullus proponit, æquissimo animo relinquens beatæ fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ, qua quidem vita nihil convenientius sapientiæ studiosis, et mularum sacerdotibus, bonæque mentis candidatis." But this opinion of Broekhusius may be disputed; for, though a country solitude is necessary for the perfecting works of genius, yet the town is the best school for those who would excel in descriptions of human life.

Ver. 69. *Messala.*] This great soldier, patriot and critic (of whom so much has been said in Tibullus's Life) was in a high degree of favour with Tully; and though Mæcenas has been more praised by the poets than Messala, the historians show us, that our poet's friend was both a greater and better man than the favourite of Augustus. See the notes to El. 3. and El. 8. of the first book.

If the authority of Virgil is to be depended upon, the Romans derived the custom of adorning their houses with hostile spoils from the remotest antiquity. *Æn.* 7. ver. 183. And indeed it is natural to imagine, where the tradition is the chief spring from which the first unlettered nations drew their knowledge of past events, that these marks of conquest were the best authority for the oral historian.

When a Roman sold a house adorned with hostile spoils, either won by himself or his ancestors, the purchaser was not permitted to avail himself of the honour they bestowed, but obliged to take them down.

Ver. 81. The person alluded to in this passage was C. Sossius, who being Prætor when the civil war broke out, was afterwards sent by M. Anthony to command in Syria and Cilicia, when he first subdued the Aradians; and then Antigonius, having formerly butchered a Roman garrison, fled, after his defeat, to Jerusalem, which Sossius soon after took; and using the Jews with no less cruelty than avarice, he bestowed their kingdom on Herod of Ascalon: Neither did Antigonius escape the conqueror, who not only whipped, but crucified and beheaded him. These actions of barbarity, although they disgrace victory, yet procure Sossius the honour of a triumph at Rome, A. U. C. 719.

Broekhusius.

Ver. 89. We see, from this instance (and many such occur in our poet), that elegy, as well as comedy, sometimes raises her voice; and if Tibullus's panegyric had not come down to us, critics, no doubt, would have hence conjectured, that his genius was no less suited to the lofty than the tender subjects of poetry.

Ver. 93. This pathetic circumstance Ovid has applied to Nemesis in his fine elegy on the death of our poet.

Ver. 98. For the funerals of the ancients, see notes to El. ii. book 3.

Of all the methods practised by different nations in their disposal of the dead, the custom of the Calatian Indians, as Herodotus relates it, is the most extraordinary. Darius, says that elegant historian, having one day asked some of his Grecian subjects, what sum would induce them to eat their deceased parents (*τους πατέρας αποθνήσκοντας κατασισιέσθαι*), they instantly replied, that no bribe should ever make them do so horrid an action. Upon this, the same monarch, in the presence of the Greeks too, demanding, by an interpreter of some Calatian Indians, how much money they would take not to eat, for that was their custom (*ὅτι τοὺς γονεῖς κατασισιέουσιν*), but to burn their dead parents; he

was entreated, with loud and earnest exclamations, not to compel them to do a deed which for ever must destroy their peace of mind! So justly, adds the historian, does Pindar call custom the sovereign of all. *νόμον πάντων βασιλῆα*. Herod. Thal. C. 38.

Ver. 103. Those who indulged an immoderate grief for their deceased friends, were supposed by the ancients to injure their manes, and therefore Cornelia entreats her husband, Paulus the censor,

Define, Pauli, meum lacrymis urgere jecuricrum.

Propert. L. 4. E. 11.

And Lucian, in his excellent discourse on mourning (*πρὸς πένθους*), makes a departed youth thus answer the frantic sorrowings of his father, *ὦ κακὸδαίμων ἀνδρῶπι τι κτελέργας*, &c. Unhappy mortal why do you thus lament aloud? Why do you cause me so much pain? Cease to tear your hair and wound your face, I am far more fortunate than you. Why then do you call me names, and term me wretched?

Ver. 104. Turnebus was the first who explained this passage. The poet, though an enemy to extravagant grief, expected that Delia would show a tender concern when he died. *Broekhusius.*

Ver. 111. That pleasant versifier Malherbe, thus addresses the muses,

Quand le Sang bouillant en mes veines
Me donnoit de jeunes desirs
Tantot vous soupiriez mes peines
Tantôt vouschantez mes plaisirs:
Mais aujourd'hui que mes années
Vers leur fin s'en vont terminées,
Sercit il bien a mes écrits
D' Ennuyer les races futures
Des ridicules aventures
D'un Amoureux en cheveux gris?

The reader may see the miseries of an old man's falling in love well described in the elegies commonly imputed to Virgil's friend, the famous Cornelius Gallus. These elegies are a modern composition, the work of one Longinus Maximian a physician.

ELEGY II.

WITH wine, more wine, my recent pains deceive,
Till creeping slumber send a soft reprieve:
Asleep, take heed no whisper stirs the air,
For wak'd, my boy, I wake to heart-felt care.
Now is my Delia watch'd by ruthless spies,
And the gate, bolted, all access denies.
Relentless gate! may storms of wind and rain,
With mingled violence avenge my pain!

May forked thunders, hurl'd by Jove's red hand,
Burst every bolt, and shatter every band! 19
Ah no! rage turns my brain; the curse recal;
On me, devoted, let the thunder fall!
I then recollect my many wreaths of yore,
How oft you've seen me weep, insensate door!
No longer then our interview delay,
And as you open let no noise betray,

In vain I plead!—Dare then my Delia rise!
 Love aids the dauntless, and will blind your spies!
 Those who the godhead's soft behests obey,
 Steal from the pillows unobserv'd away;
 On tiptoe traverse unobserv'd the floor;
 The key turn noiseless, and unfold the door:
 In vain the jealous each precaution take,
 Their speaking fingers assignments make.
 Nor will the god impart to all his aid;
 Love hates the fearful, hates the lazy maid;
 But through fly windings, and unpractis'd ways,
 His bold night-errants to their wish convey:
 For those whom he with expectation fires,
 No ambush frightens, and no labour tires;
 Sacred the dangers of the dark they dare,
 No robbers stop them, and no braves scare.
 Though wint'ry tempests howl, by love secure,
 The howling tempest I with ease endure:
 No watching hurts me, if my Delia smile,
 Soft turn the gate, and beckon me the while.
 She's mine. Be blind, ye rambles of the night,
 Lest angry Venus snatch your guilty sight:
 The goddess bids her votaries joys to be
 From every casual interruption free:
 With prying steps alarm us not, retire,
 Nor glare your torches, nor our names inquire:
 Or if ye know, deny, by Heaven above,
 Nor dare divulge the privacies of love.
 From blood and seas vindictive Venus sprung,
 And sure destruction waits the blabbing tongue!

Nay, should they prate, you, Delia, need not fear;
 Your lord (a forcerefs swore), should give no ear!
 By potent spells the cleaves the sacred ground,
 And shuddering spectres wildly roam around!
 I've seen her rear the planets from the sky!
 Seen lightning backward at her bidding fly!
 She calls! from blazing pyres the corse de-
 scends,

And, re-enliven'd, clasps his wondering friends!
 The fiends the gathers with a magic yell,
 Then with aspersions frights them back to hell!
 She wills,—glad summer gilds the frozen pole!
 She wills,—in summer wint'ry tempests roll!
 She knows ('tis true), Medea's awful spell!
 She knows to vanquish the fierce guards of hell!
 To me she gave a charm for lovers meet,
 ("Spit thrice, my fair, and thrice the charm re-
 peat.")

Us, in soft dalliance should your lord surprize;
 By this impos'd on he'd renounce his eyes!
 But blefs no rival, or th' affair is known;
 This incantation me befriends alone.
 Nor stopp'd she here; but swore, if I'd agree,
 By charms or herbs to set thy lover free.
 With dire lustrations she began the rite!
 (Serenely shone the planet of the night)
 The magic gods she call'd with hellish sound,
 A sable sacrifice disdain'd the ground—
 I stopp'd the spell: I must not, cannot part:
 I begg'd her aid to gain a mutual heart.

NOTES ON ELEGY II.

THE foregoing poem was written by Tibullus upon his being disappointed in getting admittance to the apartments of Delia.

Ver. 7. It was customary with the Roman lovers to address the gates of their mistresses: Many instances of this occur in the elegiac poets.

Ver. 13. This kind of gallantry was much practised by the Romans.

At lacrimans exclusus amator limina sæpe
 Floribus, et fectis operit, posteq̃ue superbus
 Ungit amaracyno. *Lucr.*

Meantime excluded, and expos'd to cold,
 The whining lover stands before the gates,
 And there with humble adoration waits;
 Crowning with flow'rs the threshold and the floor,
 And printing kisses on th' obdurate door. *Dryd.*

The Romans decked their doors with garlands upon many public and private occasions.

Ver. 24. The best comment on all this passage, is that elegy of Ovid's which begins

Me spectâ, nutusque mcos, &c.

Ver. 32. The civil wars, as they introduced a general dissoluteness of manners, so they also in-

creased the number of robbers; and we have classical authority for asserting, that Rome, in the age of Cæsar, was as much infested with assassins as modern Italy. Propertius has thus improved upon this passage of our author:

Nec tamen esse quicquam sacros qui lædit amantes
 Scyronis media sic licet ire Via:
 Quisquis Amator erit, Scythicis licet ambulet oris,
 Nemo adeo ut noceat, barbarus esse potest,
 Luna ministrat iter, demonstrant Altra salebras,
 Ipse Amor accensas percudit ante faces.

Lib. iii. El. 16.

Yet, after all, the thoughts of Tibullus appear more just. Mr. Prior has given us the same sentiment, but in a different manner, using mythology with more address than even most of the ancients.

For love, fantastic power, that is afraid
 To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid;
 Undaunted then through cliffs and valleys strays,
 And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways:
 Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
 Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide, be
 blind.

Henry and Emma.

Ver. 36. Broekhusius's note on the original of this passage is so curious, that the reader shall have it in his own words: "Minus recte Turnebus (nam et Turnebus homo fuit) hanc digitorum concrepationem exponit de re, quam facile nulloque negotio adsequimur, et levi quodam velut sono et nutu jubemus et obtemus." Adv. lib. 20. This explanation, adds our commentator, Turnebus confirms by a quotation from Martial, which, however, as Broekhusius sagaciously observes, only intimates the gesture of a person, "matulam poscentis." He then interprets the passage, and his interpretation the translator has adopted.

Ver. 38. This was a punishment supposed to be inflicted on those who beheld, though without design, any deity. The old priests of the "bona Dea," in Propertius, thus addresses Alcides:

Parce oculis, hospes, lucoque age sede verendo,
Cede agedum, et tuta, limina linque, fuga.

Lib. iv. El. 9.

Venus, in the end of the hymn ascribed to Homer, threatens Anchises, if he blabbed their intercourse, to strike him with thunder. The youth, having disregarded this warning, was thus deprived of one of his eyes. See Callimachus' poem intitled the Bath of Diana.

Ver. 49. The first description of a witch to be found in any Latin poet, is that which Virgil has given in his eighth eclogue. Those critics who are fond of tracing resemblances among poets, would be apt to assert, that our author had that passage in his eye; and yet, if it is considered, that popular prejudice imputed those very effects to witchcraft, there is no occasion for supposing that Maro's *Mæris* assisted Tibullus in his description of his "Saga Verax." However dissonant to sound sense and philosophy magical descriptions may be, yet they have an excellent effect in poetry, where admiration is to be excited.

According to Marcellus, "saga," in its primitive meaning, signified "turpis amorum conciliatrix;" and as such bawds used spells and drugs to effectuate their illicit purposes, it came afterwards to be applied to a witch.

The Romans, according to Broekhusius, held magic in the utmost abhorrence. Would the reader view the full force ascribed by the ancients to witchcraft, let him turn to Horace's fifth and seventeenth Epodes. Ovid's Epistle to Hypsipyle, ver. 83. and El. viii. lib. i. and Metamorp. lib. vii. ver. 179. lib. xiv. ver. 43. Propertius, lib. iv. El. v. Seneca's *Medea*, ver. 675. and his *Hercules Cæta*, ver. 454. Lucan, lib. vi. ver. 431. Apuleius, lib. i. ii. iii. of his *Metamorphosis*. Petronius. Claudian, lib. i. in *Rufin*. ver. 146. Silius, lib. viii. ver. 496. Valerius Flaccus, lib. vi. ver. 439. and Nemesianus's fourth Eclogue. But Virgil's description (lib. iv. *Æn.* 487.) of a witch, though comprised in five lines only, is, by Broekhusius, preferred to all the rest.

However the moderns may be obliged in other respects, to yield the poetical palm to the ancients, yet the most bigotted to classical superiority must

confess, that the ancients themselves have been surpassed by us in the poetry of magic. Who, for instance, of the Greek or Roman poets, can be compared with our Shakspeare in this particular? Nay, they might be challenged to produce any magical rites equal in propriety and terror to those we find in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*; a poem from which, if Shakspeare did not transplant many a beauty, Milton certainly did.

Ver. 50. It was believed by the ancients, that magic could raise the manes of the dead, and that those ghosts could certainly inform inquirers concerning future events. Vid. Homer's *Odyssey*, lib. xi. Virgil's *Æn.* vi. Seneca's *Cædip*. Statius, lib. iv. Silius Italicus, lib. xiii. and Valerius Flaccus, lib. i. Nor did the Romans regard necromancy as an infamous or abominable art.

One of the usages practised to make the manes appear, was to shed human blood; and, if Cicero may be credited, (vid. *Interrogat. Vatin.*) the entrails of boys particularly were, on such occasions, offered up.

Ver. 52. Some editors read "fluminis;" and the reading is supported by MS. authority.

Ver. 55. These thoughts are thus assumed by Hammond.

A wizard dame, thy lover's ancient friend,
With magic charms has deaf thy husband's ear;

At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till scarr'd at day they fought their dreary home.

At her command, the vigorous summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year:
At her strong bidding gloomy winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow:
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind;
For me they make a husband nothing know;
For me, and only me, they make him blind.

El. v.

The whole of this fifth elegy of Hammond's is indeed a beautiful imitation of this second of Tibullus.

Ver. 54. The asperision used to send those "inferna catervæ" back to hell was milk; and, if the translator is not mistaken, this is the only passage in the ancient poets where milk is taken notice of as used for this purpose. See note on the second elegy of the third book, for the use of milk at funerals; and elegy sixth of the same book, for its virtue in dispelling diseases, when offered along with blood and wine to the infernal gods.

Ver. 60. The unusual hissing in the original of this line

Sola seros Hecates perdumisse canes,

was probably meant to give the reader a more terrible idea of those fierce attendants of Hecate; and hence the alteration of

Sola feros Hecate, &c.

offered by Brockhusius, seems improper.

Ver. 62. The reader who wants to be informed of the many uses made of spittle in medicine, in magic, in expiations, in averting witchcraft, in omens, and in conciliating love, may consult Pliny the elder, and those commentators whom Brockhusius has quoted. We shall only observe, that the belief of its being a preservative against fascination is very ancient, for Theocritus makes Dametas thus express himself in the sixth Idyl.

ὅς μὴ σάκκανδ' ὄν, σπρὶς σπάρσα εἰς ἱμῶν κλίσπον.

Nor did only the shepherds of Sicily look upon spittle in this light, the Romans believed the same of it. Accordingly, on the day when an infant was named (which for girls was on the eighth, for boys on the ninth, after birth), the grandmother or aunt, moving round in a circle, rubbed, with her middle finger, the child's forehead with spittle, which was hence called "*Lustralis Saliva*."

The number three was of great import in almost all the religious and magical ceremonies of antiquity; for though, as Virgil expresses it, the gods were supposed to be pleased with all odd numbers, yet three was deemed the most pleasing to them. The number four was also of some estimation, as Macrobius, in his Commentary on the *Somn. Scipion*, informs us. *Vid. cap. 5, 6.* Our poet also uses the number four in one of his elegies.

Ver. 63. Ovid, who, without any ceremony, adopts our poet's sentiments, whenever they suit his purpose, has made use of the same argument to an over-vigilant keeper.

*Viderit ipse licet, credet tamen ille neganti
Damnabit oculos, et sibi verba dabit.*

Although it is with great reluctance that men credit any report injurious to the fame of one they love, yet nothing less than a spell was necessary to make a husband deny the testimony of his own senses.

Ver. 69. The lustration mentioned in the original was a torch of pine-tree; to which were added sulphur and bitumen, and, as Brockhusius conjectures, blood. A solemn washing, and the sacrifice of a black lamb, preceded the use of the torch. These ceremonies were also performed on a clear night, "*nocte serena*." The ancients thought them equally powerful either to bind the lover, or free him from the influence of love.

Pontanus and Amaltheus among the moderns, not to mention others, have given us an ample detail of the ceremonies practised on these occasions: but as most of them are unadapted to modern superstition, their accounts show some learning, but little judgment. Ovid laughs at all these ceremonies in his *Remedy of Love*.

Ver. 71. The best list of these deities is to be found in the seventh book of Ovid's *Metamor-*

phosis, ver. 192 and in the two Spanish poets, Seneca, *Med. ver. 140.* and Lucan, *lib. vi. ver. 730.*

Ver. 74. Though this be evidently the conclusion of the elegy, yet some editors have strangely tacked to it,

Ferreus ille fuit,

and the thirteen following lines, which belong to the first elegy. Nor content with this, they have forced

Num veneris magna,

and the seven succeeding verses, from their natural place in the fifth elegy of this book, and have added them to the other transposition. Mr. Dart followed one of these editions.

May it not have been this inaccuracy of editors which induced that great poet, as well as critic, Mr. Dryden, to assert, that Tibullus, in composing, seldom looked farther than the next line; that he rambles from his subject, and concludes with something which is not of a piece with the beginning. Although it is granted, that no man understood the beauties of ancient poetry, and of course could draw the characters of ancient poets, better than Mr. Dryden; yet it is certain, that his sentiments on these subjects were not always the result of mature deliberation. In the general preface to the volume from which the above censure on our author is taken, Mr. Dryden complains of his want of leisure; and, indeed, this is too evident in the quotation above, as the arguments to Tibullus's elegies will show a beginning, a middle, and a conclusion, even more than can be found in Propertius, who yet, according to that critic, had always a plan when he sat down to write.

Let not, however, the reader imagine that this is meant as a censure on Mr. Dryden; that immortal genius had not time to correct his works. But what shall we say of the age which suffered its first pen to be hackneyed through necessity?

However, if Dryden's circumstances are an apology for his little incorrections, Rapin cannot be pardoned on the same account: and yet that critic, who often characterizes books he never read, makes the following observation:

"Je scai, qu'il y a des ouvrages qui doivent par la qualité de leur caractère être écrits d'un air libre sans autre dessein, que celui d'une naïveté naturelle, et sans contrainte, tels que sont les hymnes d'Orphée d'Homère, de Callimachus, tels que sont certaines Odes de Pindare, d'Anacréon, et d'Horace, qui n'ont de règle que l'enthousiasme, tels que sont aussi la plupart des *Elégies* de Tibulle et Propertius; mais il faut avouer, que ce ne sont pas les plus belles, et quand on fait *Reflexions* aux *Elegies* d'Ovide on y trouve toujours un tour secret qui en fait le dessein." What shall one say to all this critical jargon, but that

Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.

Jo. Antonius Vulpius, a lawyer of Bergamo, who published an edition of Catullus, Tibullus,

and Propertius, A. D. I. 10. at Padua, concludes this second elegy with

— nec te posse carere vilim,

as Broekhusius has done; but then he immediate-

ly adds, though without any reason, "Videntus aliqua desiderari. Vulpus observet, that "posse carere" was a Roman colloquial expression, of which he produces two instances from Martial.

ELEGY III.

WHILE you, Messala, plough th' Ægean sea,
O sometimes kindly deign to think of me :
Me, hapless me, Phæacian shores detain,
Unknown, unpitied, and oppress'd with pain.
Yet spare me, death, ah spare me and retire :
No weeping mother's here to light my pyre :
Here is no sister, with a sister's woe,
Rich Syrian odours on the pile to throw :
But chief, my soul's soft partner is not here,
Her locks to loose, and sorrow o'er my bier.

What though fair Delia my return implor'd,
Each fane frequented, and each god ador'd :
What though they bade me every peril brave;
And fortune thrice auspicious omens gave :
All could not dry my tender Delia's tears,
Suppress her sighs, or calm her anxious fears ;
E'en as I strove to minister relief,
Unconscious tears proclaim'd my heart-felt grief :
Urg'd still to go, a thousand shifts I made,
Birds now, now festivals my voyage staid :
Or, if I struck my foot against the door,
Strait I return'd, and wisdom was no more.
Forbid by Cupid, let no swain depart,
Cupid is vengeful, and will wring her heart.

What do your offerings now, my fair, avail ?
Your Isis heed not, and your cymbals fail !
What, though array'd in sacred robes you flood,
Fled man's embrace, and fought the purest flood ?
While this I write, I sensibly decay,—
" Assist me, Isis, drive my pains away :
" That you can every mortal ill remove,
" The numerous tablets in your temple prove :
" So shall my Delia, veil'd in votive white,
" Before your threshold sit for many a night ;
" And twice a day, her tresses all unbound,
" Amid your votaries fam'd, your praises found :
" Safe to my household gods may I return,
" And incense monthly on their altars burn."

How blest man liv'd in Saturn's golden days,
E'er distant climes were join'd by lengthen'd ways.
Secure the pine upon the mountain grew,
Nor yet o'er billows in the ocean flew ;
Then every clime a wild abundance bore ;
And man liv'd happy on his natal shore :
For then no steed to feel the bit was broke,
Then had no steer submitted to the yoke ;
No house had gates, (blest times !) and, in the
grounds

No scanty landmarks parcell'd out the bounds :
From every oak redundant honey ran,
And ewes spontaneous bore their milk to man : 50

No deathful arms were forg'd, no war was wag'd,
No rapine plunder'd, no ambition rag'd.
How chang'd, alas ! Now cruel Jove commands ;
Gold fires the soul, and falchions arm our hands :
Each day, the main unnumber'd lives destroys ;
And slaughter, daily, o'er her myriads joys.
Yet spare me, Jove, I ne'er disown'd thy sway,
I ne'er was perjurd ; spare me, Jove, I pray.

But, if the sisters have pronounc'd my doom,
Inscrib'd be these upon my humble tomb :
" Lo ! here inur'd a youthful poet lies,
" Far from his Delia, and his native skies !
" Far from the lov'd Messala, whom to please
" Tibullus follow'd over land and seas."

Then love my ghost (for love I still obey'd)
Will grateful usher to th' Elysian shade :
There joy and ceaseless revelry prevail ;
There soothing music floats on every gale ;
There painted warblers hop from spray to spray,
And, wildly-pleasing, swell the general lay :
There every hedge, untaught, with cassia blooms,
And scents the ambient air with rich perfumes :
There every mead a various plenty yields ;
There lavish Flora paints the purple fields :
With ceaseless light a brighter Phæbus glows,
No sickness tortures, and no ocean flows ;
But youths associate with the gentle fair,
And stung with pleasure to the shade repair :
With them love wanders where'er they stray,
Provokes to rapture, and inflames the play :
But chief, the constant few, by death betray'd,
Reign, crown'd with myrtle, monarchs of the shade.

Not so the wicked ; far they drag their chains,
By black lakes fever'd from the blissful plains ;
Those should they pass, impassable the gate
Where Cerb'rus howls, grim sentinel of fate.
There snake-hair'd fiends with whips patrol a
round,

Rack'd anguish bellows, and the deeds resound :
There he, who dar'd to tempt the queen of heaven,
Upon an ever-turning wheel is driven :
The Danaids there, still strive huge casks to fill,
But strive in vain, the casks elude their skill :
There Pelop's fire, to quench his thirsty fires,
Still tries the flood, and still the flood retires :
There vultures tear the bow'ls, and drink the gore,
Of Tityus, stretch'd enormous on the shore.
Dread love, as vast as endless be their pain
Who tempt my fair, or with a long campaign.

O let no rival your affections share,
Long as this bosom beats, my lovely fair ! 100

Still on you let your prudent purse attend;
 She'll guard your honour, she's our common friend.
 Her tales of love your forrowings will allay,
 And, in my absence, make my Delia gay:
 Let her o'er all your virgin-train preside,
 She'll praise th' industrious, and the lazy chide.
 But see! on all enfeebling languors creep;
 Their distaffs drop, they yawn, they nod they
 sleep.

Then, if the destinies propitious prove,
 Then will I rush, all passion, on my love: 110
 My wish'd return no messenger shall tell,
 I'll seem, my fair, as if from heaven I fell.
 A soft confusion flushes all your charms,
 Your graceful dithabille my bosom warms, }
 You, Delia, fly and clasp me in your arms.
 For this surprise, ye powers of love, I pray,
 Post on Aurora, bring the rosy day.

NOTES ON ELEGY III.

This elegy was written in a dangerous fit of sickness, which detained our poet in the island of Corfu, anciently called *Phœacia*, and was apparently composed before the second.

*The commentators pretend, that Messala was upon his Syrian expedition at this time; and that Tibullus recovering, followed his patron to Cilicia, Egypt, &c. As this expedition took place A. U. C. 724, Tibullus was then only fourteen years old, if he was born in the consulship of Hirtius and Pansa; but as this is rather too fine an elegy for a boy of that age (and yet Pliny the younger had wrote a Greek tragedy before fifteen years), and as it appears, that he had been for some time in love with Delia; not to mention other arguments which the poem itself affords us, the translator is inclined to join issue with Douza, who places his birth A. U. C. 690, in the consulship of Cicero and of Caius Anthony. Vide the Life.

But whatsoever time this elegy was written, we may apply what Quintilian says of eloquence to this species of writing in particular, "*Pectus est, quod desertos facit.*"

Ver. 1. The original of these lines is quoted by Dr. Trapp, in his chapter on elegy, as an instance of the soothing graces of elegiac complaints, "*Quam jucundus est dolor poeticus,*" (says that critic, prælect. 13.) "*et quanta elegantia querelarum, morbum suum, terra peregrina ægrotus, sic desinet Tibullus.*"

The cohorts mentioned in the text, was Messala's retinue; which must have been very different from that of most modern generals, if made up of such men as Tibullus. But in those days a man was thought the better soldier for cultivating an acquaintance with the muses.

An abhorrence of our dissoluteness was implanted in us by the Author of Nature for the wisest purposes. Even the oldest, and most wretched, are, in general, unwilling to die. But to be snatched away in the bloom of life, and whilst in a foreign country, at a distance from one's relations, especially from a darling mistress, are circumstances peculiarly distressful. Homer, who knew the source of every passion, and could raise them all,

has beautifully inserted many such pathetic strokes in describing the deaths of his heroes: And if his battles make the reader regardless of danger, they also increase his humanity: And although Virgil is surpassed by Homer, in this respect, yet is the lamentation of Euryalus's mother, who had left her father's court to share the fortunes of her son, a masterpiece of the pathetic. Tasso has introduced many beautiful strokes of this kind into his *Il Goffredo*; but none of the modern heroic poets are in this particular to be preferred to the author of *Leonidas*; unless indeed we admit, that Dante's description of Ugolino surpasses any poetical picture of distress to be met with among either the ancients or moderns.

Ver. 14. The original runs thus:

*Ille sacras pueri fortes ter sustulit, illi
 Rettulit e trimis omina certa puer.*

Those who were superstitious, among the ancients, generally consulted the lots before they began any thing of importance. The first words spoken by the virgin in the temple of Juno, were the sortes, in cases of marriage; as the first spoken by a boy in the highway, gave the omen commonly depended upon before a journey was undertaken. An example will better explain this obscure piece of superstition. A lady who was betrothed, went, with a young companion, to the temple of the goddess of marriage, to watch the first words spoken by a woman. Anxiously attentive she seated herself, while the other stood. Two hours having passed, without a word's being uttered, or any body entering, the younger at last said, "My dear I am tired, will you permit me to sit in your chair a little?" These were the first words. The younger accordingly seated herself, and no body coming in, they both went away after having waited some time longer. The betrothed lady soon after died, and the other was married to the bridegroom in her stead.

There were other kind of sortes. The old Scholiast on the fourth Pythian ode of Pindar, tells us, that dice thrown upon a table were used as a lot; and if one particular side turned up, what

they wished would come to pass; but if it did not, their wishes should not be accomplished.

Εν θαλάσσης μὴ τοῦ ἀναχθῆ, ἀποτίλισθησεται, τοῦ ἐν, οὐκ ἀποτίλισθησεται.

Of lots, some were sacred to Apollo, some to Mercury; and they were sometimes to be cast into a deep well or fountain. We see an instance of this in Suetonius's Life of Tiberius, cap. 14. and Dempster in his Notes on Rosinus, informs us, that those who had success in this kind of divination, often bestowed gifts upon the fountain. See Pliny, Lib. viii. Ep. 8.

At Præneste was a temple, erected to fortune, where devotees used often to repair in order to have their future adventures told them. This temple was very magnificent, which made Cæneades say, "He never had seen fortune more fortunate than at Præneste." In that temple the lots were blended together, thrown into an olive chest or urn, and drawn by a boy. This is probably the species of divination alluded to here by our poet.

Ver. 21. The striking the foot against the threshold, at the first going abroad, was, by the ancients, reputed a bad omen; and is one of the pretexts our poet used in order to delay his departure. The superstitious among ourselves have many as foolish observances.

Ver. 26. Jupiter, in one of Lucian's dialogues commands Mercury to hasten to the Nemean forest, there to destroy Argus, which done, he was to wait to over sea to Ægypt, and there make an Isis of her, Εἰς ἑκτοῖς ἐκεί, καὶ τὸν Νείλου ἀναγῆναι καὶ τοὺς ἀνέμους ἀποσιμῶσαι, καὶ τοῖς αἰῶνι τοῖς πλοῖσι. "Sit illis Dea, Nilumque attollat, et ventos immittat et navigantes fervet." The same witty author also informs us, that the Egyptians not only used to call their larger ships by the name of Isis, for good-luck's sake, but also to have statues of this tutelary deity placed in the stern and forecable of their vessels. Vid. his piece intitled, πλοῖον ἡ ἰσχυαί. This shows the propriety of Delia's addressing Isis to protect Tibullus in the voyage he was about to make.

Gruterus has transmitted to us the figure, &c. of a marble altar, dedicated to Isis, to which Brockhufius was obliged for the form he has given us of an Ægyptian Sistrum or Cymbal. Apuleius has described this instrument, Lib. 3. of his Metam.

Ver. 28. In the mysteries of Isis, it was customary for the votary to lie alone several nights successively. This custom Propertius rails at.

Tristia jam redeunt iterum solennia nobis,

Cynthia jam noctes est operata decem;

At utinam Nilo percat quæ sacra tepente

Misit matronis Inachis, aufonii!

Quæ Dea tam cupidos toties divisit amantes,

Quæcunque illa fuit, semper amara fuit.

Dart.

Ver. 32. Those who had escaped shipwreck, or any dangerous fit of sickness, usually hung up, in the temple of Isis, tablets, on which, say authors was described the manner of their deliverance:

TRANS. II.

But Brockhufius is of opinion, that, as sailors dedicated to Isis a representation in paint of the danger they had escaped; so those who recovered from any dangerous disease, by the assistance of Isis, suspended, on the walls of her temple, tablets, whereon was represented the form of the organ that had been principally affected, without any mention of the remedies used. Thus the old poet in the Priapeia has it.

Cur pictum memori fit in tabella
Membrum quæritis, &c.

Besides this, among the many votive inscriptions to Isis for health recovered, which Gruterus and others have preserved, we meet with no mention of the applications or medicines supposed to have been successful.

It is, however, an odd tradition, that Hippocrates was indebted to such tablets, in a temple in the island of Cos, for the best part of the Coacæ Prænotiones. Could this be proved, it would show, that great good may sometimes spring from superstition.

In Popish countries, many figures of wax, silver, &c. are at this day to be seen on the walls of their churches, chapels, &c.

Ver. 33. As the goddess herself was clothed in white linen; so those who returned her thanks for their own, or friends, recovery from sickness, were always veiled in the same manner, and sat on the ground before the porch of the temple. Her priests had their heads shaved, and also wore linen surplices. Hence they were called "Lingeri." See Martial's humorous epigram on that subject, Lib. ii. Ep. 29. Apuleius, in the eleventh book of his Metamorphosis, has given the fullest account of the worshippers of Isis.

Ver. 35. From the words "pharia turba," a great critic, as Brockhufius informs us, conjectured, that Messala attended Augustus Cæsar in his Ægyptian expedition against Mark Anthony. But the epithet "pharia" which is every where appropriated to Isis, and her worship, deceived him.

Ver. 39. Ovid has imitated the whole of this passage in the beautiful elegy, which he sent to Corinna upon her going abroad. Lib. ii. El. 11.

No poet, either ancient or modern, has surpassed Tibullus in his description of the golden age; yet how different that age was from the picture given us of it by Tibullus, the great rural and philosophical poet informs us in his Autumn,

Corruption still,

Voracious, swallow'd what the lib'ral hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;
And still the sad Barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or, for his acorn meal,
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast and comfortless! when the bleak north,
With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain and snow, and bitter-breathing frost;
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild fordid season pin'd away.

S. A.

For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love and joy, and peace and plenty, where
Supported and supporting, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt;
E'en desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark and unenjoy'd along,
A waste of time!

Ver. 65. This description of Elysium is not so poetical as may at first sight be imagined; since even the philosophers have painted that happy residence of the blessed in as lively colours. *Broekhus.*

Upon turning to the passage in Plutarch (*Consol. ad Apollon.*) cited by Broekhusius in defence of this censure, we were not a little astonished to find that excellent philosopher, borrowing the whole of his description of Elysium from Pindar's second Olympian ode; which, as it is one of the finest passages in the old Theban, we shall here transcribe.

ισον δε νυκτισιν αι-
σα δ' εν ἀμφοις κλι-
ον εχοντες, απαντησιν
εσθλαι νιμονται βιο-
τον, η χθονα παρασσου-
σις αλλα χειρων
ωδε ποντιον υδωρ
καιναν παρα διαιταν, αρ-
λια παρ μιν τιμαιοις
θιων οισινης εχαι-
ρον ευφροαις
αδακρυν νιμονται
αισας, &c.

And especially in the succeeding antistrophe.

ενθα μακαρον
γαπον Ωκιδανιδης
αυραι περιπλουσιν, &c.

Which passages are thus translated by the late Dr. West, in his admirable version of Pindar.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus, with an equal ray,
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day.

In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ:
Then no uneasy wants constrain
To vex th' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil,
A frail disastrous being to maintain.

But, in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of justice they receive;
And, in the fellowship of gods,
Without a fear eternal ages live.

Again, in the antistrophe, he says, that the good who have been three times purified in as many successive transmigrations, &c. become then qualified to enter the fortunate islands, where

Fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the blest island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain,

Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears;

Trees, from whose flaming branches flow,
Array'd in golden bloom, refulgent beams;
And flow'rs of golden hue that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams;

These by the blest in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolled hands and clustering locks adorn,

But beautiful as this description is, it does not surpass that which Homer has given in the fourth *Odyssey*, line 564, which, as Mr. Spence justly observes, is the only passage where that father of poetry describes the regions of the blest. But to finish this long note, we shall only remark, that, as these last mentioned pictures of Elysium are suited to their different places, or the poems in which they appear, so is that of our poet appropriated to the elegiac muse; Dr. Trapp accordingly quotes it for its uncommon beauty. *Prælect.* 13.

Ver. 83. The first poetical description of hell is to be found in Homer; and though all the succeeding epic poets of antiquity have, in imitation of their great father, sent their heroes to visit those regions of woe, none of them have improved the original.

But although Homer's hell surpasses the hell of the ancients, it cannot however be compared with many passages in the *Inferno* of that great original poet Dante. Milton perhaps has not outdone him.

Voltaire's hell is as little terrible, as his *Masfacc* of St. Bartholomew is unaffectedly told.

Ver. 26. Mythologists place a hundred hissing serpents round the head and neck of Cerberus, whom they also equip with the tail of a dragon.

Ver. 89. As the poet meant, not only to keep off every one from laying siege to his mistress, but also to preserve her constant in his absence; he has selected, from the amours of mythology, some incidents very proper to his purpose.

Yet the whole of this description is liable to the censure which Lucan, in his admirable *Treatise* on the Manner of writing History, passes on Parthenius, Euphorion, and Callimachus, who, wandering from their main subject, spend, according to that witty critic, many words in describing impertinences; but as the whole passage is admirable, the reader will not probably be displeased to see it translated.

You must be particularly cautious, how you launch out in describing mountains, rivers, and fortifications; lest, by an ostentatious display of eloquence, you entirely drop the thread of your history; whenever, therefore, perspicuity demands that the reader should, in some degree, be informed of such circumstances, let your description of them be comprised in as few words as possible. On occasions like these, place Homer before your eyes, who, though a poet, yet, in his account of hell, passes slightly over Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, and the rest: all which particulars, were they to be described by Parthenius, Euphorion, or even Callimachus, what a profusion of verses would be employed in bringing the water to the lips of

Tantalus, and in turning round the wheel of
Ixion?

The more judicious among the ancients saw,
that under the fables of Tantalus, &c. were re-
presented the torments of an evil conscience. See

Macrobius's sensible Commentary on the *Somnium*
Scipionis.

Ver. 109. This is one of those thoughts, which,
as Horace happily expresses it, Venus has imbued
with a fifth part of her nectar.

ELEGY IV.

Poet.

So round, my god, may shady coverings bend,
No sun-beams scorch thy face, no snows offend!
Whence are the fair so proud to win thy heart,
Yet rude thy beard, and guiltless thou of art?
Naked thou stand'st, expos'd to wintry snows!
Naked thou stand'st when burning Sirius glows!
Thus I—and thus the garden-power reply'd,
A crooked sickle glittering by his side.

Priapus.

Take no repulse—at first what though they fly!
O'ercome at last, reluctance will comply. 10
The vine in time full ripen'd clusters bears,
And circling time brings back the rolling spheres:
In time soft rains through marble sap their way,
And time taught man to tame fierce beasts of prey.
Nor aw'd by conscience meanly dread to swear;
Love-oaths, unratified, wild tempests bear!
Banish then scruples, if you'd gain a heart;
Swear, swear by Pallas' locks, Diana's dart;
By all that's most rever'd—if they require:
Oaths bind not eager love, thank heaven's good
Sire! 20

Nor be too slow; your slowness you'll deplore;
Time passes; and, oh! youth's raptures soon are o'er:
Now forests bloom, and purple earth looks gay;
Bleak winter blows, and all her charms decay:
How soon the fleet to age's stiffness yields,
So late a victor in th' Olympic fields?
I've seen the aged oft lament their fate,
That senseless they had learnt to live too late.
Ye partial gods, and can the snake renew
His youthful vigour and his burnish'd hue? 30
But youth and beauty past; is art in vain
To bring the coy deserters back again?

Poet.

Jove gives alone the powers of wit and wine,
In youth immortal, spite of years to shine.

Priapus.

Yield prompt compliance to the maid's desires;
A prompt compliance fans the lover's fires:
Go pleas'd where'er she goes, though long the
way,
Though the fierce dog-star dart his sultry ray;
Though painted Iris gird the bluish sky,
And sure portends, that rattling storms are nigh: 40
Or, if the fair one pant for sylvan fame,
Gay drag the meshes and provoke the game:

Nay, should she choose to risk the driving gale;
Or steer, or row, or agile hand the sail: [bear;
No toil, though weak, though fearful, thou for-
No toils should tire you, and no dangers scare:
Occasion smiles, then snatch an ardent kiss;
The coy may struggle, but will grant the bliss:
The bliss obtain'd, the fictitious struggle past;
Unbid, they'll clasp you in their arms at last. 50

Poet.

Alas! in such degenerate days as these,
No more love's gentle wiles the beauteous please!
If poor, all gentle stratagems are vain!
The fair ones languish now alone for gain!
O may dishonour be the wretch's share,
Who first with hateful gold seduc'd the fair!

Priapus.

Ye charming dames, prefer the tuneful quire,
Nor meanly barter heavenly charms for hire.
What cannot song? The purple locks that
glow'd
On Nisus' head, harmonious song bestowed! 60
What cannot strains? By tuneful strains alone
Fair iv'ry, Pelops, on thy shoulder shone!
While stars with nightly radiance gild the pole,
Earth boasts her oaks, or mighty waters roll,
The fair whose beauty poets deign to praise,
Shall bloom uninjur'd in poetic lays:
While she who hears not when the muses call,
But flies their fav'rites, gold's inglorious thrall!!
Shall prove, believe the bard, or soon or late,
A dread example of avenging fate! 70
Soft flattering songs the Cyprian queen ap-
proves;
And aids the suppliant swain with all her loves.

Poet.

The god, no novice in th' intriguing trade,
This answer, Titius, to my question made:
But caution bids you fly th' insidious fair,
And paints the perils of their eyes and air;
Nor these alone, devoted man subdue,
Devoted man their slightest actions woo.

Be cautious those who list—but ye who know
Desire's hot fever, and contempt's chill woe; 80
Me grateful praise—contempt shall pain no
more;

But with meet wish, instructed by my lore:
By various means, while others seek for fame,
Scorn'd love to counsel be my noblest aim.

3 A ii

Wide stands my gate for all—I rapt foresee
The time, when I love's oracle shall be [throng,
When round my seat shall press th' enamour'd
Attend my motions, and applaud my song.

Alas my hopes are fled, my wiles are vain;
The fair, I doat on, treats me with disdain : 90
Yet spare me, charmer, your disdain betrays
To witty laughter my too boastful lays.

NOTES ON ELEGY IV.

In this elegy the poet consults Priapus about the means to be used in order to become a favourite with the fair; and that god, in his answer, delivers an epitome of the art of courtship.

However immoral some parts of Priapus's directions may be, there are but too many among the modern men of gallantry, who implicitly obey them; for, if the translator is not greatly mistaken, perjury in love-matters prevails now as much in Britain as ever it prevailed in ancient Italy.

Those who understand the original, need not to be told the reasons which obliged the translator to alter and omit many passages of this elegy, which with some few others of the same stamp, were probably those parts of Tibullus, which made the pious Anthony Possevin apply to heaven in prayer, to preserve him from temptation whenever he purposed to read our poet.

Ver. 4. Priapus thus describes himself in an ancient author,

Parum est mihi, fixi quod hic miser sedem
Agente terra per caniculam rimas
Siticulosam sustinens diu ætatem:
Parum, quod imi perfluunt sinus imbre,
Et in capillos grandines cadunt nostros
Horretque dura barba victa chrysallo.

VULF.

Ver. 11. *The vine in time.*] This was so favourite an illustration, that Ovid has thrice inserted it in his Art of Love. Lucretius has also twice introduced the drop of water into his admirable poem De Rerum Natura; and Tasso, in his Amynta, has made it his own.

— O miserello
Non disperar ch' acquisterai costei;
La lunga etate a l' omine di porre
Freno a i Leoni, et a le Tigre Hyrcane.

Ver. 18. The ancients not only swore by particular divinities, but by those things which were supposed to be most acceptable to them. But whence was it, say Broekhusius, that lovers swore by the virgin goddess? and adds this wise solution, "Credo, ob adamatum Endymiona."

Minerva was so fond of her hair, which it seems was very fine, and so highly resented all rivalry in that particular, that she turned the hair of Medusa, who had preferred her own to that of the goddess, into serpents. Vid. Serv. in 6. Æn. V. 289.

Before the virgins of Argos married, they hung up a lock of their hair in the temple of Minerva, who was thought in a peculiar manner to protect the "capillitium puellare." Broekhusius adds, "In vicem puellas Palladi crinem disponebant honorarie psecades."

Ver. 20. *Oaths bind not eager love.*] This sentiment is introduced by Plato in his Symposium.

ὁ δὲ δαιμόσιον, οὐ γὰρ λήγουσι οἱ πολλοὶ ἐπεὶ καὶ ἐμύνηται μὲν ἐγγυησὶν παρὰ θεῶν. &c. VULF.

See an epigram to the same purpose in Callimachus.

Ver. 26. *So late a victor.*] See an admirable dissertation upon this subject by the late Mr. West, prefixed to his translation of Pindar.

Ver. 29. It is reported by naturalists, that serpents or snakes, upon eating a certain herb, called Maratos, cast their skin and renew their age. Ovid has a thought like this in his Ars Amand.

Anguis excutitur tenui cum pelle vetustas,
Nec faciunt cervos cornua jacta fenes;
Nostra sine auxilio fugiunt bona, &c.

Lib. 3.

which Mr. Congreve has thus Englished,

The snake his skin, the deer his horns, may cast,
And both renew their youth and vigour past;
But no receipt can human kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepid age without reprieve.

Dart.

This is a good poetical illustration, but philosophy disclaims it. Serpents, and most of the reptile kind, do indeed cast their coats (exuviae), but they do not thereupon grow young again, no more than a bird does after moulting.

The fugacity of beauty is a topic which almost every love-writer, since the days of Tibullus, has used to his mistress whenever she demurred; and yet Mr. Prior, in his manner of applying it, has made it entirely his own.

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;

As well as Cupid, time is blind;
Soon must those glories of thy face

The fate of vulgar beauties find:
The thousand loves that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers; flag their wings, and die.

Ver. 33. Bacchus was much celebrated, both by the Greek and Roman poets, for his beauty.

Anacreon honours him with the epithet *αἰὲς*, and Naïo makes him the following fine compliment.

—Tibi enim inconsumpta juvenus,
Tu puer æternus, tu formosissimus alto
Conspiceris cælo, tibi cum sine cornibus aditas
Virgineum caput est.

Apollo's beauty is commonly known, Bacchus, as well as Cupid and Minerva, is always represented with long yellow hair; and hence the epithet *χρυσόκεμος*, which some of the poets have bestowed on him.

Ver. 37. *Go pleas'd where'er she goes.*] This thought is finely imitated by that sweet elegiac poet Joannes Secundus.

Illius imperio ventes patiemur et imbres,
Ibimus et solas nocte silentis vias,
Nec grave frigus erit, nec solstitium, licet in me
Fervidus ingeminet sidera sicca puer
Illa volet comitem sibi, me quocunque sequemur
Qua via nulla rotæ pervia nulla rati.

El. iii. Lib. I.

Ver. 48. *The coy may struggle.*] Horace has beautifully applied this thought to Lycimnia.

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili sævitia negat.
Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi
Interdum rapere occupat.

Boileau has done great justice to this thought in his *L'Art Poétique*, Chant. 2. and Mr. Francis seems to have caught the soul of Horace when he translated it.

Ver. 65. If poetry bestows immortality on charms, which would otherwise fade, it is eminently the interest of the fair sex to keep well with the poets. Propertius and Ovid impute to their own verses, what Tibullus more modestly ascribes to poetry in general. Indeed beauty is the parent of poetry; and if the British bards have surpassed their brethren on the continent, it is chiefly owing to the superior charms of our fair country women.

The images, expressive of beauty, when immortalized by song, should here have been such as were more appropriated to elegy; for those, our poet mentions on this occasion, would better have suited pastoral.

Ver. 74. Broekhusius is of opinion, that the Titius mentioned in the text, was Titius Septimius, a man no less eminent for his friendship with Horace, than for his real poetical abilities; and whom that excellent judge of men, as well as of writing, thus characterizes,

Quid Titius Romana brevi venturus in ora?
Pindarici fontis qui not expuluit haustus,
Fastidire lacus et rivos ausus apertos:
Ut valet? ut neminit nostri? fidibusne latinis
Thebanos aptare modos studet auspice musa?
An tragica desævrit et ampullatur in arte.

B. I. Ep. 3.

How fares my Titius? Say when he intends
To publish? Does he not forget his friends?
He who disdains the springs of common fame,
And dauntless quaffs the deep Pindaric stream:
Does he design, when all the muse inspires,
To tune to Theban sounds the Roman lyres?
Or, with the transports of theatric rage,
And its sonorous language shake the stage?

Francis.

The old Scholiast accordingly informs us, that he published both lyric poems and tragedies. There is reason also to think, that he likewise wrote comedies; for the same Scholiast observes, on the following line of Horace,

Ut vinosa glomos furtivæ Pyrrhia lanæ.

Ep. 13. B. I.

that the poet Titius introduces a servant of the name of Pyrrhia, stealing a ball of wool from her mistress. All his works are unfortunately lost. He had a noble monument erected to him in the neighbourhood of Aricia, ten miles from Rome.

Barthius, in his *Adversaria*, owns that he did not know who the Titius was, whom Horace mentions; and therefore Mr. Francis is the more excusably silent on this article.

After all, it is impossible for any modern to determine, whether Horace and Tibullus meant the same Titius; and indeed it is of no consequence.

Ver. 85. *Wide stands my gate for all.*] This is an image borrowed from the practice of the Roman lawyers. There is no word in the English language which fully expresses the meaning of the Latin verb "*deducere*." It implies that solicitous attendance which the younger paid to men of eminence, or clients to their patrons. To form a just idea of this custom, a modern must consult Juvenal, and Cicero de petitione consulatus.

TIBULLUS.

Tibullus probably had in his thoughts some verses of Callimachus, which Stobæus (Serm. 114) has preserved.

Γρασκίαι δ' ὁ γέγων κεῖνος ἐλαφροτέρων,
κευραὶ τὸν φίλον, καὶ δι' αὐτὸν τὸν κοῖνον
χρῆμα ἐπ' ἀκέραια χεῖρας ἀγούσι θυγόν.

Valp.

ELEGY V.

Or late I boasted I could happy be,
 Resume the man, and not my Delia see!
 And boasts of manhood and of blifs are vain;
 Back to my bondage I return again!
 And like a top am whirl'd, which boys, for sport,
 Lash on the pavement of a level court!

What can atone, my fair, for crimes like these?
 I'll bear with patience, use me as you please!
 Yet, by love's shafts, and by your braided hair,
 By all the joys we stole, your suppliant spare. 10
 When sickness dimm'd of late your radiant eyes,
 My restless, fond petitions won the skies.
 Thrice I with sulphur purified you round,
 And thrice the rite with songs th' enchantress
 bound:

The cake, by me thrice sprinkled, put to flight
 The death-denouncing phantoms of the night:
 And I nine times, in linen garbs array'd,
 In silent night, nine times to Trivia pray'd.
 What did I not? Yet what reward have I?
 You love another, your preserver fly! 20
 He tastes the sweet effects of all my cares,
 My fond lustrations, and my solemn prayers.

Are these the joys my madding fancy drew,
 If young ey'd Health restor'd your rosy hue?
 I fondly thought, sweet maid, oh thought in vain!
 With you to live a blithesome village-swain.
 When yellow Ceres asks the reaper's hand,
 Delia (said I) will guard the reaper's band;
 Delia will keep, when hinds unload the vine,
 The choicest grapes for me, the richest wine: 30
 My flocks she'll count, and oft will sweetly deign
 To clasp some prattler of my menial train:

With pious care will load each rural shrine,
 For ripen'd crops a golden sheaf assign,
 Cates for my fold, rich clusters for my vine: }
 No, no domestic care shall touch my soul;
 You, Delia, reign despotic o'er the whole!
 And will Messala fly from pomp of state,
 And deign to enter at my lowly gate?
 The choicest fruitage that my trees afford, 40
 Delia will cull herself, to deck the board,
 And wondering, such transcendent worth to see,
 The fruit present, thy blushing handmaid the.

Such were the fond chimeras of my brain,
 Which now the winds have wafted o'er the main.
 O power of love, whom still my soul obey'd,
 What has my tongue against thy mother said?
 Guiltless of ill, unmark'd with incest's stain,
 I stole no garland from her holy fane: 49

For crimes like these I'd abject crawl the ground,
 Kiss her dread threshold, and my forehead wound.

But ye who, falsely wise, deride my pains,
 Beware; your hour approaches—love has chains.
 I've known the young, who ridicul'd his rage;
 Love's humblest vassals, when oppress'd with age:
 Each art I've known them try to win the fair,
 Smooth their hoarse voice, and dress their scanty
 hair;

I've known them, in the street, her maid detain,
 And weeping, beg her to assist their pain.
 At such preposterous love each school-boy sneers,
 Shuns, as an omen, or pursues with sneers. 61

Why do you crush your slave, fair queen of
 joy?

Destroying me, your harvest you destroy!

NOTES ON ELEGY V.

TIBULLUS had unfortunately boasted, that Delia had not so great an ascendant over him as she imagined. Being willing to know the extent of her authority, she forbade him her presence. This he at first treated as an order which would give him no pain to comply with; but he was soon convinced of his error, and found that his felicity consisted solely in her converse. To re-instate himself, therefore, in her good graces, the following elegy was composed.

Ver. 5. No poet, perhaps, ever used fewer similes than Tibullus. The principal object al-

ways employed him too much to think of resemblances. Virgil has applied the simile of the top to Amata, in the seventh Æneid; as Valerius Flaccus does to Medea, in the eighth book of his Argonautics. Things, of no dignity in themselves, become important in the hands of a real poet.

Ver. 9. When the ancients begged a favour, they generally enforced their entreaties by alluding to the objects which were held in the highest esteem by those whom they petitioned. In amorous compositions, allusions to a person beloved

are introduced with most propriety. The three great elegiac poets abound with many happy instances of this kind.

Ver. 12. Not only the poets, but the physicians, supposed, that sulphur possessed a purifying virtue; whence probably it obtained the epithet *res Sacra*. Indeed, if the infection proceeds from alkaline or putrid miasmata, the steams of brimstone may be antidotal.

Ver. 14. As many diseases were thought by the ancients to spring from supernatural causes, incantation was early introduced into medicine. This indeed was chiefly practised in Persia; but it soon spread, inasmuch, that, in the days of Pliny the elder, it became so common a practice in Britain, that the Persians themselves, according to that curious author, might seem to have borrowed incantation from our ancestors. "Britannia hodie tam attonite celebrat tantis ceremoniis ut dedisse Persis videri possit." *Lib. xxx. C. 1.*

But had Pliny maturely considered the affair, he would have found, that as this, as well as every other superstition, is the off-spring of ignorance and imposture, there was no occasion for making Persia its mother country.

Pomponius Mela informs us, that at Sena (which some call a maritime town in Britain, and others a British island opposite to France) there was a Gallic deity, whose virgin priestesses were called *Barigenae*; and supposed to have the power, by incantation, (*carminibus*) of raising and laying storms, of curing diseases which none else could cure, and of predicting events. He adds, that they only exerted their magical abilities in compliance with the request of those seamen who came on purpose to consult them.

Lib. iii. C. 6.

The use of magic, in the medical art, continued long even among the Christians: and there was a time, says Broekhusius, when the inquisition regarded it as a trifling trespass.

If the ancient music cured so many, and such inveterate diseases, as Pliny, Aulus Gellius, and others, pretend it did, it must have been very different from that of the moderns.

Ver. 15. This cake, which (as Servius, ad Ecl. viii. ver. 82. informs us) was made three times a year by the vestal virgins, was a composition of flour and two kinds of salt.

Ver. 17. Scaliger was mistaken, when he supposed that these were infernal sacrifices; for Diana, who was none of the *Dii Inferi*, was the object of them.

Broekhus.

Nothing was bound in sacrifices, says Broekhusius, neither the victim nor the hair, the vestments nor feet: It is certain, too, that Servius has asserted the same. (*Æn. ii. ver. 133. &c.*) And yet some passages may be quoted from classic authors, and even from Virgil, where the hair appears to have been bound; as, for instance, the following from the twelfth *Æneid*:

Alii fontemque ignemque ferebant,
Velati lino, et verbena tempora vincti.

We also see that Dido sacrificed (*Æn. 4.*) with

one foot bare only; and it is known, that fillets were tied on the victim. *Dart.*

Ver. 18. Trivia or Diana was applied to in diseases, on many accounts, but especially because infirm bodies were supposed to be greatly under the influence of that planet. Gruterus has preserved many addresses to this goddess in his inscriptions. Lovers, in particular, implored her assistance. See Seneca's tragedy of Hippolitus and the second idyllium of Theocritus.

Broekhus.

Ver. 25. No passion makes more frequent feasts on expectation, than love; and a wicked wit has said, that these are the most pleasing meals it enjoys. But, be that as it will, the whole of this passage exhibits a most amiable picture of country retirement, wherein religion, love, and rural affairs, equally conspire to make life truly desirable. Philosophers contend, that we ought not to indulge too flattering prospects of futurity, because, in that case, disappointments fall heavier. But although we may grant that it is an error to be too sanguine in our hopes, yet, when we consider that hope was implanted in us by the all-wise Creator, it will appear little less than a direct contradicting of Providence, to suppress it entirely. Our author was of this opinion. There are few passages in the elegiac poets which surpass this of Tibullus, in the warmth, as well as delicacy of its colouring.

Ver. 32. If it be considered with what harshness even the better sort of the Romans treated their slaves, the good-nature, so conspicuous in this sentiment of our poet, must give us an amiable idea of his benevolence.

The peasants, mentioned in the text, were slaves born on the estate. The Romans called them *Fernae*.

Ver. 33. Tibullus's mistress was not to be employed solely in acts of economy; devotion was also to accompany her thrift. The several offerings, enumerated in the original, are preserved in the version.

Daps, according to the ancient grammarians, signifies a sacred banquet; and in this sense Tibullus uses it here. Passages, however, occur in classic authors, where that word only means a common entertainment. M. Cato, in his treatise de Re Rustica, l. 83. tells us, that the offering for the health and fecundity of the herds, might be made either by a slave or by a freedman; but that, if they chose to succeed in their petitions, no woman should be permitted to be present at the ceremony. Tibullus therefore judiciously omits that circumstance of rural devotion.

Ver. 37. Martial improperly applies this line to Nemesis.

Ussit Amatorem Nemesis lasciva Tibullum,
In tota juvit quem nihil esse domo.

Lib. xiv. 193.

Ver. 38. Can any thing be more delicate than this compliment to his patron, that even Delia could give him no complete satisfaction
3 A iii

without his company? His love, indeed, was the more violent passion; but friendship for Melsala had also rooted itself deep in his heart. Strokes of this exquisite nature are only to be expected from those who have access to the great, but whom the great have not infected with selfishness. Mr. Hammond has applied this thought to Lord Chesterfield.

Stanhope shall come and grace his rural friend;

Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,

With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,

And for her husband's patron cull the best.

El. 13.

It is astonishing, that a late critic did not make Milton indebted to our author for the manner in which that great poet represented Eve attending on the angel Gabriel. Many of his alleged imitations are not half so well founded. But one who dealt in the rubbish of Staphorsius and Foxius, could have no taste for the elegancies of Tibullus.

Ver. 48. This is such an appeal to heaven, as must appear very becoming in a person conscious of his own innocence. The ancients imagined, that disasters were inflicted by the gods on mortals, as a punishment only for their failing in the duties of religion: But experience shows us, that the best men are often exposed to the greatest calamities. Prior has put a fine appeal of this kind into the mouth of Emma, in that beautiful poem of his, intitled Henry and Emma.

Let envious jealousy, and canker'd spight,
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day and secret night:
Did e'er my eye an inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, or virgins tell?
And hast thou in my conduct, Henry, known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but you alone?

Ver. 50. Who can read these ancient superstitious penances, and not agree with Dr. Middleton, that the Romish church is the daughter of the Pagan?

According to Broekhusius, the beating the head against the sacred threshold, was an expiatory ceremony brought from Ægypt along with the goddess Isis. This is the only passage of antiquity, where this extraordinary rite is mentioned; from whence that commentator concludes, that it neither prevailed long, nor was generally received, at Rome.

Ver. 54. The original is variously read by editors: that which the translator has retained, was the correction of Scaliger, and is approved of by Broekhusius.

Among the few natural descriptions to be found in the Pastor Fido, the following, which expresses the miseries to which an old man is subject, is one of the chief.

Non é pena maggiore

Cb' en vecchie membra il pizzicor d' amore.

—S'è ti guinge in quella fredda etate

Ove il proprio difetto

Piu che la colpa altrui spesso si piagne

Al' hora insupportabili e mortali

Son le sue piaghe, al' hor le pene acerbe:

Al' hor si pietà tu cerchi, male

Se non la trovi, e se la trovi peggio, &c.

Ver. 61. Spitting, the ceremony used in the text, was supposed a preservative against bad omens, and is a gentler method than those prescribed by the profound authors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as charms against witchcraft, which was to give a gash with a knife on any part of the face above the organs of respiration.

ELEGY VI.

WITH wine I strove to sooth my love-sick soul,
But vengeful Cupid dash'd with tears the bowl:
All mad with rage, to kinder nymphs I flew;
But vigour fled me, when I thought on you.
Balk'd of the rapture, from my arms they run,
Swear I'm devoted, and my converse shun!

By what dire witchcraft am I thus betray'd?
Your face and hair unnerve me, matchless maid:
Not more celestial look'd the sea-born fair,
Receiv'd by Peleus from her pearly chair. 10
A rich admirer his addresses paid,
And brib'd my mistresses by a beldam's aid.
From you my ruin, curst procurers, rose;
What imprecations shall avenge my woes?

May heaven, in pity to my sufferings, shed
Its keenest mischief on your plotting head!
The ghosts of those you robb'd of love's del-
light,

In horrid visions haunt your irksome night!
And, on the chimney, may the boding owl
Your rest disturb, and terrify your soul! 20
By famine stung, to church-yards may you run;
There, feast on ossals, hungry wolves would shun!
Or howling frantic, in a tatter'd gown;
Fierce malliffs bate you through each crowded
town!

'Tis done! a lover's curse the gods approve;
But keenest vengeance fires the queen of love.

Leave then, my fair, the crafty venal jade:
 What passion yields not, when such foes invade?
 Your hearts, ye fair, does modest merit claim?
 Though small his fortunes, feed his gentle flame:
 For, genuine love's soft raptures would you know?
 These raptures merit can alone bestow: 32

The sons of opulence are folly's care,
 But want's rough child is sense, and honour's heir.
 In vain we sing—the gate still bolted stands:
 Come, vengeance, let us burst its sullen bands.
 Learn, happy-rival, by my wrongs to know
 Your fate, since fortune governs all below.

NOTES ON ELEGY VI.

TIBULLUS's mistress had, it would seem, shown too great a regard to a richer gallant. This gave our poet uncommon uneasiness; to conquer which, he not only had recourse to the bottle, though otherwise temperate, but even attempted to forget her ungenerous behaviour in the company of the fair. Experience, however, soon convinced him, that nothing could make him either forget, or be happy without her; and gave occasion to this poem.

Some editors have most injudiciously tacked this elegy to the former.

Ver. 6. "Devovere," the word of the original, properly signifies, "frigore ferire eam partem, qua viri sumus; ut quantumvis cupiamus, tamen minime possumus." The French call it "nouer l'éguillette;" and the doctors of the canon law say, that such people are "frigidi et malificiati."

Brook.

Ovid has informed us of the various means by which such an imbecility may be produced.

Num mea thessalico languent devota veneno
 Corpora? Num misero carmen et herba nocent?
 Sagave punicea defixit nomina cera
 Et medium tenues in jecur egit acus.

Lib. iii. El. 7.

So similar is superstition in all ages.

Apuleius Celsus gravely prescribes a remedy, by which the "vincula veneris" may be untied. *Lib. de Medic. Herb. c. 7.* See a curious story of this kind, which Herodotus relates of Amasis, the Egyptian king, in his *Euterpe*.

Ver. 8. The hair here mentioned by our poet, is that of a yellow colour, "flava coma;" and, indeed, yellowness may with propriety be called the classical colour of hair, since some of the greatest beauties of antiquity, both men and women, are represented by the poets with this sort of hair. So variable are our ideas of beauty! The Italians, however, even to this day, praise "chiome d'oro." See a curious dissertation on this subject by Jo. Arnzenius, intitled "De colore et tinctura comarum," &c.

Ver. 10. The heathen poets, in comparing a person to any of their deities, had a sure method of giving the reader a picture of that person, as the statues of their gods were known to every one, and their features ascertained; and this, says the ingenious author of the *Polymetis*, is one rea-

son, why families of this kind are so frequent in ancient authors. It is to be regretted, that Tibullus has not left us more of these resemblances. The few he has given us, are exquisite; but his heart was too engaged to wander abroad for foreign ornaments. Propertius and Ovid abound with them. The modern poets also seem fond of the same kind of comparisons, though they have not the same advantages, in this respect, as the ancients. Valerius Flaccus gives us a short but beautiful picture of Thetis, when going to be married, in the first book of his *Argonautics*. The reader may also see Catullus's fine poem on the same subject. *Poem. 62.*

Ver. 16. The original, literally interpreted, runs thus: May the cat raw flesh with a bloody mouth, and drink melancholy liquors mixed with much gall. This was no small curse, if the procuresses of old liked good cheer as well as the modern sisterhood. Ovid has concisely imitated this imprecation.

Di tibi dent nullos lares inopemque senectam,
 Et longas hyemes, perpetuamque sitim.

Propertius carries his malice still farther.

Terra tuum spinis obducatur lena sepulcrum
 Et tua, quod non vis, sentiat umbra sitim.

The ancients believed, that nothing could prevent the curses of a person, unjustly injured, from taking effect. Of all the moderns, no poet surpasses Oldham in these sort of imprecations. Vulpian is of opinion, that the poet wishes the bawd to be affected with that species of madness, which makes the diseased think themselves metamorphosed into wolves. This is far-fetched.

Ver. 22. Commentators are greatly divided in their interpretations of this passage. The true meaning seems to be this: The Romans had private feasts upon the death of their friends, called "Silicernia," from "Silex" and "Cena," or supping upon a stone; part of which they eat, and left the rest on the tomb for the ghosts to feed upon. And therefore it became proverbial, on extreme misery, to say, that one got his victuals from the tombs. *Dart.*

Ver. 29. This thought is one of the least delicate in Tibullus; and therefore the translator has not only omitted it, but given a different turn to the whole passage from "pauper erit," &c.

Ver. 35. —*the gate still bolted stands.*] The word used in the original, Servius (Ad. Lib. i. *Æn.* v. 127.) derives from "*fatim hincere.*"

Ver. 36. The young people, both of Greece and Italy, when they went to visit their mistresses at night, often carried torches along with them, to burn the doors of those who should refuse to grant them admittance. This boisterous piece of gallantry, which the modern spirits call beating the rounds, puts one in mind of the answer made by one of the family of Huntly, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Muffelburgh, to the

Duke of Somerset, in consequence of that Duke's having asked his prisoner, how he stood affected to the marriage between Edward VI. and the young Mary of Scotland: "I have no objection, my Lord Duke, to the match, but like not your method of courtship."

Ver. 37. *Learn, happy rival.*] The original,
Mea furta timeto,

Brockhufius thus wisely interprets, Be assured that fortune and woman are mutable, as you yourself will soon experience.

ELEGY VII.

Love still invites me with a smiling eye!
Beneath his smiles, what pains and anguish lie?
Yet since the gods, dread power, must yield to thee!

What laurels canst thou gain from conquering me?
Me Delia lov'd; but by thy subtle wiles,
'The fair, in secret, on another smiles:
That my suspicion's false, 'tis true, she swears;
And backs her imprecations with her tears!
False fair, your oaths, and syren tears refrain;
Your syren tears, and oaths no credit gain; 10
For when your lord suspected me of yore,
As much you wept, as many oaths you swore.

Yet wherefore blame I love? the blame is mine;

I, wretched I, first taught her to design!
I first instructed her, her spies to foil!
Back on myself my wanton arts recoil:
Herbs of rare energy my skill supplied,
All marks of too-fond gallantry to hide!
More artful now, alone the wanton lies;

And new pretexes her cozening brains devise. 20

Uncautious lord of a too cunning spouse!
Admittance grant me, she shall keep her vows!
Be warn'd, my friend, observe her when her tongue

[young;
Commends in wanton phrase the gay-dress'd
O let her not her heaving bosom bare,
Expos'd to every fop's immodest stare.

When leaning on the board, with flowing wine,
She seems to draw some inconsiderate line;
Take heed, take heed (I know the warning true),
These random lines assign an interview. 30

Nor let your wife to fanes so frequent roam,
A modest wife's best temple is at home:
But if your prohibitions are all vain,
Give me the hint, I'll dodge her to the fane;
What though the goddess snatch my curious sight,
I'll bring her wanton privacies to light.

Some gem she wore, I'd oft pretend to view,
But squeez'd her fingers unperceiv'd of you:
Oft with full racy bowls I seal'd your eyes,
Water my bev'ridge, and obtain'd the prize. 40
Yet since I tell, forgive the pranks I play'd,
Love prompted all, and love must be obey'd!

Nay, 'twas at me (be now the truth avow'd)
Your watchful mastiff us'd to bark so loud;
But now some other, with insidious wait,
Intent observes each creaking of your gate,
At which, whoever of the house appears,
Passing, the mein of quick dispatch he wears;
But comes again, the minute they remove,
And coughs, sure signal of impatient love! 50

What boots, though marriage gave a wife so fair,

If careless you, or she eludes your care?
While men are artful, and your wife can feign,
Vain are your brazen-bolts, your mastiffs vain.

Cold to the raptures of the genial bed,
She lays the fault upon an aching head:
'Tis false; the wanton for some other sighs;
From this, her coolness, this, her aches arise.

Then, then be warn'd, intrust her to my care;
Whips, chains I laugh at, if you grant my prayer.

"Hence from my ward, ye sparkish essenc'd
"beaux;

"Illegal love oft springs from essenc'd clothes."

Where'er she walks, not distant I'll attend;
And guard your honour from the casual friend!

"Off, gallants, off: for so the gods ordain,
"So, the dread priestesses in unerring strain!"

(When holy fury fires the frantic dame,
She mocks all torture, and exults in flame;
Her snow-white arms and heaving breast she tears;

And with the gushing gore Bellona smears; 70
Deep in her side she plants the glittering sword;
And the dread goddess prompts each fateful word.)

"Ye youths beware, nor touch whom Cupid
"guards,

"Unpunish'd none attempt his gentle wards:

"As my blood flows, and as these ashes fly;

"Their wealth shall perish, and their manhood
"die."

She menac'd then the fair, with dreadful pain;
E'en were you guilty, may her threats be vain:
Not on your own account; your mother's age,
Your worthy mother, deprecates my rage: 80
When love and fortune smil'd, her gentle aid
Oft me conducted to the blooming maid;

My footsteps, wakeful, from afar she knew,
Unbarr'd the gate, nor fear'd the nightly dew :
Half of my life's long thread I'd pleas'd resign,
My sweet conductress, could I lengthen thine !
Still, still, though much abus'd, I Delia prize ;
She's still thy daughter, and enchants my eyes.

Yet though no coy cimarr invest the fair ;
Nor vestal fillet bind her auburn hair ; 90
Teach her what decent modesty requires ;
To crown my fire, alone, with equal fires.
Me too confine ; and if, in wanton praise
Of other maids, my tongue luxuriant strays ;
Let thy suspicion then no limits know,
Insult me, spurn me, as thy greatest foe !
But if your jealousies are built in air,
And patient love your usage cannot bear ;

What wrath may perpetrate, my soul alarms ;
For wrath, I warn you, heeds not female-charms,
Nor yet be chaste, from mean unamorous fear ;
Be still most modest, when I am not near. 102

For those, whom neither wit, nor worth secure,
Grow old, unpitied, pally'd, worthless, poor ;
Yet with each servile drudgery they strive,
To keep their being's wretchedness alive !
The gay regard their woe, with laughing eyes ;
Swear they deserve it, and absolve the skies
Nor Venus less exults ! " May such a fate,
" (From heaven she prays) upon th' inconstant
" wait." 110

The same my wish ! but O, may we two prove,
In age, a pattern of unalter'd love !

NOTES ON ELEGY VII.

THE poet had taken it into his head, that he had a rival in the affections of Delia ; and notwithstanding all her asseverations to the contrary, was so hurried on, in this elegy, as to let her husband into the whole secret of their intimacy. Had not Tibullus been under the influence of a maddened jealousy, he must soon have recollected, that this confession must for ever terminate all his hopes from that quarter ; but so very far was our poet from perceiving this, that after an apology, which to every husband could not but appear highly impertinent, he proposes to him to be received into his family, and to become a spy on Delia's actions. Ovid justly observes on this overture of Tibullus, *Denique ab incauto nimium petit ille marito.*

Ver. 1. This censure of love is highly passionate. Jealousy, like certain diseases, converts the most wholesome nourishment into bad humours. The description probably alludes to the masks worn by love on the stage, viz. an infant's face, with the head and claws of a lion behind.

Ver. 4. Virgil, in the following lines, seems to have imitated this passage of our poet.

*Magnum et memorabile nomen
Una, dolo divum, si femina victa ducrum est !*

This Mr. Addison somewhere calls the wittiest thought in the *Æneid*. But is not the *Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum* in the same poem, even more epigrammatic ?

Ver. 11. Ovid hints at this incredulity of our poet in his trill.

Credere juranti durum putat esse Tibullus.

Lib. 2.

Those who have been jointly engaged in actions, which it has been necessary to conceal by lies, or perjury, can never afterwards have a thorough

confidence in each other. So void of foundation is the friendship of the wicked.

Ver. 14. These thoughts Ovid has copied in various places of his amorous writings. The laborious Broekhusius having collected from Pliny the names of those herbs, which were supposed to produce the effects mentioned in the text, the reader, if he is curious in those matters, may consult him, p. 123.

The same critic is also very full on the " mortuiculae" of the original, calling them, no doubt, very sagaciously, the certain marks of solid joy.

Ver. 22. Some editors change the " minus" of the original into " nihil," and thus explain the passage. " If you keep your wife from the company of other men, I shall be the less displeased to be debarred her presence ; it depends therefore entirely upon yourself, to prevent my approaching her." " Servare," understood in this manner, is the same with " inspicere, observare, oculis notare." But this interpretation, notwithstanding Virgil and Valerius Flaccus use " servare" in that sense, is more ingenious than just, being contradicted by the sequel of the elegy. One of the best methods of finding out the sense of any obscure passage, is to compare it with other parts of the original.

Ver. 31. It was not lawful for men to inform themselves of the real name of the " bona dea." Her sacrifices, called by Cicero the most ancient and occult of any in Rome, were performed once a-year by the vestal virgins in that consul's house, where the fasces happened to be deposited, " quo mense sacrum fiebat pro populo universo." During the celebration of this solemnity, not only the master of the house, and all other men, were excluded, but their very pictures and statues were carefully concealed. It was believed, that a sudden blindness would be inflicted upon any man, who, on that occasion, however accidentally,

should view those mysteries. It is true indeed, that the adventure of Clodius might have convinced even the vulgar, of the folly and superstition of such an apprehension; yet was the attempt itself regarded by all as the height of profanation; and if that turbulently frantic nobleman committed, at that time, in Cæsar's house, the crimes with which Cicero charges him, Cæsar was in the right to divorce Pompeia: as the reason he gave for it, viz. that Cæsar's wife was not to be suspected, ought to be looked upon as the result of that delicacy and superiority of genius, which raised him, even in domestic matters, above the level of other men.

Ver. 34. Scaliger, from the word "aram," which is found in many of the old MSS. and editions, conjectures, that the worship mentioned in the text, must have been at the consul's house; and infers, that, as none but women of the first rank had admittance there, Delia must have been a woman of fashion. Broekhusius, on the other hand, supported by an almost equal number of editions and MSS. read "aras," and contends, that Tibullus meant by that expression, one of the two public temples in Rome dedicated to the "bona dea," alleging, that Delia was a "muliercula imi ordinis." But should not Broekhusius have considered, that the poets often use the plural number for the singular. Vid. El. ii. Lib. 2. Lin. 1.

According to P. Victor, the "bona dea" had two temples, one in the 12th, and the other in the 13th region of Rome. This stood on that part of the Aventine Hill, which was called Remuria; and that at the foot of the same hill, whence, as Broekhusius remarks, it received the appellation of Subfaxana.

Ver. 37. In Helen's fine epistle to Paris, there is a thought of the same kind.

Tu modo me spectas oculis lascive protervis
Quos vix instantes lumina nostra ferunt,
Et modo suspiras, modo pocula proxima nobis
Sumis, quoque bibi, tu quoque parte bibis.
Ah quoties digitis, quoties ego tecta notavi
Signa supercilio pene loquenti dari,
Et sæpe extimui ne vir meus illa videret
Non satis occultis erubique notis.

Which is thus Englished by Dryden.

Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardour press my hand,
Contrive just after me to drink the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass,
Which oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And blushing sat for things which you have done.

We are not, however, to suppose, that Ovid borrowed the thought from Tibullus; for these are stratagems which have been practised by lovers in all ages.

Ver. 40. Broekhusius, whom few commentators have exceeded in the knowledge of ancient customs of no moment, informs us, that the practice of challenging to drink, was a fashion derived

to Rome from Greece. See the verses which Stobæus (Serm. xvi.) has preserved, said to be written by Panyasis the poet, who was either uncle or cousin-german to Herodotus the historian.

According to Theophrastus, (as Pliny remarks, l. 36. c. 21.) your boon companions of Greece, in their drinking-matches, used the powder of pumice, which had this commendatory property, that they ran a risk of their lives, unless they swallowed after it an immense quantity of wine; for so cold is the pumice, adds he, that a little of it being thrown into must, will stop its fermenting.

Ver. 41. "Excusatio quam frequens, tum frivola," exclaims the good Broekhusius.

Ver. 61. Our poet's natural heat of disposition, transports him to think, that he is again admitted to the guardianship of Delia; and the more to influence her husband to intrust Delia to his care, he makes heaven and Bellona denounce vengeance against any gallant, who should make advances to her whilst abroad.

In the description of Bellona's priestess (which resembles what we are told of Baal's priests in the first book of Kings, c. 18.), our author's language rises, and shows, that what Quintilian applied to Alcæus, may with equal propriety be said of Tibullus. "Si in lusus et amores descendat, majoribus tamen aptior est."

The Bellonarii were fortune-tellers; and their high priest, according to Juvenal, was an eunuch. They strolled about the streets, forboding diseases, &c. These the superstitious were fain to avert, by donations of eggs, and a particular coloured raiment, called zerampelina, which, when hung up in the temple of their goddess, had, it seems, the power of averting those calamities, with which the donor had been menaced. Vid. Juv. Sat. vi. Lin. 526.

Ver. 68. *She mocks all torture.* Literally, she dreads not the twisted lash, which, according to Broekhusius, was the "flagellum" with which Bellona used to flog her votaries into madness, whence they received the appellations of "enthesiati et fanatici."

Ver. 78. *E'en were you guilty.* In the original, Si tamen admittas, sit tamen illa levis.

This passage is difficult. We have followed the interpretation of Broekhusius. Vulpius thus explains it. "Conniveat delicto, nec extemplo velit supplicium sumere."

Ver. 86. The social and benevolent passions are every where resplendent in our poet; and these in some measure ought to compensate for his amorous failings. Let it be considered, that Augustus himself wrote some obscene poems: Example, however, is no justification of vice.

Ver. 89. By the "stola" and "vitta" mentioned in the original, the good Cyllenius "sacerdotum integritatem, et matronarum pudicitiam, intelligebat." But Broekhusius peremptorily insists upon it, that Delia was "libertine conditionis," because virgins and matrons ("matronæ") wore the "stola" and "vitta." And yet it is cer-

tain, that dancers and citharædi wore also that garb.

Ver. 99. *What wrath may perbelate.* The literal interpretation is as follows: And if I be thought to have committed any fault, and in consequence of this, am, though innocent, either to be undeservedly dragged by the hair, or pushed down a declivity, I would not, even on such an occasion, wish to beat you; but should I become enraged, would sincerely wish to be deprived of hands. This will sound very odd in a modern fine lady's ears, and no wonder; for from this we have an undeniable proof, that the present age, in point of gallantry, has many advantages over the Augustan.

Ver. 105. The text says, May she in poverty and in age draw twisted threads with a trembling hand, or work on a borrowed loom, or gain a wretched subsistence by picking of wool. "Joannes Secundus" has happily imitated this imprecation.

Sera tibi veniet fastus vindicta protervi

Ætatis tenera crimina flebis anus.

Cum tibi cælatura laxis, pulcherrima, rugis

Luridus inficiet pallor anile caput.

Conduſtamque trahens tremebundo pollice lanam

Involves fuſo ſtamina longa brevi.

Adſpiciet lacrimas ridens Erycinæ ſeniles

Et levis excuſſa plaudet amor phœtra.

Et juvenes omnes et me, tua probra juvabunt.

Lux, precor, ô fato ſit prior illa mea.

Lib. ii. E. 8.

Ver. 112. This is a most extraordinary conclusion. The original in Brockhusius is,

Exemplum cana ſtemus uterque coma.

Other editions read "ſimus," which, for obvious reasons, we have adopted.

Pedo Albinovanus, and Juvenal, use the word "exemplum" in the same sense.

ELEGY VIII.

"THIS day, (the fates foretold in sacred song,

"And ſipping drew the vital twine along),

"He comes, nor shall the gods the doom recal,

"He comes, whose sword shall quell the rebel
"gaul.

"With all her laurels, him shall conquest crown,

"And nations shudder at his awful frown;

"Smooth Atur, now that flows through peaceful
"lands,

"Shall fly affrighted at his hostile bands."

'Tis done! this prophecy. Rome joys to see,

Far-fam'd Meſſala, now fulfill'd in thee: 10

Long triumphs ravish the ſpectators eyes,

And fetter'd chieftains of enormous ſize:

An ivory-car, with ſteeds as white as ſnow,
Sustains thy grandeur through the pompous ſhow.

Some little ſhare, in thoſe exploits, I bore;

Witness Tarbella; and the Santoigne ſhore;

Witness the land, where ſteals the ſilent Soane;

Where ruſh the Garonne; and th' impetuous Rhone;

Where Loire, enamour'd of Carnutian bounds,

Leads his blue water through the yellow grounds.

Or ſhall his other acts adorn my theme; 21

Fair Cydnus, winding with a ſilver ſtream?

Taurus, that in the clouds his fore-head hides,

And rich Cilicia from the world divides;

Taurus, from which unnumber'd rivers ſpring,

The ſavage ſeat of tempeſts, ſhall I ſing?

Why ſhould I tell, how ſacred through the ſkies

Of Syrian cities, the white-pigeon flies?

Why ſing of Tyrian towers, which Neptune laves;

Whence the firſt veſſel, venturous, ſtemm'd the
waves?

How ſhall the bard the ſecret ſource explore,

Whence Father Nile, thou draw'ſt thy watery
ſtore?

Thy fields ne'er importune for rain the ſky;

Thou doſt benignly all their wants ſupply:

As Egypt, Apis mourns in myſtic lays,

She joins thy praiſes to Oſiris' praiſe.

Oſiris firſt contriv'd the crooked plough,

And pull'd ripe apples from the novice bough;

He taught the ſwains the ſavage-mould to wound,

And ſcatter'd ſeed-corn in th' unpraetiſ'd ground.

He firſt with poles ſuſtain'd the reptile vine, 41

And ſhow'd its infant-tendrils how to twine;

Its wanton ſhoots inſtruſted man to ſhear,

Subdue their wildneſs, and mature the year:

Then too, the ripen'd cluſter firſt was trod;

Then in gay ſtreams its cordial ſoul beſtow'd;

This as ſwains quaff'd, ſpontaneous numbers came,

They praiſ'd the feſtal caſk, and hymn'd thy name;

All ecſtacy! to certain time they bound,

And beat in meaſur'd aukwardneſs the ground. 50

Gay bowls ſerene the wrinkled front of care;

Gay bowls the toil-oppreſſed ſwain repair!

And let the ſlave the laughing goblet drain;

He blythſome ſings, though Manacles enchain.

Thee ſorrow flies, Oſiris, god of wine!

But ſongs, enchanting love, and dance are thine;

But flowers and ivy thy fair head ſurround,

And a looſe ſaffron-mantle ſweeps the ground.

With purple-robés inveſted, now you glow;

The ſhrine is ſhown, and flutes melodious blow: 60

Come then, my god, but come bedew'd with wine!

Attend the rites, and in the dance combine;

The rites and dances are to genius due!
 Benign Osiris, stand confess'd to view!
 Rich unguents drop already from his hair,
 His head and neck soft flowery garlands share!
 O come, so shall my grateful incense rise,
 And cates of honey meet thy laughing eyes!
 On thee, Messala, ('tis my fervent prayer)
 May heaven bestow a wife, a warlike heir: 70
 In whom, increas'd, paternal worth may shine,
 Whose acts may add a lustre to thy line,
 And transports give thee in thy life's decline. }
 But should the gods my fervent prayer deny,
 Thy fame, my glorious friend, shall never die.

Long as (thy bounteous work) the well made
 way
 Shall its broad pavement to the sun display,
 The bards of Alba shall in lofty rhyme,
 Transmit thy glory down the tide of time:
 They sing from gratitude: nor less the clown 80
 Whom love or business have detain'd in town
 Till late, as home he safely plods along,
 Thee chants, Messala, in his village-song.
 Blest morn, which still my grateful muse shall
 sing,
 Oft rise, and with you greater blessings bring.

NOTES ON ELEGY VIII.

In the foregoing poem, for it deserves a nobler appellation than that of elegy, Tibullus celebrates the birth day of his patron, the virtuous Messala; upon which occasion he introduces the Sister Fates as preordaining him to the conquest of Aquitain. As our poet attended Acquitinus in that important expedition, he takes an opportunity of modestly mentioning his own share of the service. See the life.

From celebrating the reduction of Aquitain, and mentioning Messala's triumph on that account, our poet hints at his patron's transactions some years before, in Cilicia, Syria, and Egypt. This gives him an occasion of recounting whatever was most memorable in these kingdoms; and as Osiris was the chief god of Egypt, he enumerates the many favours which Osiris was supposed, by the Egyptian mythology, to have conferred on man; and solemnly invokes his attendance at the genial banquet.

The poem concludes with a wish, that Messala's posterity might resemble him in their actions and reputation; and promises him immortality from the noble public road which he had lately made at his own expence.

Ver. 1. The destinies, at every one's birth, were supposed irrevocably to determine their after actions, having in their possession the thread of life. Classic writers abound in imitations of this sort. Catullus, in his beautiful poem, intitled, *De Nuptiis Pelei et Thetidos*, introduces the fates singing the future glories of Achilles. The "Parce" were three in number; their names were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; Hesiod, in his theogony, calls them the daughters of Jupiter and Themis. Clotho held the distaff, Lachesis spun, and Atropos cut the thread.

Ver. 4. Aquitain was the third division of old Gaul, and reached from the Garonne to the Pyrenees, and comprehending Guiene, Gascony, &c.

Messala, upon his having reduced to obedience that extensive and important province, triumphed

A. U. C. 721, in the seventh consulship of Augustus, and third of Agrippa, on the seventh of the calends of October, when Tibullus was thirty-six years of age.

Ver. 7. This is a noble and poetical figure, Atur, (now Ador, or L'Ador), is a river of Aquitain, that runs into the ocean. Aufonius calls it Aturrus, and Ptolomy Aturius.

Ver. 11. Although no institution contributed more to the greatness of Rome, than the public honours bestowed on its conquerors, yet does humanity disapprove of their triumphs. Cleopatra destroyed herself, to avoid attending in chains the triumphal car of Augustus.

Ver. 13. The triumphal car was drawn by four white horses. Propertius, (l. 4. el. 1. ver. 32), attributes this institution to Romulus; but Brockhusius seems rather inclined to believe that Camillus, after having made himself master of the famous city of Veii, which had held out a ten years siege, was the first who invented, and put in practice this ceremony. Could any stress be laid on the authority of Statius, the custom would appear to be of a much more ancient date. For that poet describes (l. 12. v. 542.) Theseus triumphing over the Amazons, in a chariot drawn by white horses. But however this may be, we know that white horses were held in the highest estimation of old, since not only the kings of Persia used steeds of that colour in their chariots; but the conquerors, at the sacred games of Greece, were drawn by white horses, when they made their public entries into their several cities; and Curtius informs us, that the car, consecrated to Jove, had horses of that colour.

The triumphal car was ornamented with ivory and gold; but if the reader is curious to inform himself of all that can now be known concerning the vehicles of antiquity, he may consult Schefferus's book on that subject.

Brockhus.

Ver. 16. *Tarbellæ*.] This is a town in Gascony, at

present called Tarbe. Charles Stevens says, that it is the "Aque Tarbellæ" of Aufonius, and probably the "Aque Augustæ" of Ptolemy.

[Ibid. *Saintoigne Shore*.] A maritime province of Aquitain.

Ver. 17. *Witness the land, where steals the silent Swan;*

Ver. 18. *Where rush the Garonne, and its impetuous Rhone.*

These rivers are finely contrasted. Every body knows them.

Ver. 21. Our poet having particularised most of the battles fought by Messala in Aquitain, in which he himself signalized his courage, makes a transition to the exploits performed by the same illustrious general, three years before in Cilicia, Syria, and Egypt. This leads him to expatiate on that wonder of Egypt, the Nile; and to invite Osiris, the great god of that country, to come and celebrate the birth-day of his patron.

Broekhus.

Ver. 22. *Fair Cydnus.*] A noble river of Cilicia, which Curtius thus describes: "Non spatia aquarum, sed liquore memorabilis; quippe leni tractu, e fontibus labens, puro solo excipitur; nec torrentes incurrunt, qui placide manantis alveum turbent; itaque incorruptus, idemque frigidissimus, quippe multa riparum amœnitate innumbratus, ubique fontibus suis similis, in mare evadit." lib. 3. c. 4. So excellent a geographer is Tibullus; but he probably was an eye-witness of what he describes. Vide his life.

Ver. 25. *Taurus.*] So Broekhusius interprets the word Arat in the original; "Ducta tralatione," says he, "a porca, quæ grandioribus glebis latior eminent inter fulcos."

This is a vast range of mountains, which reaching semicircularly from sea to sea, divides Cilicia from Pamphilia, Pisidia, and the other surrounding kingdoms. Both Cilicia and Taurus are thus accurately described by Xenophon in his Anabasis. *Ἐνταῦθα δὲ κατεβάνην εἰς πίδαμον μῆρα, καλὸν καὶ ἰσχυρὸν καὶ διδόνον παντοδαπῶν ἱμῶν καὶ ἀμπελῶν δὲ καὶ ὑσσώμου καὶ μελιτῆς καὶ κινύχρου καὶ πυρέως καὶ κριθῆς, Φύρι. Ὅρος δὲ αὐτὸ περιέχει ὄρεσιν, καὶ ὑπερὶ πᾶν τὴν ἐκ βαλάντης εἰς βαλάνταν.* Then the army descended into a spacious plain, which was beautiful and well watered, producing not only vines in great plenty, but every other kind of fruit trees, and corn of all sorts. This plain was surrounded from sea to sea, by a range of lofty mountains, of very difficult access.

When the Persians were masters of Asia, says the great Baron Montesquieu, they permitted those who conveyed a spring to any place, which had not been watered before, to enjoy the benefit of it for five generations; and as a number of streams flowed from Mount Taurus, they spared no expence in directing the course of their waters. And thus, at this day, without knowing how they were brought thither, streams are found in great numbers in the fields and gardens of Cilicia.

L'Esp. des Loix.

Ver. 28. *Palæstine* was a province of Syria. The Syrians abstained both from fish and pigeons

on a religious account. Hyginus has explained the reason of it in his 197th fable.

Broekhusius advises the reader, who is studious of Roman purity, particularly to observe, that in the original, the pigeon has three epithets bestowed on it, "Exemplo," says he, "non facile alias reperiundo."

Ver. 29. Although every nation may be supposed to have contrived and used vessels of one kind or another, to pass their great rivers, &c. yet the Phœnicians were the first who greatly improved the art of ship-building, and who made distant voyages for commerce. Tyre, in particular, was for a long time the mart of the world; and even in the time of Tibullus, notwithstanding it had been ravaged, and almost destroyed by Alexander, that city had few rivals in trade. See a truly poetical description of its grandeur in one of Dr. Young's Odes.

The houses in Tyre were built very high, whence Tibullus calls them towers. This was a circumstance which had more than once endangered the destruction of this city by earthquakes; as Strabo informs us, lib. 16. The reason assigned by Broekhusius, why the tyrants made their houses so lofty, is, that they might command a distant prospect of the sea. But might not also this be done for the sake of more accurately observing the motions of the heavenly bodies? especially if, with Mr. Glover, we look upon astronomy as the child of commerce. See Mr. Glover's elegant poem, intitled, London. The truth, however, I believe is, that building on a rock in a limited compass, the Tyrians supplied, like us in London, the want of room, by multiplication of stories.

Ver. 31. The annual overflowing of the Nile was a phenomenon which long puzzled the naturalists; and a variety of hypothesis were formed to explain the causes of it; all of which Diodorus Siculus has judiciously refused in the end of the first book of his Universal History, except that of Agathargines the Cnidian, which ascribes the rising of the Nile in summer, to the rains that fall in Ethiopia, the country where the Nile hath its source.

The overflowing and course of the Nile, is thus explained by Mr. Thomson, in a manner no less poetical than just.

The treasures * these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual

pomp,
Rich king of floods, o'erflows the swelling Nile!
From his two springs, in Gojam's funny realm,
Pure welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles
That with unfading verdure smile around:
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks,
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,

* Viz. *The Vapours.*

Winds in progressive majesty along; [maze,
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering sleep to sleep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

Summer.

Norden in his travels relates the ceremony at present practised at Grand Cairo, at the opening the great canal of that city for the admission of the waters of the Nile. If the people express their gratitude by every instance of licentious joy, the government, it would seem from that traveller, is not profuse upon the occasion, though, indeed, Alpinus makes it a very splendid affair.

De Medicin. Egypt.

Norden also affirms, that notwithstanding the annual overflowing of the Nile, there is no country which requires more culture than the land of Egypt. No rains fall there in summer. Hence our poet says,

Arida nec pluvio supplicat herba Jovi.

This line, Seneca, through mistake, attributes to Ovid: and indeed, as Broekhusius well observes, Ovid much better suited the false epigrammatic turn of this philosopher, than our poet.

The Greeks honoured Jupiter Pluvius with a particular devotion. The friends of Polynices, who had united to restore that prince to the throne of Thebes, swore at the altar of this deity, that they would effectuate their purpose, or die in the attempt. See Pausan. in Corinth; who also informs us, in his Bœotia, that the worship of this deity was performed in the open air. According to Strabo, the Indians also worshipped Jupiter Pluvius, together with the river Ganges, and the "Genii Indigites." He was also honoured at Rome in a singular manner. It is said too, that in a great drought, the Romans dragged into their city a certain large stone, which lay originally near the temple of Mars, beyond the "Porta Capena;" and as rain immediately fell, the stone obtained the name of the "Saxum manale," and the ceremony itself was called "Aqualicium." See Festus. Was this stone a natural hygrometer? Even in our days, and in Romish countries, the catholic priests, in times of drought, seldom venture to lead forth their saints in procession till they have observed the fall of the mercury.

Ver. 35. The best comment on this and the twenty-five following lines, are two passages, one from the first book of Diodorus Siculus, and the other from the Thalia of Herodotus. That from Diodorus is as follows; *μετα δὲ ταῦτα* (says that curious and faithful historian) *τοὶ Κρητὸν ἀρχαί, καὶ ὑπακούοντες τὴν ἀδελφὴν Ρίαν, γένεσθαι κατὰ μὲν σῖνας τῶν μυτιλογῶν Οὐρίην καὶ Ἴσιν, &c.* The other from Herodotus has thus been translated. Apis, whom

the Greeks called *εἰσας*, was the calf of a cow uncapable of bearing another, and no otherwise to be impregnated than by thunder, as the Egyptians affirmed. The marks that distinguished him from all others were these. His body was large and black, except one square of white on the forehead: He had the figure of an eagle on his back; a double list of hair on his tail; and a scarabeus under his tongue. *ἐπὶ δὲ τῇ γλώσσῃ κατάρους.*

When this strange god manifested himself among the Egyptians, they put on their richest apparel, and feasted splendidly; and when he disappeared, their mourning was as extreme.

Ver. 37. Virgil and Ovid attribute the invention of the plough to Ceres. Mythologists say, she is the same with Isis, the sister and wife of Osiris. Triptolemus, whom Ceres instructed, taught the natives of Greece and Asia the art of husbandry. Those of ancient Italy were instructed in it by Saturn; and the Spaniards had for their teacher in agriculture one Hebades.

Broekb.

Ver. 65. The god mentioned in the text is Genius, or that power, who, as the Romans imagined, was the guardian of a man, from the hour of his birth to his death; hence called by the Greeks, *Δαιμόνιον μεταγωγὸς βίου*. These gods the ancients represent sometimes in the form of a serpent, sometimes in that of a boy, and sometimes in that of an old man, crowned with leaves of plain-tree. On several coins of Trajan and Adrian, Genius holds in his hand a "patera," over an altar adorned with flowers; and, from his left, hangs down a whip. The offerings presented to this deity, as Dart justly observes, were generally the salted cake (or *mola*), flowers, wine, and frankincense.

Ver. 76. Nothing, says Mr. Dart very truly, raises a higher idea among the moderns of the ancient Roman greatness, than their public ways.

When Augustus Cæsar perceived that the different roads leading to Rome were, through neglect, become of difficult passage, he took upon himself the reparation of the "via flaminia," as far as Arminium, and enjoined the senators to mend the other roads. This happened A. U. C. 727, as Dio Cassius, in the fifty-third book of his history informs us. The way which fell to the share of Messala, was a branch of the Latin road, which that excellent Roman either paved anew, or repaired; for, from the situation of Tusculum and Alba, it could not be the "via valeria," as Pighius conjectured. See Bergerius, l. 2. on the Roman Military-ways.

Broekhus.

Messala's road must have been esteemed a strong and durable work, since Martial, to represent that perpetuity of fame, to which, as a poet, he thought himself entitled, alludes to it in these words:

Et cum rupta situ Messalæ saxa jacebunt.

B. S. E. 3.

ELEGY IX.

IN vain would lovers hide their infant-smart
 From me; a master in the amorous art;
 I read their passion in their mien and eyes,
 O'erhear their whispers, and explain their sighs.
 This skill no Delphian oracles bestow'd,
 No augurs taught me, and no victims show'd;
 But love my wrists with magic fillets bound,
 Lash'd me, and lashing, mutter'd many a sound.
 No more then, Marathus, indifference feign,
 Else vengeful Venus will inhanse your pain! 10

What now, sweet youth, avails your anxious
 care,

So oft to essence, oft to change your hair?
 What though cosmetics all their aid supply?
 And every artifice of dress you try?
 She's not oblig'd to bredes, to gems, to clothes,
 Her charms to nature Phoebe only owes.

What spells devote you? say, what philtres
 bind?

What midnight forcerefs fascinates your mind?
 Spells can seduce the corn from neighb'ring plains!
 The headlong serpent halts at magic strains! 20
 And did not cymbals stop thy prone career,
 A spell thee Luna from thy orb would tear!

Why do I magic for your passion blame,
 Magic is useless to a perfect frame! [threw,
 You squeeze'd her hands, your arms around her
 Join'd lip to lip, and hence your passion grew.

Cease then, fair maid, to give your lover pain;
 Love hates the haughty, will avenge the swain.
 See youth vermillions o'er his modest face!

Can riches equal such a boy's embrace? 30

Then ask no bribe—when age affects the gay,
 Your every smile let hoary dotage pay;

But you your arms around the stripling throw,
 And scorn the treasure monarchs can bestow.

But she who gives to age her charms, for pay,
 May her wealth perish, and her bloom decay.

Then when impatience thrills in every vein,
 May manhood shun her, and the young disdain.

Alas! when age has silver'd o'er the head,
 And youth that feeds the lamp of love is fled, 40

In vain the toilette charms; 'tis vain to try,
 Gray scanty locks with yellow nuts to dye;

You strip the tail-tales vainly from their place;
 And vainly strive to mend an aged face.

Then in thine eyes while youth triumphant
 glows,

And with his flowers thy cheeks my fair one sows,

TRANS. II.

Incline thine heart to love, and gentle play,
 Youth, youth has rapid wings, and flies away!
 The fond old lover vilify, disdain;
 What praise can crown you from a stripling's
 pain? 50

Spare then the lovely boy; his beauties die;
 By no dire sickness sent him from the sky:
 The gods are just; you, Phoebe, are to blame;
 His fallow colour from your coyness came.

Oh, wretched youth! how oft, when absent you,
 Groans rend his breast, and tears his cheeks be-
 dew?

"Why dost thou rack me with contempt? he cries,
 "The willing ever can elude their spies.

"Had you, O had you felt what now I feel, 59
 "Venus would teach you from your spies to steal.

"I can breathe low; can snatch the melting kiss,
 "And noiseless ravish loves enchanting bliss;

"At midnight can I securely grope my way;
 "The floor tread noiseless, noiseless turn the key.

"Poor fruitless skill! my skill if she despise,
 "And cruel from the bed of rapture flies.

"Or if a promise hap'ly I obtain,
 "That she will recompence at night my pain;

"How am I dup'd? I wakeful listen round, 70
 "And think I hear her in each casual sound.

"Perish the wiles of love, and arts of dress?
 "In russet weeds I'll shroud my wretchedness.

"The wiles of love, and arts of dress are vain,
 "My fair to soften, and admittance gain."

Youth, weep no more; your eyes are swollen
 with tears;

No more complain; for, O! she stops her ears.
 The gods, I warn you, hate the haughty fair,

Reject their incense, and deny their prayer.
 This youth, this Marathus, who wears your chains,

Late laugh'd at love, and ridicul'd its pains! 80
 Th' impatient lover in the street would stay!

Nor dreamt that vengeance would his crimes re-
 pay.

Now, now he moans his past misdeeds with tears,
 A prey to love, and all its frantic fears:

Now he exclaims at female scorn and hate;
 And from his soul abhors a bolted gate!

Like vengeance waits you; trust th' unnering
 mule,

If still you're coy, and still access refuse!
 Then how you'll wish, when old, condemn'd of all,

But vainly wish, these moments to recall! 90

NOTES ON ELEGY IX.

MARATHUS, one of the poet's friends, had lately become enamoured of Pholoe; but as that youth had formerly affected an aversion to love, he now wanted to conceal his passion. This Tibullus tells him, was to no purpose, as he knew from his own experience, all the symptoms of an infant desire; among which he chiefly particularizes a sudden attention to dress. Tibullus informs his friend, that so extraordinary an application to dress was neither required in him, who was a fine figure, nor agreeable to Pholoe, who appears to have been a woman of sense; and asks him, how he expected that foppishness should make any impression on the heart of one who despised every thing else but an elegant simplicity in apparel? The poet next inquires, by what spells he enlisted himself under the banner of love? But immediately resolves the question himself, by emphatically calling beauty the most powerful of enchantments.

From some parts of the poem, it would seem that Pholoe had not always been so infensible to the merits of Marathus. This change of behaviour makes the poet warmly expostulate with her for his young friend, whom he introduces pathetically lamenting the rigour of his destiny. The poem concludes with a prediction, that unless Pholoe altered her conduct, heaven would undoubtedly punish her.

The commentators suppose that this is the Pholoe mentioned by Horace, in his beautiful ode addressed to Tibullus; and, indeed, it must be confessed, that these gentlemen have not always so good a foundation for their conjectures. They also take it for granted, that the Cyrus spoken of in the same poem, was our Marathus, whom they represent as a foreigner, and formerly a slave. Their arguments, however, in defence of this last supposition, are too trifling for confutation.

Ver. 6. The poet here mentions three sorts of divination; the oracular, that of inspecting the bowels of animals, and that called augury. This last, which consisted in deducing events from the manner in which birds fed and from their flight or screaming, was so particularly regarded by the Romans, that few enterprises of consequence were begun, without the previous sanction of the holy chickens; and as these were under the management of the officers of state, and leaders of the army, they were employed generally to the purposes of policy. This kind of divination was not peculiar to the Romans; for we find from the Iliad, that their supposed ancestors, the Trojans, believed also in augury. Hector, indeed, seems to place no confidence in the flight, &c. of birds;

and as Homer every where represents him as a man of an excellent head and heart, we may readily suppose, that the old bard himself was of the same way of thinking.

Ver. 7. None but those who have felt love can be proper judges of that passion. Reading, indeed, may give some imperfect ideas of it; but experience is the only certain teacher. This is what Tibullus means by the magic filets. Salmasius, therefore, is mistaken in making the "magicus nodus" of the text signify knots, such as are mentioned in the notes upon the fifth elegy.

Ver. 10. There is a sentiment, as Vulpius justly observes, similar to this in Euripides.

Κυρὸς γὰρ οὐ Φερειὸς πρὸ πολλῆς οὐ
ἢ σοὶ μὲν ἰκονὸν ἔσυχν ματιοχῆται
Ὅν δὲν πειρῶσα καὶ Φερειὸν ἔσυχν μίγα
Τούτοις λαβούσα πῶς δοκὺς καθύπερθε.

In Hippolit.

Ver. 13. The original may be thus literally interpreted: Oh! what avails it now that you surcharged your cheeks with juices to make them smooth and ruddy? and what, that you have your nails paired by the learned hand of an expert artist? In vain you vary the parts of your dress, and in vain you confine your compressed foot within so neat a sandal.

The "succus splendens" of the text, if Broekhusius justly interprets it, was not an over-delicate preparation; for, according to him, it was "crassius sputum ex madido pane, quo illinebantur genæ." Some editions of merit read, "succo splendenti."

Well-paired nails were regarded by the Romans as so essential to a genteel appearance, that Horace, to shock us at the witch Canidia, introduces her with unpaired nails; and yet we find that Mecænas was sometimes out of humour with this bard himself, for the same neglect.

Præ se factum stomachicis ob unguem.

From the text, the learned conjecture, that none but the poorer sort of people paired their own nails, the rich having theirs cut by the barber; yet Mr. Dacier, upon the following lines of Horace,

Conspexit, ut aiunt,
Adrasum quemdam, vacua tonforis in umbra,
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.—

remarks, that the Roman ladies had their nails paired by their waiting-maids; in proof of which he cites this passage of our poet,

Quid succo, &c.

Which he thus interprets :

"Pourquoy peindre vos cheveux? Pourquoy vous faire couper les ongles par une femme adroite?" and confirms this interpretation by adding, "Porcia s'étant coupé un jour, en se faisant les Ongles, Brutus la gronda d'avoir fait l'office de sa femme de chambre." But all that is here advanced (as Brockhusius remarks), is a blunder. For, in the first place, the French critic unaccountably metamorphoses Marathus into a lady; again, Porcia used a barber's pairing knife, as Plutarch assures us; and, lastly, Valerius Maximus thus relates the story of Porcia's wounding herself: "Quæ cum Bruti viri sui consilium, quod de interficiendo Cæsare, cepit ea nocte, qua dies teterrimi facti secuta est, cognovisset," &c. When Porcia was let into the secret by Brutus her husband, of his intention to assassinate Cæsar the next day, she, as soon as Brutus left the room, called for a barber's knife, as if she meant to pair her nails; which being brought her, she let it fall as though by chance, and wounded her thigh. Brutus being brought back into her chamber, by the screams of her maids, mildly rebuked her for endeavouring to perform the barber's office. But she whispered him, I wounded myself on purpose, as a trial of my love for you; for should your enterprise fail, I wanted to know with what equanimity I could kill myself. Lib. 3.

The last line,

Ansaque compressos, &c.

Signifies the extreme care Marathus took in making the sandal sit neat on his foot, by tightening the straps tied to the anse or thongs, which came up on every side of the foot, and were fastened over the instep.

Ver. 18. Many editions read "pallentibus," and it is certain, that the epithet is classical. But we shall not enter into the merits of the two claimants, O and A; but refer those who are fond of such altercation to the Dutch commentator.

Although almost every poet of antiquity has left us his testimony as to the efficacy of spells in producing love, it must not, however, be imagined, that they believed it in reality. For how should spells excite that harmony,

Attuning all their passions into love:

Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul, [will
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
With boundless confidence.

Which Thomson makes the essence of love to consist in. But though spells cannot excite love, yet philtres, by stimulating, may raise desire.

Ver. 21. When the moon was eclipsed, the ancients imagined that she struggled with witchcraft; and, therefore, to relieve her, struck upon instruments of brass and other sonorous bodies, thinking that sounds would accomplish her deliverance. In allusion to this custom, Ovid thus speaks of the blushes of Hermaphroditus:

Hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis,
Aut ebori tincto est; aut sub candore rubenti,
Cum frustra resonant æra auxiliaræ, lunæ.

Met. lib. vi.

A red like this, the ripening apple shows;
So with vermilion dyed, fair ivory glows:
Blushes like these do struggling Cynthia stain;
When aiding brass, and cymbals ring in vain.

Addison.

And Juvenal, satirically describing a scold, says, that there was no need of a shrill noise of instruments to relieve the labours of the moon, the tongue of this woman being sufficiently qualified to produce such an effect.

Dart.

Travellers inform us, that this superstition is still practised in several parts of the east, &c.

Ver. 31. These lines are not only extremely indelicate, but gives us a displeasing picture of Pholoe's venality.

Ver. 39. *Alas! when age.*] When the fair sex found their estimation upon beauty only, without aiming at any mental accomplishment, it is no wonder, in that case, that they dread old age, and endeavour, by artifices, to repay the decays of nature. Every stage of life has its proper bends and passions. A rational attachment to love and pleasure, is ornamental in youth, allowable in more advanced life, but preposterous in age. What character is more ridiculous than that of a coquette of sixty? But, say the fair, can life be agreeable, when the power to raise love is gone? Are then the matronly virtues of no consideration? Are friendship and esteem, which can be enjoyed in full vigour even in the latest period of life, of no avail? Mental perfection is the root from whence must spring all the dozeurs of old age; and mental perfection must be planted in youth early, if it is ever meant to shoot up to maturity.

Ver. 41.

'Tis vain to try,

Gray scanty locks with yellow nuts to dye.

Meursius and Duport are of opinion, that black is the dye which Tibullus mentions in the text; but Brockhusius, and especially Arntzenius, prove, that walnut dyed the hair yellow; which, as has been observed before, is the classical colour. Vid. Dissert. de Col. Com. p. 114.

Ver. 52. "Sontica causa" here is the same as "morbis fonticus," which signifies any great disorder, such as the gods were supposed to inflict on the wicked: and hence the Greeks call it *isops*; and because it prevented the unhappy sufferer from attending on business, they also gave it the epithet of *aliosus*.

Vulpus justly observes, that our author is not the only one who uses "causa" for a disease; for it is applied by Gratian, no contemptible poet of the Augustan age, to signify the same thing in the following line:

Causasque affectusque canum tua cura tueri est.

2 B ij

Hence those soldiers, who by infirmity were disabled from campaigning, were called "causarii milites," and their dismissal "causaria missio."

When the superstitious among the Athenians, saw a mad or epileptic person, they, shuddering, spit into their bosom to avert the mischief. And, indeed, while those disorders were reputed judgments of Heaven upon the persons affected, no wonder the poor sufferers were hated and shunned; but a sounder philosopher has taught us that such objects always deserve our pity, and have a right to all the relief human skill can procure them.

Ver. 70. *And think I hear her.*] J. Secundus has finely imitated this thought.

Dumque ego blanditeaque tuas, et rosida menti
Oscula praecepit multiplicisque viceis,
Dum vacuum falsis complexibus aera capto,
Dum mea in absenteis porrigo colla manus,
Et quem cumque movet strepitum levis aura per
aedes
Dilectos dominæ suspicor esse pedes.

El. ii. B. 2.

But Broekhusius very justly prefers a description of the same kind in the seventh canto of the Orlando Furioso, (Stanz. 24. & 25.)

Ver. 72. *In russet weeds.*] Mattaire and others have injudiciously inserted the original of this line, and the two following ones, at the end of the third elegy of the second book.

When that part of the Roman gown, which was commonly tucked under the right arm, and secured by the "umbo" on the left shoulder, was allowed to flow about the wearer; the "toga" was then said to be "laxa." This the Romans reputed a sign of effeminacy. Hence it is not surprising that Mecenas dressed in this manner; but that Julius Cæsar should do so, is more unaccountable. And although many instances occur

in a neighbouring kingdom, sufficient to convince us, that the sop and the brave soldier are not wholly incompatible; "Væ tamen istis!"

Ver. 88. All the ancient editions read,
Ni definis esse superba.

Although this may appear odd, says Broekhusius, to those who have ears like King Midas, it is, nevertheless, the genuine reading.

The following quotation from Ariosto is remarkable:

Pensò Rinaldo alquanto, e poi rispose:
Una donzella dunque de morire
Perche lascios fogar ne l'amorose
Sue Braccia al suo amator tanto desire!
Sia maledetta chi tal puo patire.
Debitamente muore una crudele
Non chi da vita al suo amator fedele.

Cant. iv. St. 63.

After all, if Phloeë could find no love-worthy qualities in Marathus, it was ungenerous in our poet to insult her with such a prognostic. Love is the child of obsequiousness, and not the offspring of menace; accordingly, the fair Egyptian (in Prior) says, if not poetically, at least truly,

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstacy, which each receives.
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it
grows;
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose;
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
If angry fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

Solomon, Book ii.

ELEGY X.

Why did you swear by all the powers above?
Yet never meant to crown my longing love.
Wretch, though at first the perjur'd deed you hide,
Wrath comes with certain, though with tardy stride;
Yet, yet, offended gods, my charmer spare!
Yet pardon the first fault of one so fair!

For gold the careful farmer ploughs the plain,
And joins his oxen to the cumbrous wain;
For gold, through seas that stormy winds obey,
By stars, the sailor steers his watery way. 10
Yet, gracious gods, this gold from man remove,
That wicked metal brib'd the fair I love.

Soon shall you suffer greatly for your crime,
A weary wanderer in a foreign clime;

Your hair shall change, and boasted bloom decay,
By wintry tempests, and the solar ray.

"Beware of gold, how oft did I advise?
"From tempting gold what mighty mischiefs rise?
"Love's generous power, I said, with tenfold
"pain

"The wretch will rack, who sells her charms
"for gain. 20

"Let torture all her cruelties exert,

"Torture is pastime to a venal heart.

"Nor idly dream your gallantries to hide,

"The gods are ever on the sufferer's side.

"With sleep or wine o'ercome, so fate ordains,

"You'll blab the secret of your impious gains."

Thus oft I warn'd you ; this augments my shame ;

My sighs, tears, homage, henceforth I disclaim.

" No wealth shall bribe my constancy, you swore, 29

" Be mine the bard, you sigh'd, I crave no more :

" Not all Campania shall my heart entice,

" For thee Campania's autumns I despise.

" Let Bacchus in Falernian vineyards stray,

" Not Bacchus' vineyards shall my faith betray."

Such strong professions, in so soft a strain,

Might well deceive a captivated swain ;

Such strong professions might aversion charm,

Slow doubt determine, and indifference warm.

Nay more, you wept, unpractis'd to betray,

I kiss'd your cheeks, and wip'd the tears away. 40

But if I tempting gold unjustly blame,

And you have left me for another flame ;

May he, like you, seem kind, like you deceive,

And O may you, like cheated me, believe.

Oft I by night the torch myself would bear,

That none our tender converse might o'erhear ;

When least expected, oft some youth I led,

A youth all beauty, to the genial bed,

And tutor'd him your conquest to complete,

By soft enticements, and a fond deceit. 50

By these I foolish hop'd to gain your love !

Who than Tibullus could more cautious prove ?

Fir'd with uncommon powers I swept the lyre,

And sent you melting strains of soft desire :

The thought o'erspreads my face with conscious shame,

Doom, doom them victims to the seas or flame.

No verse be their's, who love's soft fires profane,

And sell inestimable joys for gain.

But you who first the lovely maid decoy'd,

By each adulterer be your wife enjoy'd. 60

And when each youth has rifled all her charms,
May bed-gowns guard her from your loathed arms !

May she, O may she like your sister prove,
As fam'd for drinking, far more fam'd for love !

'Tis true, the bottle is her chief delight,

She knows no better way to pass the night ;

Your wife more knowing can the night improve,

To joys of Bacchus joins the joys of love.

Think'st thou for thee, the toilette is her care ? 69

For thee, that fillets bind her well-dress'd hair ?

For thee, that Tyrian robes her charms enfold ?

For thee, her arms are deck'd with burnish'd gold ?

By these, some youth the wanton would entice,

For him the dresses, and for him she sighs ;

To him she prostitutes, unaw'd by shame,

Your house, your pocket, and your injur'd fame :

Nor blame her conduct, say, ye young, what charms

Can beauty taste in gout and age's arms ?

Less nice my fair one, she for money can

Carefs a gouty impotent old man ;

O thou by generous love, too justly blam'd ! 79

All, all that love could give, my passion claim'd.

Yet since thou couldst so mercenary prove,

The more deserving shall engross my love ;

Then thou wilt weep when these ador'd you see ;

Weep on, thy tears will transport give to me.

To Venus I'll suspend a golden shield,

With this inscription grav'd upon the field :

" Tibullus, freed at last from amorous woes,

" This offering, queen of bliss, on thee bestows :

" And humbly begs, that henceforth thou wilt

" guard

" From such a passion, thy devoted bard." 90

NOTES ON ELEGY X.

THE translator has been obliged to use pretty much the same freedom with this elegy as he used with the fourth. Had the other elegies of Tibullus been like these two, he had never taken the trouble of translating them. But, as both in this version are new-modelled, it is hoped that neither of them can shock the most delicate chastity.

Ver. 3. Although the justness of these moral reflections is not always discoverable on this side the grave, we have all reason to think that the perjured will meet with a deserved punishment in another state. Horace makes a remark, no less just than moral :

Raro antecedentem scellum
Deseruit pœna pede clauds.

When Jove in anger strikes the blow,
Oft with the bad, the righteous bleed,

Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed.

Ariosto, according to Broekhusius, had this passage of Tibullus in his eye, in the beginning of the sixth canto.

Miser chi mal oprando si confida
Ch' ogn' her star debbia il maleficio occulto.

Sentences of this sort are to be met with in every author ; but are we thence to conclude that they imitated one another ? Such observations shoot up in the common of nature, and are to be plucked by every passer.

Ver. 13. The original, "perfolvo," is a very emphatical verb, it importing a discharge of the whole debt, without the smallest diminution.

Broekhus.

Ver. 15. The delicate among the ancients, who had nne hair, were at great pains to prevent it from becoming red (*rufus*); an effect which they imagined the heat of the sun might occasion. Vid. Dissert. de Color. Com. c. 3. p. 57.

Ver. 23. Almost all the old editions read,

Nec tibi celanti fas sit peccare paranti.

To find out the meaning of which long exercised the ingenuity of the learned; and no wonder, for if it is not nonsense, it is something very like it. At last, however, Scaliger restored the text; which, though supported by MS. authority, has been censured by some malevolent critics as an intrusion of his own. *Brockhus.*

Ver. 26. In the original,

*Ipse Deus tacito permittit vela ministro
Ederet ut multa libera verba mero.*

For this reading we are also indebted to Scaliger; yet the passage is far from being void of obscurity. Accordingly, the commentators, since his time, have all of them differed in their explanations of it. And although none of their explanations are satisfactory, yet that of Brockhusius is the least liable to objections. He says, that the "Tacitus Dei" minister, is the deceitful wine, by the vapours of which, drunkenness creeping on, obscures the mind, as with a veil; "tanquam velo quodam, aciem mentis obnubit subrepens sensum ebrietas." This, it must be owned, conveys some meaning; yet the idea conveyed by it appears to be farther fetched than those of Tibullus commonly are. Something like this is retained in the version.

Ver. 31. Campania was so called from its being a champaigne (*campesivus*) country. It belongs to the kingdom of Naples, and lies south of Abruzzo. It was formerly so fertile, that Pliny and Florus elegantly call it, "Liberi Cerealis certamen." Its present name is "Terra de Lavoro." It is still beautiful, though it has lost much of its classic amenity.

Ver. 34. Falernus was one of the most fruitful districts in Campania. Its wines were the most celebrated of any in Italy. Dart alleges, that it received its name from one Falernus, a husbandman, who, it seems, first cultivated the vine there. It was anciently called Amineum; and hence the epithet "aminea" was applied to wines of that country and not as Servius imagines, because there was no minium in them.

Ver. 35. Though the images in the original, are natural and obvious, yet as they are not appropriated to amorous compositions, the translator has ventured to insert others, which to him appeared to have a better title to the place.

Donec erunt ignes arcusque, cupidinis arma,

of Ovid, would have been more adapted to the subject, from whence the images ought ever to spring; and indeed no poet of antiquity has more exactly observed this rule than Ovid hath done, in the elegy from which the above line is taken, and in this view cannot be too carefully perused.

Pastoral poets frequently err, and even Virgil himself is not entirely blameless in this particular. Mr. Pope in this, and in most other cases, where correctness of judgment is requisite, has been surpassed by none. How excellent, for instance, are these lines in his Rape of the Lock!

This day black omens threat the brightest fair,
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight:
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night,
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball,
Or whether heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall,

Cant. 2.

Ver. 49. This elegy abounds in difficult passages; nor is the original of this passage the least obscure: should therefore the translator err here, the critical reader will the more easily pardon him. He had, however, in his eye, the following elegant lines of Horace.

*Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusve deceptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinaci.*

The laugh which from the corner flies,
To tell you where the fair one lies;

A ring or bracelet snatch'd away,
The sportive pledge of future joy;

When she with amorous dear delay,
Shall struggling yield the willing toy.

After all, the sentiment, as it appears in Tibullus, can boast of no delicacy.

Ver. 62. *May bad govern guard her.*] From this wish, and some others in Tibullus, many critics have conjectured that our poet's talent was no less suited to the satiric, than to the elegiac muse. The translator, however, would have been better pleased, had his author given no proofs of genius, in that disagreeable species of writing. He has therefore been less solicitous in rendering the full force of the original.

Ver. 63. *May she, O may she like your sister prove,
As fam'd for drinking, &c.*

The Romans entertained so great an abhorrence of drunkenness in a woman, that the laws of the twelve tables permitted the husband to punish his wife with death, if found guilty of that crime.

Ver. 85. "Faciunt hoc homines," says the moral Cicero, "quos, in summa nequitia, non solum libido et voluptas, verum etiam ipsius nequitiae fama delectat; ut multis in locis, notas ac vigilia scelerum suorum relinqui velint." But Vulpus thinks, that the poet did not mean a shield, but a hand (palma); which he proves the ancients used sometimes to hang up in their temples, to denote that it was now freed from the fetters of deceitful love. If this is the interpretation, it may be thus translated:

To love I'll dedicate a hand of gold,
And this inscription shall the cause unfold.

ELEGY XI.

Who was the first that forg'd the deadly blade?
Of rugged steel his savage soul was made;
By him, his bloody flag ambition wav'd;
And grisly carriage through the battle rav'd:
Yet wherefore blame him? we're ourselves to
blame;

Arms first were forg'd to kill the savage game:
Death-dealing battles were unknown of old;
Death-dealing battles took their rise from gold;
When beechen bowls on oaken tables stood,
When temperate acorns were our fathers' food; 10
The swain slept peaceful with his flocks around,
No trench was open'd, and no fortress frown'd.

O had I liv'd in gentle days like these,
To love devoted, and to home-felt ease;
Compell'd I had not been those arms to wear,
Nor had the trumpet forc'd me from the fair:
But now I'm dragg'd to war, perhaps my foe
E'en now prepares th' inevitable blow! [known

Come then, paternal gods, whose help I've
From birth to manhood, still protect your own, 20
Nor blush, my gods, though carv'd of ancient
wood,

So carv'd in our forefathers' times you stood;
And though in no proud temples you were prais'd,
Nor foreign incense on your altars blas'd;
Yet white-rob'd faith conducted every swain;
Yet meek-ey'd piety seren'd the plain;
While clustering grapes, or wheat-wreaths round
your hair,

Appeas'd your anger, and engag'd your care;
Or dulcet cakes himself the farmer paid,
When crown'd his wishes by your powerful
aid; 30

While his fair daughter brought with her from
The luscious offering of a honey-comb: [home,
If now you'll aid me in the hour of need,
Your care I'll recompence—a boar shall bleed.

In white array'd, I'll myrtle baskets bear,
And myrtle foliage round my temples wear:
In arms redoubtable let others shine,
By Mars protected mow the martial line;
You let me please, my head with roses crown,
And every care in flowing goblets drown: 40
Then when I'm joyous, let the soldier tell,
What foes were captur'd, and what leaders fell;
Or on the board describe with flowing wine,
The furious onset, and the flying line.

For reason whispers, Why will thou liv'd man,
By war contract his too contracted span?

Yet when he leaves the cheerful realms of light,
No laughing bowls, no harvests cheer the sight;
But howl the damn'd, the triple monster roars,
And Charon grumbles on the Stygian shores: 50
By fiery lakes the blasted phantoms yell,
Or shroud their anguish in the depths of hell.

In a thatch'd cottage happier he by far,
Who never hears of arms, of gold, or war,
His chaste embrace a numerous offspring crown,
He courts not fortune's smile, nor dreads her
frown;

While lenient baths at home his wife prepares,
He, and his sons, attend their fleecy cares,
As old, as poor, as peaceful may I be,
So guard my flocks, and such an offspring see. 60
Meantime, soft peace, descend, O! bliss our
plains!

Soft peace to plough with oxen taught the swains.
Peace plants the orchard, and matures the vine,
And first gay-laughing prest the ruddy wine;
The father quaffs, deep quaff his joyous friends,
Yet to his son a well-tor'd vault descends.

Bright shine the plough-share, our support and
joy;

But rust, deep rust, the veteran's arms destroy!

The villager (his sacred offerings paid
In the dark grove, and consecrated shade), 70
His wife and sons, now darkness parts the throng,
Drives home, and whistles, as he reels along.
Then triumphs Venus; then love-feuds prevail;
The youth all jealous then the fair assail;
Doors, windows fly, no deference they pay,
The chastest suffer in th' ungentle fray: [tears;
These beat their breasts, and melt in moving
The lover weeps, and blames his rage and fears;
Love sits between, unmov'd with tears and sighs,
And with incentives fly the feud supplies. 80

Ye youths, though stung with taunts, of blows
beware;

They, they are impious, who can beat the fair:
If much provok'd, or rend their silken zone,
Or on their tresses be your anger shown:
But if nor this your passion can appease,
Until the charmer weep, the charmer tease!
Blest anger, if the fair dissolves in tears!
Blest youth, her fondness undisguis'd appears!
But crush the wretch, O war, with all thy woe,
Who to rough usage adds the crime of blows. 90

Bland peace, descend, with plenty on our plains,
And bless with ease and laughing sport the swains.

NOTES ON ELEGY XI.

THERE are very few of our poet's elegies, which surpass the following. By the words,

Nunc ad bella trahor,

it would seem that Tibullus was about to depart on some military expedition; Breekhufius conjectures, that it was written soon after his being appointed to follow Messala to Syria; and of course that it ought to take place of the third elegy of this book. But the translator cannot help differing from that learned commentator; for when the third elegy was composed, it is known, that Tibullus had been for some time in love with Delia; and yet in the following poem he makes no mention of Delia: besides Pocchi informs us, that in some of his old MSS. this elegy began the second book, and was intitled *De Amoribus Nemesidis*. But be that as it will, the elegy itself is truly worthy of our poet, and contains a vast deal of the real Tibullus. In the beginning, he draws a fine parallel between the guilty horrors of war, and the innocent pleasures of a country retirement. His invocation to his household gods to preserve his life, in the dangerous employment he was forced into, is no less pious and pathetic, than his reflections on ambition, and its fatal consequences are just and moral.

From the whole of this elegy, it may reasonably be questioned, whether Tibullus was an academic philosopher, as Mr. Francis supposes, or rather whether he was not, at least in practice, if not in theory, of the sect of Epicurus. The cheerful enjoyment of the present hour was their fundamental maxim.

Ver. 1. *Who was the first that forg'd.* Authors differ greatly in their opinions about this matter. Aristotle asserts, that one Lydus of Scythia first showed the method of tempering and working in brass: Theophrastus ascribes this discovery to Dela a Phrygian. Callimachus, on the other hand, curses the Chalybes as the inventors of iron, and thus addresses Jove to destroy them,

Ζην πατερ ὡς χαλῶν παν ἀπολοῖτο γένος

While Hesiod lays this to the charge of the Daëtyi Idoi in Crete; as others say, that the Cyclopes were the first who worked in that metal. The Lemnians, on the same account, are branded by many; and hence the proverbial expressions of *λεμνία κακὰ*, *λεμνία χιρὰ*, and *λεμνίων ἐλπίς*. Bacchus is also said by some, to have invented the weapons of war; but Diodorus Siculus imputes their discovery to Isis and Osiris. But the true author was probably Jubal Cain.

Ver. 6. *Arms first were forg'd.* This, in fact, is not true, ambition first taught man the use of arms. Pliny tells us, that Prætus and Acrisius, when at war with one another, invented the shield; and that Midias the Messanian invented a coat of mail; and that the Lacedæmonians invented the helmet, sword and spear. Lib. 7. c. 56.

Ver. 8. Poets have generally given full scope to their indignation, when speaking of gold: they have looked upon it to be, what it indeed too often is, the destroyer of love, the support of unjust ambition, and the parent of luxury.

ἡ φιλοχρημοσύνη μητις, &c.

The worst of ills from fordid avarice flow;
And gold is but the glittering bait of woe.
Nefarious gold, with virtue's bane replete:
Oh! that thy fatal poison were less sweet!
Of thee are born wars, murders, and alarms,
Paternal curses, and fraternal arms.

Although it must be confessed, that all these mischiefs have, on some occasions, arisen from gold; yet he is but little acquainted with the history of human nature, who does not know that almost all the great passions to which man is subject, have at one time or another occasioned these very mischiefs.

Ver. 9. No poet, except Homer, abounds so much as Tibullus, in descriptions of primitive and rural simplicity of manners. To an unprejudiced mind, these are entertaining, and afford matter of curious speculation. Although our author, by his birth and abilities, might have shone in courts, and the polite scenes of active life, his good sense, poetical turn, and aversion to the villanies of office, led him to prefer the country: accordingly he never appears to more advantage, than when describing its pleasures, and the plain but honest devotion of its inhabitants.

Ver. 15. Almost all the old editions read,

Tunc mihi vita foret, vulgi nec tristia nossem
Arma.

This perplexed the commentators, who knowing, that the commons of Rome, in times of peace, or when acting in their civil capacity, neither wore arms themselves, nor had them to wear, much less to dispose of (for the arms of that people, as well as their military clothing, were placed in the custody of the supreme magistrates, who, from the public armories occasionally delivered them out); at last thus happily restored the passage,

Tunc mihi vita foret dulcis: nec tristia nossem.

An emendation which Brockhufius approves of.

— *A boar shall bleed.*] The whole of this address to his household gods is pathetic and animated. This line has been strangely corrupted in the original; the true reading however is,

Hostia erit plena rustica porcus hara.

As many from the old reading

Hostia e plena, &c.

supposed something wanting, Pontanus thus boldly endeavoured to supply the deficiency;

At nobis ærata lares depellite tela;

Nec petat hostili missa sagitta manu;

Neu gladio celer instet eques; profant mihi ad aras

Quæque tuli supplex munera quæque feram;

Thure pio callantque foci, pinguique trahatur

Hostia de plena mystica porcus hara.

But the word "trahatur," as Broekhusius observes, betrays the forgery; for victims were not dragged, but led to the altar. Should not the "plena hara," in the original, have convinced those authors, who affect to represent Tibullus as poor, that his circumstances were far otherwise?

The ritual compiled by Numa, prescribed not only the ceremonies to be used, but the sacrifices to be offered, in the worship of each deity. The Romans, however, when they became more powerful and wealthy, added not only to the number of victims originally required, but enlarged also the species, or kinds of offerings. Whence this practice arose is not difficult to determine; yet, in spite of pontifical juggle, the Roman devotion always retained much of its primitive simplicity.

Ver. 35. Servius informs us, that the Roman priests always put on the white linen garment, bordered with purple, when they were about to sacrifice. It was called pure and unpolluted, according to the same author, "Quando non obstita, non fulgurita, non funesta, neque maculam habens, φ. K. homine mortuo."

Ver. 36. Hence says Broekhusius, we may remark, that myrtle was no less acceptable to the Lares than to Venus herself; and Horace informs us, that they were often crowned with this pleasant evergreen.

— *Te nihil attinet*

Tentare multa cæde bidentium,

Parvos coronantem marino

Rore Deos fragilique myrto, &c.

B. 3. l. 23.

The little gods around thy sacred fire,

No vast profusion of the victims gore,

But pliant myrtle-wreaths alone require,

And fragrant herbs the pious rural store.

A grateful cake when on the hallow'd shrine,

Offer'd by hands that know no guilty stain,

Shall reconcile th' offended powers divine,

When bleeds the pompous hecatomb in vain.

Francis.

Ver. 43. There is a fine and elegant improvement of this thought, in Mr. Tickle's poem on the peace of Utrecht.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
Hangs on the lips that fields of death relate,
And smiles and trembles at his various fate:
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then sets th' invested fort before her eyes,
And mines that whirl'd battalions to the skies,
His little listening progeny look pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

There are also some beautiful strokes of the same nature in Mr. Addison's Latin poem, intitled *Pax Gulielmi Auspiciis Europæ Reddita*. Mus. Ang. Tom. 2.

Ovid has inserted this thought of Tibullus, in several parts of his writings, particularly in Penelope's letter to Ulysses.

*At aliquis posita monstrat fera prælia mensa,
Pingit et exiguo, pergama tota, mero.*

See also his *Metam. Lib. 9.* at the beginning, book xii. ver. 155. *Ars Amand.* book ii. ver. 127.

Ver. 48. *No laughing bowls.*] The author of the *Hercules Furens*, has stretched this single thought into ten long lines, ver. 698. Not so that excellent poet of Italy Sannazaro.

*Post obitum non ulla mihi carchesia ponet
Æacus, infernis non viret uva jugis.*

Ep. Lib. I. Brock.

Are we then to place the chief joys of life in eating and drinking? Ought not our poet rather to have expatiated on the pleasures of learned society, or the charms of friendship, and the bliss of love? yet, after all, as the poet was only describing the happiness of rural life, these additional images were the less necessary.

Ver. 49. The "*ulsi capilli et exesæ genæ*" of the original, are far from being terrifying images. "Omnes imagines mortuorum calvæ finguntur, comis igne rogi consumptis." Vid. Luc. in *Dialog. Nir. Diogen. et Thers.*

Ver. 57. *While lenient baths.*] Shall we suppose that our poet had Ariadne's fine exclamation to Theseus in his thoughts.

Quæ tibi jucundo famularer serva labore?

Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis.

Catull.

Claude Lorraine himself could not draw a finer picture of a village-family, than our poet has given us in this place. There is another pleasing representation of the same sort in the *Gentle Shepherd*; a dramatic poem, which the translator is persuaded, every judge of poetry and nature will greatly prefer to the frigid Arcadian *Favole Boscorechie* of Italy.

This practice however of preparing warm baths, to ease the limbs of the fatigued husband, was not peculiar to the rural dame. Homer informs us, that Andromache commanded her maids to place, on the fire, a large vessel full of water, to bathe her lord in, when he should return from the battle; she in the mean while, employing herself,

As Pope conjectures, in weaving a vestment to adorn him with. But alas, all her care was superfluous, Hector never came back. Il. x. v. 440. Homer is in nothing more admirable, than in his softening the ferocity of his battles, by the apt introduction of tender and domestic circumstances.

Ver. 61. *Meantime, soft peace, descend.*] May not this signify that Tibullus was to have been employed in quelling some Italian commotion, and not in a foreign expedition?

Ver. 62. *Soft peace to plough.*] Many editors, and among the rest Broekhusius, read,

Duxit aratores sub juga curva boves.

But the adverb "primum," in the foregoing line, sufficiently authenticates our reading "araturos;" for how could an ox, when first put to the plough, with any propriety be called "arator," a term intimating that he had ploughed before; though he might well be called "araturus," as that gerund only points at his future employment and office. Besides, our reading is supported by the greatest number of manuscripts and editions.

Ver. 94. Casimir has a beautiful ode on peace, and the reader will find many fine thoughts on the same subject, in those poems of Mr. Addison's and Mr. Tickle's, which we have already praised.

Ver. 67. In the original,

Pace bidens, vomerque nitent, &c.

not "vigent," in opposition to Situs. This correction we owe to Heinsius.

Ver. 70. *In the dark grove*] That the Heathens, says Mr. Dart, had their religious rites in thick woods and groves, every one knows; the poet therefore describes those holidays, as the gay part of the farmer's life, when he and his family made merry, not unlike, adds he, to our country wakes and revels, when mirth is at its height, and the scuffles of love grow warm. There is a singular description in the eleventh Æneid, ver. 70.

At non in venerem segnes nocturnaque bella;
Aut, ubi curva choris indixit tibia Bacchi,
Expectare dapes, et plenæ pocula mensæ.
Hic amor, hoc studium; dum sacra secundos Ha-
rurux

Nuntiet, ac lucos vocet hostia pinguis in altos.

Ver. 75. *Doors, windows fly.*]

Scissosque capillos
Fimæna perfractas conqueriturque fores.

On which Scaliger thus superciliously remarks, "Copulativa verbo addita vehementer apud me male audit; quod tamen à magnis poetis, et a Nobis quoque factum est; nunquam tamen, ac ne tunc quidem, quum facerem, probavi."

If the young rakes of Rome sometimes broke open their mistresses doors, Dr. Bentley informs us from Plautus and Seneca, that the women sometimes returned the compliment. This, in Horace's court-language, was called, "expugnare juvenum domos."

Neither was this boisterous method of getting admittance entirely unknown to the old Sicilians,

as we may perceive by Daphnis's threat to Simætha.

οὐδ' ἀλλὰ μ' ὄψιναι καὶ ἂν θυρὰν εἰχόμενος
παντὶ καὶ τῆλιν καὶ λαμπρῶν πύρρον ὧσ' ἔμμεναι.
Theocrit.

Ver. 79. *Love sits between.*] "Totus hic locus," says Broekhusius, very justly, "tam venusto artificio est pertractatus, ut melius non queat pingi. Flet puella, male habita ab-ebrio amatore; flet amator, pigetque eum tam turpis victoriz. Adfidenter utrumque Cupido, nihil motus his lacrymis: quinimo, ut ne pax defubite constet, insidiosè cavet, subjectis utrimque novæ rixæ alimentis. Nihil poterit amœnius excogitari, nihil exprimi vividius." He then desires us to compare this short picture of our poet's with another in Ovid. B. I. El. 7. and adds, "Fallor aut illius (meaning Ovid) artis immensam varietatem magis miraberis; hic vero non minus te dilectabit invidendus ille nitor nativæ simplicitatis."

This picture would afford an excellent subject to a Guido Rheni.

Ver. 82. The original literally translated, intimates, that whoever beats his mistress, is of a temper as rigid and inflexible as stone or iron; and were it in his power, he would dethrone the gods themselves, and expel them from heaven. This furnishes us with a strong proof of the want of gallantry of those times! Ovid, according to his own confession, was not over scrupulous in his conduct to the fair sex; the sixth Elegy of the first Book being an apology to Corinna, whom he had been so barbarous as to beat. Many other passages might be adduced from ancient writers to corroborate this assertion. But the subject is unpleasing.

Ver. 84. *Or on their tresses*] This affords another disagreeable proof, that the moderns greatly surpass the ancients in point of gallantry.

Although nothing can be more acceptable to the lover, than a discovery of his being beloved; yet the method here made use of to arrive at that discovery, is wholly illiberal: for in spite of all that Propertius has wrote to the contrary, what pleasure can there be,

Aut in amore dolere, aut audire dolentem;
Sive meas lacrymas, sive videre tuas.

[*Let cry the wretch.*] From these, and many other passages in Tibullus, it appears, that our author had not one ill-natured vice about him. Other poets we admire, but there is none of the ancients whom the translator should have wished to have been acquainted with so much as Tibullus. One cannot be very conversant in his writings, without acquiring a friendship for the man, and longing, to use Mr. Spence's words, to have just such another as he was for one's friend.

Ver. 91. The various figures which Broekhusius and others who have published antiques, have given us of this goddess, are the best comment upon the original of this passage. Theocritus puts ears of corn blended with poppies into both her hands. See his Idyll. entitled *ἑλάνθης*.

BOOK II.—ELEGY I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS book, though shorter than the former, is not inferior to it in point of poetical fancy and amorous tenderness; the numbers flow with the same easy correctness, and perhaps the sentiments are more delicate; for, being wholly dedicated to rural devotion, friendship, and love, the reader will meet with nothing in it, offensive to the strictest chastity.

If the version of the following books of Tibullus should be found less liable to censure, than that of the former, it is chiefly to be imputed to the kind observations of a friend, who also obliged the translator with the elegant notes marked B.

ATTEND! and favour! as our fires ordain;
The fields we lustrate, and the rising grain:
Come, Bacchus, and thy horns with grapes surround;

Come, Ceres, with thy wheaten garland crown'd;
This hallow'd day suspend each swain his toil,
Rest let the plough, and rest th' uncultur'd soil:
Unyoke the steer, his racks heap high with hay,
And deck with wreaths his honest front to-day.
Be all your thoughts to this grand work apply'd!
And lay, ye thrifty fair, your wool aside! 10
Hence I command you mortals from the rite,
Who spent in amorous blandishment the night,
The vernal powers in chastity delight.
But come, ye pure, in spotless garbs array'd!
For you the solemn festival is made!
Come! follow thrice the victim round the lands!
In running water purify your hands!
See! to the flames the willing victim come!
Ye swains with olive crown'd, be dumb! be dumb!

"From ills, O sylvan gods, our limits shield, 20
"To-day we purge the farmer and the field;
"O let no weeds destroy the rising grain;
"By no fell prowler be the lambkin slain;
"So shall the hind dread penury no more;
"But gaily smiling o'er his plenteous store,
"With liberal hand shall larger billets bring,
"Heap the broad hearth, and hail the genial
"spring.

"His numerous bond-slaves all in goodly rows,
"With wicker huts your altars shall enclose.
"That done, they'll cheerly laugh, and dance,
"and play, 30
"And praise your goodness in their uncouth lay."
The gods assent! see! see! those entrails show,
That heaven approves of what is done below!
Now quaff Falernian, let my Chian wine,
Pour'd from the cask in massy goblets shine!
Drink deep, my friends, all, all, be madly gay,
'I were irreligion not to reel to-day!
Health to Messala, every peasant toast,
And not a letter of his name be lost!

O come, my friend, whom Gallic triumphs
grace, 40
Thou noblest splendour of an ancient race;
Thou whom the arts all emulously crown,
Sword of the state, and honour of the gown;

My theme is gratitude, inspire my lays!
O be my genius! while I strive to praise
The rural deities, the rural plain,
The use of foodful corn they taught the swain.
They taught man first the social but to raise,
And thatch it o'er with turf, or leafy sprays:
They first to tame the furious bull essay'd,
And on rude wheels the rolling carriage laid. 50
Man left his savage ways; the garden glow'd,
Fruits not their own admiring trees bestow'd,
While through the thirsty ground meandering
runnels flow'd.

There bees of sweets despoil the breathing spring;
And to their cells the dulcet plunder bring.
The ploughman first to sooth the toilsome day,
Chanted in measur'd feet his sylvan lay:
And, seed-time o'er, he first in blithsome vein,
Pip'd to his household gods the hymning strain.
Then first the press with purple wine o'er-ran,
And cooling water made it fit for man. 60

The village-lad first made a wreath of flowers
To deck in spring the tutelary powers:
Blest be the country, yearly there the plain
Yields, when the dog-star burns, the golden grain:
Thence too thy chorus, Bacchus, first began,
The painted clown first laid the tragic plan.
A goat, the leader of the shaggy throng,
The village sent it, recompenc'd the song. 69

There too the sheep his woolly treasure wears;
There too the swain his woolly treasure shears;
This to the thrifty dame long work supplies;
The distaff hence, and basket took their rife.
Hence too the various labours of the loom,
Thy praise, Minerva, and Arachne's doom!
Mid mountain herds love first drew vital air,
Unknown to man, and man had nought to fear;
'Gainst herds, his bow th' unskillful archer drew;
Ah my pierc'd heart, an archer now too true!
Now herds may roam untouch'd, 'tis Cupid's
joy, 80

The brave to vanquish, and to fix the coy.
The youth whose heart the soft emotion feels,
Nor sighs for wealth, nor waits at grandeur's
heels;

Age fir'd by love is touch'd by shame no more,
But blabs its follies at the fair one's door!
Led by soft love, the tender trembling fair
Steals to her swain, and cheats suspicion's care,

With out-stretch'd arms she wins her darkling
way,

And tiptoe-listens that no noise betray!

Ah! wretched those, on whom dread Cupid
frowns! 90

How happy they, whose mutual choice he crowns!

Will love partake the banquet of the day?

O come—but throw thy burning shafts away.

Ye swains, begin to mighty love the song,
Your songs, ye swains, to mighty love belong!

Breathe out aloud your wishes for my fold,
Your own soft vows in whispers may be told.
But hark! loud mirth and music fire the crowd—
Ye now may venture to request aloud!

Pursue your sports; night mounts her curtain'd
wane; 100

The dancing stars compose her filial train;
Black muffled sleep steals on with silent pace,
And dreams flit fast, imaginations race!

NOTES ON ELEGY I.

We may, without hesitation, embrace the opinion of Muretus, that this elegy is a description of the Ambarvalia, a festival instituted by Acca Laurentia, and honoured with a solemn sacrifice, for procuring a blessing on the fields. We may even, with great probability, suppose this poem to make a very interesting part of the festal entertainments. But it appears from it that the Romans, in Tibullus's time, had added many a refined improvement from the Grecian ritual, to the plain institution of the good old nurse of Romulus; since we find our poet alluding to all the remarkable customs of the festal sacrifices of Greece. First the sacred silence is proclaimed, the *Euphrosyne* of the Greeks, which restrains the worshippers from the use of words of unlucky import. Next follows an address to the deities, to whose honour the festival is dedicated. The holiday being then proclaimed, and a strict rest enjoined, there follows the exclusion of all those, who had contracted any pollution, and an invitation of the pure to come with clean hands and vestments to join in the sacrifice. The victim is then introduced, going without any force to the altar, attended by a crowd of worshippers crowned with garlands, from the tree sacred to the rural deities. After this, is the prayer for blessings on the countryman and his fields, and prosperity to the growing crop. The offering up the victim succeeds, and lucky omens appearing, the worshippers are encouraged to indulge themselves in joy and festivity. The sacred hymn closes the whole, celebrating the honours of the rural deities recounting their various gifts, and the blessings which they have poured out upon the country. Whoever will look into the collectors of antiquities will find that these are the very particulars of the ritual of refined Greece. We may observe, that the processions, lustrations, as well as the business of the "fratres arvales," whose office it was, upon this occasion, to settle boundaries, have found their way into a religion which in its original institution, was little concerned with pomp and ceremony, but has been forced to receive many a scenical foolery from Pagan Rome. B.

Ver. 1. *Attend! and favour!*] The Roman poets also express this by

Dicamus bona verba.

Both these forms of speech intimate a desire, on the part of those who prayed at the festival, that all who were present would sincerely join with them in putting up the same petition.

The mythology of the ancients has been assigned as one of the causes which have contributed to render their poetical compositions superior to those of the modern.

And no doubt, that enthusiasm, which is so natural to every true artist in the poetical way, was considerably inflamed by the whole turn of their religious doctrines. When all nature was supposed to swarm with genii, and every oak and fountain was regarded as the haunt of some presiding deity; what wonder if the poet was animated by the imagined influence of such exalted society; and found himself, as a late writer elegantly expresses it, hurried beyond the ordinary limits of sober humanity. Hence arose the *protopopeia*, which, as it is one of the boldest, so is it one of the most pleasing figures in poetry. But may not the Omnipresence of the one true God afford the Christian poet a more exalted assistance? When true genius is fired with devotion, poetry then shines out in all her splendour.

Ver. 2. *The fields we lustrate.*] Macrobius informs us, that the verb "lustrare" signifies to go round; especially on a religious or mystical account. The ceremony here alluded to, as has been said, was the "sacrum ambervale," which in some old MSS. is placed as a title to this elegy. This most solemn of the rural ceremonies had the morning and forenoon allotted for its celebration. Cato, de R. R. cap. 141. and Virgil, have particularly described it. And as it may not be unpleasant to most of our readers, to compare the different manners of Maro and Tibullus, in representing the same objects we shall here place before them the picture of this rural ceremony, as drawn by the great Mantuan.

Imprimis venerare Deos, atque annua magnæ
Sacra refer cereri, lætis operatus in herbis,
Extremæ sub casum hiemis, jam vere sereno,
Tum agni pingues, et tum mollicissima vina:
Tum somni dulces, denique in montibus umbra.

*Gusta tibi cererem pubes agrestis adoret,
Cui tu lacte favos, et miti dilue Baccho;
Terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges;
Omnes, quam chorus et socii comitentur ovantes,
Et cererem clamore vocent in tecta.*

Georg. i. ver. 338.

Some critics contend, that Tibullus, in this elegy, does not describe the Ambarval ceremony, because he mentions some circumstances relating to it, which Virgil omits, and relates others differently from that poet. This argument needs no confutation.

Ver. 3. *Come Bacchus.*] This god is frequently called Tauricornis by the poets; but why horns were planted on his head mythologists are greatly divided. Some of them look upon horns as a mark of divinity; but why then do the other deities appear without this badge? Others of them assign horns to Bacchus, because drinking cups were anciently formed of horn; and there are, who contend, that he is thus distinguished, because he was the first who ploughed with oxen. Those who recollect the old sentence,

Sine cerere et Baccho friget Venus,

may haply be able to afford as satisfactory a reason for the cornuted appearance of this deity, as any suggested above. River gods are frequently represented with horns; but on a very different account. Pindar makes Bacchus the *tragikos*, or assessor of Ceres; and in the Orphic hymn, addressed to that goddess, she is called *Bacchodora sustinens*. They were commonly worshipped together. See Callimachus's sixth hymn.

Some critics, superstitiously bent to deduce from scripture the origin of every mythological practice, have, from the "cornuta facies," common to Moses and Bacchus, supposed, that the lawgiver of the Jews, and that heathen god, were one and the same person. But these perspicacious critics should have considered, that as adoration is natural to man, and ignorance and conjecture were prior to wisdom and philosophy, idolatry, which is the offspring of devotion and blind fancy, never was, nor could be, confined to those few regions bordering on Judea; nor consequently derived from the Jews, or any of their heroes. Were we permitted, because of some faint resemblances between them, to form one person out of two, we should rather choose, from the similar circumstances of their births, deaths, &c. to make a Romulus, than a Bacchus, of Moses. Chronology indeed forbids this odd incorporation; but writers would do better to interdict their pen, as Lord Bacon expresses it, all liberties of this kind, and not offer strange fires at the altar of the Lord. G.

The Grecians had most probably an hero-god of their own, named Bacchus, to whom they were indebted for some of the improvements of life. But it is very certain, that many of the actions, inventions, and symbols of the Egyptian Osiris, were, in after times, attributed to him. We have here one instance of it. The bull was the established hieroglyphic of Osiris, as the inventor of

agriculture. Greece adopted the invention for their own Bacchus; but not having the use of the hieroglyphic characters, they contented themselves with borrowing an attribute for their deity, and assigned him the horns of the animal, by whose labours he was supposed to cultivate and introduce agriculture into the country. I might add, that whenever Bacchus and Ceres are spoken of together, as rural deities, almost every thing applied to them, more properly belongs to Osiris and Isis. See a remarkable instance of this, Virgil's *Georgics*, B. i. L. 5. *et seq.* to the 9th.

Vos, oh Clarissima mundi, &c.

Here Bacchus and Ceres, the humble inventors of wine and agriculture, are exalted into the heavens, and become sun and moon, the great leaders of the year through its seasons. We know there is nothing in the Grecian mythology to support this; and that those heavenly luminaries are attributed to other deities. But it is certain, that the sun and moon were worshipped by the Egyptians under the denomination of their hero-gods, Osiris and Isis. Vid. Div. Legation, B. 4. Sect. 5. *et alibi passim.* B.

Ver. 7. It was usual at the time of these sacrifices, to dress the cattle with garlands, and to give them a respite from labour. Vid. *Fast. lib. i. ver. 663. lib. vi. ver. 311.*

The ploughing ox was held in great estimation among the ancients; respecting this, Varro, de R. R. lib. ii. l. 53. Columella in the preface to his sixth book, and Pliny, lib. viii. c. 45. may be consulted. But though we refer to these passages, the translator cannot deny himself the pleasure of transcribing from Ovid the following good natural apostrophe, in favour of those useful animals.

*Quid meruere boves animal sine fraude dolique
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit curvi demto modo pondere aratri
Ruricolam maculare suum; qui trita labore
Illa, quibus toties durum renovaverat annum
Tot dederat Messes, percussit colla securi.*

Met. lib. xv. ver. 120.

How did the toiling ox his death deserve?
A down-right simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou destroy'st the labouring steer who
till'd, [field]
And plough'd with pains, thy elfe ungrateful
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the furly clods he broke;
And to thy hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who swift'd autumn, and the year began.

Dryden.

Accordingly we find, that in the ancient times of the Roman republic, a person was publicly condemned, for having felled a labouring ox ("bos domitus"), in order to gratify the longings of one he was fond of. Valer. Maxim. lib. viii. lin. 1. And, in the declension of that empire, Constan-

tine ordained, that no ploughing ox should be either disfrained for debt, or taken from the traveller, to supply the place of such as were wanting to complete the number required at the public sports and races.

Scaliger, on the authority of some old MSS. reads the original of the last line, as follows:

Plena coronato vertice stare boves :

Yet most MSS. and the best editions read it,

Plena coronato stare boves capite.

But without their concurrence, Broekhusius justly observes, that Tibullus must have thus wrote it, as his ear taught him solicitously to avoid every combination of harsh hissing consonants, such as SC. SP. SQ. ST.

Ex Tibullo probanda est Tibullianæ scriptiōnis consuetudo.

Ver. 10. There are some things, says Servius which, if done on a holiday, pollute it. Hence it was, that the pontiffs, when they were to perform a sacrifice, sent out their beards to prevent artificers from working, lest the sacred ceremony should be contaminated. Serv. ad G. lib. i. ver. 268. And Macrobius tells us, that a herald also was employed on these occasions to prohibit the people from all secular business. Those, who unknowingly transgressed, were obliged to purchase their expiation by sacrificing a hog; but the wilful guilt could not be expiated, in the opinion of Scævola the high-priest. Sat. lib. c. 16.

These heralds, from their office, had the names of "Præclamitatores et præciæ" bestowed upon them.

Yet was not all work forbidden to the husbandman; for as Cato de R. R. informs us, they might, even on the most sacred holiday, clean their ditches, mend the highways, cut down briars, dig their garden, burn thorns, weed their meadows, cleanse their fish ponds, bind withies, and do every office of cleanliness in their house.

C. 2. Broekhus.

Pictures of life and manners, when truly copied from nature, however low the subject, never fail to delight us. And we have here a very faithful one exhibited to us. When the poet had dismissed man and beast to rest, proclaimed a general holiday, and a vacation from all business, he recollects that his last most difficult task was, to snatch the distaff out of the hands of the country housewife. Whoever has peeped into a farmhouse, must have observed the notable mistress, whatever the rest of the family were doing, always in an hurry, and acting as eagerly upon the leading principle of the country, frugality, as a court lady in pursuit of pleasure. Perhaps one general reason might be assigned for the impetuosity of both. And the fine lady Harriet, with the help of a little change of education, might have made a very notable Amaryllis in the country. B.

Ver. 12. All matrimonial converse with women was strictly prohibited, during a certain number of days preceding the Ambarval sacrifices.

Annua venerunt cerealis tempora sacri.
Secubat in vacuo sola puella toro.

Complains the amorous Ovid, El. Lib. iii. El. 9. but not only the unchaste, but persons defiled with recent blood, or polluted with the touch of a dead body, were forbidden to approach the altar.

Ver. 14. The pure vestment mentioned in the original, was white, as Ovid, in that wonderful work of his, the Fasti, informs us.

Alba decent Cererem, vestes Cerealibus albas
Sumite; nunc pulli velleris usus abest.

Lib. iv. ver. 619.

Ver. 16. Although the Ambarval sacrifice was, generally, either a sow with pigs, or a lamb, yet the goat and bullock were sometimes also used. But whatever was the animal, it was conducted thrice with great solemnity round the field! " (ter ambiens agros)" and thence obtained the name Ambarval.

If either in the procession, or at the altar, it spurned, or showed the least reluctance, they removed it, as displeasing to the deity; and substituted another victim in its stead. Hence the verb *est*, in the original, and the epithet *uiling*, in the translation. At the altar the victim was unbound; for, as Servius observes,

Piaculum est, in sacrificio aliquid esse religatum.

There is a sensible epigram in the Anthology, which informs us, that not only Ceres and Bacchus, but Hercules and Mercury had offerings made to them by the husbandman. Hermes indeed was contented with milk and fruits; but, to the former, sheep and oxen were sacrificed. This, it seems, disgusted the penurious farmer; who being told, Hercules deserved victims of that value, he made this spirited reply, what difference is there to me, whether my flock is destroyed by wolves, or by the keeper?

Τι το πλανῖν εἰ το φυλάκτιν
Ὀλλυται ὑπο λύκου ἢ ὑπο τοῦ φυλάκος.

Ver. 17. Clean hands were necessary in all sacrifices. Thus Hesiod,

Μὴδὲ σπῆρ' ἐξ ἡνὺς Διὶ λείδων αἰδοῦσα οἶνον
Χεῖρτιν ἀνιπτοῖσιν, μὴδὲ ἀλλοῖστ' ἀνατοῖσιν.
Οὐ γὰρ τοῖσι κλυουσὶν ἀποπτύουσι δι' ἱερῶν.

Erg. καὶ Ημιε. Ver. 724.

According to Macrobius, when the Romans sacrificed to the "Di superi," they washed the whole body with river water; but, in sacrifices to the infernal gods, a bare sprinkling was sufficient. Sea water was also sometimes used for the same purposes.

Ver. 19. *Fram illi, O syloan gods.*] The following is the form of prayer used by a farmer, upon a like occasion:

"O father, I conjure and entreat you, that you will be propitious to me, to my house and family; that you will disperse all maladies, known and unknown; calamities, barrenness, mortalities, and

pestilence; that you will give increase to my fruits, corn, trees, and vines; that you will preserve my shepherds and my flocks; and give health and safety to us all." Vid. Cat. de R. R. c. 141.

Ver. 24. *So shall the bind.*] I should not have hazarded an explanation of this passage, if I had not observed, that the meaning of it had escaped the notice of all the commentators. One of them has produced from Horace, by way of explanation,

Ædificare casas, postello adjungere mures.

And again,

Ædificante casas qui senior. Lib. ii. Sat. 3.

This is learning! this is that happy talent of criticism which explains a passage by authorities from his splendid fellows. But could this solemn trifler think that an action which Horace represents as the play of childhood, which he stigmatizes as a glaring mark of an unsound head in any one that had attained to manhood, could be considered by so exact a writer as Tibullus, as a proper expression of gratitude from a country village to its divine protectors? The words we see are part of an address to the "Dii patrii," upon a solemn lustration of the villagers and their fields. First, Their protection is invoked for their harvest and flocks, upon the grant of which, an assurance is given, that the happy farmer and his family would show their sense of the blessing by heaping high the hearth, and running up hasty huts of twigs; both of which must be supposed to be done in honour of those very deities to whom the promise is made. Consider then, that the Lares, the guardians, and protectors of families, must be especially designed by, or at least included amongst the "Dii patrii." Now, comfortable houses, and warm fires, were considered as their proper gifts, as peculiarly under their tutelage: And nothing could be more in the spirit of antiquity than for the farmer and his sportive family, in the midst of their festal joy, and in gratitude to the bounteous givers, to exhibit the representation of the very gifts which they were supposed to have received from them. The warm hut and the blazing fire were as proper expressions of gratitude to the Lares, as arms which had been used successfully to Hercules, the first-fruits to Ceres, and the image of a restored limb to Æsculapius, or the hermæ to Mercury, the guide and protector of travellers.

Ver. 28. *His numerous bond slaves all in goodly rows.*] These certain indications of a wealthy farmer, Horace, with his usual courtliness of expression, calls "Ditis examen Domus;" but as that would have appeared flat in English, Mr. Francis has judiciously passed it over in his version. So peculiar are languages!

The "vernae" were slaves born of slaves.

Ver. 35. The original of this cannot be rendered into intelligible English. The Romans marked their wine casks with the name of him who was consul at the time when they were

filled. They then fastened them down with chains. The older the Falernian and Chian wines were, they became the more esteemed. They were often mixed together; and this heightened the flavour of both.

Might not these lines have convinced Dacier, and the other commentators, who represent Tibullus as an indigent person, of their mistake? A poor man could not have afforded to treat a whole village with old Falernian and Chian wines. G.

Though the Romans, by a very unlucky proverbial expression, used "Græcari" for playing the good fellow, yet I think that debauchery and intemperance were the characteristic manners neither of the Greeks nor Romans. At their festivals, they indeed thought them an indispensable part of their religious rejoicings: and if they were not wholly confined to these, it is certain, that by their means they first got footing amongst them. Athenæus Deipn. l. iii. ch. 3. tells us, that the ancients never indulged themselves with dainties, nor drank any quantity of wine, but at such times. As a convincing proof of which, he observes, that the very names for luxurious eating and drinking have some relation to their religious sacrifices. Thus *Θυσια*, a banquet, is so called, because they thought themselves obliged *δία Θυσίας*, to be drunk in honour of the gods; and to be drunk they called *μυσθιον* because they were most accustomed to do it, *μυστα το θυσιον*, after sacrifice. The Romans had adopted the same principles and practice, as appears from this very sober exhortation of the poet. B.

Ver. 38. Upon certain occasions the Romans drank a bumper for every letter of their friend or mistress's name. They received this custom from the Grecians.

Ver. 40. The first Romans wore beards, and were represented accordingly in their statues and pictures. The "intonsi avis" of the original, therefore, shows the antiquity of Messala's family. Varro de R. R. informs us, that Fianius Mena was the first who introduced barbers into Rome; and he brought them from Sicily, A. U. C. 454. Such circumstances, though seemingly inconsiderable, are yet necessary for a thorough understanding of the classics.

Ver. 48. *And thatch it o'er with turf, or leafy sprays.*] Such were the rude beginnings of architecture! and such wretched hovels are still to be seen in the barren and mountainous parts of this great and civilized island! See Vitruv. Archit. l. ii. c. 1.

Houses at first being only a defence from the weather, and built of whatever rude materials the country afforded, Rome was originally composed of mud-walled, straw-thatched cottages. Even Romulus's palace was a hut, and as ill furnished as those of his subjects.

Parva fuit, si prima velis elementa referre,

Roma: sed in parva spes ramen hujus erat.

Mania jam stabant populis angusta futuris;

Credita sed turbae nunc nimis ampla lux;

Quæ fuerit nostri si quæris regia nati,

Adspice de canna straminibusque domum :

In stipula placidi carpebat munera somni.

Ov. Fast. l. iii.

We are certain, that Rome at first was only a huddle of cottages, without any regular openings and streets; nay, some philologists have conjectured, that that city never had regular streets like ours, as there is no Latin word which properly signifies a street: Neither were Rome's first places of worship much more superb than its houses, since we know, from Pliny, that, till after the conquest of Asia, the Romans had only wooden, or at best earthen gods in their temples.

The translator must finish this note by correcting an error into which he has fallen, in his notes upon the first elegy of the first book. There, it is asserted, that *ne purchaser* was entitled to the spoils with which any house he might buy was adorned. But the fact is quite otherwise; for Pliny expressly says, it was unlawful to take down these trophies, "*Affixis hostium spoliis, nec emptori regere liceret.*"

Nat. Hist. l. xxxv. c. 2.

Thus it was that the Romans endeavoured to perpetuate the martial glory of their ancestors.

Ver. 55. Broekhusius, contrary to the opinion of most of the commentators, joins "*verno*" to "*alveo*;" and, in a far-fetched manner, justifies this construction by a passage from Columella. The translator cannot, however, help joining "*verno*" with "*rure*." It is certain, that Martial couples "*æstivum*" to "*rus*," lib. viii. Ep. 61. Fruterius reads it,

Rure levis vernos flores, &c.

But the ear may easily convince any one, that Tibullus never wrote it so.

Ver. 59. *Pip'd to his household gods.*] A noble origin this of poetry! After the hymns and sacrifices were over, the villagers devoted the rest of the day to feasting and merriment. Their merriments, as Horace informs us, chiefly consisted in alternate, gay, extempore, innocent, and awkward jokes.

Verbis alternis opprobria rustica fudit.

This holiday wit, and rude species of poetry, was called "*Fescennine et Saturnine*," from the places in Tuscany and Latium, where it chiefly prevailed.

From being practised by rustics, and only on these occasions, this species of witty raillery soon became the entertainment of towns, at their public diversions. Then it was, probably, that music and dancing, with gestures suited to the subject, were added, and the raillery levelled not only at the actors, but spectators. The success of this motley entertainment suggested in time the idea of another poem, as various and sarcastic as the former.

From the country custom of making presents of baskets filled with fruits, flowers, &c. (*satura lanæ*) upon particular occasions, this new enter-

tainment assumed the name of "*satura poemata*," or satire. By degrees, both these kinds of raillery became so petulant, that worth and virtue were often treated by them with the same severity as vice and folly. This obliged the magistrate to interpose his authority; in consequence of which, a law was made, A. U. C. 302. subjecting not only the authors of these "*mala carmina*," but those also who recited and acted them, to a drubbing; and hence the punishment was called "*fastilegium*." Thus was illiberal and dangerous wit restrained; and chaste satire, by the successive endeavours of Lucilius and others, advanced to an eminent degree of perfection. But as policy soon discovered that theatrical entertainments of one kind or another was necessary, a company of Tuscan historians, or players (for the Tuscans were then the best actors), were invited to Rome about forty years after the law above-mentioned had passed. The language of these Tuscans not being understood at Rome, they endeavoured to supply this deficiency by a dumb sort of declamation, or eloquent action, wherein the motions and gestures of the body were regulated by the flute, in such a manner as to represent every sentiment and passion to the eye of the spectator. This pantomimical entertainment soon, however, fell into disuse, either through the death of the Tuscan performers, or because it possessed not the poignant raillery of the former pieces. Accordingly, we find, that in A. U. C. 390. when a pestilence (for so historians call it) raged at Rome, the magistrates were admonished to avert the anger of the gods by exhibiting plays. In consequence of this, a company was sent for from Tuscany; and now they began to act (as Mr. Dryden expresses it) a kind of civil cleanly farce, the music, dancing, and gestures being retained. These exhibitions, which had something in them to entertain the senses, and were not without devoid of wit and ridicule, continued in quiet possession of the Roman theatre for 124 years. Livius Andronicus was the first who brought a regular play upon the Roman stage. His plays were divided into acts, and modelled after the old comedy. Andronicus was a Grecian by birth, and had been taken captive by the Romans. Having acquired a competent knowledge of the language of that people, he was presented with his freedom, by his master Salinator, whose children he had educated. This grand scenical revolution, as Tully informs us, happened a year after the first Punic war, and a year before Ennius was born. Now it was that, among the Romans, the learned began to study the Greek authors: and, as the tragic poets of Greece had carried the buskin to so great perfection, those among the Romans who wrote for the stage, thought they could not better employ their talents than in translating those great originals, for the entertainment of their countrymen: And it was not till the age of Augustus that any piece, entirely Roman, was introduced upon the stage.

Although Horace, as well as our poet, attribute the invention of poetry to the husbandman,

yet many critics, and especially Scaliger, bestow that honour on the shepherd: And, indeed, when we consider that flocks were tended before the earth was ploughed, their opinion is not improbable. But as poetry is natural to man, and peculiar to no nation, who can ascertain its inventor?

Ver. 64. *Blest be the country.*] Broekhusius says, the poet means the sun by the "calidum sidus." It seems rather that he meant the dog-star. Tibullus calls the growing corn the earth's annual hair. This metaphor will not do in English.

Ver. 66. Tragedy was at first nothing but an annual hymn, sung by peasants, in honour of Bacchus; and he who acquitted himself best upon this topic, was rewarded with a goat. Hence the Greek name *Τραγῳδία*. But as the sameness of the subject must at last have proved irksome, not only to the poet, but to the audience; it was no wonder that this entertainment was afterwards diversified. Thespis, a native of Icaria, a mountainous part of Attica, where this ceremony first obtained, interrupted the Bacchic chorus, A. Mund. 3530, by recitation, on pretence of easing the chorus, and varying the amusement. He happily succeeded; and what at first was only a subsidiary interlude, soon became the principal entertainment. Rude, doubtless, it was; for Thespis, as Aristotle hints, employed but one interlocutor. The entertainment yet scarce merited the name of tragedy, which cannot subsist without dialogue. Succeeding poets saw this; and, by improving on one another, carried tragedy to perfection. The chorus was retained; but then it was no longer a hymn in honour of Bacchus. The subject of the song arose from the subject of the play; and those who performed it in the chorus, became essential persons in the drama.

Although the Greeks fix upon Attica as the place where tragedy made its first appearance, yet as man is an imitative animal, the source of this species of poetry, as well as of the other imitative arts, is to be sought for in human nature. The Chinese, from the earliest antiquity, have had dramatic entertainments; and that excellent historian, Garcilasso de la Vega, informs us, in the first part of his *Commentarios Reales*, that the Peruvians composed and acted several tragedies and comedies.

The reason for sacrificing a goat to the god of wine, the antiquarians tell us, was this: Bacchus, having found out the secret of cultivating the vine, and of making wine from the grape, taught his discovery to one Icarus (Vid. Bulinger. de Theat. l. i. c. 1.) a native of Icaria, who successfully continued the practice. One day, as Icarus was visiting his vineyard, he caught a goat, which had made great havoc among his vines. Interest, and gratitude to his instructor, equally conspiring, he sacrificed the creature to Bacchus. His peasants, who doubtless had been invited to see the fœc immolated, danced around the sacrifice, and joyfully sung the praises of the god. Institutions of this kind need but be begun to make them

continual. Hence what at first was merely accidental, became a part of annual devotion.

Ver. 71. See a fine description of wool-shearing in Mr. Thomson's *Summer*.

Ver. 74. Weaving was held in such estimation by the ancients, that the goddesses of wildom patronized that art. Hence not only the greatest queens of old, but Circe, the daughter of the sun, and a goddess, practised it. The reader who chooses to see this subject treated of, with all the importance it deserves, must peruse that most elegant of didactic poems, the *Fleece*.

Ver. 76. The author of that delicate poem, the *Pervigilium Veneris*, also makes the god of love to have been born in the country.

*Ipse amor, puer Dionæ, rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager, cum parturiret ipsa, suscepit sinu;
Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.*

Which are thus elegantly translated by Parnell,
E'en love (if fame the truth of love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow, pregnant beauty prest,
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breast,
From nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

G.

This birth of love is prettily imagined; and the epifodical address to him, in a precatory hymn to the rural deities, is not without its propriety. We know, that to gratify the farmer's hopes, his cattle must increase, as well as his grain flourish, and that beasts as well as men were supposed to feel the influence of almighty love. Poetry animates every thing. In an heathen poet's creed, not only hills, trees, fountains, are inhabited by superior intelligencies, but the very passions themselves must be exalted into deities. If we strip the description of Tibullus of its poetical ornaments, it will be found to agree very well with truth and nature. The workings of the passions in minds rude and uncultivated, such as an heathen poet must suppose the first man to have been, must needs be tumultuous and undistinguishing. Love in this case would be more lust, without either choice or discernment, raised and gratified by the first object that offered; and when exalted into a person, may justly be supposed to have his birth amongst beasts, or men little superior to them, and to throw his arrows about at random. But when the mind begins to admit of refinement, becomes curious about its objects, and delicate in its pursuits, then love will only be excited in it by excellence, either real or imagined; and, despising promiscuous concubinage, and the possession of easier gratifications, it will, with much pain and anxiety, and severe distress upon miscarriage, confine itself to the pursuit of some favourite object. Then it is that the desired passion must be supposed to become skilful in its business to take exact aim, and neglecting the bestial throng, to wound those hearts deepest that are capable of the most exquisite feeling. Thus does our poet keep close to nature, even when

his language is most figurative, and speaks of the passions almost with as much precision as the most curious theorist.

Ver. 88. Ariosto, as Broekhusius remarks, has happily imitated our poet, in his fable of Jocondo and Altolphus.

Il Greco, si come ella li disegna
Quando sente dormir tulla la torma,
Viene a l'uscio; e lo spinge, e quel li cede.
Entra pian piano, e va à tenton col piede.

Fa lunghi passi, e sempre in quel di dietro
Tutta si ferma, e l'altro par che mova
A Guisa, che di dar tema nel vetro
Non ch' il terreno habbia calcar, ma l'uova:
E tien la mano inanzi simil metro
Va brancolando in fin che'l letto trova, &c.

Cant. 28. St. 62, 63.

Which is thus rendered by a late translator,

The Greek, just as she had designed at night,
When all the crowd he sleeping did perceive,
Came to the door, and push'd it, and it op'd;
He enter'd softly, and on tiptoe grop'd.

He makes long strides, still on his foot behind
Refts firm, and seem'd as if he cautious led
His t'other foot, as fearing glass to find,
And that an egg, not ground, he had to tread:
And forward, keeping time, his hand inclin'd,
Still tottering on, until he found the bed, &c.

This sweetness, however, the author of the *Per-
vigilum Veneris* has attained to.

Ipsa Nymphas Diva luco jussit ire Myrteo,
It puer comes puellis, nec tamen credi potest
Esse amorem feriatum, si sagittas vexerit.
Ire Nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatu est Amor.
Jussus est inermis ire, nudus ire jussus est;
Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta, neu quid igne læderet.
Sed tamen Nymphæ cavete, quod Cupido pulcer est.
Est in armis totus idem, quando nudus est Amor.

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay nymphs, and sends her tender love.
And shall they venture? Is it safe to go? [bow?
While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a
Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will,
He walks unarm'd, and undesigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
And yet, ye nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms,
And love that's naked, still is love in arms.

And again,

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, &c.

To fill the presence of the gentle court,
From every quarter, rural nymphs resort.
From woods, from mountains, from their humble
vales,

From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles seats them round the banks of green,

And "lovely girls, she whispers, guard your hearts,
"My boy, though stript of arms, abounds in arts."

Ver. 93. *O come—but throw.]*

Come Cupid then, but throw thy shafts away,
Thy burning shafts, &c.

"Hæc sunt bellissima," as Broekhusius justly remarks, "et amænæ simplicitatis lenocinio amabilissima. Frustra ad hanc suavitatem adspirant illi, qui perspicere non possunt, quid sit pulchritudo naturalis."

Ver. 97. When the superstitious among the ancients were solicitous to obtain what morality forbade them to desire, they put up private petitions to the gods, and imagined that the gods were, in that case, obliged to grant their requests; more especially when the offerings they presented were sufficiently costly. See this abominable superstition, forcibly redargued by that great moral satirist Persius, whom now the English reader may with pleasure peruse, in no less faithful than elegant poetical version. When the ancients were particularly anxious about the attainment of any thing, they used to bribe the keepers of the temple of their favourite god, to let them come nearest his statue, in order that their petition might be the best heard. Senec. Ep. 41.

Ver. 100. Evening and night are variously represented by both poets and painters: In one of the hymns usually ascribed by critics to Orpheus, the stars, as in our poet, are called the daughters of night. And Theocritus names them

Εὐκλείη κατ' ἀντοῦρα νυκτὸς σταδίαι.

Id. 2.

Mr. Thomson's description of a summer's eve and night is exquisitely fine, containing many appropriated and original images: Neither is the following picture, by Mr. Smart, destitute of real poetry.

Night, with all her negro train,
Took possession of the plain,
In a herse she rode, reclin'd,
Drawn by screech-owls, slow and blind.
Close to her, with printless feet,
Crept stillness, in a winding sheet.

See his Orig. Poems, p. 13.

Mr. Spence, in the notes on his Dialogue of the Planets, Times, and Seasons, converts the "Martis" of the original into "Martis," and so applies it to the planet Mars. But as this reading is unauthorized by any MSS. or good edition, and in truth has no sort of connection with the context, night being there represented as the mother of the stars, we have been obliged to reject it.

Ver. 104. Statius and Claudian make sleep the charioteer of night. But the poet assigned Somnus by our poet, is both more poetical, and more consonant to truth.

This night-piece is worthy the pencil of a Claude Lorraine or a Guido Rheni.

ELEGY II.

Rise, happy morn, without a cloud arise!
 This morn, Cornutus blest his mother's eyes!
 Hence each unholy with, each adverse foud,
 As we his altar's hallowed verge surround!
 Let rich Arabian odours scent the skies,
 And sacred incense from his altar rise;
 Implor'd, thou tutelary god, descend!
 And deck'd with flowery wreaths the rites attend!
 Then as his brows with precious unguents flow,
 Sweet sacred cakes, and liberal wine bestow.

O genius, grant whate'er my friend desires:
 The cake is scatter'd, and the flame aspires! 10
 Ask then, my noble friend, whate'er you want:
 What silent still? your prayer the god will grant:
 Uncovetous of rural wide domains.
 You beg no woody hills, no cultur'd plains:

Not venal, your request no eastern stores,
 Where ruddy waters lave the gemmy shores:
 Your wish I guess; you with a beauteous spouse,
 Joy of your joy, and faithful to your vows.
 'Tis done! my friend! see nuptial love appears!
 See! in his hand a yellow zone he bears! 20
 A yellow zone, that spite of years shall last,
 And heighten fondness, even when beauty's past.
 With happy sighs, great power, confirm our
 prayer,

With endless concord blest the married pair.
 O grant, dread genius, that a numerous race
 Of beauteous infants crown their fond embrace;
 Their beauteous infants round thy feet shall play,
 And keep, with custom'd rites, this happy day.

NOTES ON ELEGY II.

THIS elegy celebrates the birth-day of Cornutus; and is addressed to genius, a sort of divinity, who was supposed constantly to attend every man through the whole course of his life. It exhibits a description of the rites usually performed on that occasion.

In some less perfect editions, the person, on whose birth-day this elegy was written, is called Cerinthus; but as the laborious Brockhufius has proved, that Cerinthus is the foreign name of a slave, and slaves, according to him, were not permitted to marry, "servis enim non uxores, sed concubinales erant;" a wife being mentioned by the poet as the chief boon his friend had to demand of his natal god: and as the oldest MSS. and least corrupted editions read Cornutus, we also have retained that name.

After all, as we know nothing certain of either Cerinthus, or Cornutus, the reader may adopt what name he shall think proper.

VER. 1. The god meant in the text is Genius. Plutarch (in Lib. de Oracul.) and Plato inform us, that being of a middle nature between gods and men, the genii were supposed to be the secret monitors, by whose insinuations mankind were inclined to the practice of goodness. According to Varro, in his book intitled Atticus, the ancients abstained from all bloody sacrifices at the festival of Genius: and the reason given for this conduct is, that they might not deprive other beings of

life, on that day, wherefore they themselves joyfully commemorated the reception of it. They offered wine indeed, because that promotes hilarity; as also pulse, which they call "tritilla," that being in ancient times a child's first spoon meat. Vid. Cenfor de Die natal. & Bozhoft. Quæst. Rom. p. 94.

Genius is derived from "Gigno; and therefore Horace styles him

Natale Comes qui temperat astrum,
 Humanæ Deus Naturæ.

Vid. Notes on El. viii. B. 1. and El. v. B. 4.

VER. 2. This Cornutus, if Brockhufius is not mistaken in his conjecture, is he who was prætor of Rome A. U. C. 710. in the consulate of Hir-tius and Pansa; who, in their absence, enjoyed the consular authority, and was appointed by the senate "supplicationes per 50 dies ad omnia pulv-naria constituere," for the victory obtained at Modena. Vid. Cicer. Lib. 10. Ep. fam. 12. & 16. See also the notes on El. v. B. 3.

However as this supposition is founded upon the sameness of name only, so the person, whose birth our poet celebrates, may have been some young nobleman of the Sulpician or Cæcilian families, Cornutus being a surname in both these houses.

It was the custom, says Dart, to enjoin silence at all religious invocations; the priest began with the known expression of "Favete linguis," lest

any words of ill omen should injure the sacrifice. Vid. Hor. Ep. Lib. iii. Ode 1. and Virg. *Æn.* Lib. 5. but as Tibullus enjoins "bona verba," which Ovid calls "bonæ preces:" it would seem, that silence was not so much expected, as that the words and prayers of the spectators should have a tendency to further the happiness of him, for whom the offering was made.

The different manners in which these two lines are printed in the original, have occasioned a variety of interpretations.

See a more particular account of the festival of Genius in Ovid Lib. 3. *Trist.* El. 13. Lib. 5. *Trist.* El. 5. also Lib. 1. *Sat.* V. 72. and Lib. 3. *Pont. Epist.* 4.

Ver. 9. Although among the Romans each person was supposed to have his own distinct genius, who was born and died with him, and consequently, though genius was but a plebeian divinity, yet it appears from this, and some other passages in the classics, that the genii were thought to have a power of bestowing important favours on those they attended. They seem, however, to be nothing else, but the particular bent of each person, made into a deity; and as every body's own temper is, in a great measure, the cause of his happiness or misery, they were supposed to share in all the enjoyments and sufferings of the persons they attended. Hence, probably, come those expressions among the ancients, of indulging or defrauding your genius. The Comes, or presiding genius of the sex, was a female, and called Juno. The women, as well as their admirers, used to swear by this deity. Of the latter we have an instance in the last elegy of the last book of Tibullus; and Petronius gives us a pleasant instance of the former, "*Junonem meam iratam habeam*," says the debauched Quartilla, "*si me unquam virginum fuisse memini*!" On medals these deities are sometimes dressed, like the persons over whom they presided. Thus the Juno of a vestal was habited like a nun of that order. There was no harm in this: but when the medallists represent the genius of that monster Nero, with the insignia of piety, plenty, and prosperity, we cannot help lamenting at least the depravity of these artists.

Ver. 16 *Where rusty waters lave, &c.* A quotation from that accurate and curious Roman traveller Pietro della Valle, will show the propriety of this expression.

"Mi maravigliai ben' assai del nome di Rosso, che si dà a questo mare: perchè non è come il mar Nero, che per la sicurezza sua, che nasce dal fondo cupo e sporco, merita degnamente quel nome: in questo l'acqua è chiarissima, che si vede il fondo più, che non si fa a Posilipo la state; ed a vederla di lontano piglia, come gli altri mari, color di turchino. L'arena poi dalla quale vogliano alcuni che il nome derivi, (son tutte bugie) è come le altre; anzi bianca assai più delle nostre: di maniera, che il nome non può venir da altro, che dal nome proprio di quel re Eytira, sepolto in un' isola del oceano meridionale come dice Strabone, che significava Rosso; dal quale, come si vede in uso appresso i Latini, tutto quel mare, e

non il solo seno Arabico, che è una particella di esso, prese di Rosso il nome; che da' moderni poi, forse perchè così lo chiama la Sacra Scrittura nel passaggio degli Ebrei, al seno Arabico, di cui parliamo, più spetialmente a stato appropriato."—Brockhus p. 232.

Ver. 19. The original of this passage Mr. Dart, in conformity to Achilles Statius, interprets,

Alas your prayers are flighted, &c.

But the subsequent part of the elegy shows the mistake.

Besides, we know the ancients supposed, that genius was never complainant upon those occasions, never refusing any petition. The nuptial bed was consecrated to this god.

Not only men, but cities and nations had their genii. The concealment of the names of the latter was looked upon as of the highest consequence; it being believed, that when a town was invested, or a country harassed by wars, if the enemy implored them by their right appellation, they would abandon that city or nation.

Cicero twice uses the word "cadere" in the same sense that our poet uses it.

Ver. 20. Yellow was consecrated, by the ancients, to the god of marriage.

Ver. 23. The original of this passage is variously read. According to Heinsius's correction it is,

"Huc venias natalis avi, prolemque ministros."

But Scaliger, and other editors, print it thus,

"Huc veniat Natalis avis prolemque ministrat."

The natal bird, which this reading supposes, was, according to them, the crow. It is true, Ælian (*de Anim.* Lib. iii. c. 9.) tells us, he was informed, that the ancients, in their marriages, were wont to invoke that bird, after their addresses to Hymenæus, it being regarded as a symbol of concord by those who married on account of children. The passage, however, upon which they built this their interpretation, plainly shows, that the crow was not looked upon, in the days of Hadrian, as propitious to marriage; and we have the authority of Virgil and Horace, not to mention Pliny the elder, for asserting, that the crow was a bird of bad omen. The "*hac Avi*" then, of the original signifies "*hoc Augurio*;" as is expressed in the version, where something of Scaliger's interpretation is also retained.

According to Vulpius they used to observe at the birth of a child, what birds either flew past or made a noise, and from these circumstances predicted good or bad fortune to their progeny. But as Cupid some few lines before is represented with "*Strepitantibus alis*," that critic is of opinion that the "*Natalis Avis*" mentioned in the text, is the god of love, who, at the birth of Cornutus and his wife, gave happy omens. But though it is true, that Bion has represented love as a large bird, the interpretation seems too far fetched for Tibullus.

ELEGY III.

My fair, Cornutus, to the country's flown,
 Oh how insipid is the city grown!
 No taste have they for elegance refin'd;
 No tender bosoms who remain behind:
 Now Cythera glads the laughing plain,
 And smiles and sports compose her sylvan train.
 Now Cupid joys to learn the ploughman's phrase,
 And clad a peasant o'er the fallows strays,
 O how the weighty prong I'll busy wield!
 Should the fair wanderer to the labour'd field; 10
 A farmer then the crooked ploughshare hold,
 Whilst the dull ox prepares the vigorous mold:
 I'd not complain though Phœbus burnt the lands,
 And painful blisters swell'd my tender hands.

Admetus' herds the fair Apollo drove,
 In spite of med'cine's power, a prey to love;
 Nor aught avail'd to sooth his amorous care,
 His lyre of silver sound, or waving hair.
 To quench their thirst, the kine to streams he led
 And drove them from their pasture to the shed: 20
 The milk to curdle, then, the fair he taught,
 And from the cheese to strain the dulcet draught.
 Oft, oft his virgin-sister blush'd for shame,
 As bearing lambkins o'er the field he came!
 Oft would he sing the lightning vales among,
 Till lowing oxen broke the plaintive song.
 To Delphi, trembling anxious chiefs repair,
 But got no answer, Phœbus was not there.
 Thy curling locks that charm'd a stepdame's eye,
 A jealous step-dame, now neglected fly! 30

To see thee, Phœbus, thus disfigur'd stray!
 Who could discover the fair god of day?
 Constrain'd by Cupid in a cot to pine,
 Where was thy Delos, where thy Pythian shrine?
 Thrice happy days, when love almighty sway'd!
 And openly the gods his will obey'd.
 Now love's soft power's became a common jest—
 Yet those, who feel his influence in their breast,
 The prude's contempt, the wise man's sneer despise,
 Nor would his chains forego, to rule the skies. 40
 Curse farm! that forc'd my Nemesis from town,
 Blasts taint thy vines, and rains thy harvests down.
 Though hymns implore your aid, great god of
 wine!

Assist the lover, and neglect the vine;
 To shades, unpunish'd, ne'er let beauty stray;
 Not all your vintage can its absence pay!
 Rather than harvest should the fair detain,
 May rills and acorns feed th' unactive swain!
 The swains of old, no golden Ceres knew,
 And yet how fervent was their love and true? 50
 Their melting vows the Paphian queen approv'd,
 And every valley witness'd how they lov'd.
 Then lurk'd no spies to catch the willing maid;
 Doorless each house in vain no shepherd pray'd.
 Once more ye simple usages obtain!
 No—lead me, drive me to the cultur'd plain!
 Enchain me, whip me, if the fair command;
 Whipp'd and enchain'd, I'll plough the stubborn
 land!

NOTES ON ELEGY III.

NEMESIS, to whom the remaining elegies in this book are addressed, had gone from Rome, to her estate in the country to be present, as is supposed, at the festival of the god Terminus, which was annually celebrated about the 21st of February. As the poet was deeply enamoured of Nemesis, her departure gave him great uneasiness; but being informed, that she meant to continue at her seat till the vintage and harvest were past, he determined to follow her in the dress of a peasant, and by getting himself employed in her fields, thus to enjoy the satisfaction of beholding her undiscovered. Cornutus probably objected to the disgrace of this metamorphosis; but to this Tibullus gave an appropriate answer: the god of poets, Apollo himself, in circumstances analogous to mine, said he, abandoned heaven, and became

the herdsmen of Admetus: Nay, so thoroughly was his deity mastered by love, that he withdrew his attention from the Delphian shrine, &c. and submitted to perform the meanest rural drudgeries.

As Tibullus deemed his friend's approbation of consequence, he enumerates these servilities, and therefore the translator cannot help thinking that the line

Ipse Deus, &c.

and the three following, being descriptive of these, are genuine. What farther confirms the translator in his opinion of their authenticity, is, that Ovid makes use of the same argument in his *Art of Love*.

But probably, the example of Apollo had not all the influence on the uninspired and laughing Cor-

Nutus, that our poet could have wished. Tibullus therefore curses the occasion of his amorous travels, exclaims against agriculture, and wishes for a return of the golden age; but suddenly changing his tone, he offers himself to the meanest and most laborious employments of the country, to enjoy the felicity of obeying his mistress.

Propertius's nineteenth elegy, Lib. 2. and Ovid's beautiful invitation to Corinna, from his country seat, may be compared with this.

Ver. 5. Hercules Strozza, no mean poet of Ferrara, has happily imitated this passage of Tibullus;

Rura peto; valeatque forum, valeantque sodales.

Et Venus et Veneris cessit in arva puer.

Pascit Amor pecus; at numerum Cytherea recenset:

Vomera dura gravi jugera findit Hymen.

Et dominam mirantur Oves, dominumque volucrum:

Vicinasque rudis combibit agna faces.

Plus solito petulant aries solit; islaque tellus

Sentit aratori numen inesse fuo.

Lib. i. Am. El. 2.

Strozza inherited the poetical talent of his father Titus.

Ver. 7. It is not improbable, as Broekhusius remarks, that Tibullus was indebted to Moschus's Epigram *Eis ierota arotrionta*, for this thought.

Ver. 9. Hammond's seventh elegy is almost a translation of this:

Ver. 15. Mythologists assign different reasons for Apollo's absence from heaven; but whatever the cause was, love (according to these gentlemen) soon made him less solicitous to regain his native skies. Alceſtis, the wife of Admetus was his favourite; but it is probable, that all his endeavours to gain that lady proved ineffectual; for when Admetus, in a dangerous fit of illness, consulted the oracle for a remedy, and was answered, that he must perish unless another would die in his room, she, with a disinterestedness and love peculiar to conjugal fidelity, became the willing sacrifice, and by her death recovered her husband. It happened fortunately, that Hercules arrived at Admetus's palace the very day that Alceſtis was sacrificed; and having been well entertained by that prince, expressed his gratitude to him by descending into hell, foiling death, and bringing back again Alceſtis to her beloved husband. Upon this fable Euripides has founded one of his most pathetic tragedies.

The ladies are not greatly indebted to the mythologists, who have unanimously represented Apollo, though *αι καλος και αι νιος*, always beautiful, and always young, as unsuccessful in his amours: but whatever reason they have to complain, those who are fond of poetry have none; as the repulse that god met with from Daphne, hath given rise to a piece in Waller, which for ease of numbers, and happiness of fabulous allusion; is surpassed by few modern poems. Vid. his story of Daphne and Phœbus applied.

Ver. 19. If love had so much power over

Apollo, as to make him undergo, not only the most servile drudgeries, but also to neglect the fate of nations; surely, I may be excused, argues our poet, when the same passion obliges me to become a ploughman. But should not Tibullus have added, that as his Nemesis every way excelled Apollo's flame; so he himself, in acting the part he did, was more excusable than the deity? This gallant addition, Mr. Prior, had he produced Phœbus's conduct as an apology for his own, would not have omitted, though Mr. Hammond has.

Ver. 21. Homer, Il. 5. mentions the juice of the fig, as applied to this purpose. All acids coagulate milk.

Nor was Apollo only bountiful to the swains in those respects: Callimachus records many other instances of blessings, which, in his absence from heaven, he bestowed on the country.

Φαίεν και Νόμιον κικλήσκουσιν ἱεὺς ἐπὶ κύνῃ
Ἐξορ' ἵα' Ἀμφύρῳ Ζηνόγιδας ἱεροφάν Ἰσσιος
Ἥδιν δ' ὅτ' ἱερῷ κικλήσκουσιν Ἀδμήτοις, &c.

Vid. his Hymn *Eis Ἀπολλωνα*, V. 46. &c.

Which Prior has thus translated,

Thee, Nomian, we adore, for that from heaven
Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
Didst guard Admetus' herds; thence the cow
Produc'd an ampler store of milk, and the she-goat

Nor without pain dragg'd her distended udder,
And ewes that erst brought forth but single
lams, [cattle
Now dropp'd their twofold burdens; blest the
On which Apollo cast his favouring eye.

Ver. 23. Valerius Flaccus has imitated this thought in the first book of his Argonauts; a poem, which, however little read, is by no means destitute of many striking poetical beauties.

Te quoque dant campi tanto pastore phœræ
Felicis Admeti. Tuis nam pendet in arvis
Delius, irato Steropen quod fuderat arcu.
Ah quoties famulo notis foror obvia sylvis
Flevit, ubi Officæ captaret frigora quercus,
Pædaret et pingui mersos Bæbeide crines!

V. 444.

Ver. 31. As the ancients supposed, that Apollo showed a particular fondness for fine long curling hair, they never failed in their addresses to that god, to praise him, as possessing that ornament. Hence, in the hymns ascribed to Orpheus, Apollo is styled *χρυσόκεμος*, and by other Greek poets *ακροεικρομης* and *ακαιορακρομης*, and by the Latins *Crinitus*. In imitation of their patron-god, the bards of old affected to wear long hair. Thus Virgil represents Jopas.

Phavorinus, in a quotation which Stobæus has preserved of his, uses *Ζητειν* in the same sense as Tibullus uses "querere" in this passage. Serm. 64.

Ver. 34. Delos is an island in the Ægean sea, the most famous of the Cyclades, the birth-place of Apollo and his sister Diana; upon which account it was held in such reverence by the an-

cients, that when the Persians, in one of their expeditions against Greece, anchored there with a thousand ships, nought belonging to the island was violated by the army.

Etymologists say, it obtained the name of Delos, *απε το Δηλον*, from its suddenly emerging from the waves at the command of Neptune. Latona, not daring to remain long during her pregnancy in a known place, the jealous Juno having dispatched the serpent Python in pursuit of her, was here safely delivered. Apollo afterwards slew this serpent. Vid. Ovid's Met. The Athenians, in performance of a vow made by Theseus, sent every year a sacred vessel to Delos, with offerings to that god. Till this vessel returned to Athens, the punishment of criminals, however guilty they were, was repited. As soon as Apollo's priest crowned the poop of the vessel, which was the signal for sailing, the city was purified.

Delphi was a city of Phocis, in the neighbourhood of Parnassus, built by Delphus the son of Apollo, or Neptune. It was of difficult access, being situated among rocks and frightful precipices. Here Apollo had a famous temple, to which other nations, as well as the Greeks, repaired in times of public distress, to learn, how an end might be put to their calamities, as also to be informed of the manner in which any enterprise ought to be conducted, or what would be the issue of any event. The pythoness, or priestess of this temple was famed for the ambiguity of her answers. As nothing is more profuse than superstitious credulity, the riches brought to this temple were immense; inasmuch that the retainers to the temple could well afford to maintain spies every where, to inform them of what passed, or was likely to happen, as well as poets, to verify their responses. The name by which Delphi now goes, is *Salona*. Vid. Steph. Dict. See also the

Abbe Banier for the immense wealth of this temple.

Ver. 41. Editions in general read,

At tibi dura seges, &c.

And the commentators make "seges" here to signify Nemesis's estate; but as there is no authority for this application of that term in any other classic, Brockhufius adopts Heinsius's correction,

At tibi dura Ceres, &c.

And this the Dutchman thinks warranted by the immediate introduction of Bacchus in the original. The translator, however, has preferred the first reading, that being supported by most MSS.

Ver. 48. *May rills and acorns, &c.*] This thought shows the intenseness of our author's passion for Nemesis. The Romans highly esteemed agriculture. Cicero speaks of it as "proxima sapientiæ;" and Tibullus seems to have been of the same opinion.

The wife and good Boethius has drawn no contemptible picture of this primeval simplicity, Lib. ii. Carm. 5. although we cannot agree with him, when he wishes for a return of that state.

Ver. 55. *Once more ye simple usages obtain!*

No—lead me, drive me to the cultur'd plain!

This abrupt refusal of a state from which he expected so much happiness, is so strongly expressive of love, that it may be put in competition with any of the most boasted passages in the heroic poets, where a sudden change of impetuous desire is expressed.

Slaves were employed in performing the more servile offices of husbandry; and their most faithful labours seldom exempted them from the chain. It is indeed shocking to humanity to think, with what cruelty these unfortunate wretches were treated by their Roman masters. See Mr. Hume's entertaining Discourse on the Populoufness of Ancient Nations.

ELEGY IV.

CHAINS, and a haughty fair I fearless view!
Hopes of paternal freedom all adieu.
Ah when will love compassionate my woes?
In one sad tenour my existence flows:
Whether I kiss or bite the galling chain,
Alike my pleasure, and alike my pain.
I burn, I burn, O banish my despair!
Oh ease my torture, too too cruel fair:
Rather than feel such vast, such matchless woe,
I'd rise some rock o'erspread with endless snow! IO
Or frown a cliff on some disastrous shore,
Where ships are wreck'd, and tempests ever roar?
In pensive gloominess I pass the night,
Nor feel contentment at the dawn of light.

What though the god of verse my woes indite,
What though I soothing elegies can write,
No strains of elegy her pride controul;
Gold is the passport to her venal soul.
I ask not of the nine the epic lay;
Ye nine! or aid my passion or away. 20
I ask not to describe in lofty strain,
The sun's eclipses, or the lunar wane;
To win admission to the haughty maid,
Alone I crave your elegiac aid;
But if she still contemns the tearful lay,
Ye, and your elegies, away, away!
In vain I ask, but gold ne'er asks in vain;
Then will I desolate the world for gain!

For gold I'll impious plunder every shrine;
But chief, O Venus, will I plunder thine! 30
By thee compell'd, I love a venal maid,
And quit for bloody fields my peaceful shade:
By thee compell'd, I rob the hallowed shrine,
Then chiefly Venus will I plunder thine!

Perish the man! whose curs'd industrious toil
Or finds the gem, or dyes the woolly spoil;
Hence, hence the sex's avarice arose,
And art with nature not enough bestows:
Hence the fierce dog was posted for a guard,
The fair grew venal, and their gates were
barr'd. 40

But weighty presents vigilance o'ercome,
The gate bursts open, and the dog is dumb.

From venal charms, ye gods! what mischiefs
flow!

The joy, how much o'er-balance'd by the woe!
Hence, hence so few, sweet love, frequent thy
fane,

Hence impious slander loads thy guiltless reign.

But ye! who sell your heavenly charms for
hire,

Your ill-got riches be consum'd with fire!
May not one lover strive to quench the blaze,
But smile malicious, as o'er all it preys! 50

And when ye die, no gentle friend be near,
To catch your breath, or shed a genuine tear!
Behind the corpse, to march in solemn show,
Or Syrian odours on the pile bestow.
Far other fates attend the generous maid,
Though age and sickness bid her beauties fade,
Still she's rever'd; and when death's easy call
Has freed her spirit from life's anxious thrall,
The pitying neighbours all her loss deplore,
And many a weeping friend besets the door; 60
While some old lover touch'd with grateful woe,
Shall yearly garlands on her tomb bestow;
And home returning, thus the fair address,
'Light may the turf thy gentle bosom press.'

'Tis truth; but what has truth with love to do?
Imperious Cupid, I submit to you!
To sell my father's seat should you command;
Adieu my father's gods, my father's land!
From madding mares, what'er of poison flows,
Or on the forehead of their offspring grows, 70
What'er Medea brew'd of baleful juice,
What noxious herbs Emathian hills produce;
Of all, let Nemesis a draught compose,
Or mingle poisons, feller still than those;
If she but smile, the deadly cup I'll drain,
Forget her avarice, and exult in pain!

NOTES ON ELEGY IV.

TIBULLUS, finding all his endeavours to gain the heart of Nemesis unavailing, determined to conquer his affection for her; he accordingly put his resolution in practice; but finding his every effort ineffectual, he gave over the struggle, yielded to his destiny, and sent her the foregoing beautiful elegy, in which he acknowledges the sovereignty which her charms had gained over him, and entreats her to mitigate her cruelty.

The whole poem is a tempest (if the expression may be allowed) of amorous and contrary affections. By these our author is particularly distinguished from Ovid and Propertius. These poets generally begin and end their elegies with the same passion; whereas, the reader will often find in one of Tibullus's, all those contrarieties and transitions, which peculiarly characterize the passion of love, and are so beautiful in poetry. This justifies the elegant encomium, which Joannes Baptista Pius bestows on our author; "Principes eorum poetarum est dubio procul Al. Tibullus, quia vere amantem agit. Modo superbit, modo supplicat, annuit, renuit, minatur, intercedit, designatur de-vet, eras, incoestans est, quod vult, non vult, quod optavit, refugit, secum dissidens, ut in vera Cupidinis rota circumagi credas."

Major Pack's version of this elegy, would have been more in the spirit of Tibullus, had he mingled less wit with it.

Ver. 1. Chains, imprisonment, flames, darts, have

been huddled together, by many a gentle writer, who imagined himself qualified for telling a curious love tale; and probably they have drawn much self-complacency from this passage of Tibullus, who has expressed, and probably felt all the soft distresses of the tender passion, superior to every other writer. But whatever Tibullus feels, he never loses his judgment and correctness in writing. A little attention will convince us, that the metaphor here is simple, entire, and uniformly pursued throughout. The tyranny of the passion of love over reason; the waywardness of a love-stricken mind, and the distresses which it feels from the caprice and frowns of an haughty mistress, suggested to Tibullus, that the most abject state of slavery aptly represented the condition of a drooping lover. Let us not estimate the severity of this servitude by our own customs and manners. We must step into America to see cruel instances of it: or if we look into ancient times we shall find, that those, who were servants utterly lost their liberty, lost all power over their actions, and almost over their thoughts themselves: that those of them whose condition was the worst, were employed in the heaviest labours; were constantly kept in chains; had severe task-masters over them; and upon every slight occasion, were exposed to some of those sharp torments, which a slave in Plautus thus humourously describes:

—Stimulos, laminas, cruceſque compedeſque,
Nervos, catenas, carceres numellas, pedicas, beias,
Indoſtoreſque accerimos, gnaroſque noſtri tergi.

"Laminas" here answers to "faces" in Tibullus. They were heated bars of iron uſed in the puniſhment of ſlaves. Thus Cicero, in his accuſation of Verres, for treating a Roman citizen as a ſlave, charges him, "Quid, cum ignes et arden- tes laminæ, ceterique cruciatus admovebantur?" So that when Tibullus cries out, "io remove, ſæva puella, faces," he is ſtill deſcribing the meta- phorical ſlavery he was fallen into. We ſhall now know what to do with the following line,
Et ſeu quid merui, ſeu quid peccavimus, uror.

One of the commentators thinking it hard that a man ſhould be burnt for his good deſerts, has explained "quid merui" by "quid deliqui;" he might as well have ſaid "peccavi;" but "pec- cavimus" followed, and the critic was reſolved to vary the word, if he could not the image; but Tibullus well knew how to do both. His deſign was to repreſent the hardneſs of his ſlavery; and to this purpoſe he declares, that ſuch was the capricious cruelty of his miſtreſs, ſuch the ſeverity of love his taſk-maſter and torturer, that he was not only cloſely kept in chains, but had the torture wantonly applied, whether he was faithful to the offices love enjoined, or was rebellious, mu- tinous, or negligent; that is, that his miſtreſs was cruel, and love a torment to him, as well when he attempted to pleaſe her, as when he was impatient under her harſh uſage, and endeavoured to regain his eaſe and liberty. B.

Ver. 10. As the ancients had but imperfect aſ- ſurances of a future ſtate, many of them regarded mere animal life, as the greateſt of bleſſings, and dedicated every hour to ſome ſenſual gratification. This manner of living, at leaſt, was not unſual among the Epicureans; a ſect from which, we have reaſon to think, Tibullus was not averſe. His miſery, therefore, muſt have been extreme, when it forced him to wiſh for ſuch a metamor- phoſis, as not only would have deprived him of every ſatisfaction of ſenſe, but rendered him an eternal curſe and reproach to all ſeaſaring people.

Ver. 17. Some critics contend, that Tibullus here aſcribes to Apollo the invention of elegy, and thereby determines the diſpute, which ſo warmly engaged the grammarians of the Auguſtan age; but others with more reaſon ſuppoſe that the poet, in this place, intended only in general to repre- ſent this god as the author and patron of poetry. The tranſlator has given the line a ſenſe diffe- rent from both; with what propriety the reader will determine.

Ver. 29. The "facinus" and "cedes," in the original, allude to the many maſſacres and pro- ſcriptions, which were the dreadful effects of thoſe civil wars, which at laſt exſtinguiſhed the liberty of Rome. The butcheries by which Octavius ac- quired the ſovereignty of the world, fixed ſuch diſgrace upon himſelf, and ſo deeply ſtained his family with the imputation of cruelty, that even the mercies of Cæſar are become ſuſpected. In-

deed, neither Auguſtus nor Julius are to be ac- cuſed of having been the firſt, who ſubverted the conſtitution of their country; for this was done in the days of Marius and Sylla: and if we con- ſider the venality of the people, the luxury of the ſenate, the ſmall number of good men, who ſur- vived the public calamities; and add to this, the rapaciouſneſs of the generals, and governors of provinces; we ſhall be induced, perhaps, to al- low, that Auguſtus had it not in his power to comply with Agrippa's advice, of reſtoring Rome to its old plan of government.

Ver. 30. Our poet ſeems here unjuſtly to ac- cuſe the god of love; for no paſſion is leſs mer- cenary than that which he inſpires. It muſt be admitted, however, that Tibullus acts a gallant part at leaſt, in endeavouring to remove an aſper- ſion from his miſtreſs; though his regard for Cu- pid may be called in queſtion, when he attempts to fix this odium upon him. He ſeems to be aware of this, and therefore involves alſo in his cenſure thoſe who certainly better deſerved it.

Ver. 35. Propertius derives female infidelity, and female avarice, from the ſame ſources. See Lib. iii. El. 11. which is a keen and witty, if not a juſt invective.

Ver. 42. A bawd, in Plautus, thus deſcribes the behaviour of a new lover.

Ubi de pleno promitur
Neque illi ſcit quid det, quid damni faciat, illi rei
ſtudet.

Volt placere ſeſe Amicæ, volt mihi, volt pedisſequæ,
Volt famulus, volt etiam ancillis, et quoque catulo
meo [gaudeat.
Subblanditur novus amator, ſe ut cum videat,
Aſin, Aſ. i. l. 5.

Andreas Maranus, a poet of Vicenza, ſeems to have had this paſſage of Tibullus in his eye in one of his elegies.

Optamus ſero, quæ oblata remiſimus ultro.
Utere felici dum licet eſſe tibi.
Mox ſubeunt caſus, ſubeuntque pericula mille,
Advigelat cuſtos, advigelatque canis.
Intèria obrepunt morbi vel decolor ætas,
Blanditias nec ſas dicere, nec facere.

Vulp.

But more correſpondent to our poet's ſenti- ments is the following Greek Epigram:

Ἦν μιν το χαρῆς ἡμερῶν φίλος οὗτος θυμῶς
Ἐν ποτὶν, οὗτος κύνιν ἐν περὶ θυμῶν δίδισται.

Will the reader pardon me one quotation more? It is a humorous epitaph, on a dog which belonged to a married lady of intrigue.

Latratu fures excepi, mutas amantes,
Sic placui Dòmino, ſic placui Dominæ.

Ver. 48. By the pronoun "tibi," in the text, the poet ſeems to have had ſome particular perſon in his eye.

The ancients looked upon it as one of the moſt dreadful miſfortunes, which could befall any perſon, to be deprived of funeral honours,

The inculcating of this, was one of the wisest contrivances of ancient legislation, and was transmitted originally from Egypt to Greece. By it, not only private murders, but vices of all kinds, were, in a great measure, checked or prevented. For, as an ingenious writer observes, it was a custom among the Egyptians, before they interred their dead, to canvass over their actions, and to bring their whole past life to a trial, before judges appointed for that purpose. Those who, upon a fair and impartial examination, were found to have lived a virtuous and good life, were dismissed from the tribunal, with praises proportionable to their merit, recommended as worthy examples to posterity, and assigned over to the society of the blessed in the shades below; but others, in whose characters vice and mischief were predominant, were publicly branded with infamy, and assigned over to the regions of affliction. (*Diod. Sicul.*) As every one was convinced, that he should undergo this impartial trial after death, wherein his former abilities, power, and fortune, could avail nothing to avert a proper and just sentence; such examples were powerful checks to vice, and pleasing incentives to virtue. The legislators having found their end in this institution, enforced the observance of it, by the superstition already mentioned, that those whose bodies were unburied, should wander in a state of restlessness a hundred years on the banks of the river Styx. Now, this was invented to obviate by terror, the clandestine interment of those whom the surviving parents or relations were afraid to bring to this test of justice, being desirous to shelter the memory of the defunct from ignominy, by an omission of this ceremony. The public interment of the body, being first insisted upon, only as concomitant to the rites, and by corruption afterwards, made a necessary part of them.

Ver. 62. Joannes Baptista Pius (Annot. post. e. 115.) imagines that these garlands were composed solely of parsley; but Magius has shown the falsity of this. Brockhufius is of opinion, that the poet, in this place, meant garlands of roses; and indeed innumerable quotations might be brought from the classics to prove, that roses were used of old in the adorning of tombs.

Ver. 65. Propertius says,

Sit tibi terra levis, mulier dignissima vita.

Hence we often meet with the initial letters S. T. T. L. upon ancient tomb-stones.

Ver. 98. Upon such verses of our author as these, have the commentators reared the trite opinion, that Tibullus, by his extravagance, squandered away his fortune. The text, however, cannot be construed into any such meaning. Ovid, with more justice, might be said to have spent his inheritance from the following lines;

Illud et illud habet, nec ea contenta, rapina est,
Sub titulum nostros misit avara lares.

Remed. Amer.

But, in truth, small stress is to be laid upon such expressions in the poets; and therefore Brockhufius might have spared the censure he passes on Tibullus, on account of this passage, elegy delighting in imaginary distresses.

Ver. 69. Critics are greatly divided in their opinions about the "hippomanes." Theophrastus, Aristotle, and Theocritus mention a plant of that name, the smell of which made mares run mad for the stallion. While some commentators assert, that it was a fig-like excrescence which grew on the forehead of a foal; and which being bit off and swallowed by the mother, made her passionately fond of her offspring. Hence it came to be used in philtres of old, and to be applied metaphorically, to express love. Others contend, that it was a poison, "quod equæ in libidinem excitatæ e locis emittebant."

Ver. 72. The Thessalians being a wild and uncivilized people, it is no wonder that they were addicted to the follies of witchcraft. Their country produced many powerful plants; and some of the first physicians we read of were born there.

The word "venenum" does not always mean poison, since Horace, and other approved writers, use it often to signify the juice of such magical herbs, as were proper to correct the malignity of poison. It also sometimes signifies a love-potion. In this place, however, it stands for poison, and not a philtre; for our poet at present was in no need of the latter, being already sufficiently fond of Nemesis: but whether he would have been in reality as good as his word, let the lover determine.

Mr. Hammond's first elegy is an imitation of this.

ELEGY V.

To hear our solemn vows, O Phœbus deign!
A novel pentiff treads thy sacred fane:
Nor distant hear, dread power! 'tis Rome's request,
That with thy golden lyre thou stand'st consent:

Deign mighty bard! to strike the vocal strings,
And praise thy pontiff; we, his praises sing:
Around thy brows, triumphant laurels twine,
Thine altar visit, and thy rites divine:

New flush thy charms, new curl thy waving hair;
O come the god in vestment, and in air! 10
When Saturn was dethron'd, to crown'd with bays,
So rob'd, thou fongst th' almighty victor's praise.
What fate, from gods and man, has wrapt in night,
Prophetic flashes on thy mental sight:
From thee, diviners learn their prescient lore,
On recking bowels, as they thoughtless pore:
The fear thou teachest the succels of things,
As flies the bird, or feeds, or screams, or sings:
The sibyl-leaves if Rome ne'er sought in vain;
Thou gav'st a meaning to the mystic strain: 20
Thy sacred influence may this pontiff know,
And as he reads them, with the prophet glow.

When great Æneas snatch'd his aged fire,
And burning Lares, from the Grecian fire,
She *, the foretold this empire fix'd by fate,
And all the triumphs of the Roman state;
Yet when he saw his lion wrapp'd in flame,
He scarce could credit the mysterious dame.
(Quirinus had not plann'd eternal Rome,
Nor had his brother met his early doom, 30
Where now Jove's temple swells, low hamlet's
food,

And domes ascend, where heifers crop'd their food.
Sprinkled with milk, Pan grac'd an oak's dun
shade,

And scythe-arm'd Pales watch'd the mossy glade;
For help from Pan, to Pan on ev'ry bough
Pipes hung, the grateful shepherd's vocal vow,
Of reeds, still lessening, was the gift compos'd,
And friendly wax th' unequal junctures clos'd.
So where Velabrian streets like cities stem,
One little wherry plied the lazy stream, 40
O'er which the wealthy shepherd's favourite maid
Was to her swain, on holidays, convey'd;
The swain, his truth of passion to declare,
Or lamb, or cheese, presented to the fair.)

The Cumæan Sibyl speaks.

"Fierce brother of the power of soft desire,
"Who fly'st, with Trojan gods, the Grecian fire!
"Now Joye assigns thee Laurentine abodes,
"Those friendly plains invite thy banish'd gods!
"There shall a nobler Troy herself applaud,
"Admire her wanderings, and the Grecian fraud!
"There, thou from yonder sacred stream shalt rise
"A god thyself, and mingle with the skies! 54
"No more thy Phrygians for their country sigh,
"See conquest o'er your shatter'd navy fly!
"See the Rutulian tents, a mighty blaze:
"Thou, Turnus! soon shalt end thy hateful days!
"The camp I see, Lavinium greets my view!
"And Alba! brave Afcenius! built by you:
"I see thee, Ilia! leave the vestal fire;
"And, clasp'd by Mars, in amorous bliss expire!
"On Tyber's bank, thy sacred robes I see, 61
"And arms abandon'd, eager god! by thee.
"Your hills crop fast, ye herds! while fate allows;
"Eternal Rome shall rise, where now ye brouze:
"Rome, that shall stretch her irreflexible reign,
"Wherever Ceres views her golden grain;
"Far as the east extends his purple ray,
"And where the west shuts up the gates of day.

* The Sibyl.

"The truth I sing; so may the laurels prove
"Safe food, and I be screen'd from guilty love."
Thus sung the Sybil, and address'd her prayer, 71
Phœbus! to thee, and madding, loos'd her hair.

Nor, Phœbus! give him only these to know,
A farther knowledge on thy priest bestow:
Let him interpret what thy fav'rite maid,
What Amalthea, what Mermessia said:
Let him interpret what Albana bore
Through Tyber's waves, unwet, to Tyber's far-
thest shore.

When stony tempests fell, when comets glar'd,
Intestine wars their oracles declar'd: 80
The sacred groves (our ancestors relate)
Foretold the changes of the Roman state:
To charge the clarion sounded in the sky,
Arms clash'd, blood ran, and warriors seem'd to
die:

With monstrous prodigies the year began:
An annual darkness the whole globe o'er-ran;
Apollo, shorn of every beamy ray,
Oft strove, but strove in vain, to light the day:
The statues of the gods wept tepid tears;
And speaking oxen fill'd mankind with fears! 90

These were of old: No more, Apollo! frown,
But in the waves each adverse omen drown.
O! let thy bays, in crackling flames ascend;
So shall the year with joy begin and end!
The bays give propitious signs; rejoice ye swains!
Propitious Ceres shall reward your pains.
With must the jolly rustic purpled o'er,
Shall squeeze rich clusters, which their tribute
pour,

Till vats are wanting, to contain their store.
Far hence, ye wolves! the mellow shepherds
bring 100

Their gifts to Pales, and her praises sing.
Now, fir'd with wine, the solemn bonfires raise,
And leap, untimorous, through the strawy blaze!
From every cott unnumber'd children throng,
Frequent the dance, and louder raise the song:
And while in mirth the hours they thus employ,
At home the grandfire tends his little boy;
And in each feature pleas'd himself to trace,
Foretells his prattler will adorn the race.

The sylvan youth, their grateful homage paid, 110
Where plays some streamlet, seek th' embowering
shade;

Or stretch'd on soft enamell'd meadows lie,
Where thickest umbrage cools the summer sky:
With roses, see! the sacred cup is crown'd,
Hark! music breathes her animating sound:
The couch of turf, and festal tables stand
Of turf, erected by each shepherd-hand;
And all well-pleas'd, the votive feast prepare,
Each one his goblet, and each one his share.
Now drunk, they blame their stars and curse the
maid;

But sober, deprecate what'er they said. 121
Perish thy shafts, Apollo! and thy bow!
If love unarmed in our forests go.
Yet since he learn'd to wing th' unerring dart,
Much cause has man to curse his fatal art:
But most have I; the sun has wheel'd his round
Since first I felt the deadly seitering wound;

Yet, yet I fondly, madly, wish to burn,
Abjure indifference, and at comfort spurn;
And though from Nemesis my genius flows; 130
Her scarce I sing, so weighty are my woes!

O cruel love! how joyous should I be,
Your arrows broke, and torch extinct to see!
From you, my want of reverence to the skies!
From you, my woes and imprecations rise!
Yet I advise you, too relentless fair!

(As Heaven protects the bards) a bard to spare!

E'en now, the pontiff claims my loftiest lay,
In triumph, soon he'll mount the sacred way.

Then pictur'd towns shall show successful war, 140
And spoils and chiefs attend his ivory car:
Myself will bear the laurel in my hand;
And pleas'd, amid the pleas'd spectators stand:
While war-worn veterans, with laurels crown'd,
With io-triumphs shake the streets around.
His father hails him, as he rides along,
And entertains with pompous shows the throng.

O Phœbus! kindly deign to grant my prayer;
So may'st thou ever wave thy curled hair;
So ever may thy virgin-sister's name 150
Preserve the lustre of a spotless fame.

NOTES ON ELEGY V

MESSALINUS, to whom the following noble elegy is addressed, was the son of the illustrious Messala. This young nobleman, whom both historians and poets represent, as inheriting his father's eloquence, had been appointed one of the quindenvarial priests, to whose care the keeping and interpretation of the Sibylline oracles were intrusted. As these venerable writings had been deposited by Augustus, under the statue of Apollo, in his new temple, erected on Mount Palatine, and as Apollo was supposed to preside over vaticination, and in a particular manner, over these mysterious volumes, the poet begins his poem with an address to Apollo, whom he earnestly implores to be present at the inauguration of the new pontiff. Moreover, as these writings were never consulted but in the greatest emergency, and then only when the senate passed a decree for that purpose; and as their interpretation, even then, was thought to be suggested by Apollo, Tibullus entreats the god to assist his young friend, whenever public calamities should render it necessary for the priests to have recourse to them.

The Romans were proud of being thought the posterity of the Trojans; and their poet embraced every opportunity of making their court to the people by adopting that notion. Nor was this prejudice confined to the meaner sort of Romans; Julius Cæsar, and his successor, either believed, or affected, from political motives, to believe that they were descendants of Æneas, (Vid. in Suet. in Vit. J. Cæs. et Aug.) Nay, so far was this folly carried, that Augustus entertained a design of transferring the seat of empire from Rome to Troy; which city, by his and Julius's attention, was again in a flourishing situation. This, the Romans dreaded not a little; and to such a height did their apprehensions increase, A. U. C. 734, when Augustus was in Syria, that Horace, all courtier as he was, is supposed to have written that noble ode, "Iustum et tenacem," lib. 3 ode 5, obliquely to dissuade the emperor from that

measure. As this, however, was a very delicate subject, and none knew better to flatter his patron than Horace, he abruptly breaks off,

Non hæc jocose conveniunt Lyrae.

Tibullus, however, not lying under the same obligation to Augustus as the lyric poet, and neither courting the smiles, nor dreading the frowns of the court, he, like a true patriot, in all the enthusiasm of poetry, introduces the Sibyl, pushing on Æneas to the new settlement, destined by Heaven for him and his followers, in Italy. This event, says the prophets, whenever it takes place will effectually recompense you for your present loss, and future disasters, you yourself being to become a god; as your posterity, the Romans are predestined to conquer the world, of which Rome is to be the capital.

This simile, which no commentator has touched on, throws a particular beauty on the whole of the Sibyl's speech, which otherwise appears inaptly placed, where it now is inserted.

Shall we pay a compliment to Horace and Tibullus (who probably let one another into the full scope of their patriot productions), and suppose, that these had some weight with the emperor of the world? At all events, as Augustus professed a great veneration for the Sibylline books, and was anxious to be thought the son of Apollo (see the notes), who, he said, fought for him at the battle of Actium; the people (whose prejudices, to the removing their seat of empire, must have been augmented by our poet's well-timed prophecy), would have regarded Augustus's breach of the Sibyl's orders, as the most impious of violations. Besides so flagrant a disrespect, and in one too of such eminence, might have produced the most fatal consequences to his government, by weakening the reverence which his subjects entertained for the Sibylline writings. This Augustus was too sensible not to perceive, and too political not to avoid.

But if the translator is deceived in his con-

jecture of the design, which Tibullus proposed to himself, in writing this fine poem, he, however, sincerely wishes, that the nine may always devote their raptures to the service of their country, and never prostitute their talents, in flattering tyranny, or inflaming the passions of guilty greatness. The people shall then joyfully acknowledge the language of the gods, and own the muses for the legitimate daughters of Jove.

The remaining part of the elegy is thrown, we may suppose, on purpose into an artful obscurity of connection. Most of the prodigies, which the poet mentions, are said by historians to have happened at the death of Julius Cæsar; and may we not conjecture, that Tibullus meant, by recapitulating these, to insinuate, that the gods caused the tyrant to be slain, for his attachment to Troy? This circumstance could not fail to alarm his successor, especially too as he must have been conscious, that he even outdid Julius in his affection to that city; and it is certain, that he, by no means, equalled that usurper in point of personal courage.

But if Tibullus wrote with freedom, his freedom was accompanied with decorum; for, as a Roman expresses it, it is always dangerous, "Scribere in eum, qui potest pro scribere."

So the poet supplicates Apollo to avert such presages for the future; by which means, peace would return to bless Italy, and rural devotion again flourish. Tibullus supposes, that the god grants his petition, and describes the joyful ceremonies, practised by the grateful villagers, upon the occasion.

These solemnities concluding, as usual, with mirth and wine, the young peasants begin to disclose their loves, and condemn the cruelty of their mistresses. This leads our poet insensibly into a recollection of his own amorous misfortunes; for Nemesis was still inflexible. This, he says, not only impaired his health, but affected his poetical powers: so that, far from being able to do justice to great subjects, he scarce could write a little elegy. This was an artful apology for the seeming inaccuracy of his present poem. Notwithstanding all the consequences of his ill requited passion, so thorough a lover was our poet, that he did not wish to shake off his love; but only begged, that Nemesis would at last condescend to abate of her rigour: for, as Messalinus, adds he, is pushing forwards in the lists of fame, the regard and friendship which I profess for his father and himself, absolutely require a total freedom of genius, that I may celebrate those triumphs which his grateful country will soon decree him.

In the conclusion, Messala is introduced as enjoying the felicity of seeing his son triumph; upon which occasion the poet supposes, that his patron will entertain Rome with magnificent spectacles.

The poem ends with a petition to Apollo, that these things might be accomplished.

History informs, that Messalinus, by steadily treading in the footsteps of his father, was honoured with a triumph; and A. U. C. 750, had the

consulship conferred upon him; but Tibullus died many years before these things happened.

It is not easy to determine how old Messalinus was, at the time this poem was written. He had not, probably, long put on the manly gown; for we find, that Lentulus, the son of Lentulus, was chosen into the college of augurs at 17 or 18 years of age; and from this college the quincemvirs were elected. Upon these occasions the friends of the pontiff were invited to a magnificent supper; and it is probable it was at this entertainment, that the following poem was first recited.

Ver. 9. The original here would seem extremely ridiculous to a mere modern reader. Literally translated, it signifies neither more nor less, than an entreaty to his godship to put on his holiday suit, curl his hair, and wash his face. A strange hint this to so great, so young, and beautiful a divinity as Apollo. Is it from their patron god, that some of his modern vassals have derived their ideas of dress and cleanliness? The sublimest geniuses are not exempted from paying an attention to the little decencies of life, respecting which, the fair sex are our best instructors.

The polite Callimachus, in his hymn to Apollo, draws a more amiable picture of the god of poetry, in the following verses;

Τὸν χορὸν ὁ πολλὸν ἐστὶ καὶ ἅπαν θύμων αἰεὶ
Τιμῶσι, δύναται γὰρ ἔτι Διὶ δέξασθαι ἥσται.
Οὐδὲ ὁ χορὸς τὸν Φοῖβον ἴφ' ἐν μόνον ἡμᾶρ αἰεὶ
ἔστι γὰρ ἐνὶ μέσῳ, τίς αὖν ἄρ' αἰεὶ Φοῖβον αἰεὶ
Χρυσῶν τῶ πολλῶνι τὸτ' ἰδούσῃ ἢ τ' ἐπιτορπίς
ἢ τι λυγρὴ, &c.

Ver. 18, 29. &c.

Immortal honours wait the happy throng,
Who, grateful to the god, resound the song:
And honours well Apollo can command,
For high in pow'r he sits, at Jove's right hand.
But in the god, such beaming glories blend,
The day unequal to his praise will end.
His praise, who cannot with delight resound,
Where such eternal theme for song is found;
A golden robe invests the glorious god,
His shining feet with golden sandals shod:
Gold are his harp, his quiver, and his bow;
Round him bright riches in profusion flow.
His Delphic fane illustrious proof supplies,
Where wealth immense fatigues the wond'ring eyes.

On his soft cheeks no tender down has sprung,
A god for ever fair, for ever young:
His flagrant locks distil ambrosial dews,
Drop gladness down, and blooming health diffuse, &c.

Dodd.

Ver. 12. Ariosto has imitated this passage in the beginning of his third canto. The proper emblems of Apollo the poet, lyrist, or festal Apollo, were a crown of laurel, his hair finely dressed, flowing at full length, a lyre in his left hand, and wearing a magnificent robe that fell down to his feet. In this manner was this god represented in the temple which Augustus dedicated to him in the Palatium: and thus it was,

that the poets of old were habited, when they sang to the lyre at the tables of the great. Hence, as Mr. Spence observes, the propriety of the epithet "criticus" conferred on Jopas by Virgil, which some critics have too hastily censured, as wholly foreign to the purpose.

So fond was Augustus of Apollo, that, in the medals, and other representations of that emperor, his face is what the Romans called an Apollinean face. This we know from history, that Augustus was really very beautiful; and Suetonius informs us, that some writers had even asserted, that he was in fact the son of Apollo. Vit. Aug. sect. 94. Accordingly Servius tells us, that there were statues of Augustus in Rome, which represented him under the character, and with the attributes of that god. We also know, that in a certain infamous feast made by Augustus (at which he and five of his courtiers represented the six great celestial gods, as some of the ladies of his court represented the six great goddesses), he himself chose to appear with the emblems of Apollo. All these circumstances but too plainly show, that the successor of Julius gave in to the flattery that was paid him, and that he thought himself, at least loved to be thought by others, like Apollo. But the greatest absurdity of all, as Mr. Spence justly observes, was, that because Apollo was usually represented with a particular flow of light beaming from his eyes, he must needs have it supposed that his eyes also, which were really fine, darted forth so strong a brightness, as to dazzle those who looked upon them too nearly, or too steadily. "Oculos habuit claros, ac nitidos," says Suetonius, "quibus etiam existimari volebat inesse quoddam divini vigoris, gaudebatque si quis sibi acrius contueri quasi ad fulgorem solis, vultum submitteret." To such a pitch of extravagance does absolute power lead even the well meaning!

Ver. 16. For the lots, see notes on the third elegy of the first book; and who the augurs were, hath been explained already. The Haruspices, to whom, according to the Tuscan discipline, belong the province of explaining prodigies, by inspecting the bowels of victims, were servants of the public, and had salaries for attending the magistrates in all their sacrifices. Hence they never failed to accommodate their answers to the political views of those who employed them.

As the order of priesthood, among the Romans, was, for some ages, conferred upon none but such as were of the first nobility; by their influence over a people naturally superstitious, the balance of power was thrown into the hands of the senate and optimates, who, by this means, as Cicero observes, *De Legib. lib. iii. cap. 12.* were often enabled to check the factious attempts of the tribunes.

Minutius Felix, and other Christian writers, ascribe oracles, &c. to the intervention of the devil, or other impure spirits.

Polybius very sensibly deduces that superiority, which the Roman state had over all others, from the superstition of its vulgar. This was carried

by the statesmen, says he, to such lengths, and so effectually introduced into the private lives of the citizens, and into public affairs, that one cannot help being surpris'd at it. This, continues our sagacious politician, was, as I take it, projected entirely for the sake of the vulgar; for if a society of wise men only could be formed, such a scheme would be superfluous: But since the crowd is always giddy, and often agitated by the most unruly passions, secret terrors and tragical fictions are necessary to restrain them within due bounds. Lib. iv.

Nor is the Greek historian singular in his opinion. Appian Claudius Crassus asserts, that the Romans owed the great success of their arms to their observance of the sacred chickens, &c. "*Parva sunt hæc*," as Livy makes him speak, "*sed parva ista non contemnendo, majores nostri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.*"

While the augurs were taking the auspices, or observing the heavens, all public business was intermitted: Julius Cæsar first broke through this; and Clodius, to facilitate the banishment of Cicero, among other laws to decoy the people, enacted, that no magistrate should take the auspices, or contemplate the heavens, while they were actually assembled on public business. This regulation took place A. U. C. 695. But the people, not content with this, extended the privilege to the uninterrupted prosecution of affairs on the "*Dies fasti.*"

Ver. 20. *The Sybil-leaves, if Rome, &c.*] These writings were kept anciently in a coffer of stone, and deposited in a subterranean place in the Capitol. But that noble pile of buildings being destroyed by fire, A. U. C. 671, and the Sibylline books along with them, Sylla rebuilt the Capitol, and sent deputies into Ionia, to collect all the Sibylline verses, which tradition had still preserved. They succeeded so well, that a volume, consisting of a thousand lines, was composed from their gleanings, and deposited in the Capitol. Augustus Cæsar, after the death of Lepidus, when he took upon himself the office of high priest, "*quidquid fatidicorum librorum Græci Latineque generis, nullis vel parum idoneis auctoribus vulgo ferebatur, supra 2, millia, contracta undique, creavit ac solos retinuit Sibyllinos.*" These, indeed, when purged of what he supposed to be spurious, Augustus placed in two golden lockers, under the statue of Apollo, in the temple he had dedicated to that god on Mount Palatine, A. U. C. 726. Vide Sueton. in Vit. Aug. cap. 31.

According to Lactantius, the only Sibylline verses which were preserved sacred from the imperfection of all, but that of the quindecimvirs, were those of the Cumæan Sibyl. Her verses, as well as those of her sisters, were composed in heroic numbers, "*senis pedibus*;" and, if Symmachus may be depended upon, were written on linen volumes. Lib. v.

In the second Punic war, when Rome was reduced to very great difficulties, the Romans consulted the Sibylline books. These made the expulsion of the enemy from Italy to depend upon

their instituting, with extraordinary pomp, certain annual games to Apollo.

The year in which the secular games were performed, the Apollinarian were blended with them, as Macrobius informs us, Lib. xvii.

The Sibylline books continued in high reverence, till about the time of Theodosius the elder, when the greatest part of the senate being converted to Christianity, they began to be regarded as fables; and at last, in the reign of Honorius, Sallustio burnt them.

The book which at present goes under the name of the Sibylline Oracles (*σιβυλλιακοὶ χρησμοὶ*) is plainly a modern counterfeit.

Ver. 24. Troy was destroyed, A. M. 2820, Æneas landed in Italy some years after, where he married the daughter of King Latinus, and in her right succeeded to his throne. His posterity enjoyed, from him, the sovereignty, by regular succession, till Aurelius seized on the crown, in prejudice of his elder brother Numitor, and continued in quiet possession of the regal dignity, till he was slain by Romulus and Remus, the sons of Ila, Numitor's daughter. These seated their grandfather upon the throne; and two years after founded Rome. Usher places this last event before the 8th Olympiad, A. M. 3250. Others, with Varro, fix it to the 3d Olympiad, and 433d year after the destruction of Troy, in the 3960th of the Julian period, 753 years before the nativity of our Saviour.

Ver. 29. Rome was usually called "Urbs æterna," as the antiquaries, poets and medals testify. But if Rome was predestined by the gods to last for ever, how vain, how impious, would it be to remove the seat of empire to any other place?

Ver. 31. Such, at that time, was the condition of those hills, on which Rome was founded. But Petrarch and Dyer, in describing their present state, present us with a very different prospect.

Qui fu quella di Imperio antica fede
Temuta in pace e triomphante in guerra.
Fu! perch' altro che il loco hor non si vede.
Quella che Roma fu guace, s'atterra
Quest' cui l'erba copre e calca il piede
Fur Moli ad cisi vicine, & hor son terra.
Roma che'l mondo vinse, al tempo cede
Che i piani inalza e che l'altezza alterra.
Roma in Roma non e, Volcano e Marte
La grandezza di Roma a Roma han tolta,
Struggendo l'opre e di natura e di arte.
Voglio fossopra il mondo e'n polve e volta
E fra queste ruine a terra sparse
In se stessa cadea morta e sepolta.

But more solemnly picturesque is the following description of the ruins of Rome by Mr. Dyer:

The rough relics of Carinæ's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping, with his oaten reed: as erst
There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
When th' humble roof Anthife's son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,

Amid the thickets: So revolves the scene,
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty!) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the fame.

Dodley's Collect. vol. i.

By Jove's temple, the poet means the Capitol; which in the days of Augustus, was, for structure, embellishment, and riches, one of the most noble and magnificent edifices in the world. When it was destroyed by fire, an event which we have already taken notice of, Augustus undertook to rebuild it, but died ere it was finished: this, it is said, he, in his last moments, regretted as the only thing wanting to complete his felicity. It was not, however, wholly rebuilt till the consulship of Catulus, who had the honour to dedicate it, and to have his name inscribed upon it. And indeed Catulus well merited that distinction; for, besides many other marks of his munificence, he gilded over with gold all the copper tiles of the temple. Pliny observes, that this was the first time gold was used on the outside of buildings. Thus the fire, to speak in the beautiful words of Cicero, seemed to have been sent from heaven, not to destroy, but to raise to Jupiter a temple more worthy of his majesty. On the first of January, the consuls always went in procession to this temple; and all who entered the city in triumph, repaired thither in pomp to pay their solemn thanks to Jove.

Grammarians made a difference between "Arx" and "Capitolium;" but, if we are not mistaken, they are sometimes indiscriminately used.

The verses from line twenty-ninth of the version, to that where the Sibyl addresses Æneas, may appear too long, as it diverts the attention from the Cumzan Sibyl, who is about to prophesy: But as the prophets's allusion to the particular place, where the descendants of Æneas were to found their eternal city, might have, perhaps, appeared obscure (a defect to which prophetic language is liable) without a previous and more full description; our poet's conduct, it would seem, is not so foreign to the purpose, as might at first be imagined.

See Ovid, Fast. and Propert. lib. iv. for similar descriptions.

Ver. 32. In a former note we have taken notice of the meanness of infant Rome: Neither did it greatly improve in magnificence till many centuries after. Their temples indeed were adorned with trophies; but these, as Plutarch observes in his life of Marcellus, made the city rather dreadful than pleasing. After the conquest of Syracuse by Marcellus, the Romans became acquainted with the finer arts, and no doubt their architecture was also improved: And yet Augustus boasted, that he had found Rome ill built of brick, but left a city of marble: "marmoream se relinquere, quam lateritiam accepisset." Suet. in Aug. § 28.

Ver. 33. It was customary to sprinkle the sylvan gods Pan and Pales with milk.

Plutarch informs us, that Rome was founded on the 21st of April; and that on that day a solemn festival was ever afterwards held. This festival was formerly called by the Romans Palilia; but, upon building a temple afterwards to Roma and Venus, they changed the name of this festival into that of Romana.

Ver. 36. The curious in antiquities may either consult Servius, or Virgil's *Bucolics*, or Julius Scaliger, lib. i. Poet. cap. 4. concerning the sylvan pipe of the ancient shepherds.

Some attribute the invention of it to Pan, and others to Marsyas. It consisted of seven reeds (joined together by thread and wax) equal at top, where the lips were applied, but unequal below, "qua exibat spiritus."

But no words can convey so distinct an idea of this ancient musical instrument, as the inspection of its figure upon antiques, of which many are to be found in Boissard, Goriæus, and others. It appears from § 9. of the second epistle of that famous Italian traveller, Pietro della Valle, that the Turks, in his time, used a pipe, which they called "muscab," and which very much resembled that played on by the ancients.

Ver. 39. *So where Velabrian streets, &c.*] This was a large street in the eighth, or as others say, in the eleventh division of Rome. The place which this street afterwards occupied, had been, in former times, a boggy lake, and exposed to frequent inundations from the Tyber; but Tarquinius Priscus having effectually drained it, it became, in process of time, one of the noblest streets in the city.

Ver. 45. In Virgil, Creusa appeared to Æneas, and prophesies to him his future settlement. The ancients generally suppose, that the souls of the departed are endowed with a power of predicting future events; but no prophecy was so awfully striking, none more to be depended upon, than what proceeded from the mouth of a Sibyl. Hence the reverence paid by the Romans to the Sibylline books; and hence it was that Augustus himself affected so much to rely upon their declarations. Thus has Tibullus happily blended publicity with art. The Sibyl concludes her prophecy with a prayer to Apollo, by which she interests that god in the events of her prediction: and from this circumstance, the propriety of our poet's address to Apollo, in the beginning of the elegy, more conspicuously appears.

Poetical prophecy makes the reader acquainted, before hand, with some events, which are to happen in the progress of the poem: and prevention (as an elegant critic calls it) is when such things are spoken of at present, which nevertheless are not to come to pass for years or ages.

The same critic observes, that poetical predictions are generally uttered by superior beings; or if human beings are introduced, they are either such as are already in another state of existence, or just on the verge of quitting this. Thus, Hector, in Homer, foretells the death of Achilles; and,

in the same manner, Orodes, in Virgil, warns Mezentius of his fate. Both these kinds of prediction are great: and if the latter, as the same author alleges, is the greatest; the first, however, by his own acknowledgement, is the most poetical.

Nor are these two the only kinds of poetical prophecy. Heroic poets often use another, by foretelling the death of a hero, at a time when he is perhaps exulting in victory. Virgil affords us an instance of this, *Æn.* x. in relation to the death of Pallas by Turnus.

That form of prophecy, distinguished above by the title of prevention, gives an uncommon greatness and energy to the language: It places distant actions full before our eyes, and carries a certain boldness and assurance with it, that is wonderfully pleasing, prophecy being of great strength in possessing and captivating the reader, as we love to look into futurity. Thus it flatters the powers and capacity of our own minds, at the same time that it gives an air of superior knowledge and authority to the poet. This speech of the Sibyl includes in it all these advantages: It is not only preventive, but prophetic. Perhaps there are no speeches in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*, or sixth of the *Æneid*, more remarkable for their prophetic beauty, than this is. The subject of this is loftier, the speaker more venerable, and the design of the poet himself more truly great.

The terrifying raptures of Theoclymenus, *Od.* xx. which represent the fall of the suitors, and which contain a higher orientalism than any we meet with in any other part of Homer's writings, may be compared, as Mr. Spence observes in his excellent *Dialogues on the Odyssey*, with what Joel says in a truly inspired language: "I will show thee wonders in the heavens and in the earth: Blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke: The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood. I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and will darken the earth in clear day. All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee, and set darkness upon the land." In that truly sublime passage, the sun and lights seem only to have left the heavens to shine with all their boundless majesty in the poet's mind.

Ver. 51. *There, thou from yonder sacred stream shalt rise*

A God thyself, &c.] The poet here plainly points out the river Numicius, which, as the Sibyl prophesied, washed away from Æneas all that was mortal, and fitted him for the company of the gods, as Ovid beautifully tells the story. Vide Ovid's *Metam.* book xiv. line 609.

Such is the poetical account of Æneas's departure from life; but antiquaries differ widely as to the manner of his death. Some assert, that his body was found drowned in the Numicius, after his encounter with Mezentius; while others maintain, that he was indeed killed on the banks of that river, but that his body, tumbling into the stream, could never be recovered; and that it was hence artfully given out by his successors, that the gods had taken him to themselves. Accordingly he was honoured with the appellation of "Deus

Indiges," or *αἰσχυροδιδασκων*; and Dionysius Halicarnassensis (lib. i. p. 40.) informs us, that not only a chapel was dedicated to him, with the following inscription:

PATRI DEO. INDIGETI.
QVI. NVMICI. AMNIS.
VNDAS. TEMPERAT.

but that he had many monuments erected to him, in divers parts of Italy.

But why is Numicius called sacred? "(ven-
eranda Numici unda)." Servius, in his notes on
the seventh *Æneid*, ver. 150. assigns the following
reason: "Numicius ingens ante fluvius fuit; quo
reperitum est cadaver *Æneæ*, & consecratum, post
paularim defecit, in fontem redactus est: qui
ipse siccatum est, sacris interceptus. Vestæ enim
libari, non, nisi de hoc flumine, licebat." *Broekb.*

Ver. 56. In the first battle, which *Æneas* car-
ried on against the Latins and Rutulians, "prop-
ter fraudatus Lavinia nuptias," Latinus was
slain; upon which, the Rutulian prince, Turnus,
implored aid from Mezentius, king of the Tus-
cans; and fell in the second action: but *Æneas*
never afterwards appeared, as the Scholiast tells
us. In the third and last engagement, *Afcanius*
revenged the death of his father, by killing *Me-
zentius*.

But why does the poet bestow on Turnus the
epithet "Barbaro," since that prince, as *Amata*,
in *Virgil*, informs us, was of Grecian original?
Cyllenius endeavoured to solve this question, by
supposing, that Turnus spoke bad Latin, "vel
blæsus, vel balbus erat." But there is no occasion
for any such hypothesis, since we find, from *Plau-
tus*, that the Romans called both Italians and La-
tins, "Barbari." Vide *Fest.* in voc. *Barbar.*
Broekb.

Ver. 57. *Lavinium greets my view*] This is the
city, which *Æneas* is said to have built in honour
of his wife *Lavinia*. See more of this in the
twenty-eighth chapter of the first book of *Diony-
sius Halicarnassensis*, in *Virgil*, *Æn.* i. ver. 258. in *Livy*,
book i. cap. 1. and 3. in the author of the book
intituled, *De Orig. Roman.* and in *Justin.* lib. xliii.
cap. 1. *Broekb.*

Ver. 59. *Broekhusius* is ample in citing autho-
rities to prove, that *Ilia* was neither asleep, or ra-
vished (contrary to what is asserted in the text),
when *Mars*, or whoever was the father of *Ro-
mulus* and *Remus*, begot these twins upon her.
After her delivery she drowned herself in the *Ty-
ber*; and hence she is said, by the poets, to have
been married to that river.

Ver. 62. *Mars* was so fond of his helmet,
shield, and javelin, that he did not quit them,
even when going upon his amours, of which he
had several; but as the most famous of these was
his intrigue with *Ilia*, or, as others call her, *Rhea*,
Sylvia, the mother of *Romulus* and *Remus*, so it
became a popular subject for the medalists, statu-
aries and painters, as well as poets, among the
Romans. In a relievo, in the possession of the
Mellini family, at *Rome*, we see *Mars* defended
upon earth, and moving towards *Rhea*, who is

asleep on it. And on the reverse of a medal
which *Mr. Addison* mentions, and *Mr. Spence*
has given an engraving of, that god is represented
in an earlier point of time, in the air, as descend-
ing down to her. By means of this medal, that
polite scholar, *Mr. Addison* (*Vide Travels*, p.
182.) was enabled to explain the two following
lines in the eleventh satire of *Juvenal*, which had
puzzled all the commentators:

Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis & hasta,
Pendentisque Dei perituro ostenderet hosti.

For the Roman soldiers, who were not a little
proud of their founder, and the military genius
of their republic, used to bear on their helmets
the first history of *Romulus*. On these occasions,
the figure of the god was made as descending on,
that is, as suspended in the air over the vestal
virgin: in which sense, the word "pendentis" is
extremely poetical.

Ver. 63. This apostrophe to the cattle that
were feeding on the seven hills, where *Rome* af-
terwards stood, is highly picturesque; it more
than places the object before the eyes of the
reader: Such is the magic of poetry! The he-
roic poets, but especially the sacred and prophetic
writers, abound with these bold fallacies of imagi-
nation.

Ver. 65. The Romans were early made to be-
lieve the gods had predetermined that their city
should be the metropolis of the world. Hence
Horace writes,

Gentibus est aliis tellus data limite certo;
Romanæ spatium est urbis et orbis idem.

And *Martial* calls *Rome*

Terrarum domina gentiumque *Roma*.

Into how many misfortunes this belief plunged
that state, and especially the nations around, let
her own annals testify!

Ver. 69. A frequent chewing of the laurel was
supposed to be of great efficacy in raising a spirit
of divination and poetry. See *Spanheim's* learn-
ed notes on the ninety-fourth verse of *Callimachus's*
Hymn to Delos. With a view to this, we may
suppose it was that *Commodus*, as *Xiphilinus* tells
the story, eat the laurel leaves with which he
was crowned: *δαψνς φυλλα ειν τε σιχαται υχρον
αυτος διαφθορα*.

Ver. 71. Critics differ greatly in the number,
as well as in the names of the Sibyls; nor are
they better agreed with regard to their paren-
tage, country, reputation, and the age in which
they lived. *Varro* makes them to have been ten
in number, *Suidas*, in his catalogue of them, gives
us only nine. *Ælian* and *Ausonius* limit them to
four; while *Aulus Gellius* and *Pliny* the elder
acknowledge but one. But *Rosinus* adopted *Var-
ro's* opinion; and has, from good authority too,
given us their several names. Lib. iii. cap. 24.

Our poet mentions four of the Sibyls by name,
viz. *Herophile*, *Mermessia*, *Amalthea*, and *Albu-
na*. *Rosinus* makes the first and third of these to
be the same with the *Cumæan Sibyl*; but we have

the authority of Pausanias for asserting that Herophile was born on Mount Ida, of a mortal father, but immortal mother; that she lived before the time of the Trojan war, and predicted the rape of Helen, and the fall of the Trojan empire. In her verses too, were probably scattered some admonitions, "admonuit," exciting the Romans, who by Æneas were of Trojan descent, to act a friendly part to the Phrygians, and by their good offices compensate to them all the losses they had sustained by the destruction of Troy; and therefore our poet mentions her, and desires Apollo to guide Messalinus also in the interpretation of her prophetic writings, as well as in those of the other three. This method of explaining

Quidquid Amalthea, quidquid Mermessia dixit,
Herophile Phœbo grata quod admonuit:
Quodque Albūna sacras Tiberis per flumina fortes
Portarit, sicco perlueritque sinu.

removes all the difficulty of connection, which commentators saw, but never offered to unriddle, till Vulpius, p. 259. by joining, these four lines with

Phœbe sacras Messalinum sine tangere chartas
Vatis: et ipse, precor, quid canat illa, doce.

in one common petition to Apollo, made sense of the passage.

Herophile is called in the text, "Grata Phœbo;" and Pausanias, lib. x. cap. 12. tells us, that in her verses, she sometimes called herself the wife, sometimes the daughter, and sometimes the sister of Apollo. She visited Claros, Delos, and Delphi, where, from a stone, which that ancient Greek traveller saw, she uttered oracles: but the last most of her time at Samos; and, dying at Troas, was buried in the grove of Smintheus, where he read her epitaph, which he has preserved.

Mermessia, although our poet makes her a distinct person, was probably the same as the former, since antiquaries inform us that she was born at Mermessus, a pastoral village of Mount Ida. She is also called Marpessia; and we learn from Pausanias, lib. x. that in his time the vestiges of the ancient city of Marpessus were still to be seen on Mount Ida.

Albuna was worshipped as a goddess at Tibur, upon the banks of the Anio, in whose stream her image was found, holding in its hand a book, which being uninjured by the water, was conveyed, according to Lactantius, to the Capitol. But our poet seems to insinuate, that she swam across the Tyber with her prophecies in her bosom; and that though its waters touched these compositions, yet had they not the power to wet them.

But though all these Sibyls were eminent, the Cumæan Sibyl was chiefly regarded by the Romans; who, according to Livy, brought nine books to Tarquinius Priscus, offering them to him for three hundred pieces of gold (*Philippi*). The king deriding her price, she instantly burnt three of them in his sight, and then demanded the same

sum for the six. Tarquin hereupon calling her an extravagant mad-woman, she committed three more to the flames, and asked him still the same money for the remainder. The king, astonished at this, paid her what she demanded; and receiving the volumes, which were supposed to contain the future destinies of Rome, deposited them in the Capitol, as above related.

Pliny, in talking of the oldest statues which were to be found in his time at Rome, has the following passage: "Equidem et Sibyllæ juxta rostra esse, non miror, tres sint, licet: una quam Sex. Pacuvius Taurus ædilis plebis restituit: duæ quas M. Messia (Corvinus's father) primas putarem has, et Ælii Navii, positas ætate Tarquini Prisci, nisi regum antecesserint essent in Capitolio." Lib. xxxiv. cap. 5.

Ver. 79. *When stormy tempests fell, &c.* See instances of all these prodigies in the sixth chapter of the first book of Valerius Maximus.

A late Italian author ingeniously accounts for showers of stones, and all the other kinds of showers, which historians and naturalists mention. See also Lucan's ninth book.

Ibid. *When comets glare'd.* Few prejudices are more ancient than that which makes comets portend the downfall of empires. A sounder philosophy has at last taught us, that though they are less known, they are not more ominous than the planets; and yet Mr. Whiston was of opinion that this earth will be finally destroyed by a comet.

Ver. 83. *To charge the clarion, &c.* Instances of this prodigy are frequent in both the Roman poets and historians, to the disgrace of the latter.

Ver. 86. Although an eclipse of the sun was ever regarded by the Romans as a prodigy; that which Tibullus speaks of, and which happened when Cæsar was killed, was, says Broekhusius, most prodigious, since it lasted almost a whole year.

What? and is nature then to be shook with convulsions, to be forced out of her natural course, when a tyrant is cut off? This is the language of base adulation, but not of sound philosophy. When, indeed, a friend to man perishes, all the elements may with propriety be introduced as lamenting his fall; and yet, as the author of an excellent ode to mankind sings, it too generally happens, that,

Those have no charms to please the sense,

No graceful port, no eloquence,

To win the muses' throng;

Unknown, unsung, unmark'd they lie,

But Cæsar's fate o'ercasts the sky,

And nature mourns his wrong.

Ver. 92. Monstrous births, by way of expiation, were either thrown into the sea, or burnt with "pyrum sylvaticum," and such like "plantæ infelices," as the Romans called them, from the supposed circumstance of their being under the protection of the "Dii Inferi et Avertentes." See instances of this in Livy and Julius Obsequens.

Ver. 102. Ovid, in that astonishing work of his, intitled *Fasti*, gives us the following accurate description of the Palilia.

Certe ego de vitulo, cinerem, stipulasque fatales
Sæpe teli plena februa casta manu.

Certe ego transilii positas ter in ordine flammæ;
Virgaque lauratas aurea misit aquas.

And again,

Tum licet, apposita veluti cratere camella,
Lac niveum potes, purpureanque sapham:
Moxque per ardentis stipulæ crepitantis acervos,
Trajicias celeri strenua membra pede. *Lib. iv.*

Ver. 104. The original of this passage cannot be expressed in poetical English. It describes a method of kissing, wherein the person to be kissed, was, by the saluter, held and pulled forward by the ears till his lips met the others. This, according to Broekhusius, the Italians call a Florentine kiss. *Vide Kemp. Dissert. de Oscul.*

Ver. 106. Such domestic descriptions are often more pleasing than the boldest flights of poetry! Tibullus abounds in them: they are certain signs of the goodness of a writer's heart.

Ver. 121. The form of deprecation was this: To confess that the person injured did not deserve the curse; that they wished it had not been pronounced; and owned themselves actuated by a bad disposition: "Mente mala, mala fatebantur." Nennius, as Broekhusius remarks, was the first who explained the former part of the Latin deprecation, as Douza did the last. This was a better method surely of making satisfaction than what we moderns have substituted in its place, the pistol and sword.

Ver. 124. The reader by this time must have perceived a frequent recurrence of ideas in Tibul-

lus; yet are both Ovid and Propertius equally reprehensible on that account.

Ver. 139. Bacchus, or (as Sir Isaac Newton has proved) the Egyptian Sesostris, after his return from his Indian conquest, gave the first instance of this ungenerous ceremony, which the Romans afterwards adopted. It is impossible to read the description of those arrogant exhibitions of prosperity, without being struck with indignation: and we can never think highly of the humanity of that people who could behold with pleasure such striking instances of calamity, and of the caprice of fortune, as those solemnities afforded; when the greatest monarchs of the earth were sometimes dragged from their thrones, to attend in chains the insolent parade of an insulting conqueror. But it was natural for the Romans to enjoy that with insolence which they gained by oppression.

Ver. 140. These were at first of wood; but in Cæsar's last triumph they were of silver.

Ver. 144. "Laureati milites (says Festus Pompeius) sequebantur currum triumphantis, ut quasi purgati, a cæde humana intrarent urbem."

Ver. 151. The poet, as Vulpinus observes, wished eternal chastity to Diana, because Orion, one of the giants, had endeavoured, but in vain, to ravish her.

Tectis mearum centimanus Gyas
Sententiarum notus, et integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ
Virginea domitus sagitta.

Lib. iii. Od. 4.

This truth shall hundred-handed Gyas tell,
And warm Orion, who with impious love
Tempting the goddess of the sylvan scene,
Was, by her virgin darts, gigantic victim, slain.

Francis

ELEGY VI.

MACER campaigns; who now will thee obey,
O love! if Macer dare forego thy sway?
Put on the crest, and grasp the burnish'd shield,
Pursue the base deserter to the field:
Or if to winds he gives the loosen'd sail,
Mount thou the deck, and risk the stormy gale:
To dare desert thy sweetly-pleasing pains,
For stormy seas, or sanguinary plains!
'Tis, Cupid! thine, the wanderer to reclaim,
Regain thy honour, and avenge thy name! 10
If such thou spar'st, a soldier I will be,
The meanest soldier, and abandon thee.
Adieu, ye trifling loves! farewell, ye fair!
The trumpet charms me, I to camps repair;
The martial look, the martial garb assume,
And see the laurel on my forehead bloom!

My vaunts how vain! debarr'd the cruel maid,
The warrior softens, and my laurels fade.
Piqu'd to the soul, how frequent have I sworn,
Her gate so servile to approach no more? 20
Unconscious what I did, I still return'd,
Was still deny'd access, and yet I burn'd! [sway,
Ye youths, whom love commands with angry
Attend his wars, like me, and pleas'd obey.
This iron age approves his sway no more:
All fly to camps for gold, and gold adore:
Yet gold clothes kindred states in hostile arms!
Hence blood and death, confusion and alarms!
Mankind for lust of gold, at once defy
The naval combat, and the stormy sky! 30
The soldier hopes, by martial spoils, to gain!
Flocks without number, and a rich domain:

His hopes obtain'd by every horrid crime,
 He seeks for marble in each foreign clime :
 A thousand yoke sustain the pillar'd freight,
 And Rome, surpris'd, beholds th' enormous weight.
 Let such with moles the furious deep enclose,
 Where fish may swim unhurt, though winter
 Let flocks and villas call the spoiler lord : [blows :
 And be the spoiler by the fair ador'd ! 40
 Let one we know, a whipp'd barbarian slave,
 Live like a king, with kingly pride behave !
 Be ours the joys of economic ease,
 From bloody fields remote, and stormy seas !

In gold, alas ! the venal fair delight !
 Since beauty sighs for spoil, for spoil I'll fight !
 In all my plunder Nemesis shall shine,
 Yours be the profit, be the peril mine :
 To deck your heav'nly charms the silk-worm dies,
 Embroidery labours, and the shuttle flies ! 50
 For you he rifled ocean's pearly store !
 To you Pactolus send his golden ore !
 Ye Indians, blacken'd by the nearer sun,
 Before her steps in splendid liveries run ;
 For you shall wealthy Tyre and Afric vie,
 To yield the purple, and the scarlet dye !

NOTES ON ELEGY VI.

This elegy is more than commonly difficult ; and, what too frequently happens, the commentators, especially Scaliger, have increased these difficulties, by endeavouring to explain them.

Æmilius Macer, a nobleman, even famous in the Augustan age for his gallantry and wit, had been intrusted by the successor of Julius, with the execution of some military enterprise. At his departure from Rome, it is probable, he boasted to our poet, that however deeply he seemed engaged in love, yet was his heart his own, and now only panted for military fame. As Tibullus could not but regard this declaration as a secret satire on his own conduct, he earnestly addresses Cupid to follow Macer to the field ; from which if he did not bring him back, he threatens to desert his service himself, and in the various life of a soldier, to dissipate his tendresse for the fair. In fancy our poet becomes a military man, and bids adieu to love and its trifling pursuits ; but his ardor soon cools ; he owns, though Nemesis was still insensible to his sufferings, that his passion for her was as violent as ever. From this, he takes occasion to advise the young noblemen of Rome, who, to get rid of love, might flatter themselves, that a military life would effectually answer, to lay aside all their martial intentions, and, like him, implicitly serve under the banner of Cupid. His advice, however, does not seem to have been relished by those for whom it was designed : gold, which at that time was chiefly to be obtained by war, having, it would seem, corrupted them. This was one of the many disasters produced by the civil wars, in which such immense fortunes had been amassed, that manumitted slaves then wallowed in ministerial fortunes. With this known truth he concludes his panegyric on wealth ; and therefore the two lines,

Nota loquor, &c.

which in all editions are placed at the end of this elegy, should immediately follow

Negligat hybernas.

For by this change these two lines, which universally puzzled the commentators, have a connection, and may, be made sense of. But though the love of riches had so generally infected even the young, Tibullus only begs that he might enjoy the little he had, in all the simplicity of ancient times. Unfortunately, however, for our poet, Nemesis liked opulence ; and, as he was wholly attached to her, he suddenly determines to become rich by war ; neither could Cupid be offended with this, as with his spoils he only meant to adorn his mistresses.

Ver. 1. This elegy, and the third and seventh of this book, have been miserably mangled and blended together, in the Variorum edition : for instance, all the verses of this, from "At tu quiscue is es," to the end, are in that edition foisted into the third elegy, "rura tenent," &c. although these lines have no manner of connection with that elegy. But, by way of compensation, the Variorum editors have not only laid the fore-said third elegy under a contribution of four lines to this, beginning at "Acer amor fractas," &c. but have also tagged to it the next elegy, beginning "Finirent multi leto mala."

Joannes Baptista Pius, Achilles Statius and Glandorpius are all of opinion, that Tibullus means here Pompeius Macer, the son of Theophrastus of Mitylene, to whom Augustus intrusted, as Suetonius informs us, the management of his library. The arguments they allege in defence of this, are chiefly taken from Ovid, who, in the eighteenth elegy of his second book, speaks thus of Macer :

*Carmen ad iratum dum tu perducis Achillem,
 Primæque juratis induis arma viris
 Nos, Macer, ignavæ Veneris, cessamus in umbra.*

And again,

*Tu canis, æterno quidquid restabat Homero
 Ne careant summa Troica bella manu.*

Pont. Ep. lib. ii. ep. 10. ver. 13.

From whence they conclude, that Pompeius Macer was a poet, and wrote the *Paralipomena* of Homer. This opinion is however unsupported by classical authority. But if there is no cause to believe that Theophrastus was a poet, we know, that *Æmilius Macer* was a considerable one; and as he made a distinguished figure in the court of Augustus, it is not unreasonable to conclude, he was the nobleman whom Tibullus mentions in this elegy.

Æmilius Macer then was born at Verona, a city famous for the births of *Lucretius*, *Catullus*, and the architect *Vitruvius*. Ovid informs us, that *Macer* was his senior, and that he travelled with him through Asia and Sicily. We also know from the same poet, as well as from *Pliny*, that *Macer*, besides the pieces already mentioned, wrote likewise a poem on birds, serpents, and on the virtues of plants. Of this performance, which he used often to recite to Ovid, two or three lines only remain. In it he chiefly copied *Nicanor*, a poet of Colophon. Nor were these his only poetical performances: he composed a piece, intitled *Theriaca*, of which *Isidorus* and others have saved near half a dozen verses. *Nonius Marcellus* adds, that he wrote a *Theogony*, of which he mentions one verse: but some learned men think, that the line quoted must have belonged rather to his *Ornithology*. Besides these useful works, he published something on bees (probably in verse), as *Pliny* informs us, lib. xi. *Quintilian* allows both *Macer* and *Lucretius* to have been elegant, but stigmatizes the one as obscure, and the other as creeping. "*Utinam*" (says *Brockhufius*) "*hodie de Macro et nobis arbitrari liceret! Utinam saltem Iliaca exsisterent, quas tanti facit Naso, ut ab his libris, honorificum dederit auctori cognomentum;*"

Cum foret et *Marsus*, magnique *Babirius oris*,
Iliacisque *Macer* siderisque *Pedo*.

Lib. iv. Pont. Ep. 16.

Macer died in Asia, about the time that Augustus adopted *Caius* and *Lucius*, the sons of *Agrippa*; which, according to the *Eusebian Chronicle*, happened A. U. C. 737. in the consulate of *C. Furnius*, and *Jos. Silanus*.

The poem *De Viribus Herbarum*, which at present passes under the name of *Æm. Macer*, is the work of one *Odo*, who was as wretched a poet, as he was a bad physician. Vide *Lilio Gyrald*, *J. C. Scaliger*, and *Gaudent. Merul. Ital. Illustr.* We therefore wonder how that elegant scholar and excellent anatomist, *Thomas Bartholin*, could be so far imposed upon, as to take this miserable stuff for a poem, which was the delight of the Augustan age. See his *Dissert. de Medicis Poeticis*.

Ver. 3. This passage in the original has mightily puzzled the interpreters. *Scaliger* and *Brockhufius* explain it, as if the poet lamented the fate of little *Cupid*, who would now be obliged to attend *Macer* to the field, and to be his armour-bearer. *Vulpius*, on the other hand, condemns *Scaliger's* explanation, and says, that the poet

seems to intimate, that *Cupid* himself should put on arms. This sense of the passage is what the translator has adopted, as the most poetical.

We learn from Ovid, that *Macer* was not averse to love, but even mixed strokes of gallantry in his heroic compositions.

Nec tibi (qua tutum vati, *Macer* arma canenti)

Aureus in medio Marte, tacetur amor.

Et Paris est illic, et adultera nobile crimen;

Et comes extincto *Iadonia* viro.

Si bene te novi, non bella libentius istis

Dicis, et a vestris in mea castra venis.

Lib. ii. El. 18. ver. 35.

Ver. 14. Read, instead of "*facta*," in the generality of editions,

& mihi grata tuba est.

Hammond has improved upon this elegy in his second.

Adieu, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair!

No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound;

My limbs have learn'd the weight of arms to bear;

My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's found.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile;

On sport and war is bent this iron age;

Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,

Unfated vengeance, and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil, ev'n love itself is sold:

Her lover's heart is least *Nemora's* care.

And I through war, must seek detested gold;

Not for myself, but for my venal fair!

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,

The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien;

And art mistaken, make her beauty less,

While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,

Her's be the wealth of *Tagus* golden sand,

Her's the bright gems that glow in *India's* soil,

Her's the black sons of *Africa's* sultry land.

To please her eye, let every loom contend;

For her be riss'd ocean's pearly bed.

But where, alas! would idle fancy tend,

And sooth with dreams a youthful poet's head!

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,

In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part;

While I their selfish luxury upbraid,

And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,

And hide in threats the weakness of my mind

In vain—Though reason fly the hated door,

Yet love, the coward love, still lags behind.

Ver. 21. This, in the original, is,

pes tamen ipse redit.

And, as *Vulpius* observes, it appears to have been a colloquial expression, equally idiomatical both to Greeks and Romans.

Horace has a thought of the same nature, in his excellent epode to *Pettius*; where, complain-

ing of the cruelty of Inachia, whom he had resolved to see no more, he thus expresses his own impotence of will :

Ubi hæc severus te palam laudaveram
Jussus abire domum
Ferebar incerto pede
Ad non amicos, heu mihi postes, et heu
Limina dura quibus
Lumbos, et infregi latos.

Ep. xi.

When thus, with vaunting air, I solemn said;
Inspir'd by thy advice, I homeward sped:
But, ah! my feet in wonted wandering stray,
And to no friendly doors my steps betray,
There I forget my vows, forget my pride,
And at her threshold lay my tortur'd side.

Francis.

But are we, therefore, to conclude, that Horace was indebted to Tibullus for this thought? By no means. For, as one of the best critics that ever instructed this island, observes, "Many subjects fall under the consideration of an author, which being limited by nature, can admit only of slight and accidental diversities. All definitions of the same thing, must be nearly the same; and descriptions, which are definitions of a more loose and fanciful kind, must always have, in some degree, that resemblance to each other, which they all have to their object. Different poets, describing the spring and the sea, would mention the zephyrs and the flowers, the billows and the rocks: reflecting on human life, they would, without any communication of opinions, lament the deceitfulness of hope, the fugacity of pleasure, the fragility of beauty, and the frequency of calamity; and, for palliatives of these incurable miseries, they would concur in recommending kindness, temperance, caution, and fortitude." Rambler, No. 143.

Ver. 37. Would the reader know to what immense extravagance the Romans went in this ar-

ticle of sea-fish-ponds, he may consult Varro, *De Re Rust.* cap. 17 where he treats of these "piscinæ marinæ."

Ver. 41. It is reported by historians, that Demetrius, the freed-man of Pompey, by attending that general in his conquests, amassed greater wealth than his master himself. It is probable, however, our poet, in this passage, glances at some of the Cæsarian party.

Ver. 43. *Be ours the joys of economic ease.*] From the original,

At mihi læta trahant Samiæ convivia testæ
Fictaque Cumana lubrica terra rota.

The translator approves of Scaliger's correction, in inserting "mihi." Although by rendering it *ours*, he takes in also "tibi," which is the other pronoun that contends for a place here. The poet particularly celebrates Samos and Cumæ, as marts of the best and cheapest earthen ware. Vide Pliny, lib xxxiii. cap. 12.

Ver. 45. Pliny informs us, that gold was not coined at Rome till the year 647, about sixty-two years after silver had been first coined there. Until this period, the Romans, it seems, subsisted on the money of the nations they conquered.

Ver. 50. *Embroidery labours, &c.*] This in the original is,

Ille gerat vestes, &c.

The island Cos was remarkable of old for gold tissues and other luxuries of apparel. The great Hippocrates was born there.

Ver. 55. Authors make a difference between the Tyrian and Lybian dye, though they are sometimes used promiscuously by good classic writers. The Tyrian was the richest dress a lady could wear. The "pretexta" of the Roman magistrates was of purple, a colour which they sometimes permitted such foreign princes as depended on them to assume, but never till they had made exorbitant presents to the consuls.

ELEGY VII.

THOUSANDS in death would seek an end of woe,
But hope, deceitful hope! prevents the blow!
Hope plants the forest, and she sows the plain;
And feeds, with future granaries, the swain;
Hope snares the winged vagrants of the sky,
Hope cheats in reedy brooks the scaly fry;
By hope, the fetter'd slave, the drudge of fate,
Sings, shakes his irons, and forgets his state;
Hope promis'd you, you haughty still deny;
Yield to the goddess, O my fair! comply. 10
Hope whisper'd me, "Give sorrow to the wind:
The haughty fair-one shall at last be kind."

Yet, yet you treat me with the same disdain:
O let not hope's soft whispers prove in vain!

Untimely fate your sister snatch'd away;
Spare me, O spare me, by her shade I pray!
So shall my garlands deck her virgin tomb;
So shall I weep, no hypocrite, her doom!
So may her grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on her breast. 20
Ah me! will nought avail! the world I'll fly,
And, prostrate at her tomb, a suppliant sigh!
To her attentive ghost, of you complain;
Tell my long sorrowing, tell of your disdain!

Oft, when alive, in my behalf she spoke :
 Your endless coyneſs muſt her ſhade provoke :
 With ugly dreams ſhe'll haunt your hour of reſt,
 And weep before you, an unwelcome gueſt !
 Ghafſtly and pale, as when beſmear'd with blood,
 Oh fatal fall ! ſhe paſs'd the Stygian flood. 30
 No more, my ſtrains ! your eyes with tears
 o'erflow,
 This moving object renovates your woe :
 You, you are guiltleſs ! I your maid accuſe ;
 You generous are ! ſhe, ſhe has ſelfiſh views.
 Nay, were you guilty, I'll no more complain ;
 One tear from you o'erpaſs a life of pain !

She, Phryne, promis'd to promote my vows :
 She took, but never gave my billet-doux.
 You're gone abroad, ſhe confidently ſwears,
 Oft when your ſweet-ton'd voice ſalutes mine ears :
 Or, when you promiſe to reward my pains, 41
 That you're afraid, or indispos'd, ſhe feigns :
 Then madding jealousy inflames my breaſt ;
 Then fancy repreſents a rival bleſt :
 I wiſh thee, Phryne ! then a thouſand woes ;—
 And if the gods with half my wiſhes cloſe,
 Phryne ! a wretch of wretches thou ſhalt be,
 And vainly beg of death to ſet thee free !

NOTES ON ELEGY VII.

SUICIDE was not only not criminal, but eſteemed heroic by the Romans. We may ſuppoſe but few deſtroyed themſelves from philoſophical motives, although the Stoics permitted it. Under the emperors, indeed, thoſe eſpecially that diſgraced nature, ſelf-murder became too frequent, as then only the beſt men were doomed the victims of their barbarity ; for by this means they preſerved their eſtates to their poſterity. Under ſuch circumſtances, ſuicide was in truth leſs blameable ; but ſtill no circumſtances can be offered, which wholly abate its iniquity. Be that, however, as it will, even thoſe who condemn ſelf-murder as unjuſtifiable, will own that death founds prettily in the mouth of a lover ; and this gives ſome countenance to the reading,

Jam mala finiſſem leto,

which makes the beginning of this elegy, in ſome editions ; but as our poet everywhere elſe ſhows the utmoſt abhorrence at death, as the beſt MSS. read

Finirent multi leto mala, &c.

and as it appears by the line

Spes facilem Nemefin, &c.

that he only was enumerating ſome of the many effects of that catholic cordial hope, the tranſlator has adopted the more common reading, and, with Broekhuſius, has made this a diſtinct elegy ; which, in not a few editions, is prepoſterouſly tacked to the foregoing poem.

The whole exiſtence of a lover is made up of hope and fears : Though always diſappointed by Nemefis, our poet ſtill hoped, that his amorous inclinations would at laſt be indulged : for this purpoſe, he entreats her, as was natural, by the things ſhe held moſt dear.—The text informs us, that her ſiſter had unfortunately fallen from a window, and broken her neck : this perſon had always warmly eſpouſed the intereſt of Tibullus ; and as it was a point of pagan belief, that their ghoſts continued their attention to their friends on earth,

eſpecially if theſe paid proper honours to their tombs, our poet informs his cruel fair one, that he means to repair to her ſiſter's monument, and by oblations of flowers, &c. to implore her aſſiſtance. But, as it was natural for him to imagine, that the mentioning ſo favourite an object would renew all Nemefis's grief for her unfortunate end, he breaks off, and artfully throwing the blame of what he had ſuffered on her ſervant, he finiſhes the elegy with curſing her.

Ver. 1. Although the Romans looked upon ſuicide as heroic ; yet Virgil thus deſcribes the evil condition and remorse of thoſe who had laid violent hands upon themſelves :

*Proxima deinde tenent maſti loca, qui ſibi letum
 Inſontes peperere manu, lucemque peroti
 Projecere animas : quam vellent in æthero alto
 Nunc & pauperiem, & duros tolerare labores !
 Fas obſtat, triſtique palus inamabilis unda
 Adligat, et novies Styx interfuſa coerct.*

In Plato's almoſt divine dialogue, intituled *Phædo*, Socrates has fully evinced the unlawfulness of ſelf-murder. This dialogue Cicero ſeems to have copied in his admirable piece, intituled, *Somnium Scipionis*. "*Quæſo, inquam, pater ſanctiſſime atque optime, quoniam hæc eſt vita, (ut Africanum audio dicere) quid moror in terra ? quin hinc ad vos venire propero ? Non eſt ita, inquit ille ; niſi Deus is, cujus hoc templum eſt omne quod conſpicias, iſtis te corporis cuſtodiis liberaverit, huc tibi aditus patere non poteſt. Homines enim ſunt hac lege generati, qui tuerentur illum globum, quem in hoc templo medium vides, quæ terra dicitur ; hiſque animus datus eſt ex illis ſempiternis ignibus, quæ ſidera, et ſtellas vocatis : quæ globofæ, et rotundæ, circos ſuos orbefque conſciunt celeritate mirabili. Quare et tibi, Publi, et piis omnibus retinendus eſt animus in cuſtodia corporis : nec injuſſu ejus, a quo ille eſt vobis datus, ex hominum vita migrandum eſt, ne munus humanum adſignatum a Deo deſugiffe videamini.*"

Ver. 2. Hope is a poetical ſubject, to which

many, both ancient and modern, have done great justice. Theognis supposes, that when the other gods left the earth, hope only staid behind. This thought Ovid has adopted :

*Hæc dea, quum fugerent sceleratas numina terras,
In diis invisa sola remansit humo.*

As hope, as well as fear, is one of the barriers implanted in us by nature, to prevent our rushing out of life, ought it not to have been taken into the estimate of life in Hamlet's Soliloquy?

To be, or not to be;

which, however sensible, has, as a late critic well observes, nothing to do in the place where it is introduced.

This enumeration of the consequences of hope, or what it may be productive of, though not frequent in our poet, is yet common in Ovid, and has indeed a fine effect even in perceptive poems; but in such as are impassioned or heroic, seems essentially improper. Hence Marius and Davenant are reprehensible; neither is Shakspeare himself entirely free from blame on this score.

St. Paul, with no less beauty than emphasis of expression, calls hope our early immortality. The excellent author of the Night Thoughts, thus expresses his sentiments with regard to wishing:

Wishing of all employments, is the worst,
Philosophy's reverse, and health's decay:
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-Sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet; gifts of rural life!

Ver. 9. The goddess, mentioned in the original, is, by some commentators, supposed to be Nemesis; but as that would be more in the affected mode of Ovid, than in the natural way of Tibullus; and as the context, when carefully considered, shows that the poet meant hope, the translator has kept to that interpretation in the version, notwithstanding Otway, in his translation of this elegy, retains the former.

Ver. 22. Vulpus has collected almost a century of quotations, to prove, that the ancients, when deeply affected with sorrow generally sat. "Graviter dolentes, veteri consuetudine, fere semper ferebant." A wonderful discovery this, and well worthy of critical investigation!

Ver. 29. According to ancient superstition, ghosts often appeared in the same dismal circumstances in which they had departed life. Of this we have a striking instance in Virgil:

*Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
Incipit, et dono divum gratissima serpit.*

In sombis, ecce ante oculos mœstissimus Hector
Visus adeste mihi, largosque effundere fletus;
Rapratu bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento
Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes,
Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillei!

Æn. ii. 268.

Instances of the same sort may be found in Ovid, *Met. lib. ii. ver. 650.* *Fast. lib. v. ver. 451.* and in Statius, *Theb. lib. ii. ver. 120.* *Brookb.*

Ver. 31. Baptista Guarini, in a sonnet where he blames his tongue for being unable to express his love, thus addresses his eyes:

*Ma se muta se' tu, sien gli occhi nostri
Loquaci, e caldi; e'n lor le sue profonde
Piaghe, e l' interno duol discopra il core.
Non e sì chiuso o sì segreto ardere
Ch'un ciglio a l'altro no'l riveli o mostri
La dove amor vera eloquenza asconde.*

Sen. xlv.

Many other passages might here be added, wherein speaking eyes are mentioned; for this has been the language of lovers in all ages. But, as the excellent Rambler remarks, "There are flowers of fiction so widely scattered, and so easily cropped, that it is scarcely just to tax the use of them, as an act by which any particular writer is despoiled of his garland; for they may be said to be planted by the ancients in the open road of poetry, for the accommodation of their successors, and to be the right of every one that has art to pluck them without injuring their colours or their fragrance."

Ver. 35. *Nay, were you guilty, &c.*] This is nature; but the Arcadian lovers of Italy carry such emotions beyond the bounds of probability.

ogni cosa (says Aminta)

*O tentato per placarla fuor che morte
Mi resta fuol che per placarla io mora,
E morro volontier pur ch'io sia certo
Ch'ella o se ne compiacera, o se ne doglia
Ne fo de tai due cose qual piu brami.*

A mighty difficulty, in truth!

Ver. 37. If the reader is desirous to know the stratagems practised by the bawds of antiquity, he may peruse Ovid's *El. viii. lib. 1.* and *Propertius, lib. iv. el. 5.* In this particular, however, the modern sisterhood, if the modest editor of a late justly famous romance describes them aright, greatly surpass their ancient predecessors.

BOOK III.—ELEGY I.

INTRODUCTION.

SOME words in the elegies of this book are of that sort, which are frequently used by the best writers catachrestically, sometimes denoting more lax, sometimes more intimate relations. The difficulty of ascertaining the sense in which Tibullus has used them, has thrown a seeming obscurity on a poet, who will ever have the first place amongst the wits of Greece and Rome, for elegant simplicity; and has caused such illustrious annotators, as Scaliger, Lipsius, and Muretus, to stumble. The great difficulty is contained in the following lines; and if this can be cleared up, all the rest will be easy and intelligible. *El. i. lin. 23.*

Hæc tibi vir quondam, nunc frater, casta Neæra,
Mittit, et accipias munera parva, rogat.
Teque suis jurat carum magis esse medullis,
Sive sibi conjunx sive futura soror.
Sed potius conjunx hujus spem nominis illi
Auferet extincto pallida ditis aqua.

Where it is first inquired, what is meant by "frater," and "soror?" It is readily seen, that they cannot be understood in their primitive sense, because a marriage betwixt brother and sister would never have been tolerated at Rome: the very thoughts of it would have been regarded with abhorrence. These words sometimes mean cousin-germans, and in this sense Muretus here understands them; but this is too cold and unanimated, to be admitted into poetry, or to flow from the pen of Tibullus, when he is expressing the tender feelings of a fond doating lover. It is much more probable, that he designed to represent by them one of those delicate connections, which have their foundation in the will and the affections: that by "frater" he would have us to understand a fond admirer; and by "soror," a beloved mistress, who had entertained a reciprocal kindness and esteem for her lover. This sense of the words is familiar to most languages. Nothing can be more full to this purpose than what we meet with in the Canticles of Solomon,—*"Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse;"*—*ch. iv. ver. 9.* and in several other places.

Ovid also has used the words in this sense:

Alloquor Hermione nuper fratremque virumque,
Nunc fratrem, nomen conjugis alter habet.

And the Greeks had so accustomed themselves to this use of them, that we find their Venus has a title given her by Lycophron, which his Scholiast explains by "*την ἀδελφικειαν*, the author of brotherly affections." And assigns this pretty whimsical reason for it: "For a commerce in love matters makes those who were strangers, brothers: and those who would carry on an amorous commerce secretly, say of one they favour, he is my brother, he is my relation."

Having solved, we hope, this difficulty, we shall next consider what is the import of "vir" and "conjunx." They certainly were designed to express some nearer connection, some closer tie, than mere friendship, or whatever else is comprehended in "frater" and "soror." The epithet "casta" given to Neæra, will not permit us to understand them of any loose amour; that title never could belong to a jilt, who had granted favours to one lover, and, upon some caprice, had thrown herself into the arms of another: but divorces were common enough at Rome, so that even a wife might dismiss her husband upon some displeasure taken, at least before actual matrimony without hurting her reputation by it: so that I think husband and wife are the true meaning of "vir" and "conjunx."

This interpretation, however, is not without difficulties; the silence of antiquity, and several other circumstances, make the marriage of Tibullus appear improbable; it has therefore been supposed by Lipsius, that "quondam" was intended to express future, and not past time. It cannot be denied,

that it is sometimes thus used; but it more commonly signifies the time past, or formerly; and to understand it otherwise here, would make the construction harsh and ungrammatical. In further confirmation of this, it appears that the following elegies of this book relate to the same persons and the same distress: they were probably the new-year's gift which Lygdamus, by the advice of the Muses, proposes to send to *Næra*: now these furnish us with passages which can be understood of nothing else but a marriage-contract, and a subsequent separation: thus, in *El. 2.* we find,

*Sed veniat caræ matris comitata dolore,
Mæreat hæc genero, mæreat illa viro.*

And again,

*Lygdamus hic situs est, dolor huic & cura Næaræ
Conjugis ereptæ causa perire fuit.*

In the third elegy,

Oh niveam quæ te poterit mihi reddere lucem.

And again,

Aut, si fata negant reditum tristisque sorores.

In *El. 4.*

Nec gaudet casta nupta Næra dæmo.

One must torture these passages extremely, to make them consistent with any thing else but a previous marriage, or at least a very solemn contract. Was Tibullus then married? or did he intend at all to marry *Næra*? I am not inclined to think so, as none of the ancient writers has given us the least hint of it. But the poet is not tied down to actual life:

*Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*

The sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis, is probably a mere fable: and yet what noble, what affecting! what interesting scenes of distress have both the tragedian and painter formed upon it? And might not Tibullus, to indulge his plaintive humour, and to display the soft feelings of his soul, choose to represent himself in a situation that forms one of the most melting and agonizing distresses, to be found amongst those beds of thorns and roses which love prepares for his capricious votaries? A beloved wife, grown dearer by more intimate acquaintance, charming without the help of artifice, and rooted in the soul by a thousand repeated endearments, torn from the arms of an enraptured husband, whilst he still doats upon her, and ready to be sacrificed to another;—what feeling heart but shudders at the thought?—especially when the delicate affecting colours are laid on by the pencil of Tibullus? The names certainly are fictitious; *Næra* was as trite a name for a mistress in Rome, as *Phyllis* or *Cloe* with our modern sonnetteers. And what confirms me in the opinion, that the distress painted in these elegies is also fictitious, so far as Tibullus is concerned in it, is, that Ovid, in his poem on Tibullus's death, takes notice of no other mistress but *Delia* and *Nemesis*; to one of whom he assigns the last, to the other the first interest in him, without any intermediate favourite.

*Sic Nemesis longum, sic Delia nomen habebit.
Altera cura recens, altera primus amor.*

Ovid seems to have carefully searched out every curious particular of Tibullus's life, and therefore could not have overlooked so striking a circumstance as the distresses celebrated in these elegies, if they had really happened to Tibullus. He, and his contemporaries of the Augustan age, were probably well informed of the true reason of Tibullus's composing the following book. Some such distress might have happened, and been much talked of in Rome; and Tibullus might seize upon it as a favourable opportunity for displaying his elegiac genius in its full lustre. Propertius has made the same use of the misfortunes of a noble family, in the twelfth elegy of book 4. It is a common artifice with delicate writers, to sigh and tell a piteous tale, while their hearts are not at all affected.

B.

Poet.

THE calends, Mars! are come from whence of old,
The year's beginning our forefathers told:
Now various gifts through every house impart,
The pleasing tokens of the friendly heart.

To my *Næra*, tuneful virgins! say,
What shall I give, what honour shall I pay?
Dear, e'en if fickle; dearer, if my friend!
To the lov'd fair, what present shall I send?

Muses.

Gold wins the venal, verse the lovely maid:
 In your smooth numbers be her charms display'd.
 On polish'd ivory let the sheets be roll'd, II
 Your name in signature, the edges gold.
 No pumice spare to smooth each parchment scroll,
 In a gay wrapper then secure the whole.
 Thus to adorn your poems be your care;
 And thus adorn'd, transmit them to the fair.

Poet.

Fair maids of Pindus! I your counsel praise:
 As you advise me, I'll adorn my lays:
 But by your streams, and by your shades, I pray,
 Yourself the volume to the fair convey. 20
 O let it lowly at her feet be laid,
 Ere the gilt wrapper, or the edges fade;

Then let her tell me, if her flames decline,
 If quite extinguish'd, or if still she's mine.
 But first your graceful salutations paid,
 In terms submissive thus address the maid:
 "Chaste fair! the bard, who doats upon your
 charms,
 " And once could clasp them in his nuptial arms,
 " This volume sends; and humbly hopes, that you,
 " With kind indulgence, will the present view. 30
 " You, you! he prizes more, he vows, than life;
 " Still a lov'd sister, or again his wife.
 " But oh! may Hymen bless his virtuous fire,
 " And once more grant you to his fond desire!
 " Fix'd in this hope, he'll reach the dreary shore,
 " Where sense shall fail, and memory be no
 " more."

NOTES ON ELEGY I.

ROMULUS, who divided the year into ten months, dedicated the first to his father Mars: on the first day of this month the vestal virgins lighted anew the sacred fire, fresh laurels were hung up in the senate, and at the doors of the high-priests's house, &c. the comitia began, the revenues were farmed, and servants not only had their wages paid them (and hence these days were called "Mercedoniz"), but, for one night this month, were attended upon at supper by their masters.

The poet inquires of the muses, what present he should send to Næra, who, as she was still the sole object of his wishes, so he yet hoped to be again possessed of her in marriage.

The muses answer (for with Muretus the translator reads

Gaudeat, ut digna est, versibus illa tuis),

that, as Næra was a very competent judge of poetry, so he ought to present her with his performances in that way. Our author, however self-denied, was yet too much of the poet not to relish their advice; but as the dignity of those who carry a present, enhances the value thereof, he entreats the muses to take the trouble themselves of delivering into the hands of Næra his poems; and to assure her, that he shall never forego the pleasing expectation of being one day again united to her in marriage.

Scaliger, in his poetics, calls the beginning of this elegy "Plebeian," on account of its spondee, " & tantus ejusdem vocalis sonus."

His own correction, however, is not much better:

Romani festæ Martis, &c.

It is remarkable that this hypercritic does not find fault with one single line of the two former books.

Ver. 1. Numa Pompilius, in imitation of the Greeks, added January and February to Romulus's calendar, and began the year with January. From the time of Numa to that of Julius Cæsar, the Roman year was lunar, and consisted of three hundred and fifty-five days. But as this fell about eleven days short of the true solar course, table of intercalation or insertion were invented, to adjust time as nearly as possible to the motions of the sun and moon. The pontifex Maximus and college of priests had the care of inserting these intercalary days; and they, from negligence, superstition, but chiefly from an arbitrary abuse of their power, by which they could make the year either longer or shorter, as suited their own or friends interest, did not punctually insert them; insomuch that in Julius's time, the winter months became autumnal; and those of autumn had fallen back into summer. This gave rise, A. U. C. 707. to the Julian correction, or solar year, adjusted to the exact measure of the sun's revolution in the zodiac, and consisting of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours. This method of computing time continued in Europe till 1582, when Pope Gregory, by sinking ten days between the 4th and 15th of October, reduced the vernal equinox to the 21st of October, the day which it had fallen upon, when the festivals were regulated by the council of Nice, and made the year consist of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty-nine minutes. This new style, as it was called, to distinguish it from the Julian, being the most correct calculation of the flow of time, is authorized every where by law, and prevails now in almost all the kingdoms of Europe.

Ver. 3. It has been observed by the writers on antiquities, that a feast called "Matronalia," was celebrated on the calends of March, when solemn

sacrifices were offered up to Juno by the Roman ladies, to whom also presents were then sent by their friends, in grateful remembrance of the interposition of the Sabine women betwixt their fathers and husbands. But it is not this custom which Tibullus alludes to. The beginning of the year in ancient times on the calends of March would have been an idle circumstance here, if the presents Tibullus speaks of, were not what we call new year's gifts, the "*strenæ*" of ancient Rome, which flew about in every corner, and which emperors themselves did not disdain to accept of. Ovid, indeed, and Suetonius, expressly assign the calends of January for these expressions of benevolence; but even two such authorities are not sufficient to convict Tibullus, in the judgment of one conversant with his writings, of either writing idly, or falsifying ancient customs. It should seem, then, that the Romans continued to distribute these presents as earnest of their good wishes for their friends, on the calends of March, according to the institution of Romulus, even after Numa had added two months to the year, and placed them at the head of it; that this remained thus, till the calendar took a more settled form, under Julius Cæsar, by whose directions the beginning of the year being certainly fixed to the calends of January; and the emperors being jealous of their authority, even in trifles, it became the court fashion to confine this distribution of new year's gifts to that time only. No wonder then, that Ovid, who was a court-flatterer, and Suetonius, who wrote when the powers of the emperors had swallowed up all law and custom, should mention that observance only, which the first Cæsar had established; nor that Tibullus should honour that usage which prevailed when his darling liberty flourished, and disdained to take notice of a change which was introduced by a tyrant. We know the obliquity of many of our own countrymen in favour of the old style; but amongst the Romans it had somewhat of virtue in it; it was a generous indignation against the authority which had robbed their country of every valuable privilege. Suetonius himself seems to confirm this opinion: we find Tiberius, who thought his power undermined by the slightest deviation from the institution of his predecessors, at the pains of making an edict to confine the new year's gifts to the calends of January: "*edicto prohibuit—strenarum commercium, ne ultra calend. Januarias exerceretur.*" The historian indeed assigns a different reason—that Tiberius did it for his own ease, as numbers, who could not get at him the first day, were plaguing him the whole month through: but what occasion for a solemn edict, extended to all the people, for the ease of the emperor, when the bare notice of his pleasure, supported by a few Prætorian guardsmen, would have sufficiently secured it? Might not then the edict remain upon record, and the reason of it be forgot at such distance of time; or be thought improbable by the historian, when the caprices which usually attend the struggles betwixt prerogative and liberty were buried in oblivion?

B.

Ver. 9. The whole beauty of this elegy is lost, by Scaliger and Brockhufius's reading

gaudeat illa meis.

Whatever the wits allege, wherever "*meum*" and "*tuum*" contend for pre-eminence, it is a *logomachia* of real importance.

Ver. 11. To understand the original, it must be considered, that the ancients had very few "*libri quadrati*," or square books, like ours; as they generally wrote on "*membranzæ*," or such large sheets as resembled our parchment: fastening these, therefore, one to another, they rolled them up, when finished, on a long piece of wood, which was tipped at both ends with horn or ivory, and sometimes decorated with paint. These are what the poet means by his "*cornua*." By "*geminae frontes*" are to be understood the two ends of the wood next the "*cornua*," where the author's name was inscribed on a label.

As the ancients, therefore, only wrote on one side of their "*volumina*," the other was generally stained with yellow or purple, both to preserve them, and make the writing more legible. Add to this, that they wrapped up the folded scroll in a proper envelope. That wherein our poet here was to send his "*volumina*," was to be of a saffron colour, "*lutea membrana*."

The sheets were smoothed with pumice, and hence "*pumex*" came metaphorically to signify an elaborate performance. The "*stylus*" was an instrument with one end of which they wrote, and with the other erased inaccuracies; hence "*invertere stylum*" signifies, in classical writers, to correct. But when not words only, but whole sentences were to be changed, they used a sponge, and hence, to sponge out, even in our days, means to obliterate. The ink the ancients wrote with, was the juice of the *liligo*.

Ver. 25. In the original it was,

Sed primum nympham larga donate salutem,
till Scaliger first changed it into

Sed primum meritam longa, &c.

And afterwards, in his poetics, read

Sed dominam rara primum donate salutem,
to avoid the word "*nymphæ*," which, according to him, always signifies the daughter of a god and a mortal, or "*vice versa*." Might, however, the translator make any farther alteration upon this unhappy passage, he would read

Sed nympham facili primum donate salutem.

As *νύμφη*, in Greek, signifies "*nupta*;" and as even some passages might be produced to show, that "*nymphæ*" sometimes meant a wife, among the Romans.

Ver. 35. The beauty of this passage has not, it is presumed, been sufficiently attended to. The literal translation is, "*The pale water of Pluto shall ravish the hope of this title from him when he is dead*," "*extincto*." Where it should seem, that Tibullus, in this assumed character of a lover

and discarded husband, in order to convince Neæra of his fond attachment to her, assures her, that not only life, but memory itself must fail him, before he can quit the pleasing hope of being again united in marriage to her. Plato's metempsychosis was at that time a fashionable doctrine at Rome: which Virgil has thus represented, book vi. line 748, & seq.

Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Lethæum ad flumen Deus evocat agmine magno:
Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revolvant,
Rursus & incipiant in corpora velle reverti.

And as Tibullus, even in the midst of a love tale,

shows himself to be master of all the learning of his times, it is probable, that by "pallida Ditis aqua," is meant the river Lethe; and that the design of the whole passage is to assure Neæra, that he should always, even in death, retain a fond remembrance of her charms; that in the separate state of his soul, he should still indulge the hope of a re-union with her, when they should enter again upon the scene of life: and that he would not suffer this hope to be ravished from him by any thing else but the same waters of oblivion, in which he should lose the memory of every thing he had formerly been acquainted with. B.

ELEGY II.

HARD was the first, who ventur'd to divide
The youthful bridegroom, and the tender bride:
More hard the bridegroom, who can bear the day,
When force has torn his tender bride away.
Here too my patience, here my manhood fails:
The brave grow dastards, when fierce grief assails:
Die, die I must! the truth I freely own;
My life too burdensome a load is grown.
Then, when I flit a thin, an empty shade,
When on the mournful pile my corse is laid, 10
With melting grief, with tresses loose and
torn,
Wilt thou, Neæra! for thy husband morn?
A parent's anguish will thy mother show,
For the lost youth, who liv'd, who dy'd for you?
But see the flames o'er all my body stray!
And now my shade ye call, and now ye pray

In black array'd; the flame forgets to soar;
And now pure water on your hands ye pour;
My lov'd remains next gather'd in a heap,
With wine ye sprinkle, and in milk ye steep. 20
The moisture dry'd, within the urn ye lay
My bones, and to the monument convey.
Panchæian odours thither ye will bring,
And all the produce of an eastern spring:
But what than eastern springs I held more dear,
O wet my ashes with a genuine tear!
Thus, by you both lamented, let me die,
Be thus perform'd my mournful obsequy!
Then shall these lines, by some throng'd way,
relate
The dear occasion of my dismal fate: 30
"Here lies poor Lygdamus; a lovely wife,
"Torn from his arms, cut short his thread of life."

NOTES ON ELEGY II.

LYGDAMUS having by force been deprived of Neæra, he says in this elegy, that he can no longer support life; and dwells, with such a seeming satisfaction, on the rites which he desires may attend his funeral, that we may suppose the loss greatly affected him.

The beginning of this poem discovers a kind of animated indifference, besitting his situation of mind; for here wit, or too much care about language, would have been extremely improper: because, as Cicero somewhere observes, "quædam etiam negligentia est diligens."

Although the translator is afraid, that this elegy will afford but small entertainment to the mere English reader, the scholar will not be surpris'd

to be told, that it cost him more trouble to translate, than most of the other elegies.

Ver. 1. *Hard was the first, &c.*] This sentiment is finely expressed by Hammond, El. 9.

He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And robe a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man; but harder, in my mind,
The lover still, who died not of despair.

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art;
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

Sad is my day, and sad my lingering night,
When, wrapt in silent grief, I weep alone;
Delia is lost! and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

What follows is an improvement on Tibullus:

Where is the wit, that heightened beauty's charms?
Where is the face, that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape, that might have blest my
arms?

Where all those hopes, relentless fate denies?

Ver. 3. What says the sagacious Broekhusius?
"Sic mulier mutet mentem non nolo, tralato in
alium amore; an & tunc moriendum misero illi,
spreto, atque rejecto? Quid si stupro alieno pol-
luta fidem fallat?"

Ver. 10. This rite, which is altogether foreign
to English manners, Mr. Hammond has, we fear,
rather injudiciously transferred into his ninth
elegy:

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend?

With eyes averted light the solemn fire!

Till all around the doleful flames ascend,

Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire.

If the reader is desirous to know the manner in
which the funeral pile was constructed, he may
consult Boxhornius, *Quest. Rom.* p. 99. who, by
a figure explains the method the Romans took to
distinguish between the ashes of the burnt body,
and the ashes of the wood and other combustibles,
which were thrown upon the fire: The solution
of this formerly occasioned mighty controversies
amongst the critics; which might have been pre-
vented, had they considered, that burning, or, as
the chemists call it, calcination, does not change
the figure of the bones.

Ver. 12. There is a thought similar to this, in
that beautiful pastoral ballad called *Colin*.

At the funeral of their parents, the sons attend-
ed "*velatis capibus*," but the girls went uncov-
ered and with dishevelled hair, wearing white
garments and white fillets. See Plutarch's
Ρορμικα. Black, however, came afterwards to be
the mourning colour, as it was in the time of our
poet.

Ver. 15. When a person died at Rome, a
branch of cypress was hung over the door of the
house, that the pontiff, and others of the sacred
college, might not pollute themselves by entering
it. The old Commentator on Virgil says, that
the bodies of the better sort were kept seven days,
buried on the eighth, and buried on the ninth.
By this, the most dreadful of calamities was pre-
vented, that of coming to life on the pile, after it
was set on fire. And that the bodies might not
putrefy by being kept so long, they were washed
with proper drenches, and anointed with antiseptic
unguents; after this they were splendidly
clothed, and some pieces of money put into their
mouths.

The body was attended by the male and female
relations of the deceased; and sometimes, as Ho-
mer mentions, by hired mourners. The attend-
ants were called together by sound of trumpet;

and the body, preceded by the statues of the de-
ceased's ancestors, was carried through the forum,
to the place where it was to be burnt. Trumpets
were blown on at the funerals of the men, during
the procession; as were flutes at those of children,
&c. The laws of the twelve tables limited the
number of musical instruments to twelve. While
the pile was erecting, the praises of the deceased
were sung in melancholy strains, accompanied
with music sad and solemn: and being kindled,
the nearest relations flung cypress and perfumes
upon it both to feed the flames, and abate the
stench, the dirge still proceeding. When the
body was burnt, the chief mourners, after wash-
ing their hands in water, separated the bones
from the ashes; and, pouring new milk, old wine,
and sometimes blood upon them, wrapt them up
in fine lawn, and then incensed them, placing
sometimes in the urn a bottle of tears (hence on
old monuments: "*cum lacrymis posui*"), but al-
ways some perfume, according to the quality of
the deceased. When incensed, they conveyed
them to a monument, in the building of which,
in the times of the old republic, a certain sum was
not to be exceeded, without forfeiting an equal
sum to the state. These monuments the Greeks
sometimes anointed with rich unguents. The fu-
neral ceremony being finished, the relations were
entertained with a supper: besides which, anti-
quaries make also mention of three other kinds of
mortuary banquets. The fullest, as well as most
ancient account of funeral rites, is that contained
in the 23d Iliad.

The "*Venus Infera*, or *Ερμύνη*, presided
over funerals. The Roman undertakers lived in
a street called Libitina. If the reader is desirous
to inform himself of the funeral ceremonies of dif-
ferent nations, he may consult Lucian's excellent
discourse *Περὶ πνέοντος*, and the notes in the Basil
edition, an. 1563, as also Kirchmannus "*De fu-
neribus*."

Ver. 21. Vopius and others, authorised by all
the MSS. read

carbascis humorem tollere ventis.

And farther support their reading by the authori-
ty of that witty mimographer Publius Syrus,
where the "*carbasci venti*" signify a transparent
covering of fine linen. Vulpus also finds great
fault with the common interpretation of this pas-
sage: *Quid enim frigidius excogitari potuit*,
says he, "*quam ossa in linteo ventilari solita, ut
exfugeretur humor, quo sparsa erant? Nostra
tempore*," adds he, no doubt very archly, "*ab
oleribus ita guttas excutiunt coqui*." And thus
in particular he censures Scaliger: "*Nullum præ-
terea idoneum auctorem producat, quo senten-
tiam suam tueatur, sed quasi ex tripode ac lauro con-
sulentibus responsa daret, sibi credi jubet*." But
notwithstanding all this zeal, Broekhusius under-
stands the passage in the same sense as Vulpus
does, only he reads "*carbascis veis*," which he
supports by two passages from Cicero's oration a-
gainst Verres; adding, that though such an ex-
pression as "*carbasci venti*" might be used on the

stage, or in satire, yet in serious compositions it would be as cold as Varro's "vitrea togæ." The version includes both meanings.

Ver. 22. The monuments of the more wealthy were erected of marble; and in such a one Tibullus desires Næra to place the ashes of Lygdamus.

There are many inscriptions in Gruterus, and some in Reinetius, which show, that the Romans called a tomb "domus" (as in the original), with the adjective "æterna" annexed to it.

Ver. 29. It is certain that the Romans had often their monuments erected by some public road; and Broekhusius interprets the "celebri fronte" of the original in this sense. Although the transla-

tor has adopted that meaning, he is also of opinion, that the "celebri fronte" may signify the fore part of the monument, which was to be rendered famous by its architecture, and especially by the epitaph which was to be inscribed on it.

Ver. 31. The ancients, as Broekhusius observes, had the cause of their death inscribed on their tombs, sometimes that they might acquire glory hereby, and sometimes to gain compassion. Theocritus affords us an instance of the latter, pretty similar to that in our poet:

Τὸν ἑρως ἐκτὶναι οἰδοῦντο μὴ παραδύσθης
Ἀλλὰ σταῖς τοῦτο λίζον, Ἀπηνία μὲν ἱταῖον.

ELEGY III.

WHY did I supplicate the powers divine?
Why votive incense burn at every shrine?
Not that I marble palaces might own,
To draw spectators, and to make me known;
Not that my teams might plough new purchas'd
plains,

And bounteous autumn glad my countess swains:
I begg'd with you my youthful days to share,
I begg'd in age to clasp the lovely fair;
And when my stated race of life was o'er,
I begg'd to pass alone the Stygian shore. 10

Can treasur'd gold the tortur'd breast com-
pose?

Or plains, wide cultur'd, sooth the lover's woes?
Can marble-pillar'd domes, the pride of art,
Secure from sorrow the possessor's heart?
Not circling woods, resembling sacred groves,
Not Parian pavements, nor gay-gilt alcoves,
Not all the gems that load an eastern shore,
Not whate'er else the greedy great adore,

Possess'd, can shield the owner's breast from woe,
Since fickle fortune governs all below: 20
Such toys, in little minds, may envy raise;
Still little minds improper objects praise.

Poor let me be; for poverty can please
With you; without you, crowns could give no ease.
Shine forth, bright morn: and every bliss impart,
Restore Næra to my doating heart!

For if her glad return the gods deny,
If I solicit still in vain the sky,
Nor power, nor all the wealth this globe contains,
Can ever mitigate my heart-felt pains; 30
Let others these enjoy; be peace my lot,
Be mine Næra, mine a humble cot!
Saturnia, grant thy suppliant's timid prayer!
And aid me, Venus! from thy pearly chair!

Yet, if the sisters, who o'er fate preside,
My vows condemning, still detain my bride,
Cease, breast, to heave! cease, anxious blood to flow!
Come, death! transport me to the realms below.

NOTES ON ELEGY III.

THIS elegy contains a fine picture of a true philosophical lover; such truly know the unsatisfactoriness of riches or ambition, to remove the diseases of the mind. Of this happy complexion was our poet; for a legitimate son of Apollo can scarce stoop to the mean pursuits of sordid interest, but being enthusiastically enamoured of the muses, finds more rapture in their easy converse, than in all the preferments which kings can bestow (see Mr. Hurd's excellent notes on Horace's Epistle to Augustus, p. 109). The genuine poet not only immortalizes himself, but hands down the virtue of others, a fair example to latest po-

sterity, and thus he becomes the undoubted guardian of the temple of fame. But can wealth or grandeur effluatate this? Of difficult acquirement, and precarious in possession, death inevitably be-reaves us of both. No wonder then that our poetical innamorato only requested of the gods success in his addresses to Næra. In that one wish all his happiness was centred: with her, any station of life could please; without her, no station, however splendid, could afford him the smallest comfort.

Ver. 3. How little these things are capable of making the possessors of them happy, has legu-

been known; and yet how keenly busy are the great vulgar and the small in the pursuit of them? Had mankind estimated the value of possessions, or the extensiveness of them, by the felicity they confer, and regulated their own conduct accordingly, how many disastrous wars and other calamities would have been prevented?

Ver. 10. Not so my Lord Lyttleton, in his fine eclogue, intituled, Possession:

When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath:
May we beneath one common stone be laid,
And the same cypress both our ashes shade.
Perhaps some friendly muse, in tender verse,
Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse;
And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

Ver. 13. Tibullus mentions three kinds of marble; the Phrygian, which was then most in esteem, the Lacedemonian, and the Eubæan. The Romans ran into immense expence in the article of marble pillars; although it appears, that the Julian law endeavoured, by taxes, to restrain that luxury; for they, not content with the native colours of the marble, not only painted, but stained it. In the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, there is an account how the latter process may be performed. Pliny tells us, that Mamurra, who commanded Cæsar's artificers (*præfectus fabricarum*) in Gaul, was the first who incrusted the whole inside of his house with marble. This Mamurra, who was a Roman knight, and born at Formiæ, is he whom Catullus lashes in his verses.

Ver. 15. The ancients distinguished, according to Servius, between "nemus, lucus" (the words of the original), and "sylva;" the first signifying a regular plantation of trees; the second the same, but devoted to religion; and the third a forest (*diffusa et inculta arborum multitudo*). Roman writers, however, often use "nemus" and "sylva" synonymously.

The inhabitants of Rome were even more expensive in this article than they were with regard to marble itself. Take the following instance: Cheius Dometius having objected to Lucius Crassus, in a public debate, that the portico of his house was supported by Kymettian pillars, was asked by the latter, what price he put upon his own house? And being answered, "sexagies festeritia;" Crassus again demanded, how much less it would be worth should he cut down the ten little trees that stood before it; "trices festeritia," replied Domitius. To whom Crassus, Whether am I then, who bought ten columns "centum millibus nummum," or you who value the

shade of ten shrubs at "trices festeritium," the most extravagant man? And yet, adds the sensible miscellany writer, from whom I copy here, all this was nothing when compared to the luxury of after-times, both in their buildings and groves. And, indeed, if it is considered, that a knight's house, in the upper part of Rome, would sell for thirty thousand pounds Sterling, a grove of small extent to such a house, must be vastly expensive in a city, which, according to the most moderate calculation, contained as many people as any city at present in Europe.

Ver. 17. Horace has illustrated this with his usual felicity of expression:

Non enim Gazæ, neque consularis
Summævet liCTOR miserorum tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantis.

Nor wealth, nor grandeur can controul
The sickly tumults of the soul;
Or bid grim care to stand aloof,
Which hovers round the vaulted roof.

The truth is, virtue is the sole parent of happiness. See Mr. Johnson's admirable poem, intituled, the Vanity of Human Wishes.

Ver. 34. A critic of no small learning, whom the Dutch editor mentions, supposes that our poet in this passage alludes to the statue of Venus, which Phidias made of gold and ivory, for the Elians. In this work of Phidias, the goddess was represented as treading with one of her feet upon a tortoise; by which symbol the unpolite statuary meant to insinuate, that the ladies ought to keep silence, and mind their domestic affairs. Upon this, Brockhusius wisely observes, "non omnes sapimus horis omnibus;" and, indeed, if it is considered, that Venus was, by the mythologists, supposed to spring from the sea, and often to ride in a chair of shell, what occasion was there for making Tibullus, who always thought naturally, allude to so remote an object? But thus it is to play the fool with learning! or, as an excellent poet better expresses it, we have here

Much hard study without sense or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.

Verbal Criticism.

If Venus had her shell of old, a modern Latin poet, Hadrian Marius, has bestowed a barge on love, in a beautiful poem he calls *Cymba Amoris*, on which his brother, Johannes Secundus, thus compliments him:

Ingeniose Mari, ventura in sæcula tecum
Me tua cymbat vehat, non grave pondus ero.
Cymba, residentem qua mutet Cypria concham,
Quamque columbino præferat ipsa iugo.

Lib. ii. El. I.

ELEGY IV.

LAST night's ill-boding dreams, ye gods avert!
 Nor plague, with portents, a poor lover's heart;
 But why? From prejudice our terrors rise;
 Vain visions have no commerce with the skies:
 'Th' event of things the gods alone foresee,
 And Tuscan priests foretell what they decree.
 Dreams flit at midnight round the lover's head,
 And timorous man alarm with idle dread:
 And hence oblations to divert the woe,
 Weak superstitious minds on heaven bestow. 10
 But since whate'er the gods foretell is true,
 And man's oft warn'd, mysterious dreams: by you;
 Dread Juno! make my nightly visions vain,
 Vain make my boding fears, and calm my pain:
 The blessed gods, you know, I ne'er revild,
 And nought iniquous e'er my heart defild.

Now night had lav'd her couriers in the main,
 And left to dewy dawn a doubtful reign;
 Bland sleep, that from the couch of sorrow flies,
 (The wretch's solace) had not clos'd my eyes; 20
 At last, when morn unbarr'd the gates of light,
 A downy slumber shut my labouring sight:
 A youth appear'd, with virgin-laurel crown'd,
 He mov'd majestic, and I heard the sound.
 Such charms, such manly charms, were never seen,
 As fir'd his eyes, and harmoniz'd his mien;
 His hair, in ringlets of an auburn hue,
 Shed Syrian sweets, and o'er his shoulders flew;
 As white as thine, fair Luna, was his skin,
 So vein'd with azure, and as smoothly thin; 30
 So soft a blush vermilion'd o'er his face,
 As when a maid first melts in man's embrace;
 Or when the fair with curious art unite
 The purple amaranth, and lily white.
 A bloom like his, when ting'd by autumn's pride,
 Reddens the apple on the sunny side;
 A Tyrian tunic to his ancles flow'd,
 Which through its fir'd plaits his godlike beau-
 ties show'd.

A lyre the present Mulciber bestow'd,
 On his left arm with easy grandeur glow'd; 40
 The peerless work of virgin gold was made,
 With ivory, gems, and tortoise interlaid;
 O'er all the vocal strings his fingers stray,
 The vocal strings his fingers glad obey,
 And, harmoniz'd, a sprightly prelude play:
 But when he join'd the music of his tongue,
 These soft, sad elegiac lays he sung:

"All hail, thou care of Heaven! (a virtuous
 bard,

"The god of wine, the muses, I regard);
 "But neither Bacchus, nor the Thespian nine, 50
 "The sacred word of destiny divine:
 "The secret book of destiny to see,
 "Heaven's awful fire has given alone to me;

TRANS. 1

"And I, unerring god, to you explain
 "(Attend and credit) what the fates ordain.
 "She who is still your ever constant care,
 "Dearer to you than sons to mothers are,
 "Whose beauties bloom in every soften'd line,
 "Her sex's envy, and the love of thine: 59
 "Not with more warmth is female fondness
 "mov'd, [lov'd:
 "Not with more warmth are tenderest brides be-
 "For whom you hourly importune the sky,
 "For whom you wish to live, nor fear to die,
 "Whose form, when night has wrapp'd in black
 "the pole,
 "Cheats in soft vision your enamour'd soul;
 "Nemra! whose bright charms your verse dis-
 "plays,
 "Seeks a new lover, and inconstant strays!
 "For thee no more with mutual warmth she
 "burns, [spurns,
 "But thy chaste house, and chaste embrace, she
 "O' cruel, perjurd, false, intriguing sex! 70
 "O born with woes poor wretched man to vex!
 "Whoe'er has learn'd her lover to betray,
 "Her beauty perish, and her name decay!
 "Yet, as the sex will change, avoid despair;
 "A patient homage may subdue the fair.
 "Fierce love taught man to suffer, laugh at pain;
 "Fierce love taught man, with joy, to drag the
 "chain;
 "Fierce love, nor vainly fabulous the tale,
 "Forc'd me, yes forc'd me, to the lonely dale:
 "There I Admetus' snowy heifers drove, 80
 "Nor tun'd my lyre, nor sung, absorb'd in love.
 "The favourite son of Heaven's almighty fire,
 "Preferr'd a straw-pipe to his golden lyre.
 "Though false the fair, though love is wild,
 "obey;
 "Or, youth, you know not love's tyrannic sway.
 "In plaintive strains address the haughty fair;
 "The haughty soften at the voice of prayer.
 "If ever true my Delphian answers prove,
 "Bear this my message to the maid you love.
 "Pride of your sex, and passion of the age! 90
 "No more let other men your love engage;
 "A bard on you the Delian god bestows,
 "This match alone can warrant your repose."
 He sung. When Morpheus from my pillow
 flew,

And plung'd me in substantial griefs anew.

Ah! who could think that thou hadst broke thy
 vows,

That thou, Nemra! sought'st another spouse?
 Such horrid crimes, as all mankind detest,
 Could they, how could they, harbour in thy
 breast?

The ruthless deep, I know, was not thy fire; 100
Nor fierce chimæra, belching floods of fire;
Nor didst thou from the triple monster spring,
Round whom a coil of kindred serpents cling;
Thou art not of the Lybian lions' feed,
Of barking Scylla's, nor Charybdis' breed;

Nor Afric's sands, nor Scythia gave thee birth;
But a compassionate, benignant earth.
No! thou, my fair, deriv'st thy noble race
From parents deck'd with every human grace.
Ye gods! avert the woes that haunt my mind,
And give the cruel phantoms to the wind. 111

NOTES ON ELEGY IV.

THIS is one of the finest poems in Tibullus. Our dreams are commonly the imperfect images of our waking thoughts, especially when the mind is under the influence of some violent passion. Thus, in particular, it fares with the genuine innamorato, and such a one at this time was the lover of Næra. Swallowed up in his affection for that fair one, and distracted at her affected delays to make him happy, he one night solicited sleep; but the drowsy god long resisted his importunities: at last, however, the lover being fatigued with the want thereof, but more with the succession of unpromising forebodings, dropped into a slumber about the morning, but did not long enjoy this pleasing state of insensibility; for, soon after, Apollo appeared, and informed him, that Næra was about to desert him for another. As this news was of a most alarming nature, and could not fail to rouse his indignation against the sex; Apollo, by artfully adopting his sentiments on that score, paves the way for his recommending patience as his only remedy. Apollo's speech concludes with a message to Næra, that if she ever expected happiness, she must think of none else for her husband but her former lover. This was a very dexterous way of reclaiming his mistress; and it may with propriety be observed, that if Apollo did not appear to our poet, he certainly inspired the description which Tibullus gives of that god; as we half pardon Næra her infidelity, in consideration of this beautiful elegy.

Propertius has a fine vision upon his mistress's proposing to go abroad.

Ver. 6. The Roman *hauruspices*, of whom before (Book ii. El. 6.) were called *Tuscan*, because their art was founded on the religious practice of Tuscany. The first sixteen lines of this elegy are an introduction to the vision: reason and philosophy seemed to persuade our lover, that dreams were not to be minded; but superstition, and those fears which are so natural to love, won him over to the other side. He therefore entreats *Lucina*, that as he was not conscious of having acted any otherwise than as became a man of probity, she would be pleased (*ut velit*) to render all his fears groundless.

Ver. 9. The oblations mentioned in the text are the holy cake (*farre pio*) and salt (*et saliente sile*). This the Romans also learn from the *Tuf-*

cans, for whose application to *hauruspicy*, &c. *Cicero* assigns some extraordinary reasons. "*Etrusci autem* (says that incomparable writer and good man) *quod in religione inbuti, studiosius et crebrius hostias immolabant, extorum cognitioni se maxime dederunt: quodque propter aeris crassitudinem de cælo apud eos multa fiebant, et quod ob eandem causam multa inusitata partim ex cæli, alia ex terra oriebantur, quædam etiam ex hominum pecudumve conceptu et fatu; portentorum exercitissimi interpretes extiterunt.*"

Ver. 13. Some interpreters understand *Diana* to be the *Lucina* of the original; but the poet certainly meant *Juno Lucina*, or the goddess of light and of matrimony. *Festus* and *Varro* derive the appellation *Lucina* from "*lux, lucis*;" but *Pliny*, with whom *Ovid* also, in one place of his *Fæsti*, agrees, thinks that *Juno* was called *Lucina* from "*lucus*." Both etymologies, however, at last turn out to be the same. "*Nam lucem* (says *Brockhufius*) *dici a luce luminum religionis causa ex arboribus suspensorum fati constat.*"

Ver. 17. Tibullus is the only poet of antiquity who bestows on night a chariot and four; as *Marini* is the only one among the moderns who has imitated him. This he does in a prologue, prefixed to a wretched pastoral drama, intitled *Filli de Sciro*, composed by Count *Giudubaldo de Bonarelli*.

Chiunque haver desia
Di mia condition piena contezza,
Questa bruna quadriga
Miri, e questi aurei fregi: e sopra poi
Qual è quanta i' mi sia.

Our poet, in imitation of *Homer*, calls the ocean "*cæruleus amnis*," or a *cærulean stream*.

Ver. 21. The ancients thought that those visions were truly prophetic which appeared in the morning. "*Certiora et colatiora* (says *Tertullian*) *de anima somnari affirmant sub extremis noctibus*;" or, as *Ovid* expresses it in his epistle of *Hero* to *Leander*,

sub Auroram, jam dormitante lucerna,
Somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent.

Mr. Pope begins his intellectual vision of the Temple of Fame at the same time:

What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings.

Ver. 25. This is not a version of the hexameter and pentameter, which make the twenty fifth and twenty-sixth lines of the original in all the editions the translator ever saw: for, as Vulpinus well observes, these lines,

Nec illo quidquam formosius ulla priorum
Ætas humanum nec videt illud opus,

cannot be applied to the beauties of Apollo. "Certe (says he) latet malignum ulcus, quod Chironis auxilio indigeat: ego lubens depono, et peritiori manui committo." Brockhufius passes them over without any remark, although he must have seen the absurdity of the passage. But are we to think that Tibullus wrote nonsense? By no means. Place the lines after the thirty-eighth (in the original), and you will find they exactly correspond with that station; and that there is no occasion to change the "videt" in the pentameter, into "fuit," as Achilles Statius proposes.

Ver. 27. The "myrtea coma" which Tibullus bestows on Apollo, Ovid thus explains:

Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureis illis,
Sed quamvis neuter, mistus uterque color.

Nor of a black, nor of a golden hue,
They were, but of a dye between the two.

But as the painters (for thus Athenæus informs us) drew Apollo with black hair, and the poets gave him yellow or golden locks; why does Tibullus make the god's hair auburn? Neæra's own hair, say some critics, was of that colour,

Dic et argutz properet Neærae
Myrteum nodo cohilere crinem.

Hor. lib. iii. Od. 14.

For so Porphyrio, and Cunningham, upon the authority of several MSS. read it. This, therefore, add they, was a delicate compliment to his mistress. But this solution is more ingenious than solid; for though Horace's Neæra had "myrteus crinis," it by no means follows, that Tibullus's Neæra had hair of that colour; nor indeed is it of any consequence. The emperor Commodus used to powder his hair, of which he was passionately fond, with gold-dust.

Ver. 29. The whiteness of the moon has been a favourite resemblance since the days of Solomon; the sun, however, for some centuries past, appears to have been the more common simile. Tasso, however, has a beautiful address to the moon, which the reader will not be displeased to see:

In bianca e vaga Luna,
C'hai tanti specchi quanti sono i mari
Mira questo candor, ch'è senza pari.
A lei mena i tuoi balli, a lei distilla
Le tue dolci rugiade;
Specchiati con lei con amoroso affetto.

But, besides this general resemblance, there is a farther propriety in Tibullus's comparing Apollo to Diana, as she was his sister.

Ver. 30. As poetry is a great assistant to painting and statuary, those who have excelled in these arts, have always particularly cultivated the muses. Thus Phidias obtained the idea of his Olympian Jove from the Iliad of Homer, and probably was indebted to Pindar's first Pythian ode for placing an eagle on the sceptre of the same god. On the other hand, again, painting has been of use to poetry; thus, in this century, an excellent Italian poem was composed from the drawings of the famous Bolognian painter Spagnoletto.

Ver. 31. This is one of the strokes which seems to me, says the author of the Polymitis, to have been borrowed from some painting in Rome, in which the mixture of colours here mentioned to be blended together, was remarkably well executed. Pliny, in speaking of the best pieces by Echion there, instances in one on this subject; "nova nupta, verecundia notabilis," lib. xxxv. 10. The famous picture of the Aldobrandine palace in Rome is on the same subject; and the air of the new bride in it is remarkably modest. As that is so good, though done when the art of painting was extremely fallen at Rome, it was very probably copied from some celebrated picture there, and possibly from that piece of Echion's. The colours are all so faded in it (as one may well expect, after the course of almost seventeen hundred years), that we can see nothing of the beautiful blush that was probably on the face of the bride. Dialogue 8.

Ver. 32. The word "deducta," in the original, has a peculiar beauty, being only applied to the modest, in opposition to "producta," a term used for women of the town.

Ver. 33. Charmed with the beauties of his vision, Tibullus here, contrary to custom, multiplies his illustrations: the lily and the amaranth furnished the ancients with favourite allusions; but, as the finest similes, by repetition, become unaffecting, the moderns labour under great difficulties in this respect. It is true, they have exchanged the amaranth for the rose; but that has been now so long employed, that it is grown stale, and the poets of this age may exclaim, with the old grammarians, "percant isti, qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt." It is a pity that Tibullus, who was so excellent an artist, did not leave more pictures of beauty behind him.

Although Ovid and others paint Apollo in much the same colours as our poet does, we are not, therefore, to suppose that they copied from one another. The figure, features, dress, &c. of the heathen gods, were as well known to the ancients from statues, paintings, &c. of them, formed according to a common standard, as St. Peter is now a-days to any Roman Catholic!

Ver. 36. Brockhufius makes our poet indebted to the great Sicilian shepherd, Idyll. vii. for this simile. But why need we suppose this? It is only such as grows in the poetical common of nature; and what no traveller, however little inspired, could fail to pluck as he passed.

Ver. 37. The word, in the original is "palla," the name of a robe, with which not only Apollo,

but the poets and musicians of old, were vested. Valerius Flaccus clothes his bard Mopſus with a white "palla:" but the more common colour of it was purple, "Tyrio bis naurice tinſta."

Ver. 39. Who the inventor of the lyre was, is uncertain: ſome attribute it to Apollo, and others to Mercury. Diodorus informs us, that this instrument, in conformity to the ſeaſons, aſſumed at firſt four ſtrings; but ſoon after, it mounted ſeven, in imitation of the planets; and hence Pindar's epithet, when he calls it ſeven-tongued. It was at firſt made of gold, ſilver, or ivory, ornamented with precious ſtones; but, in the Auguſtan age, the ſhell of the ſea-tortoiſe coming into very high eſtimation, the body of the lyre was principally compoſed of it, yet ſtill adorned with gold, ſilver, &c. Hence Horace ſays,

O mutis quoque piſcibus
Donatura cygni, ſi libeat, ſonum.

Goddeſs of the ſweet-ſounding lute,
Which thy harmonious touch obeys;
Who canſt the ſunny race, though mute,
To Cygnets' dying accents raiſe.

Francis, Book iv. Od. 3.

The lyre was played upon with a pleaſtrum of ivory. See a curious diſſertation on this ſubject, preſented by Mr. Molyneux to the Royal Society.

Ver. 50. In this paſſage Bacchus is deprived of the power of preſcience; and yet we know that many of the ancients regarded him as a prophetic deity. Thus Pausanias tells us, that Bacchus had an oracle in Thrace. But eſpecially (book x. chap. 33.) a cave (*adurn*) at Ophitea, corruptly called Amphiclea, in which were performed his orgies. This cave was acceſſible by one road only; and there was in it no ſtatue of the god. There the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood were, in their ſleep, informed by the divinity, of remedies appropriated to their diſeaſes; and his prieſt, inſpired by him, acquainted them with future events.

Ver. 70. There is a deſigned harſhneſs in theſe lines, as in the original. Engliſh tranſlators can never be at a loſs for unharmonious combinations; theſe however, like diſcord in muſic, when properly introduced, greatly increaſe the harmony.

The tranſlator cannot help thinking this a very unjuſt deſcription of the fair ſex, as they are commonly more conſtant than men.

Ver. 75. The poſture of a ſuppliant and vanquiſhed perſon is happily expreſſed in the original,

Tu modo cum multa brachia tende prece,

but could not be preſerved in the verſion. Achilles Statius and Douza miſunderſtood this paſſage.

Ver. 79. See the notes to Elegy iii. Book 2.

Ver. 92. The original paſſage was incomprehenſible, till Muretus reſtored it, from an old Ms. thus,

Felix. Hoc alium deſine velle virum.

The ſenſe of which according to him, is, that Neæra muſt think of no other huſband but this, "alium ab hoc." But Scaliger and Douza allege, that the "felix hoc" alludes to the old form of nuptial contracts; as if they had ſaid, "felicitur felix hoc ſit." Salmalius, however, and Broekhuſius interpret it in this manner; as this marriage is, on the word of Apollo, to be productive of perfect happineſs to you, Neæra; preſume not to wiſh for another lover; "felix hoc conjugio deſine alium virum velle."

Ver. 106. Theſe were the ſtrongeſt poetical emblems of barbariſm and infidel ferocity. The thought is originally Homer's (Il. xvi. ver. 34.) but adopted by Catullus and Virgil, travelled by Glambattilla Lalli, often uſed by Ovid, and parodied by Boileau in his admirable Lutrin:

Non ton pere a Paris ne fut pas Boulanger, &c.

In the famous interview of Glaucus and Diomed, Glaucus thus deſcribes chimæra:

Fiſt dire chimæra's conqueſt was enjoin'd;
A mingled monſter, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy noſtrils ſlaky flames expire,
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

Pope.

Verſes nothing inferior to the original.

Ver. 108. This was an artful method of ſtill farther intereſting Neæra's family in favour of her lover.

ELEGY V.

WHILE you at Tuſcan baths for pleaſure ſtay,
(Too hot when ſunius darts his ſultry ray,
Though now that purple ſpring adorns the trees,
Not Baia's more medicinal than theſe.)
Me harder fates attend, my youth decays;
Yet ſpare, Perſephone! my blameleſs days:

5

With ſecret wickedneſs uſting my ſoul;
I never mix'd nor gave the baneful bowl;
I ne'er the holy myſteries proclaim'd:
I fix'd no temple, and no god deſam'd;
Age has not ſnow'd my jetty locks with white,
Nor bent my body, nor decay'd my fight;

10

(When both the consuls fell, ah fatal morn !
Fatal to Roman freedom ! I was born)
Apples unripe, what folly 'tis to pull,
Or crush the cluster e'er the grapes are full !

Ye gloomy gods ! whom Acheron obeys,
Dispel my sickness, and prolong my days !
Ere to the shades my dreary steps I take,
Or ferry o'er th' irremeable lake, 20
Let me (with age when wrinkled all my face)
Tell ancient stories to my listening race ;

Thrice five long days and nights consum'd with fire,
(O sooth its rage !) I gradually expire ;
While you the Naiad of your fountain praise,
Or lave, or spend in gentle sport your days :
Yet, O my friends ! whate'er the fates decree,
Joy guide your steps, and still remember me !
Meantime, to deprecate the fierce disease,
And hasten glad returns of vigorous ease, 30
Milk, mix'd with wine, O promise to bestow,
And fable victims, on the gods below.

NOTES ON ELEGY V.

SOME critics are of opinion, that this elegy was written by Tibullus when very young, and disengaged from any amorous attachment, as in it he makes no mention of any of his former mistresses. And indeed it must be confessed, that their conjectures are not always so well founded ; for had his heart been engaged, his sickness, which makes the subject of the poem, would have supplied him with as many pathetic thoughts as it did when he was left behind in the island of Corsu. But be this as it will, the elegy itself is valuable, for being the only one wherein our poet gives us any hints of his own person, which, as it really was amiable, is no small proof of his modesty.

It is addressed to some of his friends, who were then at the hot baths of Tuscany, where, probably, our poet was to have been of the party, had not a violent fever prevented him. However desirous the commentators may show themselves to discover the names of the poet's friends, that discovery is now impossible ; but if we are not ignorant of this, the poem itself informs us, that Tibullus composed it on the fifteenth day of his disorder, which he entreats Persephone speedily to bring to a happy crisis, as he was then young, and by his conduct had never merited any chastisement from heaven.

Ver. 1. Critics have in vain endeavoured to determine which of the Tuscan baths are here meant. Schoppius believes them to have been the Clusin ; but these were cold, as we learn from Horace, Ep. 15. lib. i. wherein those, at which Tibullus's friends appear to have been, were warm.

Ver. 4. Baia was the most remarkable warm bath in Italy. The name of it came in time to stand for "therme" in general.

Ver. 9. The mysteries here meant, were those of Ceres, the most revered of any in ancient times. As it was peculiar to divulge them, the reader must not expect to find them described with the same exactness as the other religious ceremonies of paganism. But what is known of certainty of them, shall here briefly be collected.

The Eleusinian mysteries, for so they were also

called, were divided into the greater and the lesser, and celebrated at Athens, at stated seasons, with great pomp of machinery and solemn shows. These drew together a vast concourse of people from all nations ; and many earnestly desired to be initiated, but that favour was bestowed upon none but those of the first rank and figure. The reverence with which Cicero speaks of them, and the hints he drops of their use and end, seem to confirm Dr. Warburton's conjecture about them, viz. that they were intended to inculcate God's unity and the immortality of the soul. The shows are supposed to have represented Heaven, Hell, Elysium, and whatever concerned a future state. The poets often alluded to them ; and we find Cicero, at the request of Chilias a famous poet, requesting Atticus to send him from Athens a detail of them. This intimates, that these shows were occasionally varied ; and Dr. Middleton conjectures, that the detail here desired from Atticus was intended by the poet as episodes to some of his poetical performances. Is Virgil's sixth *Æneid* a representation of this kind ? The supposition is highly ingenious, and Dr. Warburton has supported it with no less fancy than learning.

So cautious were the Athenians, in Cicero's time, of violating the solemnity of these mysteries, that the famous orator Crassus, coming to Athens two days after the procession was over, could not prevail on the magistrates to re-exhibit the shows, although he was one of the first senators of Rome.

Whoever divulged the Eleusinian mysteries, was expelled the society of human kind, and abhorred as a monster unworthy the common benefits of life. It was esteemed dangerous to converse with him, lest Jupiter, in his wrath, should make no distinction between the innocent and the guilty. Thus Horace,

—vetabo, qui cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcana, sub isdem
Sic trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselum.

Horat. Lib. iii. Ode 28.

He who can friendship's secrets tell,
Or Ceres' hallow'd rites reveal ;

3 E iii

The wretch with me shall never dwell,
With me shall never hoist the doubtful sail.

Francis.

The Greeks, according to Dacier, not only punished with death those who revealed, but those also to whom the mysteries were imparted. When the Athenians for two years were baffled in their attempts against Sicily, Alcibiades, who not only advised, but conducted that war, was accused by that superstitious people of having divulged the mysteries of Ceres.

Numenius, the celebrated Pythagorean, having published an account of the mysteries, some goddesses, in the wanton dress of courtesans, appeared to him. The philosopher, with surprise, asking the reason, was told by them in an angry tone, "Ab se, ipso adyto pudicitia abstrahat, et passim adeuntibus prostituta:" That he himself dragged them from the shrine of chastity, and prostituted their charms to every comer. Macroh. Somn. Scip. cap. 2.

Ver. 10. Nothing tends so much to soften the horrors of death, as the consciousness of a well-spent life. Upon a death-bed, every object appears in its genuine colours; as the mind then often has the nicest perception of right and wrong.

Ver. 13. *When both the consuls fell, ab fatali mœni fatali to Roman freedom! I was born.* At the end of the year U. C. 709, the famous Mark Antony, under the specious pretext of revenging the murder of Cæsar, left Rome. Decimus Brutus (whose name, next to that of Marcus Brutus, the patrons of liberty will ever reverence for his glorious share in the death of Julius), was to feel the first effects of his bloody rage. Although Gaul had cheerfully declared in favour of Brutus, and had levied a considerable force, yet was that patriot, at the approach of Antony, obliged to throw himself into Modena: As Antony knew the aversion of the better and wiser senators to his conduct; how devoted the veterans were to his political, though young enemy, Octavius; and the levies that were vigorously carrying on by decree of the senate, to support the consuls elect, Hirtius and Panfa; he easily saw that no time was to be lost in the reduction of that city: accordingly he invested it with a formidable body of troops, posted to so great advantage, that even after Octavius and the consul Hirtius arrived with a veteran army, the place too defending itself with no less art than courage, he reduced the besieged to very great straits, and seldom was worsted in his encounters with the consular army: Modena had now stood out near four months, when, on the 15th of April, U. C. 710, Antony having intelligence that the other consul, Panfa, with four legions, was to join the confederate chiefs, he resolved to attack him on his march, with two legions, two Prætorian cohorts, and part of the Evocati: It is scarce to be imagined but the plan would have succeeded, as the enemy was made up of raw levies, had not Hirtius privily in the night detached the martial legion and two Prætorian

cohorts, to cover their march to the camp. By the eagerness of that reinforcement, which ran forward to attack Antony, Panfa was obliged to follow after with two of the new legions, and a brisk engagement was fought at Castell-Franco, in which Panfa was mortally wounded, and the victory, by the retreat of his enemies, inclined to Antony. His joy, however, was short, for Hirtius, hearing of the engagement, marched out with twenty veteran cohorts, met Antony, entirely routed and put to flight his whole army, in the very plain so lately the scene of his glory. Antony, though now obliged to lie on the defensive in his strongly fortified camp, still hoped to make himself master of Modena, which was now reduced to the greatest difficulties. Octavius and Hirtius saw this; and, flushed with their late success, were determined at all hazards, to relieve the town. To effectuate this, after two or three days spent in finding out the weakest part of Antony's camp, they attacked the entrenchments with such vigour, that Antony, rather than suffer the town to be snatched at last from him, drew out all his forces, and came to a general battle. Little advantages were gained on either side, both armies fought like Romans, till D. Brutus, taking the opportunity, sallied out of the town at the head of his garrison, and helped greatly to determine the victory on the side of the republic. Hirtius pushed his advantages with great spirit, drove all before him to the middle of the enemy's camp, where he was unfortunately killed, near the general's tent. This probably would have turned the fortune of the day, had not Octavius made good the attempt, by keeping possession of Antony's camp, while that general, after the destruction of his best troops, fled precipitately, with his horse, towards the Alps. The other consul died the day after, of his wounds, at Bologna. This was the greatest loss the republic could possibly sustain at that time; as the death of the two consuls placed Octavius above all controul, left him sole master of their armies, especially the veterans, and first inspired him with the design of succeeding to his uncle's power as well as to his estate. That with inferior martial virtues, the successor of Julius was equally successful; and that after the most bloody proscriptions of the best families of the empire, he reigned quietly, nay gloriously; are particulars which our present purpose calls not upon us to explain: we only beg leave to remark, that if the two lines which gave rise to this note, are genuine, Tibullus must have been born A. U. C. 710, some time between the 14th and 15th of April, and perhaps on the very same day with Ovid. This was the opinion of Petrus Crinitus and Lelio Giraldi, and of every biographer till the time of Josephus Scaliger. That great scholar could not well reconcile that date to some other passages in Tibullus: but the affair remained undetermined, till Janus Douza the younger, attempted to prove, that the "*cum cecidit fato.*" &c. was stolen from Ovid, and inserted in Tibullus. The reasons on which he, and those of his party, ground their opinion, and the

objections which may be urged against them, are as follow:

In the first place, it appears from the seventh elegy of the first book, that our poet not only attended Messala to the war of Aquitaine, but that he was also rewarded with military honours for his behaviour at that time. Now it is known, that the reduction of that province was accomplished A. U. C. 725; of course, if Tibullus was born 710, he must have had those marks of successful bravery conferred on him when he was only fifteen years of age; but the Romans did not put on the "toga virilis" at soonest till the fifteenth year of their age; therefore, say they, Tibullus could not, if no older, serve with Messala. This argument, however, is more specious than solid; for it is certain that some Roman youths had the manly gown conferred on them before their fifteenth year; and experience shows us, that young men at that age often behave with as much intrepidity, as those who are more advanced in life.

Again, Horace, in the ode addressed to Tibullus, has the following lines:

Albi ne delas plus nimio memor, &c.

No more in elegiac strain
Of cruel Glycera complain;
Though she resigns her faithful charms
To a new lover's younger arms.

Francis, Lib. i. Ode 33.

Now, argues Douza, as Horace was but about forty when this ode was wrote, Tibullus could only be about fifteen; and how could one at those years write mournful elegies? or how could Glycera well prefer one younger than himself? To obviate this objection, Dacier explains *junior* by a *new lover*. But there is no occasion for this strained interpretation; for it will afterwards be proved, that younger folks have written, and with applause too, poems of a more difficult nature than elegy; and he must know little of life, who has not observed some women, even in our cold climate, prefer a lover of fourteen even to one of twenty; and Julius Cæsar divorced Cossutia in the sixteenth year of his age. But not to insist on these arguments; the critics may be defied to prove Horace's age, when the thirty-third ode of his first book was written: for though that poet was just forty when some of the odes of the second book were composed, we know that his odes are not placed in the order they were written: hence there is no necessity of alleging, with some critics, that this ode was written to our poet's father.

But, says Vulpus, Horace, when upwards of forty " (octo lustra prætergessum) ", used to consult Tibullus upon his satire, as appears from the following line,

Albi nostrorum sermonum candide judes.

Ep. 4. Lib. i.

Albius, in whom my satires find
A candid critic, and a kind.

Francis.

Now this, adds the Italian editor, is not to be supposed; as Tibullus, at that time, must, if born in 710, have been nineteen years younger than the poet. To this it may be answered, that a person of nineteen, if endowed with good sense, and some practice in poetry, may be capable of correcting the writings of a man of forty: thus Pope, when younger than Tibullus is supposed to be, amended Wycherley's poems, when that gentleman was upwards of fifty; and even wrote the *Essay on Criticism* at twenty. But, what is of more consequence, the critics are not agreed about the time when the fourth epistle of the first book was written: thus Sanadon says, it was composed about the year 720, when Horace was thirty-one, and Tibullus thirty years old. And the truth is, the precise time of it cannot be determined. Besides, the commentators have proved, that Horace wrote an epistle to Lollius, when that nobleman attended Augustus in the Cantabrian war, A. U. C. 727, and was only sixteen years of age.

Again, says Broekhusius, our Roman knight fell sick at Phæacia, in his voyage with Messala to Syria. Now it is certain, that excellent general went thither with an extraordinary command, A. U. C. 724; therefore Tibullus, if born 710, could only then be fourteen: and yet it appears from the elegy itself (which is much too fine a piece for a boy of these years), that he had been some time in love with Delia. To this argument, this short reply may be made: that it cannot be proved that Messala was upon his Syrian expedition when our poet was left behind sick in Phæacia; and, could that even be established, instances are not wanting to prove, that poems, not inferior to the third elegy of the first book, have been the production of youths not much older. L. Valerius Prudens gained the prize of poetry, and was crowned, in the reign of Domitian, when only thirteen years old; Johannes Secundus was not twenty-five years old when he died; and there is good reason for asserting, that Cardinal Rovera, when only ten years of age, published at Pavia, a collection of his own poems; nay, it is a fact, that Cowley printed a volume of poems, all which were written before his fifteenth year.

Well; but, says Vulpus, it is not to be believed, that Ovid, who was so studious of the memory of Tibullus, and so minutely exact in other things of less moment, would have passed by an event which did such honour to his own birth, had Tibullus and he been born at the same time. To this it may be answered, that he had but a short acquaintance with our poet, as he himself informs us,

—nec avara Tibullo
Tempus amicitia fata dedere mea.

It may, however, be objected, say Douza and others, that Domitius Marfus calls Tibullus a youth when he died:

Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,
Mors juvenem compos misit ad Blyfios.

Now as Marfus lived at that time, Tibullus must have died when twenty-four or twenty-five years

of age, and therefore must have been born A. U. C. 710.

To this it may be opposed, that by the laws of Servius Tullus, the Romans considered every citizen as a *juvenis* till his forty-sixth year. After that time indeed they called them *seniores*; and therefore, as Tibullus was only forty-five when he died, Marcius might call him *juvenis*. Doubtless he might, according to the Tullian computation; but then, it may be observed, that Marcius does not say that Tibullus died the same year with Virgil, i. e. in his forty-fifth year; but only, that he was the first poet who died after him: and therefore he must either have been out of the class of *juvenis*; or born in 710, and consequently then only twenty-five or twenty-six when he died.

But had our author been so young, Ovid would not have omitted that circumstance, as it would have greatly added to the pathos of his famous elegy on his death; especially since, in that very poem, he mentions the youth of Catullus, who, by the by, was upwards of forty when he died, contrary to the common opinion.

Obvius huic venies, hedera juvenilia cinctus

Tempore, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.

This argument, indeed, is of moment; but the same poet affords some other arguments of still greater weight to prove that Tibullus could not be born in 710. In the first place, he says, that our poet was eminent for his reputation as a writer, when Augustus Cæsar was prince,

—jam te principe notus erat.

that is, when Cæsar was "princeps senatus," after having had the glorious but undeserved title of "pater patriæ" bestowed on him by Messala and the senate, A. U. C. 727. But how could a youth of seventeen be known as a poet? The answer to this has in part been anticipated; and when we add, that Heinsius reads "parus," it rather is an argument in support of Tibullus's being born in 710, as Octavius Cæsar and Peditus succeeded Hirtius and Pansa in the consulate. It must here, at the same time, be confessed, that Cæsar could not be styled "princeps," far less "princeps senatus," for being made consul: yet could even this be granted, Heinsius's reading is supported by MS. authority.

But the argument to which the least objection can be made, is that which follows, and Ovid furnishes it. It runs thus,

Virgilium vidi tantum; nec avara Tibullo

Tempus amicitie farsa dedere meæ:

Successor fuit hic tibi, Galle; Propertius illi;

Quartus ab his serie temporis ipse fui.

Trist. Lib. iv. cl. 10.

That is, I only saw Virgil, and the cruel fates did not long indulge me with the friendship of Tibullus. He (viz. Tibullus), was thy successor, Gallus; Propertius followed Gallus; and, in order of time, I myself was the fourth. Now, as Gallus

was born A. U. C. 681; and Propertius, by his own confession, did not put on the "toga virilis" till after the division of the municipal lands among the veterans, A. U. C. 711, when he was at least fifteen; Tibullus must have been born between the year 681, and the year 696, that is, about the year 690, one year after Horace. But why might he not be five years younger, as well as one year? And indeed, as this corresponds more with Marcius's epigram, it seems as likely that Tibullus was born 695. Some, indeed, object to the quotation from Ovid, as if that poet meant poetical fame, or the order in which the poets he there mentions were known to the world by their writings; and indeed, were it not for the former passage from Ovid, such a suggestion might invalidate the argument upon which Douza chiefly builds his opinion.

But (add Douza, and the rest who espouse his opinion), what if we can prove, from Tibullus himself, that he was not born A. U. C. 710? Had he been so young when sick at Corsu, would he not, in a particular manner, have mentioned it? And would not a youth of twenty-five years, have expressed himself differently in the poem before us from

Et nondum cani nigros læsere capillos

Nec venit tardo curva senectia pede.

Besides, in his panegyric, which we know was written 722 (vide l. 121, &c.) he has the following lines,

—nam cura novatur,

Cum memor ante adios semper dolor admonet annos.

which could not be proper from a boy of twelve years of age. Nay, that poem itself, though inferior in every respect to his elegiac compositions, is yet too great a work for one so young. And if to this we add, that in this poem he talks of the old warrior of Arpinum, and of his having attended Messala in his Pannonian expedition; and if we consider, that this expedition took place A. U. C. 718, or 719, it must appear that 710 could not be the year of Tibullus's birth, and that, therefore, the

Cum cecedit farsa consul uterque pari

is spurious, and foisted in by some librarian from Ovid. Nay, Vulpius, not content with putting a mark of reprobation on that line, even suspects the following one, as it is, according to him, not only languid, but interrupts the sentence, which is complete without it.

However immaterial these remarks may appear to the generality, the translator hopes, that the critical reader will pardon their length, as they may be found of some service to future biographers.

Ver. 15. *Amplex unripe, vobis sely 'tis to pull?* This sentiment would answer in pastoral; and were it not what every man might have thought, it might be said, that Ovid had almost transcribed it.

Quid plenam fraudas vitem crescentibus uvis?
Pomaque crudeli vellis acerba manu?

El. 14. Lib. 2,

The "tolle cupidinem immitis uvæ" of Horace, is almost the same; but as the lyric bard in the ode where he uses these expressions describes lalage as a young frisking heifer, and her lover as a bull, the metaphor is not so happily exact.

Ver. 17. This and the foregoing thought are thus imitated by Mr. Hammond:

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with her iron hand;
Ah why so soon the tender blossom tear?

Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.

Ye gods who dwell in gloomy shades below,
Now slowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wandering view the baleful rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound:

O let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
And tell how much I lov'd ere I grew old.

The whole fourth elegy, from which these stanzas are taken, is an improvement upon our author. In the original, the poet joins two adjectives to one noun, which Servius, in his notes on Virgil, blames as a vice in writing; and yet not only instances of this may be produced from the ancient Roman authors, but also from Lucretius, Cicero, Ovid, and Virgil.

Ver. 21. That man should be so solicitous for old age, is really astonishing, when we consider, with a great moral poet,

That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower.
With lifeless eyes the dotard views the store;
He views, and wonders that they please no more.
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury, with sighs, her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain;
No sound, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near:

Nor lute, nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong:
The still returning tale, and lingering jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear; [sneer,
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence;
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions, till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade:
But unextinguish'd avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;

He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away:
Whose peaceful days benevolence endears,
Whose nights congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favourite, as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who could wish its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings:
New sorrow rises as the day returns;
A sister sickness, or a daughter mourns;
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate;
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise;
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show. [flow,

Its great beauty will, it is presumed, excuse the length of this quotation.

Ver. 26. Swimming was much practised by the Romans; an exercise which they, as a military people, found serviceable to them on many accounts, and which Britons, both on that account, and as a naval people, would do well to practise more; for as the poet of the seasons sings,

This is the purest exercise for health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats;
Nor when cold winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave,
E'en from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Summer.

Ver. 28. Tibullus was as warm in his friendship as in his love; and certainly, if the love of fame is ever allowable, the wishing to be remembered after death, by one's friends, is highly natural. The

Oblitus meorum, obliviscendus et illis,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
of some authors, is too misanthropical: for the love of fame being natural to man, and the source

from whence have sprung most of the good actions which have astonished or benefited humanity, the translator cannot join issue with those who condemn its exertion.

Ver. 31. The old Scholiast on Statius, whose comment Barthius had in his possession, calls blood, honey, and milk, the banquet of the infernal powers, "*inferorum passus*." But this passage in our poet shows, that wine was also part of their cheer.

Black cattle were the only victims sacrificed to the "*dii inferni*." The ancients, say the critics, generally offered to their gods, those beasts which they were supposed to hold in the greatest abhorrence. When they sacrificed to the infernal powers, they turned their palms downwards.

There are two or three instances in the legendary part of the Roman story, of the ceasing of plagues at Rome, upon immolating on the altars of Pluto and Proserpine. Pluto's altars at Tarentum were chiefly remarkable for miracles of this kind. These sacrifices, which in time gave rise to the secular games, the jubilee of Paganism, were performed in the evening; as those to the celestial powers were in the morning. The priests were sprinkled with water, when offerings were made to the infernal deities. See the old Scholiast on the fourth Isthmian ode of Pindar. And it is certain from Homer (*Iliad ix. lin. 56*.) that those who addressed these powers, fell on their knees when they prayed to them.

ELEGY VI.

Lover.

COME, Bacchus, come! so may the mystic vine
And verdant ivy round thy temples twine!
My pains, the anguish I endure, remove;
Oft hast thou vanquish'd the fierce pangs of love.
Haste, boy, with old Falernian crown the bowl,
In the gay cordial let me drench my soul.
Hence, gloomy care! I give you to the wind;
The god of fancy frolics in my mind!
My dear companions! favour my design,
Let's drown our senses all, in rosy wine! 10

Companion.

Those may the fair with practis'd guile abuse,
Who, sourly wile, the gay dispute refuse:
The jolly god can cheerfulness impart,
Enlarge the soul, and pour out all the heart.

Lover.

But love the monsters of the wood can tame,
The wildest tigers own the powerful flame:
He bends the stubborn to his awful sway,
And melts insensibility away:
So wide the reign of love!

Companion.

Wine, wine, dear boy!
Can any here in empty goblets joy? 20
No, no, the god can never disapprove,
That those who praise him should a bumper love.
What terrors arm his brow? the goblet drain:
To be too sober is to be profane!
Her son, who mock'd his rites, Agave tore,
And furious scatter'd round the yelling shore!
Such fears be far from us, dread god of wine!
Thy rites we honour, we are wholly thine!
But let the sober wretch thy vengeance prove:

Lover.

Or her whom all my sufferings cannot move! 30
—What pray'd I rashly for? my madding prayer,
Ye winds, disperse, unsatisfied, in air:

For though, my love! I'm blotted from your soul,
Serenely rise your days, serenely roll!

Companion.

The love-sick struggle past, again be gay:
Come crown'd with roses, let's drink down the day!

Lover.

Ah me! loud-laughing mirth how hard to feign!
When doom'd a victim to love's dreadful pain:
How forc'd the drunken catch, the smiling jest,
When black solicitude annoys the breast! 40

Companion.

Complaints, away! the blithesome god of wine
Abhors to hear his genuine votaries whine.

Lover.

You, Ariadne! on a coast unknown,
The perjurd Theseus wept, and wept alone;
But learn'd Catullus, in immortal strains,
Has sung his baseness, and has wept your pains.

Companion.

Thrice happy they, who hear experience call,
And shun the precipice where others fall.
When the fair clasps you to her breast, beware,
Nor trust her, by her eyes although she swear; 50
Not though, to drive suspicion from your breast,
Or love's soft queen, or Juno she attest;
No truth the women know; their looks are lies.

Lover.

Yet Jove connives at amorous perjuries.
Hence serious thoughts! then why do I complain?
The fair are licens'd by the gods to feign.
Yet would the guardian powers of gentle love,
This once indulgent to my wishes prove,

Each day we then should laugh, and talk, and toy,
 And pass each night in Hymeneal joy. 60
 O let my passion fix thy faithless heart!
 For still I love thee, faithless as thou art!
 Bacchus the Naiad loves; then haste, my boy!
 My wine to temper cooler streams employ.
 What though the smiling board Neera flies,
 And in a rival's arms perfidious lies,

The live-long night, all sleepless, must I whine?
 Not I—

Companion.

Quick, servants! bring us stronger wine.

Lover.

Now Syrian odours scent the festal room, 70
 Let rosy garlands on our foreheads bloom.

NOTES ON ELEGY VI.

WE have seen, with what cruelty Neera had treated her lover, all his endeavours to fix her solely his, having proved hitherto ineffectual. But his misery being now extreme, some remedy must be attempted; and wine, by the joint approbation of antiquity, being esteemed the certain antidote of affliction, his friends strongly recommended his making an experiment of its virtues: he follows their advice, and begins the present elegy with an address to the god of wine, in full confidence of his being able to free him from his amorous inquietude.

This poem, which is one continued struggle between the powers of love and wine, but in which the latter triumphs over the former, the translator has thrown into a dialogue between the lover and one of his boon companions. This gives it a more spirited air, but does not entirely remove all its obscurities; and hence the translator has been led to believe, that it is imperfect; unless with some judicious critics, it is supposed, that as the author was agitated with a diversity of passions at the time of his composing it, so the hyperbaton and disorderly connection was the result of judicious choice, and not the fault of imperfection.

In some editions this elegy is improperly split into two.

Ver. 1. —*so may the mystic wine.*] Why mystic? Because those who were initiated in the mysteries of Ceres and Bacchus carried *thyrsi*, round which were twisted vine branches; or, because those who assisted at the orgies of Bacchus wore vine garlands. See a description of these frantic ceremonies in the sixth book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, ver. 587.

Ver. 2. Bacchus wore grapes on his horns. See notes on the first elegy of the second book; and ivy round his temples.

Cur hedera cincta est? hedera est gratissima Baccho:

Hoc quæque cur ita fit, dicere nulla mora est.
 Nysiades Nymphæ, puerum quærente noverca,
 Hanc frondem cunis appoluerè novis.

Lib. iii. Fast. ver. 769.

But Constantius Cæsar, in the eleventh book of his *Geopon*, says, that Bacchus loved the ivy be-

cause his favourite boy Cissus was metamorphosed into that plant. *Brocib.*

The true reason however seems to have been, that the ancients thought ivy chaplets had a power of preventing intoxication.

Those who conquered in poetical contests, had, of old, a wreath of ivy bestowed upon them. Andreas Alciatus gives the following reason for it:

Haud quaquam arefcens hederæ est arbuscula,
 Cisso

Quæ puero Bacchum dona dedisse ferunt:
 Errabunda, procax, auratis, sulva corymbis,
 Exterius viridis, cætera pallor habet.

Hinc aptis vates cingunt sua tempora fertis;

Palescunt studiis, laus diuturna viret.

Emb. 204.

Ver. 15. The two great Italian pastoral poets have enlarged upon this thought in their tragicomedies.

Van le tigre in amore
 Ama il leon superbo, &c.

Amynt.

Rugge il leon al bosco
 Ne quel rugito è d'ira
 Così d'amor sospira, &c.

Past. Fido.

Ver. 21. When the gods appeared in anger to mortals, they were supposed to become much taller than usual. Thus Ceres, when she appeared to Erysichthon, who had violated her sacred grove, trod indeed on the ground, but with her head she touched the skies.

Δαμῆϊν δ' ἀφ᾽ ἄλκον, &c.

Callim. Hymn. in Cerer. ver. 58.

Ver. 23. Penthus, King of Thebes, was torn in pieces by his mother and the other Mænades, for having ridiculed the newly-introduced orgies of Bacchus. See Ovid, *Met. lib. iii.* and Theocritus, *Idyll. 26.* See also the *Βακχῆαι* of Euripides.

Ver. 29. This is a fine instance of amorous irresolution; and the prayer the poet puts up to Heaven for the happiness of his inconstant fair, makes us compassionate him more, than if he had broke out into the most direful execrations.

Tasso has given us a no less beautiful instance of this passionate figure in his *Gierusalem Liberat*. Canto xx. where Armida, being abandoned by Rinaldo, breathes fury and revenge; and, pursuing him through the ranks of the battle, aims an arrow at his heart; but scarce had the shaft left the bow, when returning love compelled her to wish it might miss its aim:

Lo stral volo; ma con lo stral, un voto
Subito uscì, che vada il copo a voto.

Swift flies the shaft, as swiftly flies her prayer
That all its vehemence be spent in air.

Spence.

Such sudden changes of passion give a vast energy to poetical compositions. They are frequent in the elegiac poets: but no instance of this kind ever afforded the translator more pleasure than the following of Lotichius, who desiring his deceased mistress's shade often to appear to him, suddenly checks himself:

Quid precor imprudens? non fas ita velle triumphare
Otia sint cineri, sit sopor usque tuo.
Et tumulum myrti virides, & amaricus ornet;
Et sedeat custos ad tua busta Venus.

B. iii. *El.* 3.

Ver. 37. This double passion is aptly termed dissimulation, by Mr. Spence, in his ingenious Observations on Pope's *Odyssey*. Such figures are viewed in a juster light, when we look upon them as naturally expressive of what we feel within us, than when we regard them only as the artful machineries of writing.

Ver. 43. Catullus is here called learned; and antiquity, with one consent, bestows upon him that distinguished epithet. He certainly understood the Greek language, and translated, with some applause, Callimachus's beautiful poem on *Berenice's hair*: but his version from *Sappho* is very indifferent. Yet these perhaps obtained him the reputation of learning; or perhaps it arose from his frequent use of cramp words. Men are often called learned, even now-a-days, for no better reasons. The translator, however, is not of opinion, that he merited that distinction, so much at least as some of his Roman predecessors. Nay, are not the best critics now agreed, that had all his poems perished, the world would have been at no very great loss, except for the piece here alluded to, his *Epithalamium* on *Peleus* and *Thetis*, and one or two more?

The most remarkable part of Catullus's character is, the freedom with which, in his writings, he attacked *Julius Cæsar*, at a time when he was the sovereign master of the world. That great, but wicked Roman, understood the importance of having the men of abilities and learning on his side, and therefore invited the poet to sup with him on the night his *Psalm* was published. Could the poet satirize after such an act of condescension? Something of the same kind is also told us, of that most consummate of politicians, *Philip*, who more than paved the way for his son's conquest of the East.

See Dr. Leland's excellently written *Life* of that monarch.

In the poem which Tibullus here had in his eye, there is an exquisite stroke of nature; where *Ariadne* runs into the sea, as if to reach *Theseus*, who was sailing off.

Tum tremuli falis adversas percurrere in undas
Mollia nundatæ tollentem tegmina furæ, &c.

Ovid has written on the same subject: but there is more real beauty in the pathetic exclamations and frantic behaviour of *Catallus's Ariadne*, than in the witty, but unaffected epistle of *Naso*.

There appears no connection between this story of *Ariadne*, and what either goes before or follows it. But if the translator durst venture upon a transposition, he would join

Thrice happy they,

and so on, to

Hence, serious thoughts!

to the forty-second line, and make it part of the advice which our poet's companion gave him. The manner of disposing and connecting these verses, would make the story of *Ariadne* appear as part of Tibullus's answer, by which he would insinuate, that if the women were deceitful, the men are not much better, as witness the treatment which *Theseus*, whom they all deemed a hero, gave *Ariadne*.

Ver. 50. The common editions read

Junonemque suam, perque suam venerem.

But *Broekhusius* is of opinion that Tibullus wrote

Junonemque suam, per Veneremque suam,

and produces several instances of his using the "que" in that manner. He closes his quotations on that subject with the following sentence, which is in the true spirit of a verbal critic: "*Hæc palæmonibus nostris exila videbuntur, neque satis digna in quibus orium ponatur: mihi vero, quæ mea est humilitas, nihil exile habetur, quod faciat ad inlustrationem sermonis Latini.*"

Ver. 51. Female infidelity has been a common topic of invective with the wits of all ages; and yet, had they looked into their own conduct with the same virulent penetration, they would have found that the lion made a just observation to the man, who vauntingly showed him a picture wherein one of the lion kind was represented as conquered by a man, when that monarch of the woods said, "We lions are not painters."

Ver. 52. *Plato* assigns a whimsical reason for *Jupiter's* good-nature in this affair; the pleasures (says he) are infants, incapable of understanding and judgment, and therefore not liable to punishment for perjury, or breach of promise.

Ver. 59. "*Nobis merenti*," in the original, as *Broekhusius* observes, is an elegant *Græcism* (*archaismus*), which *Terence* and the most correct Roman poets have admitted. There are many such *Græcisms* in both *Milton* and *Shakspeare*; the former; no doubt, thought the joining a sin-

gular with a plural elegance; but it is a question whether the instances of this kind which occur in the tragic bard are not the effect of chance, or fault of transcribers, &c. This pentameter is the only turn on words to be found in Tibullus. When sparingly admitted, such turns are doubtless beauties. Mr. Dryden makes Virgil the parent of this elegance in composition: that critic, however, is mistaken, as Homer has a turn on the words, ll. 20, where Hector says, that at all events he will attack Achilles:

καὶ ἐὼς πυρὶ χεῖρας ἰοῖναι

Εἰ πυρὶ χεῖρας ἰοῖναι μῖνος αἰὼνι σέθεναι.

Not from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were steel, his hands were
fire:

That fire, that steel, your Hector should with-
stand,
And brave the vengeful heart, and dreadful hand.

So very attentive was Mr. Pope not to lose any of the beauties of his original. And if Mr. Dryden (Dedicat. to Juvenal) had looked, he would have found that Catullus used this charm in writing before Virgil.

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo convulsus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber:
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem cum tenui carpus desloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ.
Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est.
Cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.

Carm. Nup. 60.

It must indeed be owned, that Virgil and Ovid more frequently use turns, both on words and thoughts. Neither is Milton wholly destitute of that beauty, though Mr. Dryden says, he could find none such in his poems, as witness the following charming verses, where Eve addresses our general ancestor:

With thee conversing, I forget all time!
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower
Glitt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun

On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glitt'ring with dew: nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

This quotation Mr. Addison has inserted in one of the Tatlers (No. 114.), and indeed Mr. Mason makes this turn on words characteristic of Milton's manner, in that beautiful poem of his, intitled *Museus*.

Various this peaceful scene, this mineral roof;
This 'semblance meet of coral, ore, and shell;
These pointed crystals fair, 'mid each obscure
Bright glittering; all these slowly-dripping rills,
That tinkling stray amid the cool cave.
Yet not this various peaceful scene, with this
Its mineral roof, nor this assemblage meet
Of coral, ore, and shell; nor 'mid th' obscure
These pointed crystals glittering fair; nor rills
That straying tinkle through the cool cave,
Deal charms more various to the raptur'd sense,
Than thy mellifluous lay.

Ver. 61. Bacchus was brought up by the nymphs; which, says Vulpius, is a poetical argument, signifying that wine ought to be mixed with water.

Αἱ Νυμφαὶ τὰν Βακχῶν οὔτ' ἐν πηγῶς ἡλὰδ' ὁ κύριος
Νύσαν, ὅτι τὴν ἀφ' ἧς καὶ καλεῖται.

Τῆνικα σὺν Νυμφαῖς βρομῶν φίλος, ὃν δὲ νῦν ἐπὶ
Μισθῶται διὰ τὴν πύρ' ἐπὶ καλεῖται.

Ανθολογία.

E cingere ut Bacchum nymphæ ceffere sorores,
Membraque lavarunt fonte perennis aquæ,
Juncus amicitia est Nymphis. Si forte repellas,
Natum de flammis experire Deum.

And Plato, in his poetical language, calls the mixing of wine with water, the taming a mad god with a sober one.

Ver. 68. "Jam dudum" in the original, says Brockhusius, "formula venusta de tempore non longo in re præfente & scriptoribus elegantibus adumata."

Festus observes, that the boon companions of old used sometimes to tie birds to their garlands, not only to amuse themselves with their songs, but also to be kept awake by their pecking; so ingenious were they in the article of drinking!

The garlands used at first upon these occasions, were made of fine wool; and therefore Theocritus calls them *ἱος αἶωνος*, the flower of the sheep.

Parsley, roses, ivy, &c. came afterwards to be worn; for which, as well as for the introduction of essences in drinking, the topers of antiquity were indebted to the fair sex. Lippius has given us the "*leges convivales*" of the ancients.

ELEGY VII.

To you my tongue eternal fealty swore,
My lips the deed with conscious rapture own;
A fickle libertine I rove no more,
You only please, and lovely seem alone.

The numerous beauties that gay Rome can boast,
With you compar'd, are ugliness at best;
On me their bloom and practis'd smiles are lost,
Drive then, my fair! suspicion from your
breast.

Ah no! suspicion is the test of love:
I too dread rivals, I'm suspicious grown;
Your charms the most insensate heart must
move.

Would you were beauteous in my eyes alone!

I want not man to envy my sweet fate,
I little care that others think me blest;
Of happy conquests let the coxcomb prate!
Vain-glorious vaunts the silent wife detest.

Supremely pleas'd with you, my heavenly fair!
In any trackless desert I could dwell;
From our recess your smiles would banish care,
Your eyes give lustre to the midnight cell.

For various converse I should long no more,
The blithe, the moral, witty, and severe;
Its various arts are her's, whom I adore;
She can depress, exalt, instruct, and cheer.

Should mighty Jove send down from heaven a
maid,
With Venus' cestus zon'd, my faith to try,
(So, as I truth declare, me Juno aid!)
For you I'd scorn the charmer of the sky.

But hold! you're mad to vow, unthinking fool!
Her boundless sway you're mad to let her know:
Safe from alarms, she'll treat you as a tool—
Ah, babbling tongue! from thee what mischiefs
flow!

Yet let her use me with neglect, disdain;
In all, subservient to her will I'll prove;
Whate'er I feel, her slave I'll still remain,
Who shrinks from sorrow, cannot be in love!

Imperial queen of bliss! with fetters bound,
I'll sit me down before your holy fane;
You kindly heal the constant lover's wound,
Th' inconstant torture with increase of pain.

NOTES ON ELEGY VII.

ALTHOUGH this poem is usually published at the end of the fourth book, yet as some old critics assert, that Tibullus wrote only three books of elegies, and as this piece, in the opinion of Broekhusius, has all the marks of Tibullian legitimacy, the translator has taken the liberty to place it here; not strictly rendered, but more paraphrastically, as, in his opinion, better suited to the genius of the alternate stanza. What induced the translator to turn paraphrast with this elegy, was, that though the critics unanimously ascribed it to Tibullus, yet did he think, that the thoughts had not that simplicity, which constitutes one of the characteristic beauties of our poet. And though Tibullus is mentioned in the poem, no argument can thence be drawn of it being the work of our poet, as in after-times, those who excelled in elegy affected to style themselves Tibullus: and it is known that Nero used to call the poet Nerva by that appellation.

Ver. 11. *Your charms the most insensate heart must move;*

Would you were charming in my eyes alone!

This, exclaims the polite Dutch commentator, is rusticity itself! For what more cruel, to a fine woman, could he wish, than that she should please one man only? And what do the ladies aim at, in all their finery and variety of dress, but to appear amiable even to those whom they neither can, nor wish to love?

Delectant etiam castas præconia formæ.

And what woman did you ever see, however vile and wretched, whose face or person you dared, in her own presence, to contemn with impunity; or who thought herself ugly? Beauty they prefer to life itself; and death they view without dismay, if they carry their charms along with them. Thus far Broekhusius.

D'Ursey, who was the first, that gave the

French an idea of pastoral romance, has copied this thought of our author; and, indeed, it better suited such languid unnatural compositions as the *Astrea*, than the serious sensibility of the elegiac muse.

Ver. 12. Cowley has imitated this; or rather, such conceits were in his way.

How happy here, should I
And one dear she, live, and embracing die;
She who is all the world, and can exclude
From deserts, solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Left men, when they my pleasure see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

How much more truly does Prior represent the contentment which lovers feel in one another's company?

My conqueror now, my lovely Abra held
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her; with her alone, in her alone
It fought its peace and joy; while she was gone;

It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her stay:
Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief away:
Her absence made the night, her presence made
the day.

The pastoral writers often ascribe still greater force to the charms of their *Galateas* and *Phyllises*, perhaps very impertinently.

Ver. 25. Thus finely imitated by *Croxal*:

Were I invited to a nectar feast
In heaven, and *Venus* nam'd me for her guest;
Though *Mercury* the messenger should prove,
Or her own son, the mighty god of love;
At the same instant let but honest *Tom*
From *Sylvia's* dear terrestrial lodging come,
With look important say—"desires—at three,
"Alone—your company—to drink some tea."
Though *Tom* were mortal, *Mercury* divine,
Though *Sylvia* gave me water, *Venus* wine; [far
Though heaven was here, and *Bow-street* lay as
As the vast distance of the utmost star;
To *Sylvia's* arms with all my strength I'd fly:
Let who would meet the beauty of the sky.

THE POEMS OF SULPICIA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME of the best modern commentators contend, that the little poems which compose this fourth book, are not the work of *Tibullus*. Their chief arguments are derived from the language and sentiment; in both which, it is said, and with more justice than is common on such occasions, that they bear no resemblance to our poet's productions.

But if the following little pieces are not the composition of *Tibullus*, to whom shall we impute them? Shall we, with *Caspar Barthius*, and *Broekhusius*, ascribe them to *Sulpicia*, the wife of *Calenus*, who flourished in the reign of *Domitian*? This opinion is by no means improbable, for we know from *Martial* and *Sidonius Apollinaris*, that *Sulpicia* was eminent in those days for her poetry.

Omnes Sulpiciam legant puellæ,
Uni quæ cupiunt viro placere.
Omnes Sulpiciam legant mariti,
Uni qui cupiunt placere nuptæ.
Non hæc Colchidos adferit furorem,
Diri prandia nec refert Thyestæ;
Scyllam, Byblida, nec fuisse credit:
Sed castos docet & pios amores,
Lusus, delicias, facetiasque.
Cujus carmina qui bene æstimavit,
Nullam dixerit esse nequiores,
Nullam dixerit esse sanctiores.

Tales egregiæ jocos fuisse.
Udo crediderim Numæ sub antro.
Hac condiscipula, vel hac magistra
Esset doctior & pudica Sappho:
Sed tecum pariter simulque visam
Durus Sulpiciam Phaon amaret.
Frustra: namque ea nec Tonantis uxor,
Nec Bacchi, nec Apollinis puella,
Erepto sibi viveret Caleno.

Mart. Lib. x. Ep. 35.

But to this proof, it is objected by *Vulpius*, that as the following pieces are of a strain different from those celebrated by *Martial*, so they could not be written by the wife of *Calenus*, but are *Tibullus's*; and that the *Sulpicia* they praise, was the daughter of *Servius Sulpicius*, the famous lawyer, some of whose epistles to *Cicero*, are still extant: For, the who is called *Sulpicia* in this book, adds he, certainly lived in the reign of *Augustus*, as *Horace* himself mentions *Cerintus*, and *Messala* is named in the eighth poem. To this it may be answered, that it cannot be proved, that *Sulpicia* had never been in love before she married *Calenus*; or had never composed any other poems, besides those of the conjugal kind, so much extolled by *Martial*? Nay, have we not our own testimony, that she wrote some thousands of pieces?

Cetera quin etiam, quot denique millia lusi!

And we know from some of Sulpicia's lines, preserved by the old Scholiast on Juvenal, that she sometimes wrote in a manner the very reverse of that which the epigrammatist celebrates; and of course she may still be the author of these poems. Nor does it follow from Horace's having made mention of one Cerinthus (lib. i. sat. 2. line 81.) who was fond of a rich mistress, that therefore this mistress was Sulpicia; unless it could be proved, that Cerinthus never loved any but Sulpicia; and that there never was a person of the name of Cerinthus, but in the age of Augustus. Again, though Messala is mentioned in the eighth poem of this book, it cannot thence be inferred, that this was our poet's patron; unless it could be proved that the name Messala (which is not true) expired with that illustrious Roman. Therefore the following poems may still be the offspring of Martial's Sulpicia.

But against this opinion it is farther urged by Vulpian, that Quintilian (lib. i. cap. 11.) plainly alludes to,

*Illam quidquid agit, quoque vestigia movet
Componit, furtim sublequiturque decor,*

in the following sentence: "Neque enim gestum oratoris *componi* ad similitudinem saltationis volo, sed subesse aliquid ex hac exercitatione puerili, unde nos non id agentes, *furtum decor* ille discitibus traditus prosequatur." But that eloquent rhetorician, says Vulpian, would have been ashamed to use the words of a woman, who was then alive; and therefore it is more probable, that he borrowed his illustration from Tibullus, a poet of an established reputation.

We cannot see any reason, however, why Quintilian should be more ashamed to borrow from a contemporary poetess, if her words suited his purpose, than from a dead poet, let his character be ever so great. Nay, the great rhetorician, we apprehend, would rather have chosen to have expressed himself in the words of a woman, who was honoured with the epithet of learned, which was Sulpicia's case, than to have used the language of Tibullus or any other person, when treating of a subject (viz. Decency of Gesture) wherein the fair sex must be allowed to be the most competent judges. But why might not Quintilian stumble upon "*componit*" and "*furtim decor*" without having ever read this poem? Can any reason be assigned to the contrary? Or, rather, did not his subject naturally lead him to express his sentiments of oratorical gesture in these very words?

Some critics, however, whom the translator has consulted, and who acknowledge the futility of Vulpian's arguments, are yet of opinion, that the first, third, and fifth poems of this book cannot be of Sulpicia's writing, but must be the works of Cerinthus, or some poet; as Sulpicia, they say, could not, with any grace, write the encomium on her own person; nor can the poem on her birthday be, with any more propriety, ascribed to her; and it is evident, they think, that the fifth poem is the composition of a common friend.

Nor, granting this, every difficulty is not yet

furmounded: the twelfth poem, according to some others, cannot be Sulpicia's, for from the following lines:

*Nunc licet, e cælo, mittatur amica Tibullo;
Mittetur frustra, deficietque Venus.*

it is, they assert, plainly the composition of Tibullus. "Tibulli carmen arbitror (says Brookhufius) ipfa dictione ita persuadente & numeris ad Albianum characterem artificiose conformatis;" adding, that it has certainly slipped out of its place, and must belong to the third book, as the old critics inform us, that Tibullus wrote no more than three books of elegies.

Although we have so far admitted this opinion, as to place that poem at the end of the third book, yet that our poet certainly wrote more elegies than we have of his at present, is obvious, both from his works themselves, and from Horace: nor can the translator help being of opinion, that, however similar the metrical composition in the twelfth poem may be to that of Tibullus, yet the mode of thinking is very different from his; and, therefore, if Tibullus is the author, he either in this piece, imitated Ovid, or the piece itself was written by some body else, perhaps in the age of Domitian, who was so fond of Tibullus, as to be willing to usher his own productions into the world under the sanction of his name.

But if the fourth book was composed by Sulpicia, how comes it, objects Vulpian, to be found in all the ancient MSS. of Tibullus? To this it may be answered, that the old librarians used commonly, in order to enhance the price of their MSS. to join to an author, who had not left many works behind him, any writer who composed in what they thought a similar taste. By this means, a satire, which our Sulpicia certainly wrote, was long ascribed by some to Juvenal, and by others to Ausonius, from having been found in the MS. works of those two poets; till some critics of more understanding * proved to the learned, neither Juvenal, nor Ausonius, but Martial's Sulpicia wrote it.

Such are the arguments by which the commentators support their different opinions. The reader must determine for himself. But if the translator might be permitted to pronounce on the subject, he would say, that if any weight might be laid on difference of style, and especially of thought, the following poems cannot be the work of Tibullus:—but whether Martial's Sulpicia, or who else wrote them, is not in his power to determine. But as Sulpicia is the only person to whom the critics attribute them, the translator, not knowing any one else, who can show a preferable claim, has retained her name in the title page.

Notwithstanding, however, it cannot be absolutely ascertained (and how can controversies of this sort be absolutely ascertained?) who was the person to whose happy talent we owe the following poems; every reader of taste will allow, that

* Scaliger, &c.

they abound with striking beauties; and that, upon the whole, those critics do no great injury to Tibullus, who still ascribe them to that poet.

As Sulpicia and Cerinthus perfectly understood one another, we must not expect in their poems those fallies and transitions of passion, that frantic and dependant air, so observable in Tibullus: for

these are the natural emanations of a heated fancy and a distracted heart. But the poems before us abound in what the moderns denominate gallant flattery. Most of them show the poet and happy lover. They give us little anecdotes of their passion, and make us regret we have no more.

POEM I.

GREAT god of war! Sulpicia, lovely maid,
To grace your calends, is in pomp array'd.
If beauty warms you, quit th' etherial height,
E'en Cytherea will indulge the sight:
But while you gaze o'er all her matchless charms,
Beware your hands should meanly drop your arms!
When Cupid would the gods with love surprise,
He lights his torches at her radiant eyes.
A secret grace her every act improves,
And pleasing follows where'er she moves: 10
If loose her hair upon her bosom plays;
Unnumber'd charms that negligence betrays:
Or if 'tis plaited with a labour'd care,
Alike the labour'd plaits become the fair.
Whether rich Tyrian robes her charms invest,
Or all in snowy white the nymph is dress'd,
All, all she graces, still supremely fair,
Still charms spectators with a fond despair.
A thousand dresses thus Vertumnus wears,
And beauteous equally in each appears. 20
The richest tints and deepest Tyrian hue,
To thee, O wonderful maid! are solely due:
To thee th' Arabian husbandman should bring
The spicy produce of his eastern spring:
Whatever gems the swarthy Indians boast,
Their shelley treasures, and their golden coast,
Alone thou merit'st! come, ye tuneful choir!
And come, bright Phœbus! with thy plaintive
lyre!
This solemn festival harmonious praise,
No theme so much deserves harmonious lays. 30

POEM II.

WHETHER, fierce churning boars! in meads ye
stray,
Or haunt the shady mountain's devious way;
Whet not your tusks, my lov'd Cerinthus spare!
Know, Cupid! I consign him to your care.
What madness 'tis, shagg'd trackless wilds to beat,
And wound, with pointed thorns, your tender
feet:
O! why to savage beasts your charms oppose?
With toils and blood-hounds why their haunts en-
close?
The lust of game decoys you far away;
Ye blood-hounds perish, and ye toils decay! 10
Yet, yet could I with lov'd Cerinthus rove
Through dreary deserts, and the thorny grove:
The cumbrous meshes on my shoulders bear,
And face the monsters with my barbed spear:
TRANS. II.

Could track the bounding stags through tainted
grounds.

Beat up their cover, and unchain the hounds:
But most to spread our artful toils I'd joy,
For while we watch'd them, I could clasp the boy!
Then, as entranc'd in amorous bliss we lay,
Mix'd foul with foul, and melted all away! 20
Snar'd in our nets, the boar might safe retire,
And owe his safety to our mutual fire.

O! without me ne'er taste the joys of love,
But a chaste hunter in my absence prove.
And O! my boars the wanton fair destroy,
Who would Cerinthus to their arms decoy!
Yet, yet I dread!—Be sports your father's care;
But you, all passion! to my arms repair!

POEM III.

COME, Phœbus! with your loosely floating hair,
O sooth her torture, and restore the fair!
Come, quickly come! we supplicant implore,
Such charms your happy skill ne'er sav'd before!
Let not her frame, consumptive pine away,
Her eyes grow languid, and her bloom decay;
Propitious come! and with you bring along
Each pain-subduing herb, and soothing song;
Or real ills, or whate'er ills we fear,
To ocean's farthest verge let torrents bear. 10
O! rack no more, with harsh, unkind delays,
The youth, who ceaseless for her safety prays;
'Twixt love and rage his tortur'd soul is torn;
And now he prays, now treats the gods with scorn.
Take heart, fond youth! you have not vainly
pray'd

Still persevere to love th' enchanting maid:
Sulpicia is your own! for you she sighs,
And flights all other conquests of her eyes:
Dry then your tears; your tears would fitly flow
Did she on others her esteem bestow. 20

O come! what honour will be yours, to save
At once two lovers from the doleful grave?
Then both will emulous exalt your skill;
With grateful tablets, both your temples fill:
Both heap with spicy gums your sacred fire;
Both sing your praises to th' harmonious lyre:
Your brother-gods will prize your healing powers,
Lament their attributes, and envy yours.

POEM IV.

ON my account, to grief a ceaseless prey,
Dost thou a sympathetic anguish prove?

I would not wish to live another day,
 If my recovery did not charm my love :
 For what were life, and health, and bloom to me,
 Were they displeasing, beauteous youth! to thee.

POEM V.

With feasts I'll ever grace the sacred morn,
 When my Cerinthus, lovely youth was born.
 At birth, to you th' unerring sisters sung
 Unbounded empire o'er the gay and young :
 But I, chief I! (if you my love repay),
 With rapture own your ever-pleasing sway.
 This I conjure you, by your charming eyes,
 Where love's soft god in wanton ambush lies!
 This by your genius, and the joys we stole,
 Whose sweet remembrance still enchants my soul!
 Great natal genius! grant my heart's desire, 11
 So shall I heap with costly gums your fire!
 Whenever faucy paints me to the boy,
 Let his breast pant with an impatient joy :
 But if the libertine for others sigh
 (Which love forbid!) O love! your aid deny.
 Nor, love! be partial, let us both confess
 The pleasing pain, or make my passion less.
 But O! much rather 'tis my soul's desire,
 That both may feel an equal, endless fire. 20
 In secret my Cerinthus begs the same,
 But the youth blushes to confess his flame :
 Assent, thou god! to whom his heart is known,
 Whether he public ask, or secret own.

POEM VI.

Accept, O natal queen! with placent air,
 The incense offer'd by the learned fair.
 She's rob'd in cheerful pomp, O power divine!
 She's rob'd to decorate your matron-shrine;
 Such her pretence; but well her lover knows
 Whence her gay look, and whence her finery flows.
 Thou, who dost o'er the nuptial bed preside,
 O! let not envious night their joys divide,
 But make the bridegroom amorous as the bride!
 So shall they tally, matchless lovely pair!
 A youth all transport, and a melting fair? 10
 Then let no spies their secret haunts explore,
 Teach them thy wiles, O love! and guard the door.
 Assent, chaste queen! in purple pomp appear;
 Thrice wine is pour'd and cakes await you, here.
 Her mother tells her for what boon to pray;
 Her heart denies it, though her lips obey.
 She burns, that altar as the flames devour;
 She burns, and flights the safety in her power. 19
 So may the boy, whose chains you proudly wear,
 Through youth the soft indulgent anguish bear;
 And when old age has chill'd his every vein,
 The dear remembrance may he still retain!

POEM VII.

1.

At last the natal odious morn draws nigh,
 When to your cold, cold villa I must go;
 There, far, too far from my Cerinthus sigh:
 Oh why, Messala! will you plague me so?

11.

Let studious mortals prize the sylvan scene;
 And ancient maidens hide them in the shade;
 Green trees perpetually give me the spleen;
 For crowds, for joy, for Rome, Sulpicia's made!

117.

Your too officious kindness gives me pain.
 How fall the hailstones! hark! how howls the
 wind!
 Then know, to grace your birth day should I deign,
 My soul, my all, I leave at Rome behind. 10

POEM VIII.

At last the fair's determin'd not to go :
 My Lord! you know the whimsies of the sex.
 Then let us gay carouse, let odours flow ;
 Your mind no longer with her absence vex :
 For O! consider, time incessant flies;
 But every day's a birth-day to the wife!

POEM IX.

THAT I, descended of Patrician race,
 With charms of fortune, and with charms of face,
 And so indifferent grown to you of late,
 So little car'd for, now excites no hate.
 Rare taste, and worthy of a poet's brain.
 To prey on garbage, and a slave adore!
 In such to find out charms a bard must feign
 Beyond what fiction ever feign'd of yore.
 Her friends may think Sulpicia is disgrac'd;
 No! no! the honours your transcendent taste. 10

POEM X.

Is from the bottom of my love-sick heart,
 Of last night's coyness I do not repent,
 May I no more your tender anguish hear,
 No longer see you shed th' impassion'd tear.
 You grasp'd my knees, and yet to let you part—
 O night more happy with Cerinthus spent!
 My flame with coyness to conceal I thought,
 But this concealment was too dearly bought.

POEM XI.

FAME says, my mistress loves another swain;
 Would I were deaf, when fame repeats the wrong!
 All crimes to her imputed, give me pain,
 Not change my love : Fame, stop your faucy
 tongue!

POEM XII.

LET other maids, whose eyes less prosperous
 prove,
 Publish my weakness, and condemn my love.
 Exult, my heart! at last the queen of joy,
 Won by the music of her votary's strain,
 Leads to the couch of bliss herself the boy;
 And bids enjoyment thrill in every vein:
 Last night entranc'd in ecstasy we lay,
 And chid the quick, too quick return of day!

But stop, my hand! beware what loose you scrawl,
Left into curious hands the billet fall. 10
No—the remembrance charms!—begone, gri-
Matrons! be yours formality of face. [mace]

Know, with a youth of worth, the night I
spent,
And cannot, cannot, for my soul repent!

NOTES ON SULPICIA'S POEMS.

POEM I.

Ver. 4. One of the critics has observed upon this passage, that Venus must either have had great confidence in her own charms; or have been little solicitous what became of her paramour Mars, to indulge him in this interview.

Ver. 6. When Euryclea, in the *Odyssey* (lib. xix.) discovers Ulysses (whom she was bathing) by the scar in his leg, her joyful surprise is finely imagined, by her being ready to faint, and her dropping the jar of water. Nor less beautiful is the surprise testified by Paris, when by chance he beheld the fair bosom of Helen:

Dum stupeo visis (nam pocula forte tenebam)

Tortilis e digitis excidit anfa ineis.

Ep. Her. lin. 251.

Menage, in his Bird-Catcher and Adonis, gives a no less fine instance of astonishment; but Milton has surpassed them all, in the picture he has drawn of Adam's consternation and horror, upon being told by Eve that he had eaten of the forbidden fruit, which is a beautiful contrast to the joy which she showed in narrating the fact:

Thus Eve, with count'nance blithe, her story told,
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astoned stood, and blank; while horror dull
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:
Speechless he stood, and pale; till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke.

Book ix. l. 386.

What the author of this poem ascribes to the power of beauty, Pindar ascribes (perhaps no less truly) to the force of harmony.

Χρυσά φεγγυγ' Ἀπολλων, &c.

Pyth. Od. i.

which the late Mr. West has thus poetically rendered:

Hail, golden lyre! whose heaven-invented string
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd nine belongs,
Who, in sweet chorus, round their tuneful king,
Mix with thy sounding chords their sacred songs.
The dance, gay queen of pleasure! thee attends;
Thy jocund strains her listening feet inspire:
And each melodious tongue its voice suspends,
Till thou, great leader of the heavenly choir!
With wanton art preluding, giv'st the sign—
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their streaming lightnings all disarm'd,
The smouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the music of thy numbers charm'd,
The birds fierce monarch drops his vengeful ire;
Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle sleep his closing eye-lid seals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array,
To every balmy gale, the rustling feathers play.

But what gave rise to this quotation follows Decade III.

Ev'n Mars, stern god of violence and war,
Sooths with thy lulling strains his furious breast,
And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
His pointed lance consigns to peaceful rest.

Which image, as well as that of the eagle, are thus imitated by two excellent poets of our own days.

O! sovereign of the willing soul
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the fullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his ear,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With rustled plumes and flagging wing;
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Ode by Gray.

What follows, is from Dr. Akenfide's Hymn to the Naiads:

With emulation all the sounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the song,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And sweep their lofty wings: those awful strings,
That charm the mind of gods; that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares;
Alluage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire, with slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle, by thy number'd notes
Possess'd, and satiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the rapid wheels

That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plain
Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease.

Dodley's Collect. vol. vi.

While such imitations make it doubtful to whom
the palm of preference should be given, all complaints of decay of poetical genius among us, must be imputed, either to ignorance or malice.

Ver. 8. Andreas Schottus makes our authorefs indebted to Euripides for this thought; and yet what he quotes from that excellent tragic poet, has little or no reference to the text. The words are,

Ερως ἔστιν, ὃ κατ' ἀμύμον
Σταχθεὶς πέτον, παραγῶν γλυκυσίων
Ψυχὰ χαρὸν, ὡς εὐεργετῆρα. *Hippol. ver. 525.*

Brockhusius has collected most of the passages from the ancient and modern (Latin) poets, where love is either said to lurk in the eye, or bask in the cheek of a fine woman, but gives justly the preference to the text. Thoughts of this kind, however, are now-a-days too threadbare even to please a chambermaid.

Ver. 9. Cardinal Bembo and Count Castiglione have both imitated this passage. The latter inserted his imitation in a poem he addressed to his wife Elizabeth Gonzaga, on her singing, and is as follows:

Ouidquid agit, certant pariter componere furtim
Et Decor & charitis, & pudor ingenuus.

Elizabeth had a fine genius for poetry.

Ver. 13. "Coma," ἀπο τὰ κορυμνίαι, "dicuntur Capilli aliqua cura compositi; teste Festo." And Servius adds, that "coma" belongs to women's, as "cæsariis" does to men's hair: but this distinction is too refined; Tibullus himself applies "coma" to the hair of a boy. Vide Book i. El. 10.

Ver. 17. Lord Lansdown has some thoughts analogous to these of our poetess.

When Myra walks, so charming is her mien,
In every motion every grace is seen.

And again,

With charms so numerous Myra can surprise
The gazer knows not by what darts he dies;
So thick the volley and the wound so sure,
No flight can save, no remedy can cure.

Ovid's Vertumnus is a masterpiece. See *Metamorphosis*, lib. 14.

Ver. 21. This and the remainder of the poem are also imitated by Castiglione: and though he hath well performed, yet Franciscus, who has also adopted the sentiments of our author, hath surpassed the Count in a poem addressed to that great scholar, but middling poet, Mons. Menage.

Ver. 23. It was so commonly believed, in the time of Augustus, that Arabia, besides spices, contained immense quantities of gold, that the emperor marched thither a considerable army, A. U. C. 729. which perished by sickness. A like fate attend every army, which invades any country on such an account.

POEM II.

Ver. 3. The Cerinthus whom Horace mentions, was a beautiful slave from Chalcis; and under this name, applied only to the handsome, Sulpicia probably veiled her regard for some young person of fashion.

Ver. 4. Mr. Gay, in his fine ballad, intituled William and Susan, has the following pretty if not true thought,

Love will ward off the bullets as they fly,
Left precious drops should fall from Susan's eye.

Ver. 11. However disagreable field-sports were to the amiable Sulpicia, yet to have the pleasure of Cerinthus's company, she was willing to undergo all the fatigues and dangers of boar-hunting. Such is the nature of love!

Had Guarini our Sulpicia in his mind, when he made Dorinda thus address Sylvio?

Te seguira compagna
Del tuo fido, Melampo assai piu fida:
E quando farai fianco
T' aufchiugero la fronte:
E sovra questo fianco,
Che per ti mai non posa, havrai riposo.

It is thus that Prior describes the disguises which Henry assumed, in order to obtain the affection of the beautiful Emma:

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast;
In his right hand his beachen pole he bears,
And graceful at his side his horn he wears, &c.

Again,

A false Henry is, when Emma hawks;
With her of tartsels and of lures he talks;
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to run, and sloop, at her commands, &c.

Again,

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves:
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song, &c.

And lastly,

A frantic gypsy, now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants:
With the fond maids in palmestry he deals;
They tell the secret first, which he reveals, &c.

POEM III.

Ver. 1. Would not a long enumeration of the epithets of Apollo have been extremely improper here? and does not his immediate call for assistance show the greatness of the writer's concern?

When Laura was at the point of death, how very coldly does Petrarch place her next to Jupiter, instead of breaking forth into passionate exclamations? and how poorly consolatory is his vision? *Prim. Part. Canzon. 12, 13, 14, &c.*

Ver. 9. Hence Apollo, from the Greeks, had the appellation of *Διὸς ἐλπίωνος*, (deus malorum depulso), bestowed on him; as the Latins called him *Averruncus*.

Ver. 10. All expiations and "purgamenta" were, by the ancients, performed either on the brink of a river, or on the sea-shore: this practice continued long after the introduction of Christianity, for we are informed by Petrarch, that he saw the women of Cologne, with garlands on their heads, wash their arms in the Rhine, while they muttered some foreign charm. The poet, wondering both at the crowd and the action, inquired the reason, and was told, that it was a very ancient rite, the common people believing that all the calamities of the ensuing year were prevented by the solemn ablution of that day. Vide lib. i. Ep. 4.

Petrarch flourished in the fourteenth century, and was no less eminent for his Latin (inasmuch that he obtained the appellation of the restorer of that language), than for his Italian compositions. In propriety, exactness, elegance, and melody he surpassed all his poetic predecessors; and so much was he esteemed, that a man, for having shot, out of wantonness, at his statue in Padua, and broke its nose, was hanged by the Venetians. Vindelino Spira published the first edition of his Rime, at Venice, A. D. 1470.

Ver. 18. Some editions read "sedula;" and indeed the epithet is more consonant to the interpretation which Broekhusius and the translator have given of the passage. Vulpus explains the "credula turba" to be those, who, either about Sulpicia's bed, or in the temples of the gods, put up petitions for her recovery.

Ver. 27. This is an elegant compliment on the professors of medicine.

POEM V.

Ver. 19. In this manner he prayed, lest any of the auditors should envy him, say the commentators; or lest a fascinating tongue ("lingua fascinatricem") should prevent the completion of his prayers. None, add they, chose in an audible voice to lay open their real wants to the gods, lest the bystanders should overhear them; and therefore, all those, who desired of the gods what was extravagant, or what was immodest, or in short what they did not choose to own, either muttered their vows, or whispered them in the ear of their deity. And thus the ancients, as Seneca expresses it, told that to God, which they were ashamed a mortal should be made privy to. "Quanta dementia est hominum? turpissima vota Diis insufurrant: si quis admoverit aurem confitecent; et quod scire hominem nolunt, Deo narrant." Ep. 10. See this impiety severely treated by Persius, in his second satire.

POEM VI.

Ver. 2. Sulpicia had a good title to that epithet; for in the following line, she said no more

of her poetical endowments, than she modestly might,

Primaque Romanes docui contendere graiis.

That the Romans should have produced not one poetess before Sulpicia, to put them more upon a level with the Greeks, is matter of no small astonishment; since, as Cato observed, the Romans governed the world, but the women governed the Romans. How many fair poetesses has this island produced? and in particular, how many does Britain at present boast of, whose writings, both in prose and verse, may be compared, much to their advantage, with all the female productions of antiquity?

Besides Sulpicia, the poets mention Perilla and Theophila. Perilla lived in the Augustan age, and is praised by Ovid, Trist. lib. iii. el. 7. The other was a cotemporary of Martial's, who celebrates her, lib. 7. ep. 68. Their works, if ever they published any, are now lost. But we have a Virgilian canto on the life of our Saviour, written in the reign of Theodosius and Honorius, by Proba Falconia. This poetess, who was married to a person of proconsular dignity, is accused by some of having betrayed Rome into the hands of Alaric the Goth; but Cæsar Baronius has fully cleared her from that disloyal imputation.

Juvenal, Boileau, and others, have expressed, in their writings, a vast aversion to learned women; and indeed were all of the sex, who have learning, to be such as they represent them, the translator would heartily join with the satirists: but how can he do it, whilst he has the honour to know some ladies, who possess as great a fund of erudition, as most men are enriched with, and who, nevertheless, are entirely free from all those disagreeable concomitants, with which those poets have loaded their armed women? In short, when we consider in what manner the welfare of society depends upon the fair sex, we cannot but own, that their understandings ought to be cultivated with much assiduity: a fine woman, with a good heart, and an improved head, is the loveliest object in the creation.

Ver. 9. The word *componere*, in the original, is a metaphor taken from gladiators, who were then said *composi*, when they fought together, and were well matched.

VULPIUS.

Ver. 3. —[*in purple pomp appear*.] That is, in a palla of purple; which not only Apollo and his votaries, with Osiris, wore, but in which also Bacchus, Mercury, Pallas, Night, the Furies, Discord, and even rivers were habited. "Adeo semper," says Macrobius, "ita se et sciri et coli numina maluerunt, qualiter in vulgus antiquitas fabulata est; quæ et imagines et simulacra formarum talium prorsus alienis, et ætates tam incrementi quam diminutionis ignaris, et amicis ornatusque varios corpus non habentibus assignavit."

BROEKM.

Ver. 16. Vulpus retains the old reading,

jam sua mente rogat,

and explains it, as if Sulpicia were now "sui juris

et arbitrii," of age, and fit to make vows for herself; but had that ingenious commentator attended to the words "clam et tacita" in the same line, he would have seen that the true reading was that which is retained in the text.

Ver. 17. Menage observes of the original of this passage, that an active should not follow a passive verb; and therefore contends that the "urunt" should be "uruntur:" and yet we know that the contrary practice is warranted by some of the purest writers of the Augustan age; and, if the translator is not mistaken, that learned grammarian himself has, in his Latin poems, fallen into the mode of expression, which he here condemns in Sulpicia.

POEM VII.

Ver. 2. The villa, mentioned in the original, is Eretum, now Monte Ritondo. It was situated upon a high hill, not far from the banks of the Tiber, and was therefore cool, even in the midst of summer. Cluverius places it at the distance of fourteen miles from Rome; but Holstenius, in his Annot. Geogr. on the authority of Antoninus's Itinerary, and Ferrarius removes it four miles farther off.

POEM IX.

Ver. 1. From the original, the commentators conclude, that Sulpicia was the daughter of that famous Servius Sulpicius, who died at Modena, whilst he was engaged in an embassy to Antony, which he had undertaken at the request of the consuls Hirrius and Pansa, and of the senate: but then they seem to forget that Servius was a prænomen common to all the males of the Sulpician family and therefore not distinguishingly characteristic of any one of them. Those who suppose that Tibullus wrote these poems, and believe he was born in 710, make him a poet before his birth; for, says Brockhusius, Sulpicia speaks of her parents as if both were alive. Although the translator is persuaded that the pieces in this book are not Tibullus's, yet he can see nothing in the poem to support this assertion. Sure Sulpicia might call herself the daughter of Servius Sulpicius, notwithstanding her father's death; and the two last lines of the original may be applied to her nearest relations or guardians, with as much propriety as to her parents.



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